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GRAHAM'S

AMERICAN MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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LACE AND DIAMONDS.

OR TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

"Don't be angry, ma'ma—I wont jest any more, if it displease you, but I will make a plain confession."

"Well," said Mrs. Clifford, "let me hear it."

"I have not one feeling which I wish to conceal from you. There have been moments when I liked Mr. Franklin," and a pretty color crossed her cheek, "but I have been struck with a peculiarity which has chilled warmer sentiments. He appears phlegmatic and cold. There is about him a perpetual repose that seems inconsistent with energy and feeling. I am not satisfied that I could be happy with such a person—not certain that he is capable of loving, or of inspiring love. When I marry any one, he must worship, he must adore me. He must be ready to go crazy for me. Let him be full of faults, but let him have—what so few possess—a warm, unselfish heart."

"I have heard you, through," said Mrs. Clifford, "now you must hear me. It is very proper that you should not decide without full consideration. Examine as long as you think necessary the qualities of Mr. Franklin, and never marry him till he inspire you with confidence and affection. But remember something is due also to him; and the divine rule of acting toward others as you wish them to act toward you, must be applied here, as in every affair in life. While you should not, I allow, be hurried into a decision, yet your mind once made up, he should not be kept a moment in suspense."

"Do you think, ma'ma," asked Caroline, "that he has much feeling?"

"I think he has. I think him peculiarly gifted with unselfish ardor. That which appears to you coldness, is, in my opinion, the natural reserve of a warm heart—so modest that it rather retires from observation than parades itself before the world. Sentiment and fire, when common on the lips, are not more likely to be native to the soul. It is precisely that calm, that repose you allude to, which forms, in my judgment, the guarantee of Mr. Franklin's sincerity, and the finishing grace of his character—a character in all other respects, also, a true and noble one."

Caroline did not listen without interest.

Mrs. Clifford was a native of New York, and had come over just a year ago to enjoy a tour in Europe. Franklin had been a fellow-passenger; and a sort of intimacy had grown up between the young people, which the gentleman had taken rather *au serieux*. He had gladly availed himself of an accidental business necessity which called the son and proposed traveling companion of Mrs. Clifford suddenly home, to join her little party, and had accompanied them through Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result was, that the happiness of his life now appeared to depend upon an affirmative monosyllable in reply to the offer he had just made of his heart and hand. Mrs. Clifford was the widow of a captain in the American navy, who had left her only a moderate income—sufficient, but no more, for the wants of herself and daughter. Mr. Franklin was a lawyer of six-and-twenty, who had been advised to repair the effects of too severe professional application, by change of air, and a year's idleness and travel.

The conversation was scarcely finished, when the subject of it was announced.

After the usual salutations, Mr. Franklin said he had come, according to appointment, to accompany the ladies on a walk, and to see the lions of London, where they had arrived some days before. In a few minutes, hats, shawls, and gloves, being duly put in requisition, they had left their lodgings in Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, and were wending their way toward Regent Street and the Strand, through the crowds of this wonderful and magnificent metropolis, of which every thing was

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a delightful curiosity, and where, amid the millions around, they knew and were known by scarcely a human creature.

Every stranger, newly arrived and walking about London, has noted the effect of this prodigious town upon him; and how singularly he is lost in its immensity, overwhelmed by its grandeur, and bewildered amid its endless multiplicity of attractions. So it was with our little party. Excited by the thousand novel and dazzling objects, the hours fleeted away like minutes; and it was late before they had executed or even formed any plans.

"Let us at least go somewhere," said Caroline. "Let us go to St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower; and we have, beside, purchases to make—for ladies, you know, Mr. Franklin, have always shopping to do."

"Well, as it is so late," said Mrs. Clifford, "and we have promised to call on Mrs. Porter at half past two, I propose to leave the lions for another morning, and only enjoy our walk to-day."

"Then, ma'ma, let us go to that splendid shop, and look at the lace once more. Only think, Mr. Franklin, we yesterday saw lace, not broader than this, and I had a half fancy to buy some for a new dress—and what do you suppose it cost?"

"I am little versed," said Franklin, "in such mysteries—five pounds, perhaps—"

"Twelve pounds—twelve pounds and a half sterling—sixty American dollars. I never saw any thing so superb. Ma'ma says I ought not even to look at such a luxury."

"But is lace really such a luxury?" inquired Franklin, smiling.

"You can have no idea how exquisite this is!"

"As for me," rejoined Franklin, "I can never tell whether a lady's lace is worth twelve pounds or twelve cents. Although, I hope, not insensible to the general effect of a toilette, yet lace and diamonds, and all that sort of thing, are lost upon me entirely."

"Oh, you barbarian!"

"Real beauty was never heightened by such ornaments, and ugliness is invariably rendered more conspicuous and ugly."

"You will not find many ladies," said Mrs. Clifford, "to agree with you."

"Oh, yes! How often do we hear of belles, as distinguished for the simplicity of their toilette, as for the beauty of their persons. How often in real life, and how frequently in novels. There you read that, while the other ladies are shining in satin and lace, and blazing in diamonds, the real rose of the evening eclipses them all in a plain dress of white, without jewels, like some modest flower, unconscious of her charms, and therefore attracting more attention."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, "it is just as you say!"

"And what does Miss Caroline think of my attack on lace and diamonds?"

"Why," said Caroline, laughing, "since you do me the honor to require my opinion, I will give it you. I agree that such pretending ornaments ill become the old and ugly. There you are right. I agree that the extremely beautiful may also dispense with them. These ball-room belles of yours—these real roses of the evening—are, I suspect, so lovely as to make them exceptions to the general rule. But there is a class of young ladies, among whom I place myself, neither so old and ugly as to make ornament ridiculous, nor so beautiful as to render it unnecessary. To this middle class, a bit of lace—a neat tab—a string of pearls here and there—a pretty worked cape—or a coronet of diamonds, I assure you, do no harm."

"That you are not so ugly as to render ornament ridiculous," replied Franklin, "I allow; but that there is, in your case, any want of lovelines to require—to render—which—"

"Take care, Mr. Franklin!" interrupted Caroline, mischievously, "you are steering right upon the rocks; and a gentleman who refuses all decoration to a lady's toilette, should not embellish his own conversation with flattery."

"Upon my word," replied he, in a lower voice, "to whatever class you belong, Miss Clifford, you do yourself injustice if you suppose lace and diamonds can add to the power of your beauty, any more than the greatest splendor of fortune could increase the charms of your—"

"Ma'ma," exclaimed Caroline, "we have passed the lace shop."

"So we have," said Mrs. Clifford; "but why should we go back—you certainly don't mean to buy any—?"

"No, ma'ma; but I want some edging, and I might as well get it here, if only to enjoy another look at the forbidden fruit."

The shop was one of those magnificent establishments of late years common in large metropolises. A long hall led from the street quite back through the building, or rather masses of buildings, to another equally elegant entrance on the parallel street behind. The doors were single sheets of heavy plate-glass. In the windows all the glittering and precious treasures of India and Asia seemed draped in gorgeous confusion, and blazed also through unbroken expanses of limpid glass of yet larger dimensions than the doors. Silks, laces, Cashmere shawls, damask, heavy and sumptuous velvets of bright colors, and fit for a queen's train, muslins of bewildering beauty, dresses at £200 a piece, and handkerchiefs of Manilla of almost fabulous value. The interior presented similar displays on all sides, multiplied by reflections from broad mirrors, gleaming among marble columns. Perhaps those numerous mirrors were intended to neutralize the somewhat gloomy effect of the low ceiling, not sufficiently elevated to admit the necessary light into the central spaces. At various points, even in the day-time, gas-lights burned brilliantly. Before the door were drawn up half a dozen elegant coroneted equipages, the well-groomed, shining horses, and richly-liveried coachmen, indicating the rank of the noble owners; and on the benches before the windows lounged the the tall and handsome footmen, with their long gold-headed sticks, powdered heads, gaudy coats, bright-

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colored plush breeches, and white silk stockings, and gloves.

In the shop there were, perhaps, fifty persons, as it happened to be a remarkably fine day in June—one of those grateful gifts from heaven to earth which lure people irresistibly out of the dark and weary home, and which, when first occurring, after a long and dismal winter, as in the present instance, appear to empty into the sunshiny streets, every inhabitant, the sick and the well, the lame and the blind alike, from every house in town.

Caroline asked to be shown some of the lace which she had looked at the day before. It was produced, and Mrs. Clifford and Franklin were called to examine it. The wonder consisted as much in the endless variety of the patterns, as in the exquisite fineness and richness of the material. The counter was soon strewn with the airy treasures, one piece after another, unrolled with rapidity, appeared to make a lively impression on the young girl, who at last, with a sigh, apologized to the polite person patiently waiting the end of an examination which his practiced eye had, doubtless, perceived was only one of vain curiosity.

"It is too dear," said Caroline, "I cannot afford it. Pray let me see some narrow edging."

"That lace is very pretty," remarked a lady of a commanding figure, evidently a person of rank.

"Very pretty, my lady," replied the clerk who had waited on Caroline.

"What is it?"

"Twelve and a half, my lady."

"It is really pretty—give me twenty yards."

"Very good, my lady."

The article was measured and cut almost as soon as ordered, and the remnant rewound into a small parcel and thrown upon the counter.

At the same moment, and as a boy handed Caroline the edging, wrapped in paper, for which she had already paid, and which she took mechanically, she heard one of the bystanders whisper to another: "The Countess D——!" (one of the most celebrated women of England.)

"Ma'ma," said Caroline, "did you observe that lady?"

And they left the shop.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Clifford, looking at her watch, "do you know how late it is? Half past two. We promised to be at Mrs. Porter's at this very time. She said, you remember, she was going out at four; and it will take us, I'm afraid, nearly an hour to get there."

"Then let us make haste, ma'ma!"

And with a very rapid pace they hurried back toward Regent Street and Portland Place. They had gone on in this way, perhaps, twenty minutes, when a white-headed, respectable-looking old gentleman was thrust aside by a rude fellow pushing by, so that he ran against Caroline, and caused her to drop her pocket-handkerchief. He stopped, with evident marks of mortification, and picked it up, with a polite apology. Caroline assured him she was not hurt.

"But, my dear young lady," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "let me return your parcel."

"Oh, that is not mine," replied Caroline.

"I beg your pardon, it fell with your handkerchief."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, "what have I done! I have brought away a piece of that lace! Ma'ma, let us go back directly."

Although the incident had occupied but a minute, Mrs. Clifford and Franklin, engaged in conversation, had not perceived it, and had gone several paces on. The old gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared around a corner.

At this moment a man stepped up, and laying his hand roughly on Caroline's arm, said,

"Young woman, you must come with me!"

And a second iron-hand grasped her other arm.

Shocked and affrighted, she saw they were policemen.

Then the voice of a person very much out of breath, cried,

"This is the one!—I can swear to her! And look!—there is the very lace in her hand!"

Pale as death, bewildered with terror, the poor girl could only attempt to say, "Ma'ma! ma'ma!" but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her voice refused its office. A crowd had already collected, and the words, "Lady been a stealing!" and, "They've nabbed a thief!" were audible enough.

"Come, my beauty!" said the man, pulling her forward, "we've no time to lose."

"Scoundrel!" cried the voice of Franklin, as he grasped him by the throat, "who are you?"

"You see who we are;" was the stern reply; "we're policemen, in the execution of our duty. Take your hand off my throat."

Franklin recognized their uniform, and relaxed his hold.

"Policemen! and what have policemen to do with this lady? You have made some stupid blunder. This is a lady. She is under my protection. Take your hand off her arm!"

"If she's under your protection, the best thing you can do is to accompany us," replied the man, bluntly; and he made another attempt to drag her away.

Franklin restrained himself with an effort which did him honor, conscious that violence would be here out of place, and perceiving that it would be utterly useless. He strove a moment to collect his thoughts as one stunned by a thunderbolt.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"If you ask for information," remarked the man, impressed by his agonized astonishment, "I will tell you; but wont the young woman get into a hack, out of the crowd?"

An empty carriage happened to be passing, into which, like a man in a dream, Franklin handed the ladies. One police officer entered with them—the other took his seat on the box with the coachman. Caroline, although still colorless, had partly regained her courage, and endeavored to smile. Mrs.

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Clifford, in a most distressing state of agitation, only found breath to say, "Well, this is a pretty adventure, upon my word!"

As the carriage moved away, followed by a troop of ragamuffins, leaping, laughing, and shouting, Franklin said,

"And now, my good fellow, I have submitted peaceably to this atrocious outrage, tell me by whose authority you act, and in what way this young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult?"

"Well, in the first place," said the man, coolly, "I act by the authority of the Messieurs Blake, Blanchard & Co.; and in the second place, the young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult by stealing ten yards of Brussels' lace, at £12 a yard, value £120 sterling."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Franklin, again grasping his collar.

"Hollo! hollo! hollo!" cried the man—hands off, my cove! and keep a civil tongue in your head, you'd best. It aint of no use, I give you my word of honor."

"Miss Clifford—"

But Miss Clifford had covered her face with her white hands, which did not conceal her still whiter complexion.

"Why, look ye, sir," said the man, "if you really aint a party to the offence, I'm very sorry for you. The business is just this here. The shop of Blake, Blanchard & Co., has been frequently robbed, and sometimes by ladies. I was called, not four months ago, to take a real lady to prison, who had stole to the amount of £10. And to prison she went, too, though some of the most respectable people in town came down and berged for her. Now this here young lady came yesterday to the shop of Blake, Blanchard & Co.—tumbled every thing upside down, and bought nothing—went away—to-day came again—asked to see the most valuable lace—bought ten shillings' worth of narrow edging, and left the premises. At her departure she was seen to take ten yards of lace—value, £120. I was called in, and followed her, with one of the clerks, to identify her person. We perceived her walking fast—very fast, indeed. It was as much as we could do to overtake her. The clerk can swear to her identity—and the lace was found in her hand. Both the young man and myself can swear to it, if she denies it—though I caution you, Miss, not to say any thing at present, because it can be used against you at your trial."

"I do not deny it," said Caroline, with flashing eyes. "I took the lace, but did not know I took it."

"Oh! ho-ho!" said the man. "I hope you can make 'em believe that. Perhaps you can."

"My dear friend," cried Mrs. Clifford, now nearly beside herself, "I assure you, this is a frightful mistake. She carried the lace away from mere carelessness. Here is all the money I have about me. Take it for yourself, only let us go. My daughter, I assure you, is utterly incapable of stealing. You don't know her. As for the lace, I am willing to pay for it. My name is Mrs. Clifford. I live No. — Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square. My dear, kind, good sir, turn the carriage and let us go home. My husband was Captain Clifford, of the American navy. Do you think we would be guilty of stealing? I will give you any money you desire. I will give you £50—only let us go."

"If your husband was Admiral Nelson himself," replied the man, with dignity, "I could not let you go now—not if you were to give me £500. I have only to do my duty. It's a very painful one—but it must be done. I aint a judge. I'm a policeman; and my business is to deliver you safe into the hands of Blake, Blanchard & Co."

To describe the whirl of thoughts which swept through the mind of Franklin during the interval would be impossible. He saw that a simple act of carelessness had been committed by Caroline; but he was enough of a lawyer to perceive that the proof against her was singularly striking and unanswerable—and he knew the world too well, not to feel extraordinary alarm at the possible consequences. In London, alone, without friends or acquaintances, a glance into the future almost drove him to distraction. At moments he was half mastered by the impulse to bear Caroline away, by a sudden *coup de main*; but his hand was held by the reflection, that even were such a wild scheme possible, success would be no means of security, inasmuch as Mrs. Clifford had given her address; while the attempt would exasperate the other party, appear but a new evidence of guilt, and in every way enhance the danger of their position.

As they approached the fatal shop, a large crowd had collected around the door. Franklin felt that he was in one of those crises on which hang human destiny and life, and that he had need of more prudence and wisdom than man can possess, except it be given him from above. Deep, therefore, and trusting, was his silent prayer to Him who hath said, "*Be strong and of a good courage. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*"

Caroline appeared ready to sink into the earth when the carriage stopped.

"My dearest Miss Clifford," said Franklin, "these men have fallen into a bungling error, and it will require some prudence on our part to make them see it. But compose yourself. Put down your veil; say nothing till I call you—and may God, in his mercy, grant that our ordeal be short!"

These words were uttered with a composure and cheerful presence of mind which reassured in some degree the fainting girl. She had at her side a protector who would never desert her—a pilot with a strong arm, a steady eye, and a bold heart—who would steer her through the wild storm, if any human being could.

Mrs. Clifford, speechless with terror, let down her daughter's veil as well as her shaking hands permitted, and was led by Franklin from the carriage into the house. He then handed, or rather lifted, out Caroline, who clung to him with helplessness and terror. The trembling party—a hundred unfeeling

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eyes bent upon them—were conducted through the shop to a back parlor, into the presence of Mr. Jennings, the only one of the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co. who happened to be at home. As Franklin saw him his heart sank in his bosom, and the courage which had begun to mount with the danger, seemed a mockery.

Mr. Jennings was a respectable looking man of forty, of a thin, hard countenance, repelling manners, and sharp voice, which, when excited, rose to a piercing and discordant note. There was no sign of mercy or moderation in his physiognomy. This man, who, after faithful subordinate services, had become the inferior and hardest working partner, happened to be afflicted with a very violent temper, which had been wrought into a rage by various recent purloinings, apparently like the present, attributed to female customers, and perpetrated with a combined cunning and daring which baffled detection, and he had long yearned to lay his hand upon one of them. His passions and interests were mingled together in this desire, which, in addition, he supposed fully sanctioned by duty; and when a man, and particularly such a man, of a narrow mind and cold heart—loving power, and rarely enabled to taste its sweets, once gets into his head the idea that he is acting from duty—God help the poor victim that falls within his grasp.

Such was the individual before whom, in the attitude of a detected criminal, was dragged the sweet and trembling girl. Such was the man before whom Franklin stood, curbing within the limits of prudence his high wrought feelings.

"Now, my honest women," said Jennings, seating himself magisterially in a large arm-chair by a table, while the rest stood in a circle around, like prisoners at a bar before their judge, "what have you to say with regard to the atrocious act of felony—"

"One moment, sir," said Franklin. "You will have the kindness to order chairs for those ladies."

Mr. Jennings paused, fixed a surprised glance at the speaker, and obeyed.

"Well then, *now*—" demanded he.

"I beg your pardon!" again interrupted Franklin, "permit me, in your own interest, to make another suggestion. Before you proceed in this examination, I warn you, with all deference to the sincerity of your present error, that you have before you two ladies of respectability, and unblemished reputation, and who are entirely innocent in this matter."

"Bah!" ejaculated Mr. Jennings.

"Silence, sir," cried Franklin, with an indignation irrepressible. "You have dragged before you through the streets of London, a young and innocent girl, like a criminal. If circumstances seem for a moment to give you the right, humanity, as well as decency requires, at least till the question of her guilt be settled, that you address her with respect, and hear her defence with candor and attention."

Mr. Jennings turned pale, swallowed his rage, and replied: "Speak, sir! speak, sir! I am all candor and attention."

"I beg your pardon," resumed Franklin, "if I have answered with too much asperity. But this young lady is perfectly innocent. She has high friends. You will consider her under the protection of the American Ambassador at this Court! State to me, if you please, your reasons for dragging her before you in the custody of policemen."

Awed by Franklin's tone, but rather infuriated than melted, Mr. Jennings answered with sarcastic politeness—

"Certainly, sir, your request is a just one. The case is this. The young lady came to my shop this morning, and had brought out for her examination the most expensive lace, of which, however, she purchased none, but, instead, expended ten shillings for some narrow edging. I must inform you that persons in the dress of ladies, and even persons in the rank of ladies, have more than once committed thefts of this kind, and I have ordered one of the young men to watch. This individual saw in a mirror the young lady, as she was about to leave, seize a parcel of lace, and carry it out under cover of her pocket-handkerchief. We sent directly for policemen—but so rapid was the flight of the party, including yourself, that it was not without considerable difficulty and delay that they were overtaken, when the stolen lace was found in her hand. We are often obliged to forego the gratification of punishing such misdemeanors by the technical difficulty of proving the crime upon the criminal. You perceive how the present case stands. I am willing to allow it is but fair you should be heard, if you have any thing to say in reply."

"I have much to say," resumed Franklin, smiling with assumed confidence, "enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and I hope I stand before such a one. That the young lady took the lace no one can deny. But I will tell you how she took it. For the first time in London, her mind naturally excited, she was bewildered amid the novel and interesting objects around her. The splendor of your establishment dazzled her eyes and distracted her attention. In company with her mother and myself she came here to see the lace in question, but she could not have intended to steal it, if I must answer to such a charge, because it would have been impossible for her to use such an article without the knowledge of her mother. If she is a thief her mother and I share her guilt. I therefore repeat to you that these ladies can command references to raise them above the slightest breath of suspicion—references sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous—the most unreasonable. She is a person of the purest life and strongest principles. Not one of her friends, and, after a proper examination, not one of the public, will ever believe her guilty of any thing worse than a mere moment of bewilderment and absence of mind."

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Jennings, "you have undertaken a pretty difficult task—no less than to convince me that black is white, and that two and

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two do n't make four. Who are you?—and where are your references?"

Franklin did not succeed in concealing a certain trepidation at this blunt demand, and it was not lost upon Jennings.

"My references do not reside in England."

"Ah! ha!"

"I am a stranger in your metropolis."

"Oh! ho!"

"And therefore," added Franklin, "every noble-minded and fair-play loving Englishman will say, possessing greater claim upon your moderation. I can bring you, from my own country—through the official intervention of the American Minister, references to outweigh a thousand fold—ten million fold—all opposite appearances. I can give a moral demonstration that the intentional commission by this young lady of the act with which she is charged, is an utter, and a ridiculous impossibility."

"I have now heard you," said Jennings, "and I am sorry to say, I must, notwithstanding, send the lady before a magistrate. The ingenious arguments you have used are equally applicable to every theft. No reference—no rank—no character can weigh against so plain a fact, proved by ocular demonstration. No rational judge or jury can doubt she *stole* the lace. It is *my* duty to make an example of her. This is not the first, nor the second time, we have been robbed by ladies in affluent circumstances, and respectably connected. It is a peculiar crime, and generally committed in a way which renders it both difficult and dangerous, even when we know the criminal, to attempt to fix the fact upon her. This time we have caught her in the very *act*. We have eye-witnesses enough to render doubt impossible. She does not deny it. She fled with precipitation. She was overtaken a long distance off—nearly half an hour after the offence—the lace was found in her hand—and her companion tried to bribe the policeman with £50 to let her escape. And do you now talk to me of 'respectability,' and 'connections,' and such nonsense? I would go as far as you or any man to save an innocent person from destruction. But when once convinced, by my own eyes, of deliberate guilt, it is too late for mercy. The ignorant beggar, who steals to save himself from starving, I could pity—I could almost release; but when the rich and the educated resort to stealing, to gratify their vanity and avarice, hoping to shelter themselves from punishment by their 'connections,' and their high position in society—they must be taught, sir, that they do it at a fearful peril, and that detection will bring down upon them the same vulgar and rigorous penalties as if they were the lowest dregs of the people."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Franklin, with forced composure, although the plain picture appalled him, and robbed his countenance of every trace of color, "but permit me to remark that you must be quite sure the person before you belongs to this guilty class. Her innocence can be rendered morally certain. The whole world will brand as cruel injustice any harsh treatment. A careless girl has been absent-minded. All people are liable to be so. You look for your spectacles when they are on your nose—or seek your pocket-handkerchief, and find it in your hand—"

"Our opinions differ on that point," said Mr. Jenning coldly, "and a jury must decide between us. Policemen, take the party before the magistrate. I will follow with my witnesses, and I pledge myself to visit so heinous a crime with the utmost rigor of the law."

The policemen stepped to the side of Caroline.

"I appeal to your generosity—to your mercy," cried Franklin, "that she may at least be taken to the American Minister, instead of being dragged before a magistrate. I request only that you act with gentleness."

Mr. Jennings pointed the policemen to the door.

"And I not only request, I demand it!" cried Franklin. "If you refuse me, you refuse me at your peril—"

"You have nothing to command here, sir," replied Mr. Jennings. "The American Minister can make his statement before the magistrate. I am not disposed to exercise the least mercy. Policemen, your duty. If her fate be a terrible one, she has herself to thank for it. I hope it may deter others from following her example."

"And what will be my daughter's fate?" asked the unsteady voice of Mrs. Clifford.

"Transportation for life," was the reply.

Mrs. Clifford shrieked. Caroline rose wildly and staggered toward the door. Mr. Jennings, as if thirsting for her destruction, and fearing her escape, seized her so roughly that she screamed with pain and terror, when Franklin dragged him back and hurled him to the wall. His impulse was to strike him to the earth, but with one of the highest qualities attained by man, self-government, he recollected himself and refrained.

"Policemen," shouted Mr. Jennings, very white, "I command you to take the whole party into custody. You witnessed the assault. I am in danger of my life. They are a gang of thieves and cut-throats. Off with them this instant."

"Stop!" cried Franklin, and there was something in his voice which arrested the step of the policemen, and *compelled* Jennings to stand in breathless attention. "I demand the presence of one or both of your partners, before the young lady be removed. You will not, because you *dare* not, refuse me this reasonable request. If you do, sir, it were better you never had been born. Guilty, or not guilty, the person whom, before she has been tried, your infamous lips have branded as a common thief, has a right to all mild and gentle treatment, consistent with law and justice. You say the jury will decide. But the question is now whether your house is prepared to send her before a jury. That is the question to be discussed, and you are not in a temper of mind, sir, to enable you to decide it impartially. The affair will ring from one end of England and

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the United States to the other, and the execrations of thousands, who have as yet never heard of you, will fall upon your name. You will find that there are two sides to the question. You will find that if the lady has a malignant accuser she has also indignant and powerful defenders. The world will say you might have been excusable not to release her, but you had no right to hurry her before the public with needless and brutal precipitation. They will say—and I will take care to tell them—that, overcome by your violent temper, you insulted—you *assaulted*—a helpless young girl in your power, whose guilt had not been proved, and that, because I dragged you back—blind with wrath, and burning with revenge—you dared to take upon yourself, alone, the whole responsibility of this outrage, which will bring punishment on you, and disgrace on your house. They will say let no lady hereafter trust herself across the threshold of Blake, Blanchard & Co., where the watch is set and the trap laid for the unwary. They will say that Mr. Jennings is a foul calumniator of woman as a sex—that he has charged the noble ladies of England with crime. They will judge whether the young girl could be guilty without the participation of her mother and myself, who, as you say, fled with her. The case is one of mere carelessness, or we are three thieves. Go on, if you dare, without your partners. Your house will become infamous, and you—yourself—mark me, sir, shall not escape the chastisement you deserve!"

He ceased, and the silence remained for a while unbroken.

This appeal was not, on the part of Franklin, the mere result of passion and despair, although from both it received a strange power. It was a wise calculation that Jennings, who could not be reasoned or melted, might be terrified from his purpose, till the arrival of his partners, before whom the matter might take a different turn. By a happy inspiration Franklin had read the man aright, and he saw changes of countenance, as he proceeded, which gave boldness to his heart and fire to his lips. Jennings was a coward. He was terror-struck at the idea of acting on his "sole responsibility," in an affair which seemed likely to be so hotly contested. The blood curdled in his veins at the thought of the deadly enemies, darkly hinted at, and the consequences clearly threatened. He saw Caroline was no common thief, and Franklin no common man. There were moments when he actually believed the fact really was as Franklin represented—and, thus quailing under the torrent of eloquence to which the voice and manner gave something absolutely irresistible, half suffocated with rage and fear, he said with ill assumed indifference:

"Oh! very well, sir, very well. I will wait for my partners. Nothing shall be done rashly. Nothing from revenge. But the young lady shall not escape. Mr. Williams, go and see if Mr. Blake or Mr. Blanchard have come in."

And thus at least more time was gained.

Mr. Williams went out, and returned to say that Mr. Blake had not yet come in, but Mr. Blanchard had, and would join them immediately.

The door opened and the person in question entered. He was a young man of thirty, of unusually prepossessing exterior. A stream of hope shot through Franklin's heart as he read his face.

Mr. Blanchard seated himself gravely in the large chair which was abdicated in his favor by Jennings, who related to him the facts, respectfully and clearly, and called up the policemen and Mr. Williams in confirmation.

"It is a bad case," said Mr. Blanchard. "Our duty is clear. Is there any thing said in the defence?"

"Oh yes, there is a powerful defence!" replied Mr. Jennings, with a sneer, "the young lady took the lace, and kept it half an hour, running away as fast as she could, but she *but she did n't know she had it!!* ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Blanchard shook his head.

"Sir, may I speak?" said Franklin.

"Speak," returned Mr. Blanchard, in a low voice. "If you have any thing to say I will hear it with the sincerest desire to find it of weight. But you have a difficult task before you. These occasions are extremely painful. The necessity of sending to prison a respectable young lady, as you represent this person to be, is harrowing indeed; but private feelings must give way to higher considerations. I have a duty to perform—a duty to society—a duty to my partners—a duty to God!"

"You have," rejoined Franklin, "but if you properly examine your conscience, and ask light of Him who knows the truth, you will hear the voice of God himself, warning you not to perform that duty preinaturely, carelessly, or cruelly. I ask time. I offer references to prove that the person in question, from education, character, habits, opinions, religious principles, and her whole pure and artless life, is not, and could not be intentionally guilty of the act in question. I request time to produce these references. My young companion took the lace in a moment of bewilderment—of absence of mind. She has just arrived in London—is dazzled and excited. If, sir, you have a sister, a daughter, a mother, a wife, picture her—after such a careless accident—grasped by a policeman, dragged through the streets, exposed to the eyes of the jesting crowd—the blackest construction put upon her action, shrinking before a magistrate, cast into prison, and, God knows what else!—and all because of an act, not in reality more inexplicable than that of a man who walks off with a hat not his own, or another person's umbrella—in a fit of forgetfulness."

Jennings leaned over and whispered something to Mr. Blanchard.

"It is quite probable," said Mr. Blanchard, "that you believe her innocent, but the various and glaring circumstances do not permit me to be of your opinion. The expressive flight, the intervening time, long enough to discover a mistake merely accidental—the bribe of £50—no—no—it is impossible," said he, rising, "I am sorry for you, sir, but this matter

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rests no longer with me. The prisoner must be removed."

"What I ask," said Franklin, "is not her release. It is only time to make you acquainted with the proofs of which the case is susceptible. The 'prisoner,' as you call her, is as innocent as the snow yet unfallen from heaven. I do not ask you to sacrifice what you fancy your duty, I ask you only to pause ere you execute it. I request you ere you thrust a shrinking girl, as a suspected thief, before the public, that you more carefully examine her side of the question. Her bankers, the Messrs. Baring, will answer for her presence whenever you desire. My banker will answer for her. The American Minister will satisfy you of the strong impropriety of any other proceeding. Oh! sir, in the name of a mother's breaking heart—in the name of sweet girlish innocence—in the name of God, believe what I say! If you err, err on the side of mercy. Think, when you lay your head this night on your pillow, the day has not been lost, for it was marked by an act of mercy. Think, when on your deathbed, you plead at the throne of God, He has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.' If she really had committed the offence, I should not fear to ask you for mercy on her young head—her inexperienced life. Our Divine Master granted mercy even to the guilty. Will you refuse it then to this trembling and innocent girl, for whose guileless intention, in this terrible accident, I answer before man and God, and with my life and soul. Come here, Miss Clifford! Take off your veil. Tell Mr. Blanchard, in the simple language of truth, how this incident took place."

"Yes, come here, my young friend," said Mr. Blanchard, "and tell me how this sad mistake arose."

Perhaps it was Franklin's eloquence—perhaps it was Caroline's appearance—perhaps it was both, which drew the silent tear from Mr. Blanchard's eyes, and those two significant words from his lips. But oh! to Franklin's soul, wrought up almost to despair—almost to madness—they were rapture, they were ecstasy, they were like the first streak of golden sky which announces to the half-wrecked sailor that the tempest is over.

"Speak, my dear young lady," said Mr. Blanchard, "do not tremble so! you have nothing to fear from me!"

"I left the door," said Caroline, in a low voice, "without knowing I had the lace. A gentleman ran against me and knocked it out of my hand. He picked it up. I then saw what I had done. I exclaimed, 'ma'ma, let us go back!'—but ma'ma had gone on—I was alone—two men seized me—and—and—"

She covered her face with her hands, and sunk into the chair.

"But, so far from coming back," said Mr. Jennings' piercing voice, "you were walking rapidly away."

"No," said Caroline.

"But I say yes!" screamed Jennings. "Mr. Williams, was not the young woman walking rapidly away?"

"She *had been* walking rapidly," said Mr. Williams, "but when we came up she was, as she says, standing still, looking at the lace. It is also true that an old gentleman ran against her, knocked the lace out of her hand, and picked it up again. That I saw from the distance."

"Mark you!" exclaimed Franklin, "how each small feature of her story is confirmed."

"But you left our door," exclaimed Mr. Jennings, "at a furious pace."

"That I can explain to your satisfaction," said Franklin. "We were engaged to call upon a lady, Mrs. Porter, No. —, Portland-Place, at half past two. This Mrs. Porter herself can testify. We left your door too late, and walked rapidly to keep our appointment. You can ascertain from your clerks at what hour we left."

"It was just half past two," said Mr. Williams. I looked at the clock."

"Mark!" cried Franklin, with an air of triumph.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jennings," said Mr. Blanchard, "we have been too hasty—"

At this moment the door opened, and another person entered.

"Just in time," muttered Mr. Jennings.

It was Mr. Blake, chief partner in the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co. He was a venerable old gentleman, of an agreeable person, with a certain dignity which well became his snow-white hair, but through which, on the present occasion, appeared a settled firmness, almost a sternness, boding no good.

"You have come in time," said Jennings. "Do you know what is going on here?"

"I do. The facts have been related to me."

"And the famous defence?" added Jennings, with one of his worst sneers, "do you know that also?"

"I do. It is a clear case. There is but one course for us."

"And yet," cried Jennings, "Mr. Blanchard has been thinking it will not do to send so respectable a young lady to prison. But I say you will not have a case in forty years so proper to make a wholesome example of. If you let this one go, whom can you punish? Precautions were useless, if thieves can commit their depredations under our very noses with impunity."

"I am of your opinion," said Mr. Blake. "The offence is of a very aggravated description; and I deem it absolutely necessary to send the delinquent before a magistrate to be punished as she deserves."

"I have explained—" said Franklin.

But while he commenced once more his agonizing task, Mr. Jennings took Mr. Blake aside, and whispered to him some minutes vehemently. Franklin attempted to speak again.

"I will hear no explanation," said the old gentleman. "No argument—no character—no references can prevail against so wicked a felony so clearly proved. The youth, condition in life, and educa-

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tion of the person, only render the crime more detestable, and the necessity for a terrible example more unavoidable. Your own good sense should have taught you, sir, that threats are here out of place, and violence can only make matters worse. I have solemnly vowed that I would meet the next case with the utmost rigor of the law. I am determined to prosecute. Where is the prisoner? Policemen, take her into custody."

"But," cried Franklin.

"I will hear no more," said Mr. Blake, coldly and firmly. "Mr. Jennings, who has gone over the case with the most attention, is thoroughly convinced—"

"Thoroughly!" said Mr. Jennings.

"Policemen—"

Franklin's brain whirled in wild despair. He clasped his hands—he conjured the mild, mistaken man, whose slightest word could save Caroline from destruction.

"Mercy! I ask only one day."

"Young man, you plead in vain! Ask mercy of God, but not of me."

"Then listen, heart of stone!" cried Franklin, "and hear my final words. You are old. Your head is white; your feet are already in the grave. You will, ere long, be called before your Maker—yourself a trembling suppliant for mercy. If, with cold-blooded, stupid obstinacy, in the face of my warning, you drag this innocent and modest girl, prematurely, into a police office—at a bar for criminals—to stand a spectacle for the public, amid robbers, and murderers, and to run the fearful chances of the law, I solemnly warn you, old man, you will have innocent blood on your conscience—you will call down God's curse upon your head."

"What can I do?" said Mr. Blake, overwhelmed by his irresistible earnestness.

"You can do unto others, as you would have them do unto you—you can give us time for proof, and yourself for reflection. You can suppose it was your own daughter in her place. You can examine more carefully. You can break from the leading-strings of that malignant Mr. Jennings. You can consult with Mr. Blanchard, a man of reason and feeling, who disapproves your severity. You can wait to satisfy yourself that this young lady is distinguished for a stainless character, a pure life, strict religious principles, humble faith in God, and habitual communion with him. You can judge for yourself whether this is a case of *monomania*—whether a person thus distinguished, could be guilty of intentional purloining. Sir, ocular demonstration weighs *nothing* against such a character. You can ask yourself more dispassionately whether it be not a possibility—a very natural one—for an absent-minded person to commit such an act mechanically and unconsciously. You can hear her artless story from her own lips, and candidly consider if it *may not* be the truth."

Carried away by Franklin's eloquent vehemence, Mr. Blake did look. Caroline had risen. The last spark of earthly hope had fled. She stood, without gesture or tear. It seemed as if death had already laid his icy hand upon her, only her eyes were lifted above, while she breathed a silent prayer to Him whose mighty hand can raise the trusting heart, in one instant, from the lowest depths of despair.

"Ha! What! God bless my soul!" suddenly ejaculated the old gentleman, in great astonishment. What do I see! My dearest, sweetest young lady! Mr. Blanchard! Mr. Jennings! Mr. Williams—"

Caroline gazed at him a moment—uttered a shriek which thrilled to every heart with an electric shock, cried, "Oh, sir, save me—*you* can save me!" and fell insensible into the arms of Franklin.

"Policemen!—off with you!" cried Mr. Blake, with tears in his eyes. "Mr. Jennings, you are a fool! I answer with my life for this young lady. I run against her in the street. I picked up the lace, and saw her look of astonishment and horror; and heard her exclaim, "*ma'ma! let us go back directly!*" Go, proclaim to every one in the establishment that she is innocent. We are the guilty party—and *we* are at *her* mercy!"

To terminate the exciting scene, Franklin proposed to return home. A carriage was called. Caroline had revived, and her feelings, fortunately, found vent in tears. She wept bitterly on her mother's bosom, who gave it back with interest. But in the midst of their joy, not one of the three forgot to offer up their secret, thankful prayer, to that overruling Providence, whose watchful mercy had rescued them from a fate too horrible for imagination.

Franklin could scarcely wait till they walked to the carriage. He wished to carry—to drag Caroline away. He shifted his position continually, without apparent cause; at last shook hands with his companions, saying he would follow the carriage, as he wanted air and exercise.

They soon arrived home, where Caroline, in a high state of excitement, was ordered to bed by a physician; but, after soothing medicines had calmed certain hysterical symptoms, she fell into a deep sleep, which the doctor said was worth more than all the apothecaries could compound. In fact, she did not wake till late next morning, and in a day or two was comparatively restored.

But poor Franklin had gone home in a raging fever, which increased during the night to delirium. His ravings were of magistrates, the jeering crowd, dungeons, chains, and the convict-ship. Then he was at the penal settlement. He heard the frightful oaths, obscene jests, and blasphemous laughter of the convicts. Among them he beheld Caroline Clifford—haggard, and in rags—now toiling at her task, now shrieking beneath the bloody lash—and he seemed to grasp the throat of Jennings, and implored him to stay his hellish hand.

More than a month passed before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room. Every day Mrs. Clifford had visited him, and watched over him with a mother's love. Every day the carriage of Mr. Blake brought the old gentleman to the bedside of the poor invalid, where he listened to the

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ravings of his disturbed imagination, and shuddered to think of what horrors—but for a providential coincidence—he might have added to the history of human wo.

At length Mr. Franklin was allowed to take a drive. It is scarcely necessary to say that he called on the ladies. Mrs. Clifford, previously apprized of his intended visit, at the sound of the bell, accidentally remembered that she had left her scissors up stairs. So Franklin found Caroline alone.

"You are very, very pale," cried the greatly agitated girl, her eyes filling with good, honest tears, as she gave him her hand.

He raised it to his lips.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clifford."

But, like Beatrice, she seemed to hold it there again with a fervor which even the modest Franklin could not wholly misunderstand.

"I owe you more than my life," cried Caroline, with such a look as she had never bestowed upon him before.

"And yet," cried Franklin, "you fraudulently withhold from me the only payment in your power."

"Nonsense—what payment, cried she, blushing deeply.

"Your dear self!" answered Franklin, in a timid voice.

"Then you must collect your debt, as other hard-hearted creditors do—by force."

"In that case," rejoined Franklin, with a boldness which astonished himself, "an execution must issue, and proceedings commence directly.

Mrs. Clifford, having found her scissors, just then entered the room, but not before the ardent lawyer had performed the threatened duty—not quite so harrowing a one as that attempted by Mr. Jennings, though it led to the same result, viz., she was obviously *transported*, and, as it turned out—*for life*.

Nor is this all.

Old Mr. Blake had learned how the land lay from Mrs. Clifford, and he resolved to make the young people reparation. He owed it to them in all conscience. They were married in about six weeks; and when the ceremony was over, a parcel was brought in, directed "*To Mrs. Franklin, with the compliments of Messrs. Blake, Blanchard & Co.*," which, on being opened, was found to contain a superb Cashmere shawl—thirty yards of the £12 lace, and a neat mahogany box, with a coronet of diamonds for the young criminal.

We wont go into the history of the ladies' objections to accepting these costly testimonials. Mr. Blake pleaded almost as eloquently as Franklin had done, till at last Franklin "put his foot down," as I recommend all young husbands to do on such occasions, and showed Mr. Blake who was master.

Nor was this all either.

A number of years afterward, when Mr. and Mrs. Franklin had returned to New York, and while the fond wife and happy mother was one day profoundly engaged in arranging a highly ornamented and curious little cap, her husband entered with a letter, and read as follows:

To Mrs. Caroline Franklin.

London, Feb. 10, 184–.

Madam,—It has become my duty to inform you, that, by the will of the late Mr. Blake, of the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co., you have become entitled to his blessing, and a legacy of £2500 sterling, which, upon proving your identity, you can either draw for on me, at thirty days, or have remitted in any other way you desire.

I have the honor to be, madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

John Locke.ey,
Solicitor, No. — Russel Square.

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp
Where the archangel's marshaling trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
Hushed, and o'erburthened with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,
And the dread hour is near!

Though Love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
And woman's wo and the calm grief of men
Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay—
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,
Thus bound, from Darkness and the dread Unknown,
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal brink,
Which it must dare alone!

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit, never trod
Through the bright ether would I climb, to die
Afar from mortals, and alone with God!

To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer
Welcome the kiss of Death!

The soul, which wrestled with that doom of pain,
Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,
Would there forget the vulture and the chain,
And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier!
All that it ever knew, of noble thought,
Would guide it upward to the glorious track,
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought,
Turn its bright glances back!

Then to the elements my frame would turn;
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste away!
Loud winds, and thunder's diapason high,
Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white summit, fading in the sky,
My monument sublime!

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THE MEMORIAL TREE.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

GREAT trees that o'er us grow—
Green leaves that gather round them—the fresh hues,
That tell of fruit, and blossoms yet to blow,
Opening fond bosoms to the embracing dews;

These, now so bright,
That deck the slopes about thy childhood's home,
And seem, in long duration, to thy sight,
As they had promise of perpetual bloom;

So linked with all
The first dear throbs of feeling in thy heart,
When, at the dawn of summer and of fall,
Thou wept'st the leaf that must so soon depart!

What had all these,
Of *frail*, deciduous nature, to persuade,
However their sweets might charm, and beauty please,
The memories that their own could never aid?

They kept no tale—
No solemn history of the fruitful hour;
The lover's promise, the beloved one's wail—
To wake the dead leaf in each lonely bower!

The autumn breath
O'erthrew each frail memorial of their past;
And every token was resigned to death,
In the first summons of the northern blast.

They nourished naught
That to the chain of moral being binds
The recollections of the once gay spot,
And its sweet offices, to future minds.

Thou may'st repair—
Thou, who hast loved in summer-eve to glide
With her whom thou hast still beheld as fair,
When she no longer wandered by thy side.

And thou wilt weep
Each altered aspect of that happiest home,
Which saw the joys its memories could not keep,
Save by the sympathy which shares their doom.

Thus Ruin stands
For Ruin—and the wreck of favorite things,
To him who o'er the waste but wrings his hands,
Proofs of the *fall*, and not the spring-time brings.

Ah! who will weep,
In after seasons, when thou too art gone,
Within this grot, where shadowy memories keep
Their watch above the realm they keep alone!

Who will lament,
In fruitless tears, that she the dear one died,
And thy surviving heart, in languishment,
Soon sought the grave and withered at her side!

A newer bright
Makes young the woods—and bowers that not to thee
Brought fruit or blossom, triumph in the sight
Of those who naught but fruit and blossom see;

To whom no voice
Whispers, that through the loved one's mould the root
Of that exulting shrub, with happiest choice,
Has gone, with none its passage to dispute.

While thine own heart,
In neighboring hillock, conscious, it may be—
Quivers to see the fibres rend and part
The fair white breast which was so dear to thee.

Of all the past,
That precious history of thy love and youth,
When not a cloud thy happy dawn o'ercast,
When all thou felt'st was joy, thou saw'st was truth;

These have no speech
For idiot seasons that still come and go—
To whom the heart no offices can teach,
Vainer than breezes that at midnight blow!

And yet there seem
Memorials still in nature, which are taught,—
Unless all pleasant fancies be a dream,
To bring our sweetest histories back to thought.

A famous tree
Was this, three hundred years ago, when stood
The hunter-chief below it, bold and free,
Proud in his painted pomp and deeds of blood.

By hunger taught,
He gathered the brown acorn in its shade,
And ere he slept, still gazing upward, caught
Sweet glimpses of the night, in stars arrayed.

His hatchet sunk
With sharp wound, fixing his own favorite sign,
Deep in the living column of its trunk,
Where thou may'st read a history such as thine.

He, too, could feel
Such passion as awakes the noble soul—
And in fond hour, perchance, would hither steal,
With one, of all his tribe, who could his ire control.

And others signs,
Tokens of races, greatlier taught, that came
To write like record, though in smoother lines,
And thus declare a still more human flame.

Here love's caprice—
The hope, the doubt, the dear despondencies—
Joy that had never rest, hope without peace—
These each declared the grief he never flies.

And the great oak
Grew sacred to each separate pilgrimage,
Nor heeded, in his bulk, the sudden stroke
That scarred his giant trunk with seams of age.

And we who gaze
Upon each rude memorial—letter and date—
Still undefaced by storm and length of days,
Stand, as beneath the shadow of a fate!

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Some elder-born,
A sire of wood and vale, guardian and king
Of separate races, unsubdued, unshorn,
Whose memories grasp the lives of every meaner thing!

With great white beard
Far streaming with a prophet-like display,
Such as when Moses on the Mount appeared,
And prostrate tribes looked down, or looked away!

With outstretched arms,
Paternal, as if blessing—with a grace,
Such as, in strength and greatness, ever charms,
As wooing the subdued one to embrace!—

Thus still it stood,
While the broad forests, 'neath the pioneer,
Perished—proud relic of the ancient wood—
Men loved the record-tree, and bade them spare!

And still at noon,
Repairing to its shadow, they explore
Its chronicles, still musing o'er th' unknown,
And telling well-known histories, told of yore!

We shall leave ours,
Dear heart! and when our sleep beneath its boughs
Shall suffer spring to spread o'er us her flowers,
Eyes that vow love like ours shall trace our vows.

THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Mountain! that first received the foot of man—
Giving him shelter, when the shoreless flood
Went surging by, that whelmed a buried world—
I see thee in thy lonely grandeur rise—
I see the white-haired Patriarch, as he knelt
Beside his earthen altar, 'mid his sons,
While beat in praise the only pulse of life
Upon this buried planet—
O'er the gorged
And furrowed soil, swept forth a numerous train,
Horned, or cloven-footed, fierce, or tame,
While, mixed with song, the sound of countless wings,
His rescued prisoners, fanned the ambient air.

The sun drew near his setting, clothed in gold,
But on the Patriarch, ere from prayer he rose,
A darkly-cinctured cloud chill tears had wept,
And rain-drops lay upon his silver hairs.
Then burst an arch of wondrous radiance forth,
Spanning the vaulted skies. Its mystic scroll
Proclaimed the amnesty that pitying Heaven
Granted to earth, all desolate and void.
Oh signet-ring, with which the Almighty sealed
His treaty with the remnant of the clay
That shrank before him, to remotest time
Stamp wisdom on the souls that turn to thee.
Unswerving teacher, who four thousand years
Hast ne'er withheld thy lesson, but unfurled
As shower and sunbeam bade, thy glorious scroll,—
Oft, 'mid the summer's day, I musing sit
At my lone casement, to be taught of thee.
Born of the tear-drop and the smile, methinks,
Thou hast affinity with man, for such
His elements, and pilgrimage below.
Our span of strength and beauty fades like thine,
Yet stays its fabric on eternal truth
And boundless mercy.
The wild floods may come—
The everlasting fountains burst their bounds—
The exploring dove without a leaf return—
Yea, the fires glow that melt the solid rock,
And earth be wrecked: *What then?*—be still, my soul,
Enter thine Ark—God's promise cannot fail—
For surely as yon rainbow tints the cloud,
His truth, thine Ararat, will shelter thee.

SPIRIT-YEARNINGS FOR LOVE.

BY MRS. E. MARION WARD.

Love me, darling, love me, for my wild and wayward heart,
Like Noah's dove in search of rest, will hover where thou art;
Will linger round thee, like a spell, till by thy hand caressed,
It folds its weary, care-worn wings, to nestle on thy breast.

Love me, darling, love me! When my soul was sick with strife,
Thy soothing words have been the sun that warmed it into life;
Thy breath called forth the passion-flowers, that slumbered 'neath the ice
Of self-distrust, and now their balm makes earth a *Paradise*.

Love me, darling, love me! Let thy dreams be all of *me!*
Let waking thoughts be round my path, as mine will cling to thee!

But if—oh, God! it cannot be—but if thou *shouldst* grow cold
And weary of my jealous love, or think it over-bold—

Or if, perchance, some fairer form should charm thy truant eye,
Thou 'lt find me *woman*—proud and calm, so leave me—let me die.
I 'd not reclaim a wavering heart whose pulse has once grown cold,
To write my name in princely halls, with diamonds and gold.

So love me, only love me, for I have no world but thee,
And darksome clouds are in my sky—'t is woman's destiny;
But let them frown—I heed them not—no fear can they impart,
If thou art near, with smiles to bend hope's rainbow round my heart.

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THE RIVAL SISTERS.

AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

It has been gravely stated by an Italian writer of celebrity, that "the very atrocity of the crimes which are therein committed, proves that in Italy the growth of man is stronger and more vigorous, and nearer to the perfect standard of manhood, than in any other country."

A strange paradox, truly, but not an uningenious—at least for a native of that "purple land, where law secures not life," who would work out of the very reproach, an argument of honor to his country. If it be true, however, that proneness to the commission of unwonted and atrocious crime is to be held a token of extraordinary vigor—vigor of nerve, of temperament, of passion, of physical development—in a race of men, then surely must the Anglo-Norman breed, under all circumstances of time, place, and climate, be singularly destitute of all these qualities—nay, singularly frail, effeminate, and incomplete.

For it is an undoubted fact, both of the past and present history of that great and still increasing race, whether limited to the narrow bounds of the Island Realm which gave it being, or extended to the boundless breadth of isles, and continents, and oceans, which it has filled with its arms, its arts, its industry, its language—it is, I say, an undoubted fact, that those dreadful and sanguinary crimes, forming a class apart and distinct of themselves, engendered for the most part by morbid passions, love, lust, jealousy, and revenge, which are of daily occurrence in the southern countries of Europe, Asia, and America, are almost unknown in those happier lands, where English laws prevail, with English liberty and language.

It is to this that must be ascribed the fact, that, in the very few instances where crimes of this nature have occurred in England or America, the memory of them is preserved with singular pertinacity, the smallest details handed down from generation to generation, and the very spots in which they have occurred, howmuchsoever altered or improved in the course of ages, haunted, as if by an actual presence, by the horror and the scent of blood; while on the other hand the fame of ordinary deeds of violence and rapine seems almost to be lost before the lives of the perpetrators are run out.

One, and almost, I believe, a singular instance of this kind—for I would not dignify the brawls and assassinations which have disgraced some of our southern cities, the offspring of low principles and an unregulated society, by comparing them to the class of crimes in question, which imply even in their atrocity a something of perverted honor, of extravagant affection, or at least of not ignoble passion—is the well-known Beauchamp tragedy of Kentucky, a tale of sin and horror which has afforded a theme to the pens of several distinguished writers, and the details of which are as well known on the spot at present, as if years had not elapsed since its occurrence. And this, too, in a country prone above all others, from the migratory habits of its population, to cast aside all tradition, and to lose within a very few years the memory of the greatest and most illustrious events upon the very stage of their occurrence.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that in England, where the immobility of the population, the reverence for antiquity, and the great prevalence of oral tradition, induced probably at first by the want of letters, cause the memory of even past trifles to dwell for ages in the breasts of the simple and moral people, any deed of romantic character, any act of unusual atrocity, any crime prompted by unusual or extraordinary motives, should become, as it were, part and parcel of the place wherein it was wrought; that the leaves of the trees should whisper it to the winds of evening; that the echoes of the lonely hills should repeat it; that the waters should sigh a burthen to its strain; and that the very night should assume a deeper shadow, a more horrid gloom, from the awe of the unforgotten sin.

I knew a place in my boyhood, thus haunted by the memory of strange crime; and whether it was merely the terrible romance of the story, or the wild and gloomy character of the scenery endowed with a sort of natural fitness to be the theatre of terrible events, or yet again the union of the two, I know not; but it produced upon my mind a very powerful influence, amounting to a species of fascination, which constantly attracted me to the spot, although when there, the weight of the tradition, and the awe of the scene produced a sense of actual pain.

The place to which I allude was but a few miles distant from the celebrated public school, at which I passed the happiest days of a not uneventful life, and was within an easy walk of the college limits; so that when I had attained that favored eminence, known as the sixth form, which allows its happy occupants to roam the country, free from the fear of masters, provided only they attend at appointed hours, it was my frequent habit to stroll away from the noisy playing-fields through the green hedgerow lanes, or to scull my wherry over the smooth surface of the silver Thames, toward the scene of dark tra-

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dition; and there to lap myself in thick coming fancies, half sad, half sweet, yet terrible withal, and in their very terror attractive, until the call of the homeward rooks, and the lengthened shadows of the tall trees on the greensward, would warn me that I too must hie me back with speed, or pay the penalty of undue delay.

Now, as the story has in itself, apart from the extraneous interest with which a perfect acquaintance with its localities may have invested it in my eyes, a powerful and romantic character; as its catastrophe was no less striking than un-English; and as the passions which gave rise to it were at once the strongest and the most general—though rarely prevailing, at least among us Anglo-Normans, to so fearful an extent—I am led to hope that others may find in it something that may enchain their attention for a time, though it may not affect them as it has me with an influence, unchanged by change of scene, unaltered by the lapse of time, which alters all things.

I propose, therefore, to relate it, as I heard it first from an old superannuated follower of the family, which, owning other, though not fairer demesnes in some distant county, had never more used Ditton-in-the-Dale as their dwelling place, although well nigh two centuries had elapsed since the transaction which had scared them away from their polluted household gods.

But first, I must describe briefly the characteristics of the scenery, without which a part of my tale would be hardly comprehensible, while the remarkable effect produced by the coincidence, if I may so express myself, between the nature of the deed, and the nature of the place, would be lost entirely.

In the first place, then, I must premise that the name of Ditton-in-the-Dale is in a great measure a misnomer, as the house and estate which bear that name, are situated on what a visiter would be at first inclined to call a dead level, but on what is in truth a small secondary undulation, or hollow, in the broad, flat valley through which the father of the English rivers, the royal-towered Thames, pursues, as Gray sang,

> The turf, the flowers, the shades among,
> His silver-winding way.

But so destitute is all that country of any deep or well defined valleys, much less abrupt glens or gorges, that any hollow containing a tributary stream, which invariably meanders in slow and sluggish reaches through smooth, green meadow-land, is dignified with the name of dale, or valley. The country is, however, so much intersected by winding lanes, bordered with high straggling white-thorn hedges full of tall timber trees, is subdivided into so many small fields, all enclosed with similar fences, and is diversified with so many woods, and clumps of forest trees, that you lose sight of the monotony of its surface, in consequence of the variety of its vegetation, and of the limited space which the eye can comprehend, at any one time.

The lane by which I was wont to reach the demesne of Ditton, partook in an eminent degree of this character, being very narrow, winding about continually without any apparent cause, almost completely embowered by the tall hawthorn hedges, and the yet taller oaks and ashes which grew along their lines, making, when in full verdure, twilight of noon itself, and commanding no view whatever of the country through which it ran, except when a field-gate, or cart-track opened into it, affording a glimpse of a lonely meadow, bounded, perhaps, by a deep wood-side.

On either hand of this lane was a broad, deep ditch, both of them quite unlike any other ditches I have ever seen. Their banks were irregular; and it would seem evident that they had not been dug for any purposes of fencing or enclosure; and I have sometimes imagined, from their varying width and depth—for in places they were ten feet deep, and three times as broad, and at others but a foot or two across, and containing but a few inches of water—that their beds had been hollowed out to get marl or gravel for the convenience of the neighboring cultivators.

Be this as it may, they were at all times brimful of the clearest and most transparent water I ever remember to have seen—never turbid even after the heaviest rains; and though bordered by water-flags, and tapestried in many places by the broad, round leaves of the white and yellow water-lilies, never corrupted by a particle of floating scum, or green duckweed.

Whether they were fed by secret springs I know not; or whether they communicated by sluices or side-drains with the neighboring Thames; I never could discover any current or motion in their still, glassy waters, though I have wandered by their banks a hundred times, watching the red-finned roach and silvery dace pursue each other among the shadowy lily leaves, now startling a fat yellow frog from the marge, and following him as he dived through the limpid blackness to the very bottom, now starting in my own turn, as a big water-rat would swim from side to side, and vanish in some hole of the marly bank, and now endeavoring to catch the great azure-bodied, gauze-winged dragon-flies, as they shot to and fro on their poised wings, pursuing kites of the insect race, some of the smaller ephemera.

It was those quiet, lucid waters, coupled with the exceeding shadiness of the trees, and its very unusual solitude—I have walked it, I suppose, from end to end at least a hundred times, and I never remember to have met so much even as a peasant returning from his daily labor, or a country maiden tripping to the neighboring town—that gave its character, and I will add, its charm to this half pastoral, half sylvan lane. For nearly three miles it ran in one direction, although, as I have said, with many devious turns, and seemingly unnecessary angles, and through that length it did not pass within the sound of one farm-yard, or the sight of one cottage chimney. But to make up for this, of which it was, indeed, a consequence, the nightingales were so bold and familiar that they might be heard all day long filling the air with their delicious melodies, not waiting, as in more frequented spots, the approach of night, whose dull ear to charm with amorous ravishment; nay, I have seen them perched in full view on the branches,

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gazing about them fearless with their full black eyes, and swelling their emulous throats in full view of the spectator.

Three miles passed, the lane takes a sudden turn to the northward, having previously run, for the most part, east and west; and here, in the inner angle, jutting out suddenly from a dense thicket of hawthorns and hazels, an old octagonal summer-house, with a roof shaped like an extinguisher, projects into the ditch, which here expands into a little pool, some ten or twelve yards over in every direction, and perhaps deeper than at any other point of its course.

Beyond the summer-house there is a little esplanade of green turf, faced with a low wall toward the ditch, allowing the eye to run down a long, narrow avenue of gigantic elm-trees, meeting at the top in the perfect semblance of a Gothic aisle, and bordered on each hand by hedges of yew, six feet at least in height, clipped into the form and almost into the solidity of a wall. At the far end of this avenue, which must be nearly two-thirds of a mile in length, one can discern a glimpse of a formal garden, and beyond that, of some portion of what seems to be a large building of red brick.

At the extremity of the esplanade and little wall, there grows an enormous oak, not very tall, but with an immense girth of trunk, and such a spread of branches that it completely overshadows the summer-house, and overhangs the whole surface of the small pool in front of it. Thenceforth, the tall and tangled hedge runs on, as usual denying all access of the eye, and the deep, clear ditch all access of the foot, to the denseness within; until at the distance of perhaps a mile and a quarter, a little bridge crosses the latter, and a green gate, with a pretty rustic lodge beside it, gives entrance to a smooth lawn, with a gravel-road running across it, and losing itself on the farther side, in a thick belt of woodland.

It is, however, with the summer-house that I have to do principally, for it is to it that the terror of blood has clung through the lapse of years, as the scent of the Turkish Atar is said to cling, indestructible, to the last fragment of the vessel which had once contained it.

When first I saw that small lonely pavilion, I had heard nothing of the strange tradition which belonged to it, yet as I looked on the plastered walls, all covered with spots of damp and mildew, on the roof overrun with ivy, in masses so wildly luxuriant as almost to conceal the shape, on the windows, one in each side of the octagon, closed by stout jalousies, which had been once green with paint, but were now green with damp and vegetable mould, a strange feeling, half of curiosity and half of terror, came over me, mixed with that singular fascination of which I have spoken, which seemed to deny me any rest until I should have searched out the mystery—for I felt sure that mystery there was—connected with that summer-house, so desolate and so fast lapsing into ruin, while the hedges and gardens within appeared well cared for, and in trim cultivation.

I well remember the first time I beheld that lonely and deserted building. It was near sunset, on as lovely a summer evening as ever shed its soft light on the earth; the air was breathless; the sky cloudless; thousands of swallows were upon the wing, some skimming the limpid surface of those old ditches, others gliding on balanced pinions so far aloft in the darkening firmament that the eye could barely discern them.

The nightingales were warbling their rich, melancholy notes from every brake and thicket; the bats had come forth and were flitting to and fro on their leathern wings under the dark trees; but the brilliant dragon-flies, and all the painted tribe of butterflies had vanished already, and another race, the insects of the night, had taken their places.

The rich scent of the new-mown hay loaded the air with fragrance, and vied with the odors of the eglantine and honeysuckle, which, increased by the falling dew, steamed up like incense to the evening skies.

I was alone, and thoughtful; for the time although sweet and delicious, had nothing in it gay or joyous; the lane along which I was strolling was steeped in the fast increasing shadows, for although the air aloft was full of sunshine, and the topmost leaves of the tall ashes shimmered like gold in the late rays, not a single beam penetrated the thick hedgerows, or fell upon the sandy horse-road. The water in the deep ditches looked as black as night, and the plunge of the frogs into their cool recesses startled the ear amid the solitude and stillness of the place.

It was one of those evenings, in a word, which calls up, we know not why, a train of thoughts not altogether sad, nor wholly tender, but calm and meditative and averse to action. I had been wandering along thus for nearly an hour, musing deeply all the while, yet perfectly unconscious that I was musing, much more what was the subject of my meditations, when coming suddenly to the turn of the lane, the old summer-house met my eyes, and almost startled me, so little did I expect in that place to see any thing that should recall to my mind the dwellings or the vicinity of man.

The next minute I began to scrutinize, and to wonder—for it was evident that this building must be an appendage to the estate of some gentleman or person of degree, and, knowing all the families of note in that neighborhood, I was well assured that no one dwelt here of sufficient position to be the owner of what appeared at first sight to be a noble property.

Anxious as I was, however, to effect my entrance into that enchanted ground, I could discover no means of doing so; for the depth of the water effectually cut off all access to the hedgerow banks, even if there had been any prospect of forcing a passage through the tangled thorn-bushes beyond. Before I could find any solution to my problem, the fast thickening shadows admonished me that I must beat my retreat; and it was only by dint of redoubled speed that I reached college in time to escape the consequences of absence from roll-call.

An early hour of the evening found me at my post on the following day; for having a direct object now in view, I wasted no time on the road, and the sun

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was still some distance above the horizon, when I reached the summer-house.

It had been my hope, as I went along, that I might find some shallow spot, with a corresponding gap in the hedge, before reaching the place, by means of which I might turn the defences, and take the enemy in the rear; but it was all in vain; and I came upon the ground without discovering any opening by which an animal larger than a rat could enter the forbidden ground.

Difficulty, it is well known, heightens desire; and, if I wished before, I was now determined that I would get in. Quickening my pace, I set off at a smart run to reconnoitre the defences beyond, but having found nothing that favored my plans, in some half mile or so, I again returned, now bent on forcing my way, even if I should be compelled to undress, and swim across the pool to the further side.

Before having recourse to this last step, however, I reconnoitered my ground somewhat more narrowly than before, and soon discovered that one of the main limbs of the great oak shot quite across the pool, and extended some little distance on my side over terra firma.

It is true that the nearer extremity of the branch was rather of the slenderest, to support the weight even of a boy, and that the lowest point was a foot or two above my head. But what of that? I was young and active in those days, and somewhat bold withal; and without a spice of danger, where were the pleasure or excitement of adventure?

It did not take me long to make up my mind, and before I had well thought of the risk, I had swung myself up into the branches, and was creeping, with even less difficulty than I had anticipated, along the great gnarled bough above the mirrored pool.

Danger, in fact, there was none; for slender as the extremities appeared, they were tough English oak, and the parent branch once gained, would have supported the weight of Otus and Ephialtes, and all their giant crew, much more of one slight Etonian.

In five minutes, or less, I had reached the fork of the trunk, and, swarming down on the further side, stood in the full fruition of my hopes, on that enchanted ground.

It was as I had expected to find it, a singular and gloomy spot; the tall elm trees which formed the avenue, and the black wall of clipped yew, which followed their course, diverging to the right and left, formed a semicircle, the chord of which was the low wall and hawthorn hedge, the summer-house standing, as I entered, in the angle on my left hand.

Although, as I have said, the sun was still high in heaven, the little area was almost dark already; and it was difficult, indeed, to conjecture for what end the wisdom of our ancestors had planted a sun-dial in the centre of the grass-plat, where it seemed physically impossible that a chance sunbeam should ever strike it, to tell the hour.

If it had not been for the narrow open space between the oak tree and the summer-house, the little lawn would even now have been as black as night; as it was, a sort of misty-gray twilight, increased, perhaps, by the thin vapors rising from the tranquil pool, filled all its precincts; and beyond these, stretching away in long perspective until the arch at the further end seemed dwindled to the size of a needle's eye, was the long aisle of gloomy foliage, as massive and impenetrable to any ray of light as the stone arches of a Gothic cloister.

The only thing that conveyed an idea of gayety or life, to the cold and tomb-like scenery, was the glimpse of bright sunshine which lay on the open garden at the extremity of the elm-walk, with the gaudy and glowing hues, indistinctly seen in the distance, of some summer flowers.

Yet even this was not all unmixed with something of melancholy, for the contrast of the gay sunbeams and bright flowers only rendered the gloom more apparent, and like a convent-garden, seemed to awaken cravings after the joyous world without, diminishing nothing of the sorrow and monotony within.

But I was not in those days much given to moralizing, or to the investigation of my own inward feelings.

I had come thither to inquire, to see, to learn, to find out things—not causes. And perceiving at one glance that my first impression was correct, that the grass-plots were recently mown, the gravel-walks newly rolled, and spotless of weeds, the tall yew hedges assiduously clipped into the straightest and most formal lines; that every thing, in short, displayed the most heedful tendance, the neatest cultivation, with the exception of the summer-pavilion, which evidently was devoted to decay, I became but the more satisfied that there was some mystery, and the more resolute to probe it to the core.

It was quite clear that when that garden was laid out, and that avenue planted, how many years ago the giant size of the old elms denoted, the summer-house was the meaning of the whole design. The avenue had no object but to lead to it, the little lawn no purpose but to receive it. Doubly strange, therefore, did it seem that these should be kept up in all their trimness, that suffered to fall into decay.

It was the tragedy of Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted!

I stood for a little while wondering, and half overcome by a sort of indescribable fanciful superstition. A cloud had come over the sun, the nightingales had ceased to sing, and there was not a sound of any kind to be heard, except the melancholy murmur of the summer air in the tree-tops.

In a moment, however, the transitory spell was shaken off, and, once more the bold and reckless schoolboy, I turned to the performance of my self-imposed task.

The summer-house, as I have said, was octagon, three of its sides, with a window in each, jutting out into the clear pool, and three, with a door in the centre, and a window on each side, fronting the little lawn. But, alas! the windows were all secured with jalousies, strongly bolted and barred from within, and the door was secured by a lock, the key of which was absent.

A short examination showed, however, that the

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door was held by no bolts at the top or bottom; and the rusty condition of both lock and hinges rendered it probable that it would not stand a very violent assault.

Wherefore, retreating some twenty paces, I ran at it *more Etonensi*, at the top of my speed, planted the sole of my foot even and square against the key-hole, with the whole impetus of my charge, and had the satisfaction of feeling the door fly open in an instant, while a jingling clatter within showed that my entrance had been effected with no greater damage to the premises than the starting of the staple into which the bolt of the lock shot.

Having entered thus, my first task was to repair damages, which was effected in five minutes, by driving the staple into its old place by aid of a great stone; my second, to provide means for future visits, which was as speedily managed by driving back the bolt of the lock with the same great stone; and my third, to look eagerly and curiously about me. To do this more effectually, I soon opened the two windows looking upon the lawn, and let in the light, for the first time, I fancy, in many a year, to that deserted room.

If I had marveled much before I entered, much more did I marvel now; for although every thing within showed marks of the utmost negligence and decay, though spiders had woven their webs in every angle, though mildew and damp mould had defaced the painted walls, though the gilding was black and tarnished, though the dust lay thick on the furniture, still I had never seen any thing in my life, except the state-rooms at Hampton Court and Windsor Castle, which could have vied with this pavilion in the splendor of its original decoration.

Its area was about thirty feet in diameter, and in height nearly the same, with a domed roof, richly fretted with what had once been golden scroll-work upon an azure ground. The walls were painted, as even *I* could discover, by the hand of a master, with copies from Guido and Caracci, in compartments bordered with massive gilded scroll-work, the ground between the panels having been originally, like the ceiling, of bright azure. The window-frames had been gilded; and the inside of the door painted, like the walls, in azure, with pictures of high merit in the panels. Every side of the octagon but two, the opposite walls to the right and left, were occupied by windows or a door; but that to the right was filled by a mantel-piece, exquisitely wrought with Caryatides in white Carrara marble, with a copy of the Aurora above it, while the space opposite to it had been occupied by a superb mirror, reaching from the cornice of the ceiling.

Nearly in the centre of this mirror, however, there was a small circular fracture, as if made by a stone or a bullet, with long cracks radiating, like the beams of a star, in all directions over the shivered plate; and when I looked at it more closely, I observed that it was dashed in many places with large drops of some dark purple fluid, which had hardened with time into compact and solid gouts.

I thought little of this at the time, and only wondered why people could be so mad as to abandon so beautiful a place; and why, since they had abandoned it, they did not remove the furniture, of which even a boy's eye could detect the value.

There was a centre-table of circular form, the pedestal of which, curiously carved, had been wrought, like all the rest, in gold and azure, while the slat, when I had wiped away with some fresh green leaves the thick layer of dust which covered it, positively astonished my eyes, by the delicacy and beauty of the designs with which it was adorned. Beside this, there were divans and arm-chairs of the same fashion and colors, with cushions which had been once of sky-blue damask, though their brilliancy, and even their hues, had long ago been defaced by the dust, the dampness, and the squalor of that neglected place.

I should have mentioned, that on the beautiful table I discovered gouts of the same dark substance which I had previously observed on the broken mirror; and that there were still clearly perceptible on one of the divans, dark splushes, and what must, when fluid, have been almost a pool of the same deep, rusty hue.

At the time, it is true, I paid little attention to these things, being busily employed in the boy-like idea of putting my newly discovered palace of Armida into a complete state of repair, and coming to pass all my leisure moments, even to the studying my Prometheus Bound, and composing my weekly hexameters and Alcaics in this sweet sequestered spot.

And, in truth, within a week I had put the greater part of my plan into execution; purloined dusters from my dame's boarding-house, green boughs of the old elms for brooms, and water from the ditch, soon made things clean at least; and the air, which I suffered, so long as I was there, daily, to blow through it in all directions, soon rendered it, comparatively speaking, dry and comfortable; and when all its windows were thrown wide, it would be scarcely possible to find a more lightsome or delicious spot for summer musing than that old English summer-house.

Thus things went on for weeks, for months, unsuspected—for I always latched the door, and secured the windows from within, before leaving my fairy palace for the night; and as all looked just as usual without, no one so much as dreamed of trying the lock, to ascertain if a door were still fastened, the threshhold of which, as men believed, no human foot had crossed since the days of the second James.

I could often, it is true, discover the traces of recent labor in the immediate neighborhood of my discovery; I could perceive at a glance where the grass had been newly shorn, the yew hedges clipped, or the gravel-walks rolled, but never, in the course of several months, during which I spent every fine evening, either reading, or musing, or composing my boy verses, in that my enchanted castle—for I began really to consider it almost my own—did I see any human being on the premises.

The cause of this, which I did not suspect until it was revealed to me, after chance had discovered my visits to the place, was simply this, that my intrusions

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were confined solely to the evening, whereas, so great was the awe of the servants and the workmen for that lonely and terror-haunted spot, that nothing short of absolute compulsion, or the strongest necessity, would have induced them to go near the place, after the sun had turned downward from the zenith.

In the meantime, gratified by the complete success of my first inroad, and the possession of my first discovery, I felt no inclination to push my advances further, or to make any incursion into the body of the place.

Every evening, as early as I could escape from the college walls, I was at my post, and lingered there as late as college hours would permit. It was a strange fancy in a boy, and stranger yet than would at first appear in this, that there was a very considerable admixture of something nearly approaching to fear, and that of a painful kind, in the feelings which made me so assiduous in my visits to that old pavilion.

There was, it is true, nothing definite in my fancies. I knew nothing, I cannot say even that I suspected any thing, concerning the mysterious closing of the place; and often, since I have been made acquainted with the tale, I have marveled at my own obtuseness, and wondered that a secret so transparent should have escaped me.

So it was, however, that I suspected nothing, although I felt sure that mystery there was; and being of somewhat an imaginative temper, I used to amuse myself by accounting for it in my own mind, weaving all sorts of strange and wild romances, and inventing the most horrible stories that can be conceived, until, as the shadows would fall dark around me, daunted by my own conceptions, I would make all secure and fast with trembling fingers, swing myself back across over the pool by my accustomed oak-branch, and run home as hard as my legs could carry me, haunted by indistinct and almost superstitious horror.

Thus things went on, until at the end of summer I was at last detected in my stolen visits, and the whole mystery was cleared up.

I remember as clearly as if I heard it now, the exclamation of terror and dismay uttered by the old gardener, who, having left some implement behind him on the lawn during the morning labors, had been forced to bend his unwilling steps back to the haunted ground to recover it.

I could not but smile afterward, when he recounted to me his astonishment and terror at seeing the old summer-house, which never had been opened within the memory of man, with all its windows wide to the free air and evening sunshine—when he told me how often he turned back to seek aid from his fellows—how he almost believed that fiends or evil spirits were holding their foul sabbath there, and how he started aghast with horror, not now for himself, but for me, as he beheld the young Etonian stretched tranquilly upon the blood-stained couch—for those dark stains were of human gore—conning his task for the morrow.

I rushed out of the place at his hurried outcry; a few words told my story, and plead my excuse—with the good, simple-minded rustic little excuse was needed—but it was not till after many sittings, and many a long afternoon's discourse, that I learned all the details of the sad event which had converted that fair pavilion into a place as terrible, to the ideas of the country folks, as a dark charnel-vault.

"Ay!" said the old man, as he gazed fearfully about him, after I had persuaded him at length to cross the dreaded threshhold, "Ay! it is all as they tell, though not a man of them has ever seen it. There is the glass which the bullet broke, after passing right through his brain; and there is his blood, all spattered on the mirror. And look, young master, those spots on the table came from *her* heart; and that couch you was lying on, is where they laid her when they took her up. See, it 's all dabbled yet; and where your head was resting now, the dead girl's head lay, more than a hundred years since! Come away, master—come away! I never thought to have looked on these things, though I know all about them."

"Oh, tell me—tell me about them!" I exclaimed. "I am not a bit afraid. Do tell me all about them."

"Not now—not now—nor not here," said the old man, gazing about as if he expected to see a spirit stalk out of some shady nook of the surrounding trees. "I would not tell you here to be master of all Ditton-in-the-Dale! But come up, if you will, to the great house to-morrow, and ask for old Matthew Dawson, and I 'll show you all the place—the family never lives here now, nor has n't since that deed was done—and then I 'll tell you all about it, if you must hear. But if you 're wise, you 'll shun it; for it will chill your young blood to listen, and cling to your young heart with a gloom forever."

"Oh, I will come, be sure, Matthew! I would not miss it for the world. But it is getting late, so I 'll fasten up the old place, and be going;" and suiting the action to the word, I soon secured the fastenings, while the old gardener stood by, marvelling and muttering at the boldness of young blood, until I had finished setting things in order, when I shook hands with the old man, slipping my *one* half crown into his horny palm, and saying,

"Well, good night, Matthew Dawson, and do n't forget to-morrow evening."

"That I wont, master," he replied, greatly propitiated by my offering. "But which way are you going?"

Oh, I 'll soon show you," I replied; and swinging myself up my tree, I was beyond the precincts of the haunted ground almost in a moment.

"The very way *he* came the time he did it," cried the old gardener, with upturned hands, and eyes aghast. But I tarried then to ask no further questions, being quite sufficiently terrified for one night; although my pride forbade my displaying my terrors to the old rustic.

The next day I was punctual to my appointment; and then, for the first time, I heard the melancholy tale which, at length, I purpose to relate.

It was a proud and noble Norman family which had held the demesnes of Ditton-in-the-Dale, since

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the reign of the last Plantagenet—a brave and loyal race, which had poured its blood like water on many a foreign, many a native battle-field. At Evesham, a Fitz-Henry had fought beside Prince Edward's bridle-rein, against the great De Montfort, and his confederate barons; and afterward through all the long and cruel wars of the Roses, on every field a Fitz-Henry had won honor or lost blood, upholding the claims of the true sovereign house—the house of York—until at fatal Bosworth the house itself went down, and dragged down with it the fortunes of its bold supporters.

Thereafter, during the reign of the Tudors, the name of Fitz-Henry was heard rarely in the court, or on the field; impoverished in fortune by fines and sequestrations, suspected of disloyalty to the new sovereign house, the heads of the family had wisely held themselves aloof from intrigue and conspiracy, and dwelt among their yeomen, who had in old times been their fathers' vassals, stanch lovers of field-sports, true English country gentlemen, seeking the favor and fearing the ill-will of no man—no, not of England's king.

Attached to the old religion, though neither bigots nor zealots, they had escaped the violence of bluff Harry, when he turned Protestant for Bullen's eyes; and had, though something to leeward of her favor, as lukewarm Romanists and no lovers of the Spaniard, passed safely through the ordeal of Mary's cruel reign.

But with the accession of the man-minded Elizabeth, the fortunes of the house revived for a while. It was the policy of that great and gracious queen to gather around her all that were brave, honest, and manly in her realm, without regard to family creeds, or family traditions. Claiming descent as much from one as from the other of the rival houses of Lancaster and York, loyalty to the one was no more offence to her clear eyes than good faith to the other. While loyalty to what he honestly believed to be the true sovereign house, was the strongest recommendation to her favor in each and every subject.

The Fitz-Henry, therefore, of her day, a young and gallant soldier, who visited the shores of the New World with Cavendish and Raleigh, fought for his native land, although a Catholic, against the terrible armada of the Most Catholic King, with Drake, and Frobisher and Howard, waged war in the Low Countries, and narrowly missed death at Tutphen by Philip Sidney's side, stood as high in the favor of his queen as in the estimation of all good and honorable men. It is true, when the base and odious James succeeded to the throne of the lion-queen, and substituted mean and loathsome king-craft for frank and open English policy, the gray-haired soldier, navigator, statesman—for he had shone in each capacity—retired, as his ancestors had done before him, during the reigns of the seventh and eighth Henrys, to the peaceful shades and innocent pleasures of Ditton-in-the-Dale.

So true, however, was he to the time-honored principles of his high race, so loyally did he bring up his son, so firmly did he strengthen his youthful mind with all maxims, and all laws of honor, linking the loyal subject to the rightful king, that no sooner had the troubles broken out between the misguided monarch and his rebellious Parliament—although the veteran of Elizabeth had fallen asleep long before, full of years and honors—than his young heir, Osborn Fitz-Henry, displayed the cognizance of his old house, mustered his tenantry, and set foot in stirrup, well nigh the first, to withdraw it the very last, of the adherents of the hapless Charles. So long did he resist in arms, so pertinaciously did he uphold the authority of the first Charles, so early did he rise again in behalf of the second, that he was noted by the Parliament as an incorrigible and most desperate malignant; and, had it not been that, by his gallantry in the field, and his humanity when the strife was ended, he had won the personal good-will of Cromwell, it is most likely that it would have gone hard with his fortunes if not with his life.

After the restoration, he was of course neglected by the fiddling, gambling, wenching, royal buffoon, who succeeded the royal martyr, and whose necessities he had supplied, when an outcast pauper exile in a foreign land, from the proceeds of those very estates which he had so nearly lost in fighting for his crown.

Osborn Fitz-Henry, too, was gathered to his fathers. He died little advanced beyond the prime of life, worn out with the toil he had undergone in the camp, and shattered by the wounds which he had received on almost every battle-field from Edge-Hill to Dunbar and Worcester.

He had, however, married very young, before the breaking out of the rebellion, and had lived to see not his son only a noble and superior man, ready to fill his place when vacant, and in it uphold the honor of his family, but his son's children also advancing fast toward maturity.

Allan Fitz-Henry, the son of Charles' stout partisan, the grandson of Elizabeth's warrior, was the head of the house, when my tale commences.

He, too, had married young—such, indeed, was the custom of his house—and had survived his wife, by whom he had two fair daughters, but no heir; and this was a source of vexation so constantly present to his mind, that in the end it altered the whole disposition of the man, rendering him irritable, harsh, stern, unreasonable, and unhappy.

Fondly attached to the memory of his lost wife, whom he had loved devotedly while living, it never entered his mind to marry a second time, even with the hope of begetting an heir by whom to perpetuate the honors and principles of his house; although he was continually on the fret—miserable himself, and making others miserable, in consequence of the certainty that he should be the last of his race.

His only hope was now centered in his daughters, or to speak more correctly, in his eldest daughter—for her he had determined to constitute his heiress, endowing her with all his landed property, all his heirlooms, all that could constitute her the head of his house; in return for which he had predetermined that she should become the wife of some husband of

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his own choosing, who should unite to a pedigree as noble as that of the Howards, all qualifications which should fit him to represent the house into which he should be adopted; and who should be willing to drop his own paternal name and bearings, how ancient and noble soever, in order to adopt the style and the arms of Fitz-Henry.

Proud by nature, by blood, and by education—though with a clear and honorable pride—he had been rendered a thousand times prouder and more haughty by the very circumstances which seemed to threaten a downfall to the fortunes of his house—his house, which had survived such desperate reverses; which had come out of every trial, like pure gold, the better and the brighter from the furnace—his house, which neither the ruin of friendly monarchs, nor the persecutions of hostile monarchs, nor the neglect of ungrateful monarchs, had been able to shake, any more than the autumnal blasts, or the frosts of winter, had availed to uproot the oak trees of his park, coeval with his name.

In the midst of health and wealth, honor and good esteem, with an affectionate family, and a devoted household around him, Allan Fitz-Henry fancied himself a most unhappy man—perhaps the most unhappy of mankind.

Alas! was it to punish such vain, such sinful, such senseless, and inordinate repinings?

Who shall presume to scrutinize the judgments, or pry into the secrets of the Inscrutable?

This much alone is certain, that ere he was gathered to his fathers, Allan Fitz-Henry might, and that not unjustly, have termed himself that, which now, in the very wantonness of pampered and insatiate success he swore that he was daily—the most unhappy of the sons of men.

For to calamities so dreadful as might have disturbed the reason of the strongest minded, remorse was added, so just, so terrible, so overwhelming, that men actually marveled how he lived on and was not insane.

But I must not anticipate.

It was a short time after the failure of the Duke of Monmouth's weak and ungrateful attempt at revolution, a short time after the conclusion of the merciless and bloody butcheries of that disgrace to the English ermine, the ferocious Jefferies, that the incidents occurred, which I learned first on the evening subsequent to my discovery in the fatal summer-house.

At this time Allan Fitz-Henry—it was a singular proof, by the way, of the hereditary pride of this old Norman race, that having numbered among them so many friends and counsellors of monarchs, no one of their number had been found willing to accept titular honors, holding it a higher thing to be the premier gentleman than the junior peer of England—At this time, I say, Allan Fitz-Henry was a man of some forty-five or fifty years, well built and handsome, of courtly air and dignified presence; nor must it be imagined that in his fancied grievances he forgot to support the character of his family, or that he carried his griefs abroad with him into the world.

At times, indeed, he might be a little grave and thoughtful, especially at such times as he heard mention made of the promise or success of this or that scion of some noble house; but it was only within his own family circle, and to his most familiar friends, that he was wont to open his heart, and complain of his ill-fortune, at being the first childless father of his race—for so, in his contempt for the poor girls, whom he still, strange contradiction! loved fondly and affectionately, he was accustomed in his dark hours to style himself; as if forsooth an heir male were the only offspring worthy to be called the child of such a house.

Though he was fond, and gentle, and at times even tender to his motherless daughters—for, to do him justice, he never suffered a symptom of his disappointment and disgust to break out to their annoyance, yet was there no gleam of paternal satisfaction in his sad eye, no touch of paternal pride in his vexed heart, as he looked upon their graceful forms, and noted their growing beauties.

And yet they were a pair of whom the haughtiest potentate on earth might have been proud, and with justice.

Blanche and Agnes Fitz-Henry were at this time in their eighteenth and seventeenth years—but one summer having passed between their births, and their mother having died within a few hours after the latter saw the light.

They were, indeed, as lovely girls as the sun of merry England shone upon; and in those days it was still *merry* England, and famous then as now for the rare beauty of its women, whether in the first dawn of girlhood, or in the full-blown flush of feminine maturity.

Both tall, above the middle height of women, both exquisitely formed, with figures delicate and slender, yet full withal, and voluptuously rounded, with the long taper hands, the small and shapely feet and ankles, the swan-like necks, and classic heads gracefully set on, which are held to denote, in all countries, the predominance of gentle blood; when seen at a distance, and judged by the person only, it would have been almost impossible to distinguish the elder from the younger sister.

But look upon them face to face, and never, in all respects, were two girls of kindred race so entirely dissimilar. The elder, Blanche, was, as her name denotes, though ladies' names are oftentimes misnomers, a genuine English blonde. Her abundant and beautiful hair, trained to float down upon her snowy shoulders in silky masses of unstudied curls, was of the lightest golden brown. There was not a shade of red in its hues, although her complexion was of that peculiarly dazzling character which is common to red-haired persons; yet when the sun shone on its glistening waves, so brilliantly did the golden light flash from it, that you might almost have imagined there was a circlet of living glory above her clear white brow.

Her eyebrows and eyelashes were many shades darker than her hair, relieving her face altogether from that charge of insipidity which is so often, and

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for the most part so truly, brought against fair-haired and fair-featured beauties. The eyes themselves, which those long lashes shrouded, were of the deepest violet blue; so deep, that at first sight you would have deemed them black, but for the soft and humid languor which is never seen in eyes of that color. The rest of her features were as near as possible to the Grecian model, except that there was a slight depression where the nose joins the brow, breaking that perfectly straight line of the classical face, which, however beautiful to the statue, is less attractive in life than the irregular outline of the northern countenance.

Her mouth, with the exception of—perhaps I should rather say in conjunction with—her eyes, was the most *lovely* and expressive feature in her face. There were twin dimples at its corners; yet was not its expression one of habitual mirth, but of tenderness and softness rather, unmixed, although an anchorite might have been pardoned the wish to press his lips to its voluptuous curve, with the slightest expression of sensuality.

Her complexion was, as I have said, dazzlingly brilliant; but it was the brilliance of the lily rather than of the rose, though at the least emotion, whether of pain or pleasure, the eloquent blood would rush, like the morning's glow over some snow-crowned Alp, across cheek, brow, and neck, and bosom, and vanish thence so rapidly, that ere you should have time to say, nay, even to think,

"Look! look how beautiful, 't was fled."

Such was the elder beauty, the destined heiress of the ancient house, the promised mother of a line of sons, who should perpetuate the name and hand down the principles of the Fitz-Henries to far distant ages. Such were the musings of her father,

Proh! cœca mens mortalium!

and at such times alone, if ever, a sort of doubtful pride would come to swell his hope, whispering that for such a creature, no man, however high or haughty, but would be willing to renounce the pride of birth, even untempted by the demesnes of Ditton-in-the-Dale, and many another lordly manor coupled to the time-honored name of Fitz-Henry.

Her sister, Agnes, though not less beautiful than Blanche—and there were those who insisted that she was more so—was as different from her, in all but the general resemblance of figure and carriage, as night is from morning, or autumn from early summer-time.

Her ringlets, not less profuse than Blanche's, and clustering in closer and more mazy curls, were as black as the raven's wing, and, like the feathers of the wild bird, were lighted up when the sun played on them with a sort of purplish and metallic gloss, that defies alike the pen of the writer, and the painter's pencil to depict to the eye.

Her complexion, though soft and delicate, was of the very darkest hue that is ever seen in persons of unmixed European blood; so dark that the very blood which would mantle to her cheek at times in burning blushes, was shaded, as it were, with a darker hue, like damask roses seen through the medium of a gold-tinted window-pane.

Her brows and lashes were as black as night, but, strange to say, the eyes that flashed from beneath them with an almost painful splendor, were of a clear, deep azure, less dark than those of the fairer sister, giving a singular and wild character to her whole face, and affecting the style of her beauty, but whether for the better or the worse it was for those who admired or shunned—and there were who took both parts—to determine. Her face was rounder and fuller than her sister's, and, in fact, this was true of her whole person—so much so that she was often mistaken for the elder—her features were less regular, her nose having a slight tendency to that form which has no name in our language, but which charmed all beholders in Roxana, as *retroussie*. Her mouth was as warm, as soft, as sweetly dimpled, but it was not free from that expression which Blanche's lacked altogether, and might have been blamed as too wooing and luxurious.

Such were the various characters of the sisters' personal appearance—the characters of their mental attributes were as distinctly marked, and as widely different.

Blanche was all gentleness and moderation from her very cradle—a delicate and tender child, smiling always, but rarely laughing; never boisterous or loud even in her childish plays. And as she grew older, this character became more definite, and was more strongly observed; she was a pensive, tranquil creature, not melancholy, much less sad—for she was awake to all that was beautiful or grand, all that was sweet or gentle in the face of nature, or in the history of man; and there was, perhaps, more real happiness concealed under her calm exterior, than is often to be found under the wilder mirth of merrier beings. Ever ready to yield her wishes to those of her friends or companions, many persons imagined that she had little will, and no fixed wishes, or deliberate aspirations—passionless and pure as the lily of the vale, many supposed that she was cold and heartless. Oh! ignorant! not to remember that the hearts of the fiercest volcanos boil still beneath a head of snow; and that it is even in the calmest and most moderate characters that passion once enkindled burns fierce, perennial and unquenchable! Thus far, however, had she advanced into the flower of fair maidenhood, undisturbed by any warmer dream than devoted affection toward her parent, whose wayward grief she could understand if she could not appreciate, and whom she strove by every gentle wile to wean from his morbid fancies; and earnest love toward her sister, whom she, indeed, almost adored—perhaps adored the more from the very difference of their minds, and for her very imperfections.

For Agnes was all gay vivacity, and petulance, and fire—so that her young companions, who sportively named Blanche the icicle, had christened her the sunbeam; and, in truth, if the first name were ill chosen, the second seemed to be an inspiration; for like a sunbeam that touched nothing but to illuminate it, like a sunbeam she played with all things, smiled

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on all things in their turn—like a sunbeam she brought mirth with her presence, and after her departure, left a double gloom behind her.

More dazzling than Blanche, she made her impression at first sight, and so long as the skies were clear, and the atmosphere unruffled, the sunbeam would continue to gild, to charm, to be worshiped. But if the time of darkness and affliction came, the gay sunbeam held aloof, while the poor icicle, melted from its seeming coldness, was ever ready to weep for the sorrows of those who had neglected her in the days of their happiness.

Unused to yield, high-spirited when crossed, yet carrying off even her stubbornness and quick temper by the brilliancy, the wit, the lively and bold audacity which she cast around them, Agnes ruled in her circle an imperious and despotic queen; while her slaves, even as they trembled before her half sportive but emphatic frown, did not suspect the sceptre of the tyrant beneath the spell of the enchantress.

Agnes, in one word, was the idol of the rich and gay; Blanche was the saint of the poor, the lowly, the sick, and those who mourn.

It may be that the peculiarity of her position, the neglect which she had always experienced from her father, and mediately from the hirelings of the household, ever prompt to pander to the worst feelings of their superiors—the consciousness that born co-heiress with her sister, she was doomed to sink into the insignificance of an undowered and uncared-for girl, had tended in some degree to form the character which Agnes had ever borne, and which alone she had displayed, until the period when my tale commences.

It may be that the consciousness of wrong endured, had hardened a heart naturally soft and tender, and rendered it unyielding and rebellious—it may be that injustice, endured at the hands of hirelings in early years, had engendered a spirit of resistance, and armed her mind and quickened her tongue against the world, which, as she fancied, wronged her. It may be, more than all, that a secret, perhaps an unconscious jealousy of her sister's superior advantages, not in the wretched sense of worldly wealth or position, but of the love and reverence of friends and kindred, had embittered her young soul, and caused her to cast over it a veil of light and wild demeanor, of free speech, and daring mirth, which had by degrees grown into habits, and become part and parcel of her nature.

If it were so, however, there were no outward indications that such was the case; for never were there seen two sisters more united and affectionate—nor would it have been easy to say on which side the balance of kindness preponderated. For if Blanche was ever the first to cede to her sister's wishes, and the last, in any momentary disappointment or annoyance, to speak one quick or unkind word, so was Agnes, with her expressive features, and flashing eye, and ready, tameless wit, prompt as light to avenge the slightest reflection cast on Blanche's tranquillity and coldness; and if at times a quick word or sharp retort broke from her lips, and called a tear to the eye of her calmer sister, not a moment would elapse before she would cast herself upon her neck and weep her sincere contrition, and be for hours an altered being; until her natural spirit would prevail, and she would be again the wild, mirthful madcap, whose very faults could call forth no keener reproach than a grave and thoughtful smile from the lips of those who loved her the most dearly.

Sad were the daughters of Allan Fitz-Henry—daughters whom not a peer in England but would have regarded as the brightest gems of his coronets, as the pride and ornament of his house; but whom, by a strange anomaly, their own father, full as he was of warm affections, and kindly inclinations, never looked upon but with a secret feeling of discontent and disappointment, that they were not other than they were: and with a half confessed conviction, that fair as they were, tender, and loving, graceful, accomplished, delicate and noble-minded, he could have borne to lay them both in the cold grave, so that a son could be given to the house, in exchange for their lost loveliness.

In outward demeanor, however, he was to his children all that a father should be; a little querulous at times, perhaps, and irritable, but fond, though not doting, and considerate; and I have wandered greatly from my intention, if any thing that I have said has been construed to signify that there existed the slightest estrangement between the father and his children—for had Allan Fitz-Henry but suspected the possibility of such a thing, he had torn the false pride, like a venomous weed, from his heart, and had been a wiser and a happier man. In his case it was the blindness of the heart that caused its partial hardness; but events were at hand, that should flood it with the clearest light, and melt it to more than woman's tenderness.

[*To be continued.*

SONNET TO GRAHAM.

Or, in thy mission! 'T is a holy power
That which thou wieldest o'er a people's heart:
And wastes of mind, that never knew a flower,
Bloom now and brighten, 'neath thy magic art.
Hearthstones are cheerful that were chill before;
And softened beams, like light that melteth through
The stained glass of old cathedrals, pour
Stream upon stream of beauty. All that 's true,
All that is brave and beautiful, 't is thine—
High office, high and holy! thus to shed,
Sun-like, and sole, in shadow or in shine,
Thoughts that bedew and rouse minds cold and dead,
Startling the pulse that stirred not. This is thine!
Be proudly humble: 't is a power divine!

New Orleans, October 1, 1847. ALTUS.

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MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

We mere men of the world, with no principle—a very old-fashioned and cumbersome thing—should be on our guard lest, fancying him on his last legs, we insult, or otherwise maltreat some poor devil of a genius at the very instant of his putting his foot on the top round of his ladder of triumph. It is a common *trick* with these fellows, when on the point of attaining some long-cherished end, to sink themselves into the deepest possible abyss of seeming despair, for no other purpose than that of increasing the space of success through which they have made up their minds immediately to soar.

All that the man of genius demands for his exaltation is moral matter in motion. *It* makes no difference *whither* tends the motion—whether for him or against him—and it is absolutely of *no* consequence "*what* is the matter."

In Colton's "American Review" for October, 1845, a gentleman, well known for his scholarship, has a forcible paper on "The Scotch School of Philosophy and Criticism." But although the paper is "forcible," it presents the most singular admixture of error and truth—the one dovetailed into the other, after a fashion which is novel, to say the least of it. Were I to designate in a few words what the whole article demonstrated, I should say "the folly of not beginning at the beginning—of neglecting the giant Moulinars's advice to his friend Ram." Here is a passage from the essay in question:

"The Doctors [Campbell and Johnson] both charge Pope with error and inconsistency:—error in supposing that *in English*, of metrical lines unequal in the number of syllables and pronounced in equal times, the longer suggests celerity (this being the principle of the Alexandrine:)—inconsistency, in that Pope himself uses the same contrivance to convey the contrary idea of slowness. But why in English? It is not and cannot be disputed that, in the Hexameter verse of the Greeks and Latins—which is the model in this matter—what is distinguished as the 'dactylic line' was uniformly applied to express velocity. How was it to do so? Simply from the fact of being pronounced in an equal time with, while containing a greater number of syllables or 'bars' than the ordinary or average measure; as, on the other hand, the spondaic line, composed of the minimum number, was, upon the same principle, used to indicate slowness. So, too, of the Alexandrine in English versification. No, says Campbell, there is a difference: the Alexandrine is not in fact, like the dactylic line, pronounced in the common time. But does this alter the principle? What is the rationale of Metre, whether the classical hexameter or the English heroic?"

I have written an essay on the "Rationale of Verse," in which the whole topic is surveyed *ab initio*, and with reference to general and immutable principles. To this essay (which will soon appear) I refer Mr. Bested. In the meantime, without troubling myself to ascertain whether Doctors Johnson and Campbell are wrong, or whether Pope is wrong, or whether the reviewer is right or wrong, at this point or at that, let me succinctly state what is *the truth* on the topics at issue.

And first; the same principles, in *all* cases, govern *all* verse. What is true in English is true in Greek.

Secondly; in a series of lines, if one line contains more syllables than the law of the verse demands, and if, nevertheless, this line is pronounced in the same time, upon the whole, as the rest of the lines, then this line suggests celerity—on account of the increased rapidity of enunciation required. Thus in the Greek Hexameter the dactylic lines—those most abounding in dactyls—serve best to convey the idea of rapid motion. The spondaic lines convey that of slowness.

"Thirdly; it is a gross mistake to suppose that the Greek dactylic line is "the model in this matter"—the matter of the English Alexandrine. The Greek dactylic line is of the same number of feet—bars—beats—pulsations—as the ordinary dactylic-spondaic lines among which it occurs. But the Alexandrine is longer by one foot—by one pulsation—than the pentameters among which it arises. For its pronunciation it demands *more time*, and therefore, *ceteris paribus*, it would well serve to convey the impression of length, or duration, and thus, indirectly, of slowness. I say *ceteris paribus*. But, by varying conditions, we can effect a total change in the impression conveyed. When the idea of slowness is conveyed by the Alexandrine, it is not conveyed by any slower enunciation of syllables—that is to say, it is not *directly* conveyed—but indirectly, through the idea of *length* in the whole line. Now, if we wish to convey, by means of an Alexandrine, the impression of velocity, we readily do so by giving rapidity to our enunciation of the syllables composing the several feet. To effect this, however, we must have *more* syllables, or we shall get through the whole line too quickly for the intended time. To get more syllables, all we have to do, is to use, in place of iambuses, what our prosodies call anapæsts* Thus, in the line,

Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main,

the syllables "*the unbend*" form an anapæst and, demanding unusual rapidity of enunciation, in order that we may get them in in the ordinary time of an

* I use the prosodial word "anapæst," merely because here I have no space to show what the reviewer will admit I have distinctly shown in the essay referred to—viz: that the additional syllable introduced, does *not* make the foot an anapæst, or the equivalent of an anapæst, and that, if it did, it would spoil the line. On this topic, and on all topics connected with verse, there is not a prosody in existence which is not a mere jumble of the grossest error.

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iambus, serve to suggest celerity. By the elision of *e* in *the*, as is customary, the whole of the intended effect is lost; for *th'unbend* is nothing more than the usual iambus. In a word, wherever an Alexandrine expresses celerity, we shall find it to contain one or more anapœsts—the more anapœsts, the more decided the impression. But the tendency of the Alexandrine consisting merely of the usual iambuses, is to convey slowness—although it conveys this idea feebly, on account of conveying it indirectly. It follows, from what I have said, that the common pentameter, interspersed with anapœsts, would better convey celerity than the Alexandrine interspersed with them in a similar degree;—and it unquestionably does.

—

To converse well, we need the cool tact of talent—to talk well, the glowing *abandon* of genius. Men of *very* high genius, however, talk at one time *very* well, at another *very* ill:—well, when they have full time, full scope, and a sympathetic listener:—ill, when they fear interruption and are annoyed by the unpossibility of exhausting the topic during that particular talk. The partial genius is flashy—scrappy. The true genius shudders at incompleteness—imperfection—and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not every thing that should be said. He is so filled with his theme that he is dumb, first from not knowing how to begin, where there seems eternally beginning behind beginning, and secondly from perceiving his true end at so infinite a distance. Sometimes, dashing into a subject, he blunders, hesitates, stops short, sticks fast, and, because he has been overwhelmed by the rush and multiplicity of his thoughts, his hearers sneer at his inability to think. Such a man finds his proper element in those "great occasions" which confound and prostrate the general intellect.

Nevertheless, by his conversation, the influence of the conversationist upon mankind in general, is more decided than that of the talker by his talk:—the latter invariably talks to best purpose with his pen. And good conversationists are more rare than respectable talkers. I know many of the latter; and of the former only five or six:—among whom I can call to mind, just now, Mr. Willis, Mr. J. T. S. S.—of Philadelphia, Mr. W. M. R.—of Petersburg, Va., and Mrs. S——d, formerly of New York. Most people, in conversing, force us to curse our stars that our lot was not cast among the African nation mentioned by Endoxus—the savages who, having no mouths, never opened them, as a matter of course. And yet, if denied mouth, some persons whom I have in my eye would contrive to chatter on still—as they do now—through the nose.

—

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Just up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.—COLERIDGE.

Is it possible that the poet did not know the apparent diameter of the moon to be greater than that of the sun?

—

If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown lies straight, open, and unencumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—"My Heart Laid Bare." But—this little book must be *true to its title*.

Now, is it not very singular that, with the rabid thirst for notoriety which distinguishes so many of mankind—so many, too, who care not a fig what is thought of them after death, there should not be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book? To *write*, I say. There are ten thousand men who, if the book were once written, would laugh at the notion of being disturbed by its publication during their life, and who could not even conceive *why* they should object to its being published after their death. But to write it—*there* is the rub. No man dare write it. No man ever will dare write it. No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen.

—

For all the rhetoricinn's rules
Teach nothing but to name the tools.—HUDIBRAS.

What these oft-quoted lines go to show is, that a falsity in verse will travel faster and endure longer than a falsity in prose. The man who would sneer or stare at a silly proposition nakedly put, will admit that "there is a good deal in that" when "*that*" is the point of an epigram shot into the ear. The rhetoricinn's rules—if they *are* rules—teach him not only to name his tools, but to use his tools, the capacity of his tools—their extent—their limit; and from an examination of the nature of the tools—(an examination forced on him by their constant presence)—force him, also, into scrutiny and comprehension of the material on which the tools are employed, and thus, finally, suggest and give birth to new material for new tools.

—

Among his *eidola* of the den, the tribe, the forum, the theatre, etc., Bacon might well have placed the great *eidolon* of the parlor (or of the wit, as I have termed it in one of the previous Marginalia)—the idol whose worship blinds man to truth by dazzling him with the *opposite*. But what title could have been invented for *that* idol which has propagated, perhaps, more of gross error than all combined?—the one, I mean, which demands from its votaries that they reciprocate cause and effect—reason in a circle—lift themselves from the ground by pulling up their pantaloons—and carry themselves on their own heads, in hand-baskets, from Beersheba to Dan.

All—absolutely all the argumentation which I have seen on the nature of the soul, or of the Deity, seems to me nothing but worship of this unnameable idol. *Pour savoir ce qu'est Dieu*, says Bielfeld, although nobody listens to the solemn truth, *il faut être Dieu même*—and to reason about the reason is of all things the most unreasonable. At least, he alone is fit to discuss the topic who perceives at a glance the insanity of its discussion.

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THE PENANCE OF ROLAND.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

PART I.

When the weird and wizard bats were flitting round his dusky way,
Over a wooded, wild-o'erhung, like a whirlwind, rushed the knight, Sir Roland Grey;
When the crimson sun was setting, as the yellow moon arose,
Far and faint, behind Sir Roland, sank the slogan of his foes—

Far and faint; and growing fainter as he reached the forest sward,
Spreading round for many an acre over the lands which owned him lord.
As he dashed along the woodland, fitfully, upon the breeze,
Swept the tu-whu-o of the owlet through the naked forest trees;

And the loudly whirring black-cock through the creaking branches sprung,
Frightened by his horse's hoofs, that like the Cyclop's anvil rung—
Like a hurricane on he hurried, wood and valley gliding past,
While around him, o'er him, on him, burst the sudden autumn blast.

Down upon him, in a deluge, rushed the cold November rain;
But the wind about him whistled, and the tempest swept in vain.
What to him was wind or tempest, when his brain was seared with flame?
What to him was earth or heaven, when his soul was sick with shame?

In the dreary, desolate desert on his ears had burst a tale,
That, like falling thunder, stunned and left him terrified and pale;
How, while he was battling bravely, like a true and holy knight,
For the sacred tomb of Christ, against the swarthy Moslemite;

How, while round him lances shivered, armor rang, and arrows fell,
And the air was mad with noises—Arab shout and Paynim yell—
She, the partner of his heart, descended (so the legend said)
From the ancient Saxon monarchs, sank in shame her sunny head.

From his friends—his growing glory—over dark and dangerous seas—
From his red-cross banner proudly flowing, floating on the breeze—
Over field and flood he traveled, flinging fame and honor by,
With a heart as full of hell as full of glory was the sky.

All his mind became a chaos; but along its waste there stole
What his bloody purpose shook, and what was manna to his soul,—
Memories of his youthful moments, when through grassy glen and wood
He wandered with the Lady Gwineth, dreaming none so fair and good;

And he saw her sweetly smiling, as when at her feet he knelt,
And with bold but modest manner on his burning passion dwelt—
Felt her fall upon his bosom—felt her tears upon his cheek,
As he felt them when his tongue was all too full of joy to speak!

And his heart was slowly softening—when a hoarse voice bade him "yield!"
And a claymore clanked and clattered on the bosses of his shield;—
Rising round him, closing on him, sprang an ambush of his foe,
The despoiler of his honor! All his answer was a blow!

All his soul was in his arm; and, as his foemen closed around,
Vassal after vassal, wounded, yelling, fell and bit the ground;
But when through the wood there rushed an hundred thronging to the fight,
Charging through them, still defying, Roland safety sought in flight.

When the crimson sun descended, as the yellow moon arose,
Far and faint behind Sir Roland sank the slogan of his foes—
Far and faint, and waxing fainter, as he reached the forest sward,
Spreading round for many an acre, over the lands that owned him lord.

Like a whirlwind on he hurried, though the storm was raging sore:
In his heart he carried torture: there was music in its roar—
Like a hurricane on he hurried, spurring on with loosened rein,
Till he checked his jaded courser on his old paternal plain.

Clouds were scudding o'er the heavens; wild the tempest roared around;
And the very earth was shaking with the thunder's heavy sound;
But between the lightning flashes, frowning grimly, here and there,
Loomed his old ancestral castle, with its old ancestral air.

There, the barbican—the draw-bridge—there, the ancient donjon-keep,

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With its iron-banded portals—there, the moat in sullen sleep!—
Galloping onward, lo! he halted, for they kept strict watch and ward,
And his courser's clanking hoofs had roused the ever-wary guard.

Loud above the increasing tempest rose the warder's threatening hail;
Louder rose the ringing answer from a lip that scorned to quail:
"Grey of Grey!" the warrior thundered, "he who fears nor bolt nor dart—
He who is your master, vassal—Roland of the Lion Heart!"

Clanking, clattering, grating, slowly up the huge portcullis went,
And the draw-bridge over the moat creaking, shrieking, downward bent;
On his armor flashed the torch-light, over helmet, cuirass, shield,
With its *lion d' or couchant* upon a stainless *argent* field.

Over rode he, frowning fiercely, throwing from him ruddy light,
Flashing, like a burning beacon, on his startled vassal's sight.
Rose the draw-bridge, fell the barrier, closed the oaken gates behind.
—All was silence save the roaring of the wild November wind.

PART II.

In a lofty vaulted chamber, pillared, Gothic, full of gloom,
But that flashes of the fire-light fitfully fell athwart the room—
Ruddy gleams of fading fire-light, lighting many a bearded face,
On the fluted hangings woven—founders of her husband's race—

On a carven couch in slumber lay the Lady Gwineth Gray,
Traces of a smile yet lingering on a cheek of rosy May—
On the softest velvet slumbering, in a mist of golden hair,
Trembling on her heaving bosom, and along her neck as fair.

Seemed she like the Goddess Dian sleeping in some lonely wood,
Or a nun on convent pallet dreaming only what was good:
By her stood an outened flambeaux, from which, blue, and thin, and rare,
Stole a wave of trembling vapor, slowly melting into air.

But the tapestry was lifted, and a form in steel array
Suddenly entered, and his coming drove the waning mist away.
Treading softly o'er the rushes Roland stept beside his bride,
In the passing of a moment standing at her couch's side.

Like an angel seemed the lady, lying in her rosy rest;
Like a devil seemed the knight, with passion raging in his breast:
For within his bosom, gnawing all his heart with teeth of fire,
Reigned Revenge, and on his forehead burned the purple hue of ire.

Slowly bending o'er his wife, but making not a sound, he gazed
Upon her, while his glaring eye-balls, like twin torches, brightly blazed.
—Starting, feeling one was near her, Gwineth raised her golden head,
Looking round her—flashed his falchion, and she sank in silence—dead!

Roared the tempest; crashed the thunder; even the castle seemed to quail
And tremble, like a living thing, before the fury of the gale;
But the fierce and fearless murderer turned to where his child reclined,
Asleep, amid the thunder's crash, the rushing rain and roaring wind.

As he bent above his boy, dim memories of days long back
Came, like stars an instant seen amid the autumn tempest's rack;
But as swiftly over his spirit flashed the ruin of his name—
Flashed the withering thought that even that child might be the child of shame.

Wildly then he raised his glaive, but wilder, sterner, still, without,
Swelled the tempest, burst the thunder, yelled the winds with maniac shout;
While the lightning, red and vivid, quivered through the skies in ire,
Till the chamber with its flashes seemed a blazing hall of fire.

With this climax of the tempest—thunder, lightning, rain and wind—
Roland felt an awful doubt creep tremblingly athwart his mind;
Slowly, slowly, it arose, and grew gigantic; slowly, slowly,
Cloud-like, overshadowing him, darkening his spirit wholly.

Then, like Saul of Eld, he trembled, feeling his deed was one of guilt—
Believing heaven itself asserted it was innocent blood he spilt—
Feeling heaven was interfering, sank his heart, and fell his blade,
And the superstitious murderer tottered, wailing and dismayed.

"Be she spotless," groaned the warrior, "I have done a grievous crime—
Stained the snowiest shield that ever graced the temple-walls of Time.
—Thou, my noblest and my fairest! with thy mother's Saxon eye—
Shall my hand, too, strike thee lifeless? No! I cannot see thee die!"

Suddenly Roland saw the peril hanging over his guilty head—
Felt that he could never hide him from the vengeance of the dead—
Saw the heartless headsman smiling, and the axe, and heard the crowd
Shouting curses on the assassin—and the chieftain groaned aloud—

Groaned, for that his deed had robbed him of a home and of a name,
Hurling on his orphan son the damning heritage of shame:
Life and lands by law were forfeit; he had driven his offspring forth;
Rudely, ruthlessly, to wander, one of the Ishmaelites of earth.

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But a sudden thought came o'er him, and his lofty eye again
Flashed with resolution, stern and strong as was his spirit's pain.
"Shall I rob thee of thy birthright—rob thee of thy noble name,
Of our old ancestral castle, and our fathers' deeds of fame?

"Shall I fling thee forth to struggle with a never-sparing world;
Knowing every eye will scorn thee, every lip at thee be curled?
Know thee, budding bloom of beauty, withering in thy youth away—
Feel thy infant promise fading—see thy falcon-eye decay?

"Did I give thee life to cloud it—life to poison every breath?
Better far the dreary dungeon, and the dark and iron death!
Never! Let them heap upon me rock on rock Olympus high;
None shall see a sinew quiver, none shall hear the slightest cry.

"'Blood for blood!' is rightly written: I have slain a spotless wife,
And will dree a heavy penance—yield the law my forfeit life;
Come the judgment, I will meet it; and the torture shall not tear
Word from me to make a beggar of my rightful, righteous heir."

As the stricken knight was speaking, in the distance died the storm;
And the moonlight on the casement wandered sweetly, rested warm;
Through the golden glass it floated, fluttering over the lady's hair,
Till she seemed a mild Madonna, watched by angels, slumbering there.

Shaken by the storm of conscience, Roland sank upon his knee,
Sudden as before a hurricane falls some famous forest tree;
Sank beside pale, placid Gwineth, weeping, wailing, sorrow riven,
Feeling God had spoken, praying that his crime might be forgiven.

All that long and dreary night, Sir Roland watched beside the dead,
Humbly kneeling in the rushes strown around the carven bed.
Slowly, quietly approaching came the gray-eyed dreamy dawn,
Making every thing about him seem more desolate and wan.

One by one the stars went out, and slowly over the Orient came
Streaks of rose and tints of purple, flakes of gold and rays of flame,
And around the ancient castle Roland heard the hum of those
That from quiet sleep were waking, as they, one by one, arose.

Slowly through the painted casement, touching first the chamber crown
And the groined roof, the sunlight stole in lovely lustre down
Over the tapestry, that glistened, gleaming with its golden ray,
Till it kissed the russet rushes where in yellow sleep it lay.

Came the Lady Gwineth's maidens, starting at the sudden sight
Of their lord, Sir Roland, standing like a warrior for the fight;
But he waved them on; and, wondering, they unto the sleeper went—
Shrieking loudly, shrieking wildly as above her corpse they bent.

Startled by the sudden clamor, Roland's son in fright awoke,
As from all sides, madly rushing in the room, the vassals broke;
Gathering round him, gazing on him, looking on the bloody brand
And the lady, who, when living, was the loveliest in the land.

Not a word the warrior uttered, though his son implored him sore,
And they led him like an infant toward the oaken chamber-door;
There he turned and gazed on Gwineth, looking on her face his last;
Then between his guards in silence to the castle-prison passed.

There they left him; but at mid-day came, and, beckoning, bade him forth
To journey, not as he was wont to, from his ancient honored hearth:
To an armed guard they gave him, and amid their stern array,
Haughty, lofty-souled and silent Roland sternly rode away.

PART III.

When the gathering gloom of night in swarthy shadows floated down
On the mountain and the forest, Roland saw the distant town:
O'er its walls, and round its towers, a dim and sickly lustre lay.
Like the gray and ghostly haze that heralds the dawning day.

While, behind those walls and turrets, standing blackly in her light,
Full and large the lurid moon rose ghastily upon the night;
Shrouded in a cloud of crimson, slowly, slowly as he came
Rising higher, higher, higher, till the east was full of flame.

As his guards approached the gates—did she sink or did they rise?
Behind the black gigantic towers the planet vanished from his eyes.
All without was solemn blackness, but within was dreadier dark,
Save when from some grim old building stole a taper's trembling spark.

Slowly through the lengthy streets, between old houses, rising high,
Over which, dark, dusk, sepulchral, bent the purple pall-like sky,
Through the town they bore him on, until frowningly, at last,
Rose the castle-walls before them, huge and massy, broad and vast.

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With a last look on the heavens, the knight rode on beneath the gate:
Stepping from his steed he bowed him, stately, to his fearful fate:
On his limbs they fastened fetters, cold! how cold! their chilness ran
Freezing through his blood, the spirit of the stern, unconquered man.

Through a gallery they led him to a dark and dismal cell,
Where they left him. Sad and solemn, heavy, awful as a knell,
Seemed the fading of their footsteps, as he heard them slowly glide
Through the long and vaulted corridor till their very echo died.

Days went by—days dark with anguish, for his conscience, like a spur,
Drove him o'er the wastes of memory which were never black before;
Weeks slid by, and months—such months! such bitter months of pungent pain,
That their very hours seemed serpents gnawing at his heart and brain.

Next they led him him forth to trial: like a child he bowed and went,
With his once black hair like snow, and his stalwart form so bent,
And his beard so long and white, and his cheek so thin and wan,
Even his very keepers thought it was a ghost they gazed upon!

When before his ermined judges, stately, silent, Roland came,
Over his cheek there flushed and faded, suddenly, a flush of flame:
Like a falling star it faded: lofty and erect he turned,
With the feeling that aroused it under his iron Will mourned.

"Roland, Baron Grey!" the crier, in the ancient Latin tongue,
Which, like some old bell in tolling, through the vaulted building rung:—
Cold and stern the prisoner answered—cold and stern—devoid of fear—
Looking haughtily around him:—"Roland, Baron Grey, is here!"

Muttering the solemn charge, they bade him answer; but he stood
Cold, and calm, and motionless, as though he were nor flesh nor blood,
But, rather, all a bronzed statue of the proud, primeval time—
In his silence self-devoted—in his very guilt sublime.

Thrice they prayed him: while he listened, not a quiver on his brow,
Not the movement of a hair upon his head or beard of snow,
Not the motion of a lip, nor even the flutter of an eye,
Betokening that he even heard them—he was there alone to die.

In the distant, dreary years, so run the legends even now—
Misty legends on whose summits slumber centuries of snow—
Lofty legends round whose summits clouds have lain for solemn ages—
Legends penned with iron pens in blood by Draco-minded sages—

It was written, they should bear him to a dungeon under ground,
Far beneath the castle moat, where came no single human sound,
And unto the earth should chain him, naked, on the icy ground—
Naked, like the sage Prometheus, on the mountain's summit bound.

Water—there was none for him, save that which flowed in the castle moat,
On whose green and slimy surface newts and mosses loved to float—
Bread—a crust a day—so, starving, freezing, there the Doomed was spread,
Pressed with weights of stone and iron till he answered or was dead.

Did he answer guiltless, lo! the trial; guilty, lo! the axe;
Death before the grinning thousand! worse than were a myriad racks!
While the trial were an evil quite as grievous, quite as great,
For the verdict of his peers would rend from him his proud estate:

But, if he died silent, then his lands would pass in quiet down
To bless his boy, his innocent boy, and not escheat unto the crown:
So he chose the darksome dungeon, rather there to die alone
Than by cowardly fear to steal the birthright of his orphan son.

But, beside this, came the thought that, by this penance he might win
Forgiveness from offended Heaven for his now-repented sin.
"Noble Roland," quoth his judges, "answer, ere it be too late;
Heavy, else, must be our judgment—heavier thine awful fate."

Then arose the ghostly knight, with his spectral eyes aflame,
While a more than mortal vigor coursed and circled through his frame;
And he gazed upon them smiling, and like hollow thunder broke
His accents on the swarthy silence:—thus and so the chieftain spoke:

"Lords! I answer not. If guilty, God will judge my sinful soul:
For my body—that is yours! I yield it to your stern control.
Would you have me—me, a warrior, like a coward plead for life?
Death and I are old acquaintance! I have met him in the strife—

"I have met him when the air was swooning with a ghastly fear;
When the Moslem swept before us, driven like a herd of deer;
When our voices mocked the thunder, shouting 'England and Saint George!'
And the lightning of our falchions fell like flashes from a forge!

"There, amid the clash and cling of sword and shield, I strove with Death—
That I conquered, ye may see; and now I yield to him my breath—

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Where there is no rescue, yield! and, as one would call a bride,
So I bid the grisly monarch smilingly unto my side.

"Shall I yield my broad estates, my castles and my manor lands,
To the harpies of the law, to hold them with unhallowed hands?
Shall I send my youthful heir forth with a stain upon his crest?
No! my eaglet yet shall reign an eagle in his parent nest.

"Lords and judges, I have done: no further words shall pass my lips,
Save prayers to Heaven, that my soul may, sun-like, rise from death's eclipse."
Silently, he braved them still; and, sighing, sad, and full of gloom,
His judges sent him forth to struggle with the sharp and lingering doom.

Did he tremble at their sentence? Not a muscle quivered, not
A sign to mark he heard, save on his cheek one purple spot:
Stauncher yet than ever, firmer, with a long triumphant breath,
Roland, smiling on his judges, sternly walked to certain death.

PART IV.

In his cell the knight is lying, naked, fettered foot and hand;
Bound unto the rocky ground with many an iron link and band;
On him lie the piles of granite, pressing, pressing; yet he still
Looks on death with lofty eye—so giant is his mighty will.

Day by day, he lay and suffered, wrung with agony, but content—
Day by day, though hard to bear was his grievous punishment—
Never once, though, hour on hour, they piled the jagged granite higher
On his quivering limbs, he murmured; yet his very veins were fire.

Once, however, came his jailer, saying that his nephew sought
His presence; and the knight, consenting, in his brother's son was brought:
"Uncle Roland," quoth he, weeping, "what is this that I have done?
Curses, curses on my head! curse, uncle, curse thy brother's son!

Mine the tongue that wrought this evil—mine the false and slanderous tongue
That done to death the Lady Gwineth—O! my soul is sadly wrung!"
"Demon, devil!" groaned the warrior—"devil of the evil eye!
Look upon the awful horror wrought by thy atrocious lie.

Tell me! was it all a falsehood? Tell me, was it all—all—all?
Speak! and let these prison walls, oppressed with horror, on thee fall!"
"All was false! Mine, too the ambush; for I sought to grasp thy lands—
Sought to win the Lady Gwineth, with thy blood upon my hands.

But she drove me forth with scorn; and then I coined the lying tale—
O! forgive me, Uncle Roland! give me leave to weep and wail;
Give me leave to sit in sackcloth, heaping ashes on my head;
Mourning in some craggy cavern for the early lost and dead."

"Unexampled liar and traitor! first of all our noble name
Guilty of so black a treason! first to stain our shield with shame!
Hence! away! I—No! repent! begone! and pray for my repose:
Life on both of us too soon for our grievous crimes will close.

I forgive thee—now away—nay, do not touch me! I am wan—
Sick with suffering—mad with anguish—Go!" The penitent man is gone.
—Once again he lies alone, save his agony, alone;
Then they come and pile upon him heavier weights of iron and stone.

Still more pallid, at the even, Roland in his anguish lay,
Wrestling, for his soul was strong, with his body's slow decay;
And the sweat upon his forehead stood and rolled and fell like rain,
Cold, while pain and fire and fever battled in his heart and brain.

Now and then his senses wandered; now again his mind was calm,
And he wrung from out his suffering penitential draughts of balm;
Then again his senses left him, and he lay in phrenzy there,
Talking wildly in his madness with the dim, impalpable air.

Now, he saw the Lady Gwineth wandering in her maiden joy;
Now, he viewed her in her chamber frolic with her baby boy;
Now, he saw her sadly lying, all her bosom bathed with blood;
And beheld himself as o'er her on that fatal night he stood.

Was he dreaming? through his dungeon stole a pale purpureal light,
Flowing round him, floating round him, making daylight of its night;
In its midst, his gentle Gwineth, while around her brow there flowed,
Fluttering flame, a golden halo! that with heavenly glory glowed.

Did he hear her? Was it real? With an angel's voice she spoke:
How the words, like flakes of music, silver music! sweetly broke,
Round and round him! how they floated, ringing in his ravished ears,
Like the notes of Memnon's lyre, or chantings from the distant spheres!

"Coming, Roland, from that heaven where, though clad with light, I sigh
And languish for the softer lustre of thy gentle loving eye,
I await thee, singing, singing hymns to cheer thy dying hour
That the Cherubim sang in Eden when it first arose in flower.

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Hearken! how my notes are mingling—one by one, and two by two,
Dropping on thy brain as falls on fading roses freshening dew;
Three by three, they upward circle: thou hast heard them in thy dreams,
When I came, a missioned spirit, from the four eternal streams.

I can see them, though thine eyes can only compass earthly vision:
Soon, O, Roland! soon, O, Roland! thou shalt see with eyes elysian:
Then the notes that now thou hearest thou shalt see, as on they flow,—
Angels that are rarest air! and view them through their dances go."

Still, entranced, the sufferer listened; and it seemed as from his pain
Sweeter music yet was born, for holier hymning lulled his brain;
Very wild his agony; very; but between its bars his eyes
Saw the angels as they wandered on the walls of Paradise.

Faint and fainter grew he, while the melody loud and louder rang,
Till it seemed not only Gwineth but a myriad angels sang;
And his soul seemed rising, rising, rising from his pallid clay,
Which, each moment, grew more feeble—feintlier wrestling with decay.

Burst upon his ears one swell! it seemed an anthem of the spheres,
Jubilant, divinely ringing; swam his eyes with happy tears—
"Come, forgiven one," the cadence, "chastened spirit, come, arise
From thine earthly prison-house to holy homes beyond the skies."

Fainter, fainter, still more feeble, grew the sufferer as he heard,
And a sigh swooned on the silence, soft as breathing of a bird,—
And all was over. In his trance his spirit's sparkling feet had trod
The realms of space, and gone from earth, through air, to judgment and to God.

NOTES.

The judgment of the *peine forte et dure*, on an instance of which our ballad is founded, was well known in the ancient law of England. As has been seen, it was terribly severe. The circumstances of the judgment were as follows: When a prisoner stood charged with an offence, and an indictment had been found against him, before he could be tried he was called upon to answer, or, in technical parlance, to plead. A plea in bar is an answer, either affirming or denying the offence charged in the indictment, or, if of a dilatory character, showing some ground why the defendant should not be called upon to answer at all. In those days, in all capital cases, the estates of the criminal, on conviction and judgment, were foriented to the crown. The blood of the offender was considered as corrupted, and, as a consequence, his property could not pass to his family, who, although innocent, suffered for the faults of the criminal. Crimes, therefore, where the punishment fell, not only on the criminal but on his family, were comparatively of rare occurrence. An admission of guilt produced the same effect as a conviction. If the defendant, however, stood mute, obstinately refusing to answer, by which behaviour he preserved his estates to his family, he was sentenced to undergo the judgment of the *peine forte et dure*.

"The English judgment of penance for standing mute," says Chief Justice Blackstone, in his admirable Commentaries, "was as follows: That the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low, dark chamber; and there be laid on his back, naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear and more; that he have no sustenance, save only on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water, that should be nearest to the prison door; and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet *till he died*, or (as anciently the judgment ran) *till he answered*."

With respect to this horrid judgment, Christina, in his notes to the same work, goes on to say: that "the prosecutor and the court could exercise no discretion, or show no favor to a prisoner who stood obstinately mute." "In the legal history of this country," (England,) he continues, "are numerous instances of persons who have had resolution and patience to undergo so terrible a death in order to benefit their heirs by preventing a forfeiture of their estates, which would have been a consequence of a conviction by a verdict. There is a memorable story of an ancestor of an ancient family in the north of England. In a fit of jealousy he killed his wife; and put to death his children who were at home, by throwing them from the battlements of his castle; and proceeding with an intent to destroy his only remaining child, an infant nursed at a farm-house at some distance, he was intercepted by a storm of thunder and lightning. This awakened in his breast compunctions of conscience. He desisted from his purpose, and having surrendered himself to justice, in order to secure his estates to this child, he had the resolution to die under the dreadful judgment of the *peine forte et dure*." This tale is the base of our romance.

THE SEA NYMPH'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Sound is he sleeping
Far under the wave—
Sea nymphs are keeping
A watch for the brave:
Deep was our grief and wild—
Wilder our dirge
When the doomed ocean child
Drowned in the surge.

Within a bright chamber
His form we have laid;
With spar, pearl and amber
The walls are arrayed—
Though high rolls the billow
He wakes not at morn,
And sponge for his pillow
From rocks we have torn.

I heard thy name spoken
When down came the mast;
His hold was then broken,
That *word* was his *last*.
A picture is lying,
Lorn maid! on his breast—
That picture in dying
His hand closely prest.

Why turns thy cheek paler
These tidings to know?
The truth of thy sailor
Should lessen thy wo:
The wave could not chill it
That stilled his breath;
Pure *love*—can aught kill it?
Give answer, Oh, Death!

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THE LITTLE GOLD-FISH.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF THE "DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

In the reign of good King Doddipol, surnamed the Giant-slapper, there lived in a stately castle, on the top of a high mountain, a rich old Norseman, who had an only son whom he loved with great ardor, and little discretion, on account of his being the last of an illustrious family. The youth was called Violet, partly because he had for his godmother the Fairy Violetta, and partly on account of having on his left shoulder an impression of that flower, so perfectly defined, and so vivid in color, that the old nurse mistook it at first sight for a real violet, and declared it smelled like a nosegay.

Being the only son of a great and rich nobleman, as well as somewhat indolent and unambitious, Violet passed much of his time, while growing up to manhood, in thinking much and doing nothing. He was without companions, having no equals around him, and was prohibited from associating with his inferiors by the strict etiquette which prevailed throughout the dominions of good King Doddipol. As he grew up thus in almost entire solitude his temperament became highly poetical and imaginative, his feelings irregular and ardent, and it was predicted that some day or other he would become a martyr to love.

Much of his time was spent in lonely rambles among the mountains which surrounded the residence of the Old Man of the Hills, as he was called, a distance of many miles in every direction, and one summer day, wandering on without knowing or caring whither he went, he at length found himself in a region where he had never been before. It was a deep, sequestered, rocky dell, shaded by gloomy pines, from the farther extremity of which there tumbled a bright cascade of snow-white foam, which, after forming a deep transparent basin at its foot, escaped murmuring among the rocks below and disappeared. Not a sound was heard but that of the falling waters and the gurgling stream, for the birds delight not in the gloom of perpetual shade, and neither hunter nor woodman ever visited this lonely retreat.

Tired with his long ramble, Violet sat down at the foot of a lofty tree, whose roots seemed to drink of the crystal basin, and fell into a deep reverie, during which his eyes were fixed unconsciously on the transparent water, which, though clear as our northern lakes, was so deep that no one could see the bottom. While thus occupied in weaving webs of youthful anticipation, he saw a little gold-fish suddenly dart from under the rock on which he was seated, and play around with infinite grace, quivering its fins and fanning its tail, while their bright colors glittered in the rippling water with indescribable brilliancy.

The youth watched its motions with increasing interest, and an eagerness he had never experienced before. Sometimes it would come up close to the spot, almost within reach of his hand, and after balancing on the surface awhile, again dart away, only to return and play a thousand fantastic gambols, full of vivacity and grace. At other times it would remain stationary awhile, looking him in the face with its mellow, melancholy eyes, and an expression of sorrowful tenderness that sunk into his heart. He remained watching its motions in deep solicitude, until the gathering shadows of twilight warned him away, and reached home so late that he found his father anxiously awaiting his return. The Old Man of the Hills inquired of him where he had been, and what had detained him so long; but he answered evasively, being ashamed to confess he had been fascinated by a little gold-fish.

That night he could think of nothing but the little gold-fish, and when at length sleep came over his eyelids, he dreamed it was a beautiful princess, transformed by the power of some wicked enchanter or malignant fairy. The impression was so vivid in his mind, that when he awoke he could not decide whether it was indeed a dream, or whether he had not actually seen the charming princess, whose features were indelibly impressed on his memory. The next morning he again sought the path he had traveled the day before, and about mid-day arrived at the glen of the shining cascade. He had scarcely seated himself, when the little gold-fish darted from under the rock as before, and winning its way to the surface of the crystal basin, looked at him with an expression of its beautiful eyes that spoke a joyful welcome. Violet put forth his hand, and tried to woo it still nearer, but it only gave a melancholy shake of the head, and when he attempted to seize it, retired beyond his reach with a lingering hesitation that seemed to indicate a mingled desire and apprehension.

Thus the little creature continued to coquette with him for several days during which he repeated his visits, staying all day, and dreaming every night the same dream of the beautiful princess changed into a little gold-fish. While absent from the crystal basin, his imagination was forever dwelling on the form and features of the princess, and the mysterious connection he was convinced subsisted between his waking thoughts and experience and his nightly dreams. By degrees the two became inseparably associated together in his mind, and insensibly he fell in love to distraction, but whether with the beautiful princess or the little gold-fish he could not decide. He became

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so melancholy in consequence that the latter, as if conscious of his feelings, permitted him to take it in his hand, kiss it, and nestle it in his bosom at pleasure. At such times he would beseech it in the most moving terms to speak to him, tell him if his dreams were true, and respond to his devoted affection. But it only replied by a silent tear, and a look of strange meaning, which he could not comprehend.

Violet grew every day more sad, and his youthful form continued to waste away, so that as he walked in the sun, his shadow could scarcely be seen. During this period the behavior of the little gold-fish was so full of inconsistencies and contradictions that Violet was well nigh distracted. Sometimes it would contemplate his pale cheek and wasted form with tears in its eyes, while at the next moment it looked at him with an expression of unfeeling triumph. Then its eyes would glance rapidly and eagerly, sometimes toward himself, at others down on the crystal basin, and at others upward to the skies.

One bright morning, when the position of the sun toward the east had become gradually changed, and the beams of the former fell directly upon the crystal basin, Violet was sitting, as usual, fondling the little gold-fish in his hand, admiring its soft hazel eyes, and addressing a thousand endearments to the little dumb creature, which at that moment appeared insensible to his affection. Keeping its eyes earnestly fixed on the transparent waters, which now glittered in the golden beams of the sun, the youth suddenly felt it tremble as if with ecstasy in his hand, as with a sudden spring it vaulted into the basin and instantly disappeared. He gazed with intense anxiety, expecting every moment it would reappear; but it returned no more, and after waiting in vain, until dusky twilight enveloped the glen in shadows, he bent his way homeward, scarcely conscious whither he was going. That night he slept from the mere weariness of sorrow, and dreamed the beautiful princess appeared to thank and bless him for her disenchantment.

The next day the Old Man of the Hills called his son before him, and announced with great satisfaction that he had just concluded a treaty of marriage between him and the oldest daughter of King Doddipol, a lady of great discretion, and old enough to be his mother. The young man quitted the presence of his father in despair, and, scarcely conscious of whither he was wandering, sought the crystal basin at the foot of the shining cascade. Here, seated on the rock, he gazed himself almost blind, in the hope of seeing the little gold-fish once more appear, to receive his last farewell. But he gazed in vain for hours, and hours, until in the bitterness of disappointment he at length cried out aloud—"It is all in vain. It will come no more, and nothing is now left me but a remembrance carrying with it eternal regrets. But one hope remains. I will seek my adored princess, for such I know she is, where she disappeared from my sight, and either find her or a grave." Saying this he plunged into the basin in an agony of despair.

He continued to sink, as it appeared to him, for nearly half an hour, without once drawing his breath, until, just as he felt himself quite exhausted, he found himself precipitated into what seemed a new world, far more beautiful than that he had just abandoned. The skies were of a deeper blue, and being likewise far more transparent, reflected the features of the lower world as in a vast illimitable mirror. There was no sun visible in the heavens. Yet a soft, delicious mellow light, more rich and yet more gentle than that of summer twilight, diffused itself everywhere, giving to every object the charm of distance, and giving to the air a genial warmth inexpressibly grateful. The meadows seemed like endless waving seas of verdure, and together with the foliage of the woods, exhibited all the freshness of the new-born spring; the little warbling birds seemed to revel among the groves and verdant meads in joyous luxury, filling the air with their melodious concert; the meadows were sprinkled with beds of flowers of various hues and fragrance, and a thousand delicious odors gave zest to every breath he drew. Vast fields of violets, most especially, were spread out in every direction, larger and more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. A gentle river meandered deep and clear through a long valley spread out before him, skirted on either side by pale blue hills, so high they seemed to reach and mingle with the heavens above. A cool, refreshing zephyr played about his brow, and as he breathed its inspiring odors, Violet felt himself suddenly restored to all his wonted vigor and activity.

As he stood gazing in almost stupefied wonder at the scene before him, and doubtful whether it was merely a creation of his bewildered fancy, he perceived a radiant female form approaching, seated in a chariot formed of a single violet, and crowned with a diadem of the same flowers. Her dress, too, was composed of many-colored violets, and her chariot drawn by butterflies, whose wings of gold and purple were of glorious lustre. The chariot stood still on coming up to the youth; the lady springing out, lighted on the flowers without ruffling their leaves, and giving him her tiny hand addressed him as follows:

"Welcome, Prince Violet, for such you are by birth, and by my creation. I was the friend of your mother. I presided at your birth, and I gave you your name. I therefore feel in some measure responsible for your happiness, and am come hither to give you the benefit of my advice and assistance. Know, my prince, that you are brought here by a destiny you could not avoid. You are in the dominions, I might almost say in the power of the wicked enchanter Curmudgeon, who is as potent as he is wicked. Among his other diabolical acts, he is an adept in the new science of animal magnetism, can put you to sleep by the waving of his hand, pull out your teeth without your knowing any thing about it, and divorce your spirit from your body, sending it wandering away to distant regions, while the body remains unconscious though not inanimate. In short, there is no end to his wicked devices, and he is the most mischievous, malignant monster in the world, inexorable in his revenge, and clothed with the power of gratifying it to its utmost extent. It is to warn you against him that I am here. My name is Violetta."

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The prince, as he must now be called, listened to this speech with great gravity and decorum, though he thought it rather long, and replied with infinite discretion. He thanked the fairy for her kind intentions, and concluded by observing that he had often, when a child, heard his mother speak of the Fairy Violetta with great affection.

"Your mother was a woman of taste," said the fairy, "but there is not a moment to be lost, for the enchanter is by this time apprized of your coming, and the purport of your visit. Do not ask me what that is. It is sufficient that you are here to fulfill your destiny."

The fairy then stamped three times with her little foot on a bed of violets. At the first stamp there rose out of the ground a superb suit of violet-colored armor; at the second a sword and spear; and at the third a gallant violet-colored steed richly caparisoned.

"Take these, arm thyself, mount, and away. You will meet with many obstacles in your course, but you have nothing to fear so long as you fear nothing. Your first enemy will be a little mischievous caitiff, called Master Whipswitchem, a creature of the wicked enchanter; your second a monstrous giant; your third a beautiful spectre, and your fourth the enchanter himself. The first you must circumvent by your wit; the second by your valor; the third by your self-command; and the fourth by your promptitude and sagacity. There is no magic in your weapons, though they are equally good and true. Your dependence must be on yourself alone; on your valor, your constancy, and your cause; and remember, that should you ever turn your back on an enemy, whether man, beast, or fiend, your happy destiny will never be accomplished. You will never see your little gold-fish again.

"My little gold-fish!" exclaimed the prince eagerly —"What dost thou mean? O tell me, most beneficent fairy!"

"You will know in good time, if you do not turn recreant," answered the fairy, with a significant smile. "But away, away, my prince. Mount and away. Follow the course of the river, and once more, never turn aside let what will be before you, remembering that nothing is impossible to courage, conduct, and perseverance in a good cause."

The prince bowed himself before the lady, repeated his grateful thanks, mounted his neighing steed, which pawed the ground impatiently, and was about clapping spurs to his sides, when the fairy suddenly stopped him.

"Hold, prince! I had almost forgotten. Take this bouquet of violets, place it in your bosom, and guard it well. But be careful not to draw it forth except in the last extremity, depending always on your valor and your sword. When your life shall hang suspended by a single hair; when the last breath is quivering on thy lips, and all other means fail, then, and not till then, use it as your instinct may direct. Adieu, my prince—be faithful, bold and fortunate."

The fairy mounted her chariot, the butterflies spread their gorgeous wings, and ascending rapidly through the transparent skies the whole pageant disappeared. The prince lost not a moment in pursuing the course pointed out by the fairy, and as he proceeded, gradually fell into a reverie, the subject of which was the hint that it would depend on himself whether he ever saw the little gold-fish again. The thought roused him to the utmost height of daring, and he resolved, come what might, nothing should be wanting on his part to the accomplishment of a glorious and happy destiny. He felt himself suddenly animated by this determination to gain a noble prize by noble exertions, for nothing is more certain than that none but groveling, abject beings, to whom nature has denied the ordinary faculties of mind, can remain insensible to the excitement of glory, or the rewards of love.

He had not, however, proceeded far, when on a sudden there alighted on the head of his steed, right between the ears, one of the most extraordinary creatures he had ever seen. It was a little imp, about three feet high, exactly resembling one of those scarecrows we sometimes see in corn-fields, except that it was a great deal more *outre* in its form and dimensions. It wore an immense hat, of the shape of a cullender, and with almost as many holes, through which protruded little wisps of straw instead of feathers. The face was perfectly undefinable, having neither dimensions nor shape, resembling nothing of the live human species, and consisting apparently entirely of a nose which projected several inches beyond the brim of his hat; his shirt-collar was tied with a piece of rope; his jacket was as much too short as his breeches were too long, one being out at the elbows, the other at the knees, the latter of which were tied with a wisp of straw tortured into a true lover's knot; his legs seemed nothing but a pair of short broom-sticks, of neither shape nor substance, ensconced in an old pair of spatterdashes; and the toes of his shoes curled upward like a pair of old-fashioned skates. Altogether he cut a curious figure, and the prince could not help laughing at his new traveling companion. "This," thought he, "must be Master Whipswitchem."

But his gallant steed did not seem to enter into the spirit of the joke. He pricked his ears, pawed the ground, snorted, champed and fomned, and finally stood stock still, trembling like a leaf. Prince Violet began to wax somewhat impatient. Yet at length said to him very courteously—

"My friend, if it is the same thing to you, I had rather you would get off and walk."

"Thank you, my friend, but if it's the same thing to you, I'd rather ride. Ho-ho! ha-hah!" and thereupon he laughed like a whole swarm of flies.

Then the valiant prince drew his sword and gave Master Whipswitchem a great blow under the short-ribs, which he took it for granted would cut him in two; but the sword rebounded as if it had struck on an empty bladder, while the little imp only bounded upward about three yards, alighting in the same place as before, and crying out, "Ho-ho! hah-hah!" At this rate, thought Prince Violet, I shall never get to the end of my journey. Still he repeated his blows,

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at each one of which the pestiferous little imp only jumped higher and laughed louder, and the gallant steed only snorted, pawed, and stamped more vehemently, until both steed and master became quite exhausted. The latter then resorted to artifice, seeing that force was unavailing. So putting up his sword, he affected to expostulate with his troublesome companion on the impropriety of his conduct, watching at the same time for an opportunity of laying hold of him. When he seemed off his guard, and was crying "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" with infinite glee, the prince suddenly throwing himself forward, seized him by the long nose, and after holding him up kicking in the air for a few moments—for he was as light as a feather—with a sudden jerk pitched him away out into the river, where, after bobbing up and down some half a dozen times, and crying "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" he disappeared. "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" cried the prince, "I think I have done Master Whipstichem's business this time." After which he proceeded gayly on his journey.

Before, however, he had time to enjoy the victory, his gallant steed suddenly began to rear up before, and then to kick up behind with great violence. The prince clapped his hand on his trusty blade, thinking he was approaching the giant, but on looking round in every direction could see neither castle nor drawbridge. Indeed nothing visible seemed to justify the horse in his unseemly gambols, and the prince accused his gallant steed of being in league with his enemies, when happening to look over his shoulder, who should he see but Master Whipswitchem seated quietly on the crupper, and spurring away with an old rusty nail he had fixed in the heel of his shoe, while he held by the horse's tail for a bridle. "I swear by the eyes of my beautiful gold-fish," cried the prince, "but this is too bad!" And then he attempted to dislodge the pestilent imp, by thrusting his elbow into his back; but the little caitiff every time bounced up like a tennis-ball, and the next instant was in his seat, crying, "Ho-ho! ha-ha!" louder than ever. This time he was too cunning for the prince; for knowing by experience that his nose was the most exposed part of his outworks, he kept his back to the prince, and his face toward the tail of the horse. At the expiration of an hour the prince became so worried that he could scarcely lift his hand to his head, and his horse so exhausted that he could kick no more. At length, however, while the little caitiff was spurring and laughing away with great glee, the prince turning suddenly round on the saddle, seized the rope which he wore round his neck for a cravat, and leaping from his steed, hoisted him up to an old sign-post at the road-side, where he left him dangling in the air. "Ho-ho! ha-ha!" said the prince, "I think I shall have no more trouble with Master Whipswitchem."

Finding himself as well as his steed quite exhausted, and both requiring rest and refreshment, Prince Violet dismounted in a pleasant, shady grove, through which meandered a clear stream, bordered by rich, luxuriant grass, thus furnishing both drink and food to the panting animal, whom, having turned loose, he left to roam at will. Seating himself among a bed of fragrant flowers, he lighted a cigar, and sat smoking and thinking of his future prospects.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah! my prince, what are you about? You put me in mind of a smoking chimney, though from your mighty contented look, I should suppose you were very pleasantly occupied. I should like to take a puff too, if you have no objection."

"O, beneficent Fairy Violetta," exclaimed the prince, "what shall I do with this pestiferous caitiff, who minds neither hanging nor drowning?" And thereupon the fairy, who doubtless heard his adjuration, inspired him with a lucky thought. Knowing that the little caitiff was but a man of straw, animated by the wicked enchanter, he at once resolved to take advantage of that circumstance.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah! are you there, my friend?" replied the prince. "Well, I see there is no use in quarreling with such a pleasant fellow. Come, sit down, and take a puff with me, and let us swear eternal friendship."

"Agreed!" replied the little caitiff, briskly. "It is true you played a joke or two on me, but I flatter myself, on the whole, I paid you beforehand; and for the present the account is pretty well balanced."

So they sat down and smoked very sociably together, talking about various matters, until the little caitiff's cigar being burnt to a stump, and somewhat incommoding his long nose, he began turning and twisting it about, until it set fire to some blades of straw that projected from his nostrils, which straightway communicated to his head, and thence to his body, and in a moment he was in full blaze.

"I am a gone sucker!" exclaimed he, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he became nothing but a heap of black ashes.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah!" quoth the prince, "if he is a gone sucker, I take it for granted, it is all Dicky with Master Whipswitchem." And then, himself and his horse being sufficiently refreshed, he mounted and rode forward on his journey.

Ascending a high, wearisome hill, he saw at a little distance a great and magnificent castle, which he at once took for that of the enchanter Curmudgeon. The crisis of his fate was then at hand; and after inspecting his armor and equipments, the prince spurred on briskly to consummate his destiny. A few moments brought him to a tower, at the end of a draw-bridge, where hung an enormous bell, which, without hesitating a moment, he rung till it resounded far and near. Instantly at the sound there rose up from the inner side, a monstrous and deformed giant, upward of sixteen feet high. As he advanced, he seemed all body and no legs—the latter being utterly disproportioned to the former; his shoulders rose like mountains, one higher than the other, almost to the top of his head; his body was all over covered with impenetrable scales like an alligator, and he wore on his head an old Continental cocked-hat, from which projected a queue of such unaccountable length that it was said nobody ever saw the end of it. But his most atrocious feature was a great proboscis, growing just over a little pug nose, he used for smelling, about the

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size of that of an elephant, which it exactly resembled in strength and elasticity.

"What want you here?" roared the monster, in a voice so loud and horrible, that it set the bell tinkling, and in a most discourteous manner peculiar to giants, who are notorious for their ill manners.

"I wish to see the far-famed and puissant enchanter, the great Curmudgeon, with whom I have a bone to pick, an please your worship," replied the prince, with infinite politeness.

"You see him—what good will that do? He would not look at, much less speak to, such a sloppy stripling as you. To the right-about—march! or I'll make mince-meat of you in less than no time."

"Stand aside, and let me pass!" cried the enraged prince, drawing his sword.

"Advance at your peril!" roared the giant, twirling his proboscis, and twisting his long queue like a great black-snake.

And now commenced a battle, the like of which is not recorded in history, tradition, or romance. The sword of the valiant prince gleamed, and flashed, and flew about like lightning, raining such a shower of dry blows on the monster, that had not his hide been invulnerable to any but enchanted weapons, he would in good time have been a gone sucker, as Sir Bruin said. The giant, on the other hand, had managed his proboscis with admirable skill, his great object being to entwine the prince in its folds, and squeeze him to death. Sometimes he would stretch it out at least six yards, and at others draw it in suddenly, in hopes the prince would be deceived as to its length, and come within the sphere of its action. But the prince being gloriously seconded by his gallant steed, displayed an activity fully equal to the craft of the giant; and for an hour at least the fight continued doubtful. The only vulnerable part of the monster was his long queue, which the prince, in hopes that, like Sampson, his strength might peradventure lie in his hair, by an adroit manœuvre cut off about six feet from his head. Thereupon he roared like ten thousand bulls of Bashan, insomuch that the enchanter, Curmudgeon, feared he was vanquished, and trembled in the recesses of his castle.

The giant frantic with rage at the loss of what he was more vain of than even his stately proboscis, now redoubled his efforts, while the prince every moment became more exhausted, and his gallant steed ceased his usual activity. The giant seeing this, watched his opportunity, till he at length succeeded in throwing a slipping noose, made by twisting his proboscis over the head of the prince. This he gradually tightened with all his force, until the prince perceived himself rapidly suffocating. His eyes failed him, and seemed bursting from their orbits; his vision presented nothing but gleams of many colored lights dancing before him; his heart heaved and panted with throes of desperate agony; his arm became almost nerveless, and his sword fell from his hand, while the shouts of the giant announced that the victory was won.

At this moment of extreme peril, when the last gleam of consciousness lingered in his brain, the prince recollected the bouquet of violets which he still carried in his bosom, and drawing it forth with a desperate effort, thrust it into the little pug nose of the giant, which was directly before him. That instant the proboscis relaxed, as if by magic, and the giant suddenly untwining its folds, commenced a fit of sneezing, awful to hear, jumping up several feet from the ground at every paroxysm, swearing at intervals like a trooper, and cutting the most enormous capers. The moment Prince Violet recovered himself sufficiently, he dismounted, and regaining his trusty sword, belabored the impenetrable hide of the egregious monster with such arrant good will, that he retreated backward between every fit of sneezing, until finally falling into the moat, he stuck fast in the mud, sneezing and roaring most vociferously.

Prince Violet lost no time, but passed swiftly into the castle, and proceeding through several apartments, far more vast and magnificent than the palace of King Doddipol, at length came to the study where the wicked enchanter practiced Mesmerism, and other diabolical devices. The old sinner was seated in an arm-chair of ebony, curiously carved, and ornamented with figures of strange, misshapen imps, among which the prince recognized his old friend, Master Whipswitchem. By his side stood a female of such transcendent and inimitable beauty, that the prince at once concluded this was the phantom against whom he was so emphatically warned by his good-friend the fairy. He allowed himself but one glance, which sufficed to convince him she resembled exactly the charming princess he had so often seen in his dreams, and which had like to have proved fatal. Then shutting his eyes, he advanced backward, sword in hand, toward the enchanter, who at the first moment he saw him, began those mysterious wavings of the hand with which he was wont to put his victims to sleep, and those cabalistic words which changed men into beasts, insects, and reptiles. But the prince having his eyes shut, and his back toward him, could not see his motions, and the enchanter being horribly affrighted, as well as naturally a great blockhead, was so long in recollecting the formula of his incantation, that the prince, seeing by a sly glance over the shoulder, that he was sufficiently near, suddenly turned round, and with one blow severed his head from his shoulders. Then catching it before it fell to the ground, he threw it into the great kettle that hung boiling over the fire. He was just in time, for Curmudgeon had got to the last but one of his cabalistic words, and in a single instant more, Prince Violet would have been changed into a cabbage. No sooner was the head thrown into the kettle, than the water began to hiss and foam, and blaze up in spires of blue sulphureous flame, until finally the kettle burst into a thousand fragments, and the head disappeared up the chimney. Then the phantom beauty, uttering a shrill, dismal scream, melted into air—and the enchantment was dissolved forever. At that moment Prince Violet heard a voice from the skies, as tuneful as the music of the spheres, saying, "Well done, my prince, the death of the wicked enchanter was necessary to the recovery of thy lost gold-fish—for while he lived thou

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wouldst never have seen it again. Go on—thy destiny ere long will be accomplished." A strain of aerial music succeeded, which gradually faded into whispering zephyrs, bearing on their wings the mingled perfume of a thousand flowers.

The prince took possession of the castle by right of conquest; and when the people over whom the enchanter had reigned with a cruel and despotic sway heard of the gallantry with which he had rid them of their tyrant, they gathered themselves together, and with one voice chose him for their king.

Prince Violet proved an excellent sovereign; but, though he made his subjects happy, he partook not in what he so freely bestowed on others. The recollection of the little gold-fish, and of the beautiful princess he had so often seen in his dreams, was ever present, and poisoned his days and nights with perpetual sorrows. Though courted by King Grabyall, and all the surrounding potentates, who had grown up daughters, he declined their advances, passing most of his leisure hours in wandering along the river he had followed in his journey, and which flowed just at the foot of the terrace of his stately castle. He remembered that it issued from the aperture through which he had emerged from the crystal basin, and constantly fed his sickly fancy with the hope that the little gold-fish might have vanished in the same direction. If so, it was probably still in the river, if it lived at all; and he was perpetually bending over the stream, watching the gambols of the finny tribes, to see if he could not detect among them his lost wanderer.

One day having rambled much further than he had ever been before in that direction, he perceived in turning a sharp angle of the river, a noble marble villa, which had never attracted his notice before. It basked its white, unsullied beauties on the bank of the murmuring stream, and its turrets rose from out a sea of green foliage that almost hid them from sight. Led by curiosity, or rather by his destiny, he approached the building by a winding walk, that seemed almost a labyrinth, now bringing him near, and anon carrying him to a distance, until tired at last, he stopped, and rested himself under the shade of a stately beech, that spread its broad arms afar, and afforded a delightful canopy. Here, gazing around in listless apathy, his attention was attracted by the letter V, carved on the smooth bark, and environed with a chaplet of violets, underneath which the motto, "Forget me not," was cut in graceful letters. While pondering on this rural emblem of constant love, he was startled by a low and plaintive female voice chanting the following simple strain, with the gentle pathos of chastened sorrow:

"Forget me not! forget me not!
Pale, withered leaf, in which I read
The sad, mysterious, lonely lot
By cruel fate for me decreed.

"Pale, withered leaf, you mind me now
Of him whose gentle name you bear,
Whose lips once uttered many a vow,
In breath more sweet than violets are.

"Oft would he take me in his hands,
Oft hide me in his throbbing heart;
Oft kiss my eyes with words so bland—
Was ever scaly imp so blessed;

"I joy'd his wasting form to see,
His stately beauties fade away;
'Twas wo to him, but bliss to me—
It made him sad, while I was gay.

"But I shall never see him more,
Nor share with him my life's dear lot;
Sweet youth, whose memory I adore—
Forget me not! forget me not!"

These words, sung to a sweet, melancholy melody, equally excited the sympathy and wonder of the prince. The idea of a young lady being delighted at seeing the face of her lover wither, and his body waste away, he thought did little credit to the heart of woman; and that what made him sad should make her gay, appeared to show a great want of sympathy. As to the "little scaly imp," he could make nothing of it. Still there was that in the song which seemed to bear some strange allusion to his own peculiar situation; and his curiosity became so excited, that without reflecting on the impropriety of his conduct, or its consequences, he, as it were, impelled by an involuntary yet irresistible impulse, advanced in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

Passing through a long winding avenue bordered by beds of violets, and overshadowed by lofty trees, he at length came to a bower of clambering vines entwined with each other, at the further extremity of which, seated on a bank of flowers, he beheld a female figure, her cheek resting on her hand, and tears flowing from her eyes. He gazed on her face, which was turned toward the heavens, and shuddered as he recognized an exact likeness of the phantom beauty he had seen at the side of the enchanter's chair. He sought to retreat, but continued to advance by an irresistible impulse, until the lady, at the sound of his footsteps, looked toward him. The moment she saw the prince she uttered a piercing shriek, at the same time rushing forward with extended arms, and a face glowing with joyous welcome. Then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she hastily retired, and sunk down on the seat, her cheek glowing with blushes. The prince continued to advance, controlled by an influence he could not withstand, and coming up to her, apologized as well as the confusion of his mind would permit, for his unceremonious intrusion.

The lady remained gazing at him, with mingled smiles and blushes, for a few moments, and then addressed the prince in words that seemed to come from a mouth of roses.

"Do'n't you know me, my prince?"

"Know you," faltered he. "I believe—I fear—I know you but too well. You are the phantom beauty. The chosen instrument of the wicked enchanter, Curmudgeon."

"Alas! no. I am no phantom, nor, I trust, an instrument of mischief at least to you. The phantom was formed in my likeness, because—because, as the enchanter confessed, he could create nothing so

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beautiful as myself by the utmost exertion of his arts."

The prince gazed at her in a trance of admiration, for never, with the single exception of the phantom, and the idol princess of his dreams, had he seen a being so enchantingly lovely. The lady received his scrutiny with smiles of modest pleasure, and at length repeated her question—

"Do you not know me, my prince?"

The prince emboldened by her smiles, or impelled by his destiny, seated himself by her side, and gazed ardently, yet wistfully, in her face. There was something in the expression of her eyes he fancied he had seen before, but when or where he could not call to mind. At length the lady, compassionating his perplexity, again anxiously asked—

"Do you remember a certain little gold-fish?"

"Remember? I shall never forget," and his eyes glistened.

"Do you remember how you used to come to the crystal basin, at the foot of the shining cascade, and stay all day long fondling a little gold-fish, kissing its eyes, and hiding it in your bosom?"

"Remember!" cried the prince, "the recollection constitutes the hope, or rather the despair, of my life. Would that I could see my dear little companion again. Methinks I should then be happy, or at least die content."

"Look in my face—look steadily," replied the lady, greatly agitated.

Their eyes met, and that look of mutual intelligence which never deceives, disclosed the mystery. He recognized at once that glance of mingled love and gratitude he had so often seen beaming from the soft expressive eyes of the little gold-fish. He started from her side, threw himself at her feet, and exclaimed—

"Tell me—tell me! art not *thou* my little gold-fish?"

"I am," rejoined the lady. "Once thy little gold-fish, now thy faithful and devoted handmaid, the Princess Violetta. It is to thy constancy I am indebted for the recovery of my former self; and such as I am, I will be to thee what thou choosest to make me."

"Mine forever! my beloved, my adored wife!" cried the prince, as he folded her in his arms, kissed her as he was wont to do the little gold-fish, and at that moment reaped the reward of all his sufferings.

After enjoying the first delights of mutual love, the princess said to him, "Doubtless you are anxious to know how I came to be transformed into a fish; and I will tell you now, that there may be nothing to explain hereafter. I must begin early, for my misfortunes commenced almost at my birth. I am the only child of King Grabyall, in whose dominions you now are; and according to the universal custom of all royal christenings, a great many fairies were invited to mine, and some few vulgar things came without invitation. Among the latter was an old fairy, so ill-natured and malicious, that, though very powerful to do evil, no one would pay her the least attention; for they knew that no kindness could conciliate the wicked old creature. Of course, neither my father nor mother paid her the least attention, or made her presents; and no one spoke a word to her, at which she flew into a great rage, and went away shaking her wand, and mumbling in a spiteful manner, 'Well, good people, you are all mighty silent now, but before long you shall have talking enough, I promise you!'

"Everybody laughed at the spiteful old woman—but it was no such laughing matter, I assure you, my prince; for she was hardly out of sight, when, to the astonishment of the whole court, I began to talk with such volubility that nobody could keep pace with me. First I scolded the nurse, then abused the fairies, and finally took my parents to task roundly for attempting to stop me. The courtiers tried to persuade them that this was only an omen of my precocious genius, and that, beyond all doubt, I should one day become the wisest, most eloquent princess in the world. But they remembered the threat of the malicious old fairy, and became exceeding sorrowful. As I grew up my volubility increased; I talked from morning till night, and all night too. Sleeping or waking, it was just the same; and my voice was so loud and shrill that it could be heard all over the palace. What rendered the matter still worse, I was exceeding ill-natured, satirical, and witty, insomuch, that all were afraid to come near me; and I was obliged at last to talk to myself. It is necessary I should apprise you that I grew up to great beauty, and by the time I was sixteen, many of the neighboring princes came to pay their addresses to me. But I never gave them an opportunity, for before they could open their lips, I poured a torrent of satirical reproaches in their ears that struck them all dumb; insomuch, that it was said some of them never recovered their speech afterward. Do you not hate me, my prince, for being such a termagant?"

The prince, to say the truth, was a little startled at this detail, but replied with a look that was perfectly satisfactory; and the princess proceeded with her story.

"At the age of seventeen, the enchanter, Curmudgeon, incited by the report of my beauty, came to pay my father a visit—my mother being long since dead. He at first sight fell violently in love, and demanded me in marriage of my father, who, though a kind-hearted, good man, was, I believe, heartily glad to get rid of me, but at the same time frankly apprized him of my infirmity. 'O, ho!' answered the enchanter, 'never mind that—I shall soon cure her, I warrant you.' He then approached to make his declaration, when, being exceedingly provoked at his slighting expressions, which I had overheard, I gave him such an explosion of satire, spleen, and ill-nature, as he had never probably heard before. I ridiculed his pretensions, scoffed at his person, despised his offers, and defied his power, until he could stand it no longer. Stamping his foot on the floor, waving his hand, and muttering some cabalistic words, he at length cried out in a rage, 'BE DUMB FOREVER! or at least till such time as some prince shall be fool enough to fall in love with you, and pine away until he makes no shadow in the sun.'

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"At that moment I found myself changed into a gold-fish, and swimming in the crystal basin where you first saw me. How long I remained there before you made your appearance I cannot tell, but I know that I was heartily tired of my loneliness, and at first felt the loss of speech very severely. I rejoiced when I first saw you. Your caresses penetrated my heart, and—you must forgive me, my dear prince—but when I beheld you wasting away daily, and knew it was for love of me, my happiness grew with your sorrows, for I felt that my deliverance was at hand, and that I should live to reward you for all your sufferings. The day the sun first shone full into the crystal basin, and I saw that you cast no shadow there, you may remember, I suddenly darted from your hand and disappeared. It was very ungrateful, but I could not resist my destiny. I was instantly transformed to my original likeness, and—but don't be alarmed, my prince, for I assure you my propensity to talking was effectually and forever repressed, by the long habit of silence I had preserved as the little gold-fish. I was received by my father with affectionate welcome, and—and what else shall I say? I have mourned your absence day after day, until I almost ceased to hope that I should ever see you again. But," added the princess, with a look of unutterable tenderness, "thou hast come back once more to me—thou hast sought and found thy little gold-fish, and I am happy."

The prince had scarcely time to return suitable acknowledgments, and vow eternal love, when they were roused by the sound of the hunter's horn, announcing the return of King Grabyall from the chase. The princess introduced him to the prince; and his majesty being in high good humor, having been very successful that morning, beside having an excellent appetite for dinner, received him most graciously. The ardent prince lost no time in declaring his love; and King Grabyall, knowing that he had been chosen to govern the territories of the enchanter, Curmudgeon, beside inheriting all his vast riches, graciously consented to the marriage. He did this the more willingly, knowing from late experience that the princess, having fulfilled the denunciation of the malicious old fairy, had survived her infirmity.

There was never in this world such a splendid and happy wedding; and what added to the pleasure of all parties, was seeing the good fairy, Violetta, enter the superb saloon to honor the ceremony.

"Welcome, my prince," said she, holding out her little, delicate hand, "I congratulate you; you have triumphed by valor and constancy."

When the ceremony was over, the prince inquired anxiously whether she knew aught of his father, and was informed that he had married the daughter of good King Doddipol, and was wasting his substance as fast as possible, by giving *fêtes* to the bride, and lending great sums to his father-in-law. Prince Violet sighed at the fate of the Old Man of the Hills, but in good time forgot all his griefs in the arms of love and beauty.

The Princess Violetta made a most excellent wife, and never afterward talked more than became a reasonable woman. The wicked giant, who, it should have been premised, had been extricated from the moat, and finished his fit of sneezing, being freed from the diabolical influence of the enchanter, Curmudgeon, took the pledge, became a tetotailer, and lived ever after an example to all overgrown monsters, past, present, and future.

THE VESPER BELL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How deep and mournfully at eve's sweet hour
The bell for vespers chimes its holiest note,
When the soft twilight lends its soothing power
And on the air a silence seems to float!

The weary wand'rer knows a home of rest,
He toils not now who toiled the livelong day,
Friends cherish fondest recollections, blest
With thoughts of them whose love cannot decay,

The best affections of the heart are told,
We greet with joy our dear, domestic hearth,
And think how strong the viewless bonds that hold
Unwearied love to transient things of Earth.

And visions of his lyre the poet sees
At this lone time of Nature's sweet repose,
When fancied music, borne on every breeze,
Æolian-like, with thrilling sadness flows.

Oh, then move thoughts, the holiest and best,
O'er the soul's calm and mild serenity,
Like beauteous birds that skim along the breast
Of the still waters in some waveless sea.

Where that deep bell sends forth its solemn tone,
How many worship at Devotion's shrine!
How many voices rise before the throne
Whence the bright glories of the Godhead shine!

Not when the glories of th' opening day
With crimson blushes usher in the dawn,
Not when the noontide pours its deepest ray
On forest, glade, blue lake and emerald lawn;

Not when the moonbeams shed their silvery light
In richest lustre over copse and dell,
Come sainted hopes, sweet dreams and fancies bright
As when through shadows sounds the Vesper Bell.

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THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MARY S. ADAMS.

"THREE months' imprisonment! Heigho!" soliloquized Harvey Hall, as he entered the school-room, and surveyed the array of seats before him. "Well, poverty is a crime punished not only by one's state and country, but by the whole world. Here am I longing for a profession which shall give some play to my mind, which shall enable me to take a stand among men; and now to purchase that profession I must 'teach young ideas' till the requisite sum is obtained. The daughters of Darius were condemned for the murder of their husbands to fill leaky vessels in Tartarus—that is, they became teachers! It is hard that those who have neither *been* nor *murdered* husbands should endure like punishment."

Harvey Hall always spoke the truth, albeit sometimes the truth a little *swollen*; so he was, as he said, condemned to a temporary reign over children and spelling-books, in order to pursue his studies—for the expenses of which the limited finances of his parents would not suffice; and he had taken the academy at L., with the due announcement of all his qualifications in the county newspaper.

"Some bright faces here," thought he, as his eyes glanced over those of his scholars upturned to him, and rested on one with eyes bright enough to light Cupid on his way to any untenanted heart, but bearing the expression of smothered mirth, never relished by those who do not happen to know the *mot d'enigme*. Small white fingers traced something rapidly on the slate, which was then given to a young lady, who, on the perusal of its characters, gave a stifled laugh, and buried her face in a handkerchief. But the author of the mischief, whatever it was, instantly turned to gravity, and met the searching gaze of Hall with a demure look which amused him not a little.

"That daughter of Parson Hinton finds fun enough in something. I wish her father could preach her into better behavior. She is the most troublesome sprite I have in school. Young ladies," he said, assuming all the dignity of his position, "less whispering, and more attention to your studies would conduce to your improvement."

Annie Hinton and her chum took their books, and were soon apparently absorbed in them. Annie met with some question she could not solve; and taking her book to the teacher, she asked an explanation. It was given.

"And you made an observation just now, sir, which I wish to remember. Will you be so kind as to repeat it," she added, bending toward him with the greatest mock attention and deference.

It is said that the worst reception of a compliment is to request its repetition; and the remark is just as applicable to a reproof. Certainly Harvey Hall found it so. Impudence he could have met successfully; but there was something in the arch air of respect, so evidently assumed, and in the polite tone accompanying bright eyes which *would* almost laugh out, which told him that the present scene would figure in some after frolic formidable enough to young gentlemen who are never proof against the ridicule of mirthful girls in their teens. He longed to laugh with her at it all, but an assembled school, a roguish scholar, would not exactly admit of this; so, coloring a little, and then provoked at himself for the *gossiping* blood which betrayed his inward embarrassment, he said,

"Oh, merely that study is more appropriate to the school-room than amusement. I shall be happy to have it dwell in your memory and practice, Miss Hinton."

Annie bowed gracefully, gravely, and turned away, but not before Hall mentally resolved never to admonish her again if he could avoid it.

When the day for compositions came—that bore which all parties would gladly overlook instead of look over—Hall, dreading trite essays on all the hackneyed themes of school, told the misses under his charge to write on any thing that interested them—they might describe some of the manners and customs among them.

"But we have *no manners*, and very few customs, Mr. Hall," said Annie.

"Well, select any subject that pleases yourself, Miss Annie."

The composition was on Dignity, and was so ludicrous, so *personal* a description of it, that Mr. Hall was fairly puzzled. What shall I say to this merry damsel, who seems to turn into sport all I say or do. I cannot correct her.

"Miss Hinton, carry this home to your father, and see if he says it is a proper article for you to bring in as a composition."

The next day it was returned with, "My father thinks Dignity one of the finest things he has ever seen," she said, half hesitating, as if unwilling to utter such praise, but looking as if all the spirits of fun had taken the opportunity to look out of her eyes. Of course, her reverend parent had never had a glimpse of it—and this her teacher very well knew.

But why watch her with more interest than all the "well behaved" of his school? In accordance with Scripture, he left the ninety and nine just ones, to search for the one who went astray. The lessons she recited had for him a double interest; the days she was absent were like the dull, gray sky of autumn—nay, several times he even acknowledged to himself that teaching was *not* the dull routine he had supposed, and the term of his probation had not the leaden wings he had anticipated.

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But there was an apprehension to disturb the tenor of his thoughts, and fall heavily upon his official capacity. He had—yes, he certainly had seen Annie Hinton receive a billet from Charles Lane; and Charles Lane was a bright youth—a fine scholar—ready to enter college the next term—and just her age. It was wrong, decidedly wrong, to have any silly flirtations between mere boys and girls—he had always considered it so; but now it was wonderful to see how strong his reasoning, and firm his opinions were on this subject. And personal experience *has* an extraordinary power in giving edge to moral reflections; how it draws them out of the shade, concentrates and clinches them.

Well, Harvey Hall felt really grieved that scholars should have their attention drawn away from their studies by such nonsense as a children's love affair. Charles Lane was a promising boy to be sure; but he must go through college, and be settled in life before he ought to think of fancying any one. He might become dissipated—such bright boys often did; or fickle—in short, no one knew which rein of his character the future might pull. And Annie—pretty creature—who could not pass a day without some mirthful episode, how ridiculous for a child like her to think of selecting a lover! her mind was not disciplined at all—her taste not pronounced; she might make a different choice when she really knew her own wishes, and had seen more of the world. It would be wrong to entangle herself with any passing fancy like the present—really wrong to suffer a child to make a decision by which the *woman* must abide. And then the good minister would be shocked to see his plaything, Annie, forming any foolish attachment. Yes, he must do all he could to prevent it. But how could Parson Hinton be so blind? The other evening when he called there, Charles Lane knocked at the door, to bring a slip of geranium, which he had walked several miles to get for Annie; and the old gentleman only said, "You are very obliging, Charles—drop in and see us often." So strange, not to know it was just like such precocious youths to fancy themselves in love with every pretty girl. So laws were enacted stricter than those of the Medes and Persians, against all billets passed in school; as if Cupid, had he made the essay, would not have delighted to jeopardize all regulations, and fly in the face of all laws.

One day as Mr. Hall was ascending the steps to enter school, he saw Annie give Charles Lane a knitted purse, and heard her say something about "the phillipina." As I said, he was *principled* against such interchange of sentiment, or gifts, between such children; but the present instance did not come precisely under his dominion, being *out* of school—and he entered upon his duties with a somewhat cloudy brow. Every one has observed how much the sky of his feelings influences the earth of reality. If one wakes "out of tune" in the morning, the events of the day seldom harmonize him. Let you walk out in a city, feeling blue and burthened, and how many things conspire to annoy you. You are blinded by dust, or contaminated with mud, or the snow slumps, or your feet slip at every step; a child is almost run over in the street; people jostle rudely; the bell tolls; the town-crier seems to scream at every corner where you turn; the lady you particularly admire is talking with vast animation to ——, and does not even perceive you; a bow thrown away; Mr. Lawkens, the deaf man, will cross over to speak to you, but cannot hear your answer, although you have repeated it the third time; a gust of wind blows off your hat, and a bore holds you by the button to tell you, what you well knew, the election has gone against your favorite candidate; while you inwardly exclaim, "misfortunes never come single."

Our pedagogue had a hazy atmosphere around his spirit this day—and nothing cleared it. The recitations were miserable, and the boys full of pranks—which boys are heir to; the girls were any thing but book-intent. The class in chemistry was called, and as Mr. Hall was performing some experiments on the apparatus, he said,

"Now, when I apply this, you will see that—it wont go," he added, as the desired result, from some cause, failed.

"Certainly, we see it," smilingly whispered Annie to the next on her seat.

The sound reached Mr. Hall, already mortified by the failure of the experiment.

"Miss Hinton," he exclaimed, in a loud, stern tone, "take your books, and go home."

Annie looked surprised, as well she might, and waited, as if to be sure she did not misunderstand him. The attention of the school was roused—there could be no revocation—so the mandate was repeated, and obeyed.

Poor Hall! his chemical manipulations were no more successful that day; classes were called, and heard at random. The small scholars thought "it was a grand time—master did not seem to mind them;" while older ones wondered at his unwonted humor. Meanwhile his reflections were any thing but agreeable. How could he have been so harsh for such a trifle, and ungentlemanly too. All Annie's faults were the mere exuberance of a joyous spirit; and she was quick to acknowledge and regret them; and yet he had not expostulated, but abruptly commanded her to leave. How she must despise him! And she had a great deal of sensibility; he had seen the color suffuse her face, and the tears glisten in her dark eyes, when a tale of sorrow or delicious poem had excited her emotion. Perhaps she was at that very moment weeping at his harshness; and then proofs of interest in *him*, albeit she was a laughter-loving spirit, stole over his memory. He thought of an evening he had lately passed at her house, when his conversation seemed to rivet her attention, although he afterward heard her say, "There! Mary Jane has a party to-night, and I entirely forgot it until too late. Well, I have enjoyed myself better here." And *he*, the ingrate! how had he returned it, by unwarrantable rudeness! She was just beginning to talk to him with confiding frankness of her books, her tastes, and opening to *his* study a mind as well

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worth it as the changing loveliness of her face—when this folly had destroyed it all. And what would the good minister say? He who had received him so kindly; so hospitably told him to come to him at any and all times when he could be of assistance—what would *he* say to have his pet, at once his amusement and pride, turned out of school like any common urchin?

Oh! how the hours of school dragged. Every moment seemed to bear a weight of lead, and carry to the luckless teacher a thousand arrows poisoned by self-reproach. No sooner was his list of release obtained, than with mingled regret and apprehension, he wended his steps to the parsonage. He knocked at the door, desired to see Mr. Hinton, and was accordingly shown up into his study.

"He looks as if something lay on his mind," thought the clergyman, as he saw him enter, and advanced to shake hands with him. "Perhaps he is considering the concerns of his soul. Heaven help me to counsel him aright!" and there was an unusual kindliness in his tone, as he urged him to be seated, which was "heaping coals of fire" on the head of the conscience-stricken teacher.

A pause. "I am—I have called—I regret—"

"Ah, yes," mentally ejaculated the old man, "he feels the burden of sin, and is under conviction, I see—"

"In short, sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but I—"

"Speak out freely, my dear young man," said his benignant listener.

Is it possible he does not know what has passed?

"I regret to say that, vexed by the inattention of the scholars, and by whispering, in which Miss Annie joined, I hastily told her to leave school."

"Told *my* daughter Annie to leave school!"

The door of the study was thrown open, and Annie danced into the middle of the room, her bonnet hanging on her arm, flowers in her hair, and a bouquet in her hand, fresh from the woods in which she had been rambling. "Father! father!" she stopped, and gazed first at her father, and then at Mr. Hall, with a mingled expression of regret and surprise. Her long walk that afternoon had given her a heightened color; and the varied feelings which moved her were clearly depicted on her face.

"Come here, Annie," said Hall, extending his hand, "come here, and say you forgive the rudeness of this afternoon." She hesitated an instant—the crimson deepened on her cheek, and the lip slightly trembled; then looking up with one of her own radiant smiles, she gave her small, white hand to the teacher.

Not long after he made another visit to the good minister's study, not, indeed, to ask forgiveness for turning Annie out of school, but to beg permission to transplant her one day to a home of his own. Whatever was said, we suspect Annie might have served as "an instance in point" for that rather broad generalization of Swift,

> "No girl is pleased with what is taught
> But has *the teacher* in her thought."

"Young gentlemen," said Harvey Hall, (Judge Hall then,) when some years afterward two or three of his law students were spending the evening at his hospitable mansion, "young gentlemen, never regret the necessity of exerting yourself in order to obtain your profession; for beside the habit of *self-help* thus formed, which is invaluable, you may," he added, glancing archly at the face, fair as ever, of her who sat with muslin stitchery by the centre-table, "meet with a wayside rose as precious as Annie."

THE SUNBEAM.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

Come! watch with me this sunbeam, as o'er the moss bank green
It glides, and enters swiftly the foliage dark between;
Resting its golden lever, of mystic length and line,
Upon the dewy herbage, in an oblique decline:
Toward its moving column the stamen of the flowers
Whirl, as by strong attraction; and through the daylight hours
Gay insects, azure atoms, with every-colored wing,
Swim 'mid the light, still lending fresh sparkles as they spring.

See! how in cadenced measure they gravitate below,
Now sinking, then unlinking, in quick, harmonious flow;
Of Plato's worlds ideal the semblance here appears,
Those worlds that danced in circles to the music of the spheres:
So small is every atom, amid yon countless band,
That hosts of them were needful to make a grain of sand;
They form the lowest step of that brilliant ladder trod,
Ascending from the light mote to the all-present God.

And yet a separate being exists in every part,
Within each airy globule there dwells a beating heart;
One world, perchance, presiding o'er worlds unnumbered, free,
To which the lightning's passage is an eternity;
Yet, doubtless, each enjoying, within their drop of space,
Days, nights, in all fulfilling their order and their place;
And while in wondrous ecstasy, man's throbbing eye looks on,
A thousand worlds are ended, their destinies are won!

O God! how vast the sources which feed such life and death,
How piercing is that vision which marks out every breath;
How infinite that Spirit which cherishes each grade;
And more than all, how boundless that love, free, unrepaid,
Which nurtures into being each particle that floats,
Descending from far sun-worlds to microscopic motes;
O God! so grand and awful in yonder little ray,
What thought dare seek to fathom the blaze of thy full day?

MARY E. LEE.

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THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You Like It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(*Continued from page* 293.)

PART XV.

The screams of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the grasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh.
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there.
Matthew Lee.

It was high time that Capt. Spike should arrive when his foot touched the bottom of the yawl. The men were getting impatient and anxious to the last degree, and the power of Señor Montefalderon to control them was lessening each instant. They heard the rending of timber, and the grinding on the coral, even more distinctly than the captain himself, and feared that the brig would break up while they lay alongside of her, and crush them amid the ruins. Then the spray of the seas that broke over the weather side of the brig, fell like rain upon them; and every body in the boat was already as wet as if exposed to a violent shower. It was well, therefore, for Spike that he descended into the boat as he did, for another minute's delay might have brought about his own destruction.

Spike felt a chill at his heart when he looked about him and saw the condition of the yawl. So crowded were the stern-sheets into which he had descended, that it was with difficulty he found room to place his feet; it being his intention to steer, Jack was ordered to get into the eyes of the boat, in order to give him a seat. The thwarts were crowded, and three or four of the people had placed themselves in the very bottom of the little craft, in order to be as much as possible out of the way, as well as in readiness to bail out water. So seriously, indeed, were all the seamen impressed with the gravity of this last duty, that nearly every man had taken with him some vessel fit for such a purpose. Rowing was entirely out of the question, there being no space for the movement of the arms. The yawl was too low in the water, moreover, for such an operation in so heavy a sea. In all, eighteen persons were squeezed into a little craft that would have been sufficiently loaded, for moderate weather at sea, with its four oarsmen and as many sitters in the stern-sheets, with, perhaps, one in the eyes to bring her more on an even keel. In other words, she had just twice the weight in her, in living freight, that it would have been thought prudent to receive in so small a craft, in an ordinary time, in or out of a port. In addition to the human beings enumerated, there was a good deal of baggage, nearly every individual having had the forethought to provide a few clothes for a change. The food and water did not amount to much, no more having been provided than enough for the purposes of the captain, together with the four men with whom it had been his intention to abandon the brig. The effect of all this cargo was to bring the yawl quite low in the water; and every seafaring man in her had the greatest apprehensions about her being able to float at all when she got out from under the lee of the Swash, or into the troubled water. Try it she must, however, and Spike, in a reluctant and hesitating manner, gave the final order to "Shove off!"

The yawl carried a lugg, as is usually the case with boats at sea, and the first blast of the breeze upon it satisfied Spike that his present enterprise was one of the most dangerous of any in which he had ever been engaged. The puffs of wind were quite as much as the boat would bear; but this he did not mind, as he was running off before it, and there was little danger of the yawl capsizing with such a weight in her. It was also an advantage to have swift way on, to prevent the combing waves from shooting into the boat, though the wind itself scarce outstrips the send of the sea in a stiff blow. As the yawl cleared the brig and began to feel the united power of the wind and waves, the following short dialogue occurred between the boatswain and Spike.

"I dare not keep my eyes off the breakers ahead," the captain commenced, "and must trust to you, Strand, to report what is going on among the man-of-war's men. What is the ship about?"

"Reefing her top-sails just now, sir. All three are on the caps, and the vessel is laying-too, in a manner."

"And her boats?"

"I see none, sir—ay, ay, there they come from alongside of her in a little fleet! There are four of them, sir, and all are coming down before the wind, wing and wing, carrying their luggs reefed."

"Ours ought to be reefed by rights, too, but we dare not stop to do it; and these infernal combing seas

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seem ready to glance aboard us with all the way we can gather. Stand by to bail, men; we must pass through a strip of white water—there is no help for it. God send that we go clear of the rocks!"

All this was fearfully true. The adventurers were not yet more than a cable's length from the brig, and they found themselves so completely environed with the breakers as to be compelled to go through them. No man in his senses would ever have come into such a place at all, except in the most unavoidable circumstances; and it was with a species of despair that the seamen of the yawl now saw their little craft go plunging into the foam.

But Spike neglected no precaution that experience or skill could suggest. He had chosen his spot with coolness and judgment. As the boat rose on the seas he looked eagerly ahead, and by giving it a timely sheer, he hit a sort of channel, where there was sufficient water to carry them clear of the rock, and where the breakers were less dangerous than in the broader places. The passage lasted about a minute; and so serious was it, that scarce an individual breathed until it was effected. No human skill could prevent the water from combing in over the gunwales; and when the danger was passed, the yawl was a third filled with water. There was no time or place to pause, but on the little craft was dragged almost gunwale to, the breeze coming against the lugg in puffs that threatened to take the mast out of her. All hands were bailing; and even Biddy used her hands to aid in throwing out the water.

"This is no time to hesitate, men," said Spike, sternly. "Every thing must go overboard but the food and water. Away with them at once, and with a will."

It was a proof how completely all hands were alarmed by this, the first experiment in the breakers, that not a man stayed his hand a single moment, but each threw into the sea, without an instant of hesitation, every article he had brought with him and had hoped to save. Biddy parted with the carpet-bag, and Señor Montefalderon, feeling the importance of example, committed to the deep a small writing-desk that he had placed on his knees. The doubloons alone remained, safe in a little locker where Spike had deposited them along with his own.

"What news astern, boatswain?" demanded the captain, as soon as this imminent danger was passed, absolutely afraid to turn his eyes off the dangers ahead a single instant. "How come on the man-of-war's men?"

"They are running down in a body toward the wreck, though one of their boats does seem to be steering out of the line, as if getting into our wake. It is hard to say, sir, for they are still a good bit to windward of the wreck."

"And the Molly, Strand?"

"Why, sir, the Molly seems to be breaking up fast; as well as I can see, she has broke in two just abaft the fore-chains, and cannot hold together in any shape at all many minutes longer."

This information drew a deep groan from Spike, and the eye of every seaman in the boat was turned in melancholy on the object they were so fast leaving behind them. The yawl could not be said to be sailing very rapidly, considering the power of the wind, which was a little gale, for she was much too deep for that; but she left the wreck so fast as already to render objects on board her indistinct. Everybody saw that, like an overburthened steed, she had more to get along with than she could well bear; and, dependent as seamen usually are on the judgment and orders of their superiors, even in the direst emergencies, the least experienced man in her saw that their chances of final escape from drowning were of the most doubtful nature. The men looked at each other in a way to express their feelings; and the moment seemed favorable to Spike to confer with his confidential sea-dogs in private; but more white water was also ahead, and it was necessary to pass through it, since no opening was visible by which to avoid it. He deferred his purpose, consequently, until this danger was escaped.

On this occasion Spike saw but little opportunity to select a place to get through the breakers, though the spot, as a whole, was not of the most dangerous kind. The reader will understand that the preservation of the boat at all, in white water, was owing to the circumstance that the rocks all around it lay so near the surface of the sea as to prevent the possibility of agitating the element very seriously, and to the fact that she was near the lee side of the reef. Had the breakers been of the magnitude of those which are seen where the deep rolling billows of the ocean first meet the weather side of shoals or rocks, a craft of that size, and so loaded, could not possibly have passed the first line of white water without filling. As it was, however, the breakers she had to contend with were sufficiently formidable, and they brought with them the certainty that the boat was in imminent danger of striking the bottom at any moment. Places like those in which Mulford had waded on the reef, while it was calm, would now have proved fatal to the strongest frame, since human powers were insufficient long to withstand the force of such waves as did glance over even these shallows.

"Look out!" cried Spike, as the boat again plunged in among the white water. "Keep bailing, men—keep bailing."

The men did bail, and the danger was over almost as soon as encountered. Something like a cheer burst out of the chest of Spike, when he saw deeper water around him, and fancied he could now trace a channel that would carry him quite beyond the extent of the reef. It was arrested, only half uttered, however, by a communication from the boatswain, who sat on a midship thwart, his arms folded, and his eye on the brig and the boats.

"There goes the Molly's masts, sir! Both have gone together; and as good sticks was they, before them bomb-shells passed through our rigging, as was ever stepped in a keelson."

The cheer was changed to something like a groan, while a murmur of regret passed through the boat.

"What news from the man-of-war's men, boatswain? Do they still stand down on a mere wreck?"

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"No, sir; they seem to give it up, and are getting out their oars to pull back to their ship. A pretty time they'll have of it, too. The cutter that gets to windward half a mile in an hour, ag'in such a sea, and such a breeze, must be well pulled and better steered. One chap, however, sir, seems to hold on."

Spike now ventured to look behind him, commanding an experienced hand to take the helm. In order to do this he was obliged to change places with the man he had selected to come aft, which brought him on a thwart alongside of the boatswain and one or two other of his confidents. Here a whispered conference took place, which lasted several minutes, Spike appearing to be giving instructions to the men.

By this time the yawl was more than a mile from the wreck, all the man-of-war boats but one had lowered their sails, and were pulling slowly and with great labor back toward the ship, the cutter that kept on, evidently laying her course after the yawl, instead of standing on toward the wreck. The brig was breaking up fast, with every probability that nothing would be left of her in a few more minutes. As for the yawl, while clear of the white water, it got along without receiving many seas aboard, though the men in its bottom were kept bailing without intermission. It appeared to Spike that so long as they remained on the reef, and could keep clear of breakers—a most difficult thing, however—they should fare better than if in deeper water, where the swell of the sea, and the combing of the waves, menaced so small and so deep-loaded a craft with serious danger. As it was, two or three men could barely keep the boat clear, working incessantly, and much of the time with a foot or two of water in her.

Josh and Simon had taken their seats, side by side, with that sort of dependence and submission that causes the American black to abstain from mingling with the whites more than might appear seemly. They were squeezed on to one end of the thwart by a couple of robust old sea-dogs, who were two of the very men with whom Spike had been in consultation. Beneath that very thwart was stowed another confident, to whom communications had also been made. These men had sailed long in the Swash, and having been picked up in various ports, from time to time, as the brig had wanted hands, they were of nearly as many different nations as they were persons. Spike had obtained a great ascendency over them by habit and authority, and his suggestions were now received as a sort of law. As soon as the conference was ended, the captain returned to the helm.

A minute more passed, during which the captain was anxiously surveying the reef ahead, and the state of things astern. Ahead was more white water—the last before they should get clear of the reef; and astern it was now settled that the cutter that held on through the dangers of the place, was in chase of the yawl. That Mulford was in her Spike made no doubt; and the thought embittered even his present calamities. But the moment had arrived for something decided. The white water ahead was much more formidable than any they had passed; and the boldest seaman there gazed at it with dread. Spike made a sign to the boatswain, and commenced the execution of his dire project.

"I say, you Josh," called out the captain, in the authoritative tones that are so familiar to all on board a ship, "pull in that fender that is dragging alongside."

Josh leaned over the gunwale, and reported that there was no fender out. A malediction followed, also so familiar to those acquainted with ships, and the black was told to look again. This time, as had been expected, the negro leaned with his head and body far over the side of the yawl, to look for that which had no existence, when two of the men beneath the thwart shoved his legs after them. Josh screamed, as he found himself going into the water, with a sort of confused consciousness of the truth; and Spike called out to Simon to "catch hold of his brother-nigger." The cook bent forward to obey, when a similar assault on *his* legs from beneath the thwart, sent him headlong after Josh. One of the younger seamen, who was not in the secret, sprang up to rescue Simon, who grasped his extended hand, when the too generous fellow was pitched headlong from the boat.

All this occurred in less than ten seconds of time, and so unexpectedly and naturally, that not a soul beyond those who were in the secret, had the least suspicion it was any thing but an accident. Some water was shipped, of necessity, but the boat was soon bailed free. As for the victims of this vile conspiracy, they disappeared amid the troubled waters of the reef, struggling with each other. Each and all met the common fate so much the sooner, from the manner in which they impeded their own efforts.

The yawl was now relieved from about five hundred pounds of the weight it had carried—Simon weighing two hundred alone, and the youngish seaman being large and full. So intense does human selfishness get to be, in moments of great emergency, that it is to be feared most of those who remained, secretly rejoiced that they were so far benefitted by the loss of their fellows. The Señor Montefalderon was seated on the aftermost thwart, with his legs in the stern-sheets, and consequently with his back toward the negroes, and he fully believed that what had happened was purely accidental.

"Let us lower our sail, Don Esteban," he cried, eagerly, "and save the poor fellows."

Something very like a sneer gleamed on the dark countenance of the captain, but it suddenly changed to a look of assent.

"Good!" he said, hastily—"spring forward, Don Wan, and lower the sail—stand by the oars, men!"

Without pausing to reflect, the generous-hearted Mexican stepped on a thwart, and began to walk rapidly forward, steadying himself by placing his hands on the heads of the men. He was suffered to get as far as the second thwart, or past most of the conspirators, when his legs were seized from behind. The truth now flashed on him, and grasping two of the men in his front, who knew nothing of Spike's dire scheme, he endeavored to save himself by holding to their jackets. Thus assailed, those men seized

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others with like intent, and an awful struggle filled all that part of the craft. At this dread instant the boat glanced into the white water, shipping so much of the element as nearly to swamp her, and taking so wild a sheer as nearly to broach-to. This last circumstance probably saved her, fearful as was the danger for the moment. Everybody in the middle of the yawl was rendered desperate by the amount and nature of the danger incurred, and the men from the bottom rose in their might, underneath the combatants, when a common plunge was made by all who stood erect, one dragging overboard another, each a good deal hastened by the assault from beneath, until no less than five were gone. Spike got his helm up, the boat *fell off*, and away from the spot it flew, clearing the breakers, and reaching the northern wall-like margin of the reef at the next instant. There was now a moment when those who remained could breathe, and dared to look behind them.

The great plunge had been made in water so shoal, that the boat had barely escaped being dashed to pieces on the coral. Had it not been so suddenly relieved from the pressure of near a thousand pounds in weight, it is probable that this calamity would have befallen it, the water received on board contributing so much to weigh it down. The struggle between these victims ceased, however, the moment they went over. Finding bottom for their feet, they released each other, in a desperate hope of prolonging life by wading. Two or three held out their arms, and shouted to Spike to return and pick them up. This dreadful scene lasted but a single instant, for the waves dashed one after another from his feet, continually forcing them all, as they occasionally regained their footing, toward the margin of the reef, and finally washing them off it into deep water. No human power could enable a man to swim back to the rocks, once to leeward of them, in the face of such seas, and so heavy a blow; and the miserable wretches disappeared in succession, as their strength became exhausted, in the depths of the gulf.

Not a word had been uttered while this terrific scene was in the course of occurrence; not a word was uttered for some time afterward. Gleams of grim satisfaction had been seen on the countenances of the boatswain, and his associates, when the success of their nefarious project was first assured; but they soon disappeared in looks of horror, as they witnessed the struggles of the drowning men. Nevertheless, human selfishness was strong within them all, and none there was so ignorant as not to perceive how much better were the chances of the yawl now than it had been on quitting the wreck. The weight of a large ox had been taken from it, counting that of all the eight men drowned; and as for the water shipped, it was soon bailed back again into the sea. Not only, therefore, was the yawl in a better condition to resist the waves, but it sailed materially faster than it had done before. Ten persons still remained in it, however, which brought it down in the water below its proper load-line; and the speed of a craft so small was necessarily a good deal lessened by the least deviation from its best sailing, or rowing trim. But Spike's projects were not yet completed.

All this time the man-of-war's cutter had been rushing as madly through the breakers, in chase, as the yawl had done in the attempt to escape. Mulford was, in fact, on board it; and his now fast friend, Wallace, was in command. The latter wished to seize a traitor, the former to save the aunt of his weeping bride. Both believed that they might follow wherever Spike dared to lead. This reasoning was more bold than judicious notwithstanding, since the cutter was much larger, and drew twice as much water as the yawl. On it came, nevertheless, faring much better in the white water than the little craft it pursued, but necessarily running a much more considerable risk of hitting the coral, over which it was glancing almost as swiftly as the waves themselves; still it had thus far escaped—and little did any in it think of the danger. This cutter pulled ten oars; was an excellent sea boat; had four armed marines in it, in addition to its crew, but carried all through the breakers, receiving scarcely a drop of water on board, on account of the height of its wash-boards, and the general qualities of the craft. It may be well to add here, that the Poughkeepsie had shaken out her reefs, and was betraying the impatience of Capt. Mull to make sail in chase, by firing signal guns to his boats to bear a hand and return. These signals the three boats under their oars were endeavoring to obey, but Wallace had got so far to leeward as now to render the course he was pursuing the wisest.

Mrs. Budd and Biddy had seen the struggle in which the Señor Montefalderon had been lost, in a sort of stupid horror. Both had screamed, as was their wont, though neither probably suspected the truth. But the fell designs of Spike extended to them, as well as to those whom he had already destroyed. Now the boat was in deep water, running along the margin of the reef, the waves were much increased in magnitude, and the comb of the sea was far more menacing to the boat. This would not have been the case had the rocks formed a lee; but they did not, running too near the direction of the trades to prevent the billows that got up a mile or so in the offing, from sending their swell quite home to the reef. It was this swell, indeed, which caused the line of white water along the northern margin of the coral, washing on the rocks by a sort of lateral effort, and breaking, as a matter of course. In many places no boat could have lived to pass through it.

Another consideration influenced Spike to persevere. The cutter had been overhauling him, hand over hand, but since the yawl was relieved of the weight of no less than eight men, the difference in the rate of sailing was manifestly diminished. The man-of-war's boat drew nearer, but by no means as fast as it had previously done. A point was now reached in the trim of the yawl, when a very few hundreds in weight might make the most important change in her favor; and this change the captain was determined to produce. By this time the cutter was in deep water, as well as himself, safe through all the dangers of the reef, and she was less than a quarter of a mile astern.

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On the whole, she was gaining, though so slowly as to require the most experienced eye to ascertain the fact.

"Madame Budd," said Spike, in a hypocritical tone, "we are in great danger, and I shall have to ask you to change your seat. The boat is too much by the starn, now we've got into deep water, and your weight amid-ships would be a great relief to us. Just give your hand to the boatswain, and he will help you to step from thwart to thwart, until you reach the right place, when Biddy shall follow."

Now Mrs. Budd had witnessed the tremendous struggle in which so many had gone overboard, but so dull was she of apprehension, and so little disposed to suspect any thing one-half so monstrous as the truth, that she did not hesitate to comply. She was profoundly awed by the horrors of the scene through which she was passing, the raging billows of the gulf, as seen from so small a craft, producing a deep impression on her; still a lingering of her most inveterate affectation was to be found in her air and language, which presented a strange medley of besetting weakness, and strong, natural, womanly affection.

"Certainly, Capt. Spike," she answered, rising. "A craft should never go astern, and I am quite willing to ballast the boat. We have seen such terrible accidents to-day, that all should lend their aid in endeavoring to get under way, and in averting all possible hamper. Only take me to my poor, dear Rosy, Capt. Spike, and every thing shall be forgotten that has passed between us. This is not a moment to bear malice; and I freely pardon you all and every thing. The fate of our unfortunate friend, Mr. Montefalderon, should teach us charity, and cause us to prepare for untimely ends."

All the time the good widow was making this speech, which she uttered in a solemn and oracular sort of manner, she was moving slowly toward the seat the men had prepared for her, in the middle of the boat, assisted with the greatest care and attention by the boatswain and another of Spike's confidents. When on the second thwart from aft, and about to take her seat, the boatswain cast a look behind him, and Spike put the helm down. The boat luffed and lurched, of course, and Mrs. Budd would probably have gone overboard to leeward, by so sudden and violent a change, had not the impetus thus received been aided by the arms of the men who held her two hands. The plunge she made into the water was deep, for she was a woman of great weight for her stature. Still, she was not immediately gotten rid of. Even at that dread instant, it is probable that the miserable woman did not suspect the truth, for she grasped the hand of the boatswain with the tenacity of a vice, and, thus dragged on the surface of the boiling surges, she screamed aloud for Spike to save her. Of all who had yet been sacrificed to the captain's selfish wish to save himself, this was the first instance in which any had been heard to utter a sound, after falling into the sea. The appeal shocked even the rude beings around her, and Biddy chiming in with a powerful appeal to "save the missus!" added to the piteous nature of the scene.

"Cast off her hand," said Spike reproachfully, "she'll swamp the boat by her struggles—get rid of her at once! Cut her fingers off if she wont let go."

The instant these brutal orders were given, and that in a fierce, impatient tone, the voice of Biddy was heard no more. The truth forced itself on her dull imagination, and she sat a witness of the terrible scene, in mute despair. The struggle did not last long. The boatswain drew his knife across the wrist of the hand that grasped his own, one shriek was heard, and the boat plunged into the trough of a sea, leaving the form of poor Mrs. Budd struggling with the wave on its summit, and amid the foam of its crest. This was the last that was ever seen of the unfortunate relict.

"The boat has gained a good deal by that last discharge of cargo," said Spike to the boatswain, a minute after they had gotten rid of the struggling woman—"she is much more lively, and is getting nearer to her load-line. If we can bring her to *that*, I shall have no fear of the man-of-war's men; for this yawl is one of the fastest boats that ever floated."

"A very little *note*, sir, would bring us to our true trim."

"Ay, we must get rid of more cargo. Come, good woman," turning to Biddy, with whom he did not think it worth his while to use much circumlocution, "*your* turn is next. It 's the maid's duty to follow her mistress."

"I know'd it *must* come," said Biddy, meekly. "If there was no mercy for the missus, little could I look for. But ye'll not take the life of a Christian woman widout giving her so much as one minute to say her prayers?"

"Ay, pray away," answered Spike, his throat becoming dry and husky, for, strange to say, the submissive quiet of the Irish woman, so different from the struggle he had anticipated with *her*, rendered him more reluctant to proceed than he had hitherto been in all of that terrible day. As Biddy kneeled in the bottom of the stern-sheets, Spike looked behind him, for the double purpose of escaping the painful spectacle at his feet, and that of ascertaining how his pursuers came on. The last still gained, though very slowly, and doubts began to come over the captain's mind whether he could escape such enemies at all. He was too deeply committed, however, to recede, and it was most desirable to get rid of poor Biddy, if it were for no other motive than to shut her mouth. Spike even fancied that some idea of what had passed was entertained by those in the cutter. There was evidently a stir in that boat, and two forms that he had no difficulty, now, in recognizing as those of Wallace and Mulford, were standing on the grating in the eyes of the cutter, or forward of the foresail. The former appeared to have a musket in his hand, and the other a glass. The last circumstance admonished him that all that was now done would be done before dangerous witnesses. It was too late to draw back, however, and the captain turned to look for the Irish woman.

Biddy arose from her knees, just as Spike withdrew his eyes from his pursuers. The boatswain and

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another confident were in readiness to cast the poor creature into the sea, the moment their leader gave the signal. The intended victim saw and understood the arrangement, and she spoke earnestly and piteously to her murderers.

"It's not wanting will be violence," said Biddy, in a quiet tone, but with a saddened countenance. "I know it's my turn, and I will save yer sowls from a part of the burden of this great sin. God, and His Divine Son, and the Blessed Mother of Jesus have mercy on me if it be wrong; but I would far rather jump into the sea widout having the rude hands of man on me, than have the dreadful sight of the murdher done over ag'in. It's a fearful thing is wather, and sometimes we have too little of it, and sometimes more than we want—"

"Bear a hand, bear a hand, good woman," interrupted the boatswain, impatiently. "We must clear the boat of you, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for all of us."

"Don't grudge a poor morthal half a minute of life, at the last moment," answered Biddy. "It 's not long that I 'll throuble ye, and so no more need be said."

The poor creature then got on the quarter of the boat, without any one's touching her; there she placed herself with her legs outboard, while she sat on the gunwale. She gave one moment to the thought of arranging her clothes with womanly decency, and then she paused to gaze with a fixed eye, and pallid cheek, on the foaming wake that marked the rapid course of the boat. The troughs of the sea seemed less terrible to her than their combing crests, and she waited for the boat to descend into the next.

"God forgive ye all, this deed, as I do!" said Biddy, earnestly, and bending her person forward, she fell, as it might be "without hands," into the gulf of eternity. Though all strained their eyes, none of the men, Jack Tier excepted, ever saw more of Biddy Noon. Nor did Jack see much. He got a frightful glimpse of an arm, however, on the summit of a wave, but the motion of the boat was too swift, and the surface of the ocean too troubled, to admit of aught else.

A long pause succeeded this event. Biddy's quiet submission to her fate had produced more impression on her murderers than the desperate, but unavailing, struggles of those who had preceded her. Thus it is ever with men. When opposed, the demon within blinds them to consequences as well as to their duties; but, unresisted, the silent influence of the image of God makes itself felt, and a better spirit begins to prevail. There was not one in that boat who did not, for a brief space, wish that poor Biddy had been spared. With most that feeling, the last of human kindness they ever knew, lingered until the occurrence of the dread catastrophe which, so shortly after, closed the scene of this state of being on their eyes.

"Jack Tier," called out Spike, some five minutes after Biddy was drowned, but not until another observation had made it plainly apparent to him that the man-of-war's men still continued to draw nearer, being now not more than fair musket shot astern.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jack, coming quietly out of his hole, from forward of the mast, and moving aft as if indifferent to the danger, by stepping lightly from thwart to thwart, until he reached the stern-sheets.

"It is your turn, little Jack," said Spike, as if in a sort of sorrowful submission to a necessity that knew no law, "we cannot spare you the room."

"I have expected this, and am ready. Let me have my own way, and I will cause you no trouble. Poor Biddy has taught me how to die. Before I go, however, Stephen Spike, I must leave you this letter. It is written by myself, and addressed to you. When I am gone, read it, and think well of what it contains. And now, may a merciful God pardon the sins of both, through love for his Divine Son. I forgive you, Stephen; and should you live to escape from those who are now bent on hunting you to the death, let this day cause you no grief on my account. Give me but a moment of time, and I will cause you no trouble."

Jack now stood upon the seat of the stern-sheets, balancing himself with one foot on the stern of the boat. He waited until the yawl had risen to the summit of a wave, when he looked eagerly for the man-of-war's cutter. At that moment she was lost to view in the trough of the sea. Instead of springing overboard, as all expected, he asked another instant of delay. The yawl sunk into the trough itself, and rose on the succeeding billow. Then he saw the cutter, and Wallace and Mulford standing in its bows. He waved his hat to them, and sprang high into the air, with the intent to make himself seen; when he came down, the boat had shot her length away from the place, leaving him to buffet with the waves. Jack now managed admirably, swimming lightly and easily, but keeping his eyes on the crests of the waves, with a view to meet the cutter. Spike now saw this well planned project to avoid death, and regretted his own remissness in not making sure of Jack. Everybody in the yawl was eagerly looking after the form of Tier.

"There he is on the comb of that sea, rolling over like a keg!" cried the boatswain.

"He 's through it," answered Spike, "and swimming with great strength and coolness."

Several of the men started up involuntarily and simultaneously to look, hitting their shoulders and bodies together. Distrust was at its most painful height; and bull-dogs do not spring at the ox's muzzle more fiercely than those six men throttled each other. Oaths, curses, and appeals for help, succeeded; each man endeavoring, in his frenzied efforts, to throw all the others overboard, as the only means of saving himself. Plunge succeeded plunge; and when that combat of demons ended, no one remained of them all but the boatswain. Spike had taken no share in the struggle, looking on in grim satisfaction, as the Father of Lies may be supposed to regard all human strife, hoping good to himself, let the result be what it might to others. Of the five men who thus went overboard, not one escaped. They drowned each other by continuing their maddened conflict in an element unsuited to their natures.

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Not so with Jack Tier. His leap had been seen, and a dozen eyes in the cutter watched for his person, as that boat came foaming down before the wind. A shout of "There he is!" from Mulford succeeded; and the little fellow was caught by the hair, secured, and then hauled into the boat by the second lieutenant of the Poughkeepsie and our young mate.

Others in the cutter had noted the incident of the hellish fight. The fact was communicated to Wallace, and Mulford said, "That yawl will outsail this loaded cutter, with only two men in it."

"Then it is time to try what virtue there is in lead," answered Wallace. "Marines, come forward, and give the rascal a volley."

The volley was fired; one ball passed through the head of the boatswain, killing him dead on the spot. Another went through the body of Spike. The captain fell in the stern-sheets, and the boat instantly broached to.

The water that came on board apprised Spike fully of the state in which he was now placed, and by a desperate effort, he clutched the tiller, and got the yawl again before the wind. This could not last, however. Little by little, his hold relaxed, until his hand relinquished its grasp altogether, and the wounded man sunk into the bottom of the stern-sheets, unable to raise even his head. Again the boat broached-to. Every sea now sent its water aboard, and the yawl would soon have filled, had not the cutter come glancing down past it, and rounding-to under its lee, secured the prize.

[*To be continued.*

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gates,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft low voices that float through the night
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maids, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace, to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

SONNET—TO S. D. A.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

WHEN the young Morning, like a new-dress'd bride,
With pearls of dew fresh glistening in her hair,
Walks through the east in early summer-tide,
Her robe loose floating on the scented air,
The laughing hours assembled at her side
Or circling round her—then is she less fair
Than, in my heart, the picture, sweet and rare,
Thy presence left.—My books go unperused,
Old friends are shunned, and time flies by unused,
While I, grown idle, nothing do but dream;
Gazing upon that picture till I seem
Thyself, again, before my eyes to see,
And not the ideal show: so that to me
The semblance turns to sweet reality.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF GENERAL WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

BY FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

In memoirs of individuals of distinction it is usual to look back to their ancestry. The feeling is universal which prompts us to learn something of even an ordinary acquaintance in whom interest is felt. It will indulge, therefore, only a necessary and proper curiosity to introduce the subject of this notice by a short account of a family whose striking traits survive in him so remarkably. General Butler's grandfather, Thomas Butler, was born 6th April, 1720, in Kilkenny, Ireland. He married there in 1742. Three of his five sons who attained manhood, Richard, William and Thomas, were born abroad. Pierce, the father of General William O. Butler, and Edward, the youngest son, were born in Pennsylvania. It is remarkable that all these men, and all their immediate male descendants, with a single exception, (who was a judge,) were engaged in the military service of this country.

The eldest, Richard, was Lieut. Col. of Morgan's celebrated rifle-regiment, and to him it owed much of the high character that gave it a fame of its own, apart from the other corps of the Revolution. The cool, disciplined valor which gave steady and deadly direction to the rifles of this regiment, was derived principally from this officer, who devoted himself to the drill of his men. He was promoted to the full command of his regiment sometime during the war, (when Morgan's great merit and services had raised him to the rank of general,) and in that capacity had commanded Wayne's left in the attack on Stony Point. About the year 1790, he was appointed major-general. On the 4th of November, 1791, he was killed in St. Clair's bloody battle with the Indians. His combat with the Indians, after he was shot, gave such a peculiar interest to his fate that a representation of himself and the group surrounding him was exhibited throughout the Union in wax figures. Notices of this accomplished soldier will be found in Marshall's Life of Washington, pages 290, 311, 420. In Gen. St. Clair's report, in the American Museum, volume xi. page 44, Appendix.

William Butler, the second son, was an officer throughout the revolutionary war; rose to the rank of colonel, and was in many of the severest battles. He was the favorite of the family, and was boasted of by this race of heroes as the coolest and boldest man in battle they had ever known. When the army was greatly reduced in rank and file, and there were many superfluous officers, they organized themselves into a separate corps, and elected him to the command. General Washington declined receiving this novel corps of commissioned soldiers, but in a proud testimonial did honor to their devoted patriotism.

Of Thomas Butler, the third son, we glean the following facts from the American Biographical Dictionary. In the year 1776, whilst he was a student of law in the office of the eminent Judge Wilson of Philadelphia, he left his pursuit and joined the army as a subaltern. He soon obtained the command of a company, in which he continued to the close of the revolutionary war. He was in almost every action fought in the Middle States during the war. At the battle of Brandywine he received the thanks of Washington on the field of battle, through his aid-de-camp Gen. Hamilton, for his intrepid conduct in rallying a detachment of retreating troops, and giving the enemy a severe fire. At the battle of Monmouth he received the thanks of Gen. Wayne for defending a defile, in the face of a severe fire from the enemy, while Col. Richard Butler's regiment made good its retreat. At the close of the war he retired into private life, as a farmer, and continued in the enjoyment of rural and domestic happiness until the year 1791, when he again took the field to meet the savage foe that menaced our western frontier. He commanded a battalion in the disastrous battle of Nov. 4, 1791, in which his brother fell. Orders were given by Gen. St. Clair to charge with the bayonet, and Major Butler, though his leg had been broken by a ball, yet on horseback, led his battalion to the charge. It was with difficulty his surviving brother, Capt. Edward Butler, removed him from the field. In 1792 he was continued in the establishment as major, and in 1794 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel commandant of the 4th sub-legion. He commanded in this year Fort Fayette, at Pittsburg, and prevented the deluded insurgents from taking it, more by his name than by his forces, for he had but few troops. The close of his life was embittered with trouble. In 1803 he was arrested by the commanding general—Wilkinson—at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, and sent to Maryland, where he was tried by a court-martial, and acquitted of all the charges, save that of *wearing his hair*. He was then ordered to New Orleans, where he arrived, to take command of the troops, October 20th. He was again arrested next month; but the court did not sit until July of the next year, and their decision is not known. Col. Butler died Sept. 7, 1805. Out of the arrest and persecution of this sturdy veteran, Washington Irving (Knickerbocker) has worked up a fine piece of burlesque, in which Gen. Wilkinson's cha-

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racter is inimitably delineated in that of the vain and pompous Gen. Von Poltenburg.

Percival Butler, the fourth son, father of General Wm. O. Butler, was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1760. He entered the army as a lieutenant at the age of eighteen; was with Washington at Valley Forge; was in the battle of Monmouth, and at the taking of Yorktown—being through the whole series of struggles in the Middle States, with the troops under the commander-in-chief, except for a short period when he was attached to a light corps commanded by La Fayette, who presented him a sword. Near the close of the war he went to the South with the Pennsylvania brigade, where peace found him. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1784. He was the last of the old stock left when the war of 1812 commenced. He was made adjutant-general when Kentucky became a State, and in that capacity joined one of the armies sent out by Kentucky during the war.

Edward Butler, the youngest of the five brothers, was too young to enter the army in the first stages of the Revolution, but joined it near the close, and had risen to a captaincy when Gen. St. Clair took the command, and led it to that disastrous defeat in which so many of the best soldiers of the country perished. He there evinced the highest courage and strongest fraternal affection, in carrying his wounded brother out of the massacre, which was continued for miles along the route of the retreating army, and from which so few escaped, even of those who fled unencumbered. He subsequently became adjutant-general in Wayne's army.

Of these five brothers four had sons—all of whom, with one exception, were engaged in the military or naval service of the country during the last war.

1st. General Richard Butler's son, William, died a lieutenant in the navy, early in the last war. His son, Captain James Butler, was at the head of the Pittsburg Blues, which company he commanded in the campaigns of the Northwest, and was particularly distinguished in the battle of Massissinnawa.

2d. Colonel William Butler, also of the revolutionary army, had two sons, one died in the navy, the other a subaltern in Wayne's army. He was in the battle with the Indians in 1794.

3d. Lieut. Col. Thomas Butler, of the old stock, had three sons, the eldest a judge. The second, Col. Robert Butler, was at the head of Gen. Jackson's staff throughout the last war. The third, William E. Butler, also served in the army of Gen. Jackson.

4th. Percival Butler, captain in the revolutionary war, and adjutant-general of Kentucky during the last war, had four sons: first, Thomas, who was a captain, and aid to Gen. Jackson at New Orleans. Next, Gen. William O. Butler, the subject of this notice. Third, Richard, who was assistant adjutant-general in the campaigns of the war of 1812. Percival Butler, the youngest son, now a distinguished lawyer, was not of an age to bear arms in the last war. Of this second generation of the Butler's, there are nine certainly, and probably more, engaged in the present war.

This glance at the family shows the character of the race. An anecdote, derived from a letter of an old Pennsylvania friend to the parents, who transplanted it from Ireland, shows that its military instinct was an inheritance. "While the five sons," says the letter, "were absent from home in the service of the country, the old father took it in his head to go also. The neighbors collected to remonstrate against it; but his wife said, 'Let him go! I can get along without him, and raise something to feed the army in the bargain; and the country wants every man who can shoulder a musket.'" It was doubtless this extraordinary zeal of the Butler family which induced Gen. Washington to give the toast—"The Butlers, and their five sons," at his own table, whilst surrounded by a large party of officers. This anecdote rests on the authority of the late Gen. Findlay, of Cincinnati. A similar tribute of respect was paid to this devoted house of soldiers by Gen. La Fayette, in a letter now extant, and in the possession of a lady connected with them by marriage. La Fayette says, "*When I wanted a thing well done, I ordered a Butler to do it.*"

From this retrospect it will be seen that in all the wars of the country, in the revolutionary war, in the Indian war, in the last British war, and the present Mexican war, the blood of almost every Butler able to bear arms has been freely shed in the public cause. Maj. Gen. William O. Butler is now among the highest in the military service of his country; and he has attained this grade from the ranks—the position of a private being the only one he ever sought. At the opening of the war of 1812, he had just graduated in the Transylvania University, and was looking to the law as a profession. The surrender of Detroit, and the army by Hull, aroused the patriotism and the valor of Kentucky—and young Butler, yet in his minority, was among the first to volunteer. He gave up his books, and the enjoyments of the gay and polished society of Lexington, where he lived among a circle of fond and partial relations—the hope to gratify their ambition in shining at the bar, or in the political forum of the state—to join Capt. Hart's company of infantry as a private soldier.

Before the march to join the northwestern army, he was elected a corporal. In this grade he marched to the relief of Fort Wayne, which was invested by hostile Indians. These were driven before the Kentucky volunteers to their towns on the Wabash, which were destroyed, and the troops then returned to the Miami of the lakes, where they made a winter encampment. Here an ensign's commission in the second regiment of United States infantry was tendered to the volunteer corporal, which he declined, unless permitted to remain with the northwestern army, which he had entered to share in the effort of the Kentucky militia to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender by the recapture of Detroit. His proposition was assented to, and he received an ensign's appointment in the seventeenth infantry, then a part of the northwestern army, under the command of Gen. Winchester. After enduring every privation in a winter encampment, in the wildernesses and frozen marshes of the lake country, awaiting in vain the expected support of additional forces,

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the Kentucky volunteers, led by Lewis, Allen, and Madison, with Wells's regiment, (17th U. S.,) advanced to encounter the force of British and Indians which defended Detroit. On leaving Kentucky the volunteers had pledged themselves to drive the British invaders from our soil. These men and their leaders were held in such estimation at home, that the expectation formed of them exceeded their promises; and these volunteers, though disappointed in every succor which they had reason to anticipate—wanting in provision, clothes, cannon, in every thing—resolved, rather than lose reputation, to press on to the enterprise, and to endeavor to draw on to them, by entering into action, the troops behind. It is not proper here to enter into explanations of the causes of the disaster at the River Raisin, the consequence of this movement, nor to give the particulars of the battle. The incidents which signalized the character of the subject of this memoir alone are proper here.

There were two battles at the River Raisin, one on the 18th, the other on the 22d of January. In the first, the whole body of Indian warriors, drawn together from all the lake tribes, for the defence of Upper Canada against the approaching Kentuckians, were encountered. In moving to the attack of this formidable force of the fiercest, and bravest, and most expert warriors on the continent, a strong party of them were descried from the line with which Ensign Butler advanced, running forward to reach a fence, and hold it as a cover from which to ply their rifles. Butler instantly proposed, and was permitted, to anticipate them. Calling upon some of the most alert and active men of the company, he ran directly to meet the Indians at the fence. He and his comrades outstripped the enemy, and getting possession of the fence, kept the advantage of the position for their advancing friends. This incident, of however little importance as to results, is worth remembrance in giving the traits of a young soldier's character. It is said that the hardiest veteran, at the opening of the fire in battle, feels, for the moment, somewhat appalled. And Gen. Wolfe, one of the bravest of men, declared that the "horrid yell of the Indian strikes the boldest heart with affright." The stripling student, who, for the first time, beheld a field of battle on the snows of the River Raisin, presenting in bold relief long files of those terrible enemies, whose massacres had filled his native State with tales of horror, must have felt some stirring sensations. But the crack of the Indian rifle, and his savage yell, awoke in him the chivalric instincts of his nature; and the promptitude with which he communicated his enthusiasm to a few comrades around, and rushed forward to meet danger in its most appalling form, risking himself to save others, and secure a triumph which he could scarcely hope to share, gave earnest of the military talent, the self-sacrificing courage, and the soldierly sympathies which have drawn to him the nation's esteem. The close of the battle of the 18th gave another instance in which these latter traits of Gen. Butler's character were still more strikingly illustrated. The Indians, driven from the defences around the town on the River Raisin, retired fighting into the thick woods beyond it. The contest of sharpshooting from tree to tree was here continued—the Kentuckians pressing forward, and the Indians retreating, until night closed in, when the Kentuckians were recalled to the encampment in the village. The Indians advanced as their opposers withdrew, and kept up the fire until the Kentuckians emerged from the woods into the open ground. Just as the column to which Ensign Butler belonged reached the verge of the dark forest, the voice of a wounded man, who had been left some distance behind, was heard calling out most piteously for help. Butler induced three of his company to go back in the woods with him to bring him off. He was found, and they fought their way back—one of the men, Jeremiah Walker, receiving a shot, of which he subsequently died.

In the second sanguinary battle of the River Raisin, on the 22d of January, with the British and Indians, another act of self-devotion was performed by Butler. After the rout and massacre of the right wing, belonging to Wells' command, the whole force of the British and Indians was concentrated against the small body of troops under Major Madison, that maintained their ground within the picketed gardens. A double-barn, commanding the plot of ground on which the Kentuckians stood, was approached on one side by the Indians, under the cover of an orchard and fence; the British, on the other side, being so posted as to command the space between it and the pickets. A party in the rear of the barn were discovered advancing to take possession of it. All saw the fatal consequences of the secure lodgment of the enemy at a place which would present every man within the pickets at close rifle-shot to the aim of their marksmen. Major Madison inquired if there was no one who would volunteer to run the gauntlet of the fire of the British and Indian lines, and put a torch to the combustibles within the barn, to save the remnant of the little army from sacrifice. Butler, without a moment's delay, took some blazing sticks from a fire at hand, leaped the pickets, and running at his utmost speed, thrust the fire into the straw within the barn. One who was an anxious spectator of the event we narrate, says, "that although volley upon volley was fired at him, Butler, after making some steps on his way back, turned to see if the fire had taken, and not being satisfied, returned to the barn and set it in a blaze. As the conflagration grew, the enemy was seen retreating from the rear of the building, which they had entered at one end, as the flame ascended in the other. Soon after reaching the pickets in safety, amid the shouts of his friends, he was struck by a ball in his breast. Believing from the pain he felt that it had penetrated his chest, turning to Adjutant (now Gen.) McCalla, one of his Lexington comrades, and pressing his hand to the spot, he said, "I fear this shot is mortal, but while I am able to move, I will do my duty." To the anxious inquiries of this friend, who met him soon afterward, he opened his vest, with a smile, and showed him that the ball had spent itself on the thick wadding of his coat and on his breast bone. He suffered, however, for many weeks.

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The little band within the pickets, which Winchester had surrendered, after being carried himself a prisoner into Proctor's camp, denied his powers. They continued to hold the enemy at bay until they were enabled to capitulate on honorable terms, which, nevertheless, Proctor shamefully violated, by leaving the sick and wounded who were unable to walk to the tomahawk of his allies. Butler, who was among the few of the wounded who escaped the massacre, was marched through Canada to Fort Niagara—suffering under his wound, and every privation—oppressed with grief, hunger, fatigue, and the inclement cold of that desolate region. Even here he forgot himself, and his mind wandered back to the last night scene which he surveyed on the bloody shores of the River Raisin. He gave up the heroic part and became the school-boy again, and commemorated his sorrows for his lost friends in verse, like some passionate, heart-broken lover. These elegiac strains were never intended for any but the eye of mutual friends, whose sympathies, like his own, poured out tears with their plaints over the dead. We give some of these lines of his boyhood, to show that the heroic youth had a bosom not less kind than brave.

THE FIELD OF RAISIN.

The battle's o'er! the din is past,
Night's mantle on the field is cast;
The Indian yell is heard no more,
An silence broods o'er Erie's shore.
At this lone hour I go to tread
The field where valor vainly bled—
To raise the wounded warrior's crest,
Or warm with tears his icy breast;
To treasure up his last command,
And bear it to his native land.
It may one pulse of joy impart
To a fond mother's bleeding heart;
Or for a moment it may dry
The tear-drop in the widow's eye.
Vain hope, away! The widow ne'er
Her warrior's dying wish shall hear.
The passing zephyr hears no sigh,
No wounded warrior meets the eye—
Death in his sleep by Erie's wave,
Of Raisin's snow we heap his grave!
How many hopes lie murdered here—
The mother's joy, the father's pride,
The country's boast, the foeman's fear,
In wider'd havoc, side by side.
Lend me, thou silent queen of night,
Lend me awhile thy waning light,
That I may see each well-loved form,
That sunk beneath the morning storm.

These lines are introductory to what may be considered a succession of epitaphs on the personal friends whose bodies he found upon the field. It would extend the extract too far to insert them. We can only add the close of the poem, where he takes leave of a group of his young comrades in Hart's company, who had fallen together.

And here I see that youthful band,
That loved to move at Hart's command;
I saw them for the battle dressed,
And still where danger thickest pressed,
I marked their crimson plumage wave.
How many filled this bloody grave!
Their pillow and their winding-sheet
The virgin snow—a shroud most meet!
But wherefore do I linger here?
Why drop the unavailing tear?
Wherefer I turn, some youthful form,
Like flowerets broken by the storm,
Appeals to me in sad array,
And bids me yet a moment stay,
Till I could fondly lay me down
And sleep with him on the cold, cold ground.
For thee, thou dread and solemn plain,
I ne'er shall look on thee again;
And Spring, with her reviving showers,
Shall come, and Summer's inviting flowers;
And each succeeding Winter throw
On thy red breast new robes of snow;
Yet I will wear thee in my heart,
All dark and gory as thou art.

Shortly after his return from Canada, Ensign Butler was promoted to a captaincy in the regiment to which he belonged. But as this promotion was irregular, being made over the heads of senior officers in that regiment, a captaincy was given him in the 44th, a new raised regiment. When free from parole, by exchange, in 1814, he instantly entered on active duty, with a company which he had recruited at Nashville, Tennessee. His regiment was ordered to join General Jackson in the South, but Captain Butler finding its movements too tardy, pushed on, and effected that junction with his company alone. Gen. Call, at that time an officer in Capt. Butler's company, (since Gov. of Florida,) in a letter addressed to Mr. Tanner of Kentucky, presents, as an eye-witness, so graphically, the share which Capt. Butler had in the campaign which followed, that it may well supersede any narrative at second hand.

"*Tallahasse, April* 3, 1841.

"SIR,—I avail myself of the earliest leisure I have had since the receipt of your letter of the 19th of February, to give you a reply.

"A difference of political sentiments will not induce me to withhold the narrative you have requested, of the military services of Col. Wm. O. Butler, during the late war with Great Britain, while attached to the army of the South. My intimate association with him, in camp, on the march, and in the field, has perhaps made me as well acquainted with his merits, as a gentleman and a soldier, as any other man living. And although we are now standing in opposite ranks, I cannot forget the days and nights we have stood side by side, facing the common enemy of our country, sharing the same fatigues, dangers, and privations, and participating in the same pleasures and enjoyments. The feelings and sympathies springing from such associations in the days of our youth can never be removed or impaired by a difference of opinion with regard to men or measures, when each may well believe the other equally sincere as himself, and where the most ardent desire of both is to sustain the honor, the happiness and prosperity of our country.

"Soon after my appointment in the army of the United States, as a lieutenant, in the fall of 1811, I was ordered to join the company of Capt. Butler, of the 44th regiment of infantry, then at Nashville, Tennessee. When I arrived, and reported myself, I found the company under orders to join our regiment in the South. The march, mostly through an unsettled wilderness, was conducted by Capt. Butler with his usual promptitude and energy, and by forced and rapid movements we arrived at Fort Montgomery, the head-quarters of Gen. Jackson, a short distance above the Florida line, just in time to follow our beloved general in his bold enterprise to drive the enemy from his strong position in a neutral territory. The van-guard of the army destined for the invasion of Louisiana had made Pensacola its head-quarters, and the British navy in the Gulf of Mexico had rendezvoused in that beautiful bay.

"The penetrating sagacity of Gen Jackson discovered the advantage of the position assumed by the British forces, and with a decision and energy which never faltered, he resolved to find his enemy, even under the flag of a neutral power. This was

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done by a prompt and rapid march, surprising and cutting off all the advanced pickets, until we arrived within gun-shot of the fort at Pensacola. The army of Gen. Jackson was then so inconsiderable as to render a reinforcement of a single company, commanded by such an officer as Capt. Butler, an important acquisition. And although there were several companies of regular troops ordered to march from Tennessee at the same time, Capt. Butler's, by his extraordinary energy and promptitude, was the only one which arrived in time to join this expedition. His company formed a part of the centre column of attack at Pensacola. The street we entered was defended by a battery in front, which fired on us incessantly, while several strong block-houses, on our flanks, discharged upon us small arms and artillery. But a gallant and rapid charge soon carried the guns in front, and the town immediately surrendered.

"In this fight Capt. Butler led on his company with his usual intrepidity. He had one officer, Lieut. Flournoy, severely wounded, and several non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.

"From Pensacola, after the object of the expedition was completed, by another prompt and rapid movement, we arrived at New Orleans a few weeks before the appearance of the enemy.

"On the 23d of December the signal-gun announced the approach of the enemy. The previous night they had surprised and captured one of our pickets; had ascended a bayou, disembarked, and had taken possession of the left bank of the Mississippi, within six miles of New Orleans. The energy of every officer was put in requisition, to concentrate our forces in time to meet the enemy. Capt. Butler was one of the first to arrive at the general's quarters, and ask instructions; they were received and promptly executed. Our regiment, stationed on the opposite side, was transported across the river. All the available forces of our army, not much exceeding fifteen hundred men, were concentrated in the city; and while the sun went down the line of battle was formed; and every officer took the station assigned him in the fight. The infantry formed on the open square, in front of the Cathedral, waiting in anxious expectation for the order to move. During this momentary pause, while the enemy was expected to enter the city, a scene of deep and thrilling interest was presented. Every gallery, porch and window around the square were filled with the fair forms of beauty, in silent anxiety and alarm, waving their handkerchiefs to the gallant and devoted band which stood before them, prepared to die, or defend them from the rude intrusion of a foreign soldiery. It was a scene calculated to awaken emotions never to be forgotten. It appealed to the chivalry and patriotism of every officer and soldier—it inspired every heart, and nerved every arm for battle. From this impressive scene the army marched to meet the enemy, and about eight o'clock at night they were surprised in their encampment, immediately on the banks of the Mississippi. Undiscovered, our line was formed in silence within a short distance of the enemy; a rapid charge was made into their camp, and a desperate conflict ensued. After a determined resistance the enemy gave way, but disputing every inch of ground we gained. In advancing over ditches and fences in the night, rendered still more dark by the smoke of the battle, much confusion necessarily ensued, and many officers became separated from their commands. It more than once occurred during the fight that some of our officers, through mistake, entered the enemy's lines; and the British officers in like manner entered ours. The meritorious officer in command of our regiment, at the commencement of the battle, lost his position in the darkness and confusion, and was unable to regain it until the action was over. In this manner, for a short time, the regiment was without a commander, and its movements were regulated by the platoon officers, which increased the confusion and irregularity of the advance. In this critical situation, and in the heat of the battle, Capt. Butler, as the senior officer present, assumed command of the regiment, and led it on most gallantly to repeated and successful charges, until the fight ended in the complete rout of the enemy. We were still pressing on their rear, when an officer of the general's staff rode up and ordered the pursuit discontinued. Captain Butler urged its continuance, and expressed the confident belief of his ability to take many prisoners, if permitted to advance. But the order was promptly repeated, under the well-founded apprehension that our troops might come in collision with each other, an event which had unhappily occurred at a previous hour of the fight. No corps on that field was more bravely led to battle than the regiment commanded by Capt. Butler, and no officer of any rank, save the commander-in-chief, was entitled to higher credit for the achievement of that glorious night.

"A short time before the battle of the 8th of January, Capt. Butler was detailed to command the guard in front of the encampment. A house standing near the bridge, in advance of his position, had been taken possession of by the light troops of the enemy, from whence they annoyed our guard. Capt. Butler determined to dislodge them and burn the house. He accordingly marched to the attack at the head of his command, but the enemy retired before him. Seeing them retreat, he halted his guard, and advanced himself, accompanied by two or three men only, for the purpose of burning the house. It was an old frame building, weather-boarded, without ceiling or plaster in the inside, with a single door opening to the British camp. On entering the house he found a soldier of the enemy concealed in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house. While he was in the act of kindling a fire, a detachment of the enemy, unperceived, occupied the only door. The first impulse was to force, with his single arm, a passage through them, but he was instantly seized in a violent manner by two or three stout fellows, who pushed him back against the wall with such force as to burst off the weather-boarding from the wall, and he fell through the opening thus made. In an instant he recovered himself, and under a heavy fire from the enemy, he retreated until supported by the guard, which he immediately led on to the attack, drove the British light troops from their strong position, and burnt the house in the presence of the two armies.

"I witnessed on that field many deeds of daring courage, but none of which more excited my admiration than this.

"Capt. Butler was soon after in the battle of the 8th of January, where he sustained his previously high and well earned reputation for bravery and usefulness. But that battle, which, from its important results, has eclipsed those which preceded it, was but a slaughter of the enemy, with trivial loss on our part, and presenting few instances of individual distinction.

"Capt. Butler received the brevet rank of major for his gallant services during that eventful campaign, and the reward of merit was never more worthily bestowed. Soon after the close of the war, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. Jackson, in which station he remained until he retired from the army. Since that period I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting with my valued friend and companion in arms, and I know but little of his career in civil life. But in camp, his elevated principles, his intelligence and generous feelings, won for him the respect and confidence of all who knew him; and where he is best known, I will venture to say, he is still most highly appreciated for every attribute which constitutes the gentleman and the soldier.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"R. K. CALL."

"Mr. William Tanner."

General Jackson's sense of the services of Butler, in this memorable campaign, was strongly expressed in the following letter to a member of the Kentucky Legislature:

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"*Hermitage, Feb.* 20, 1814.

"My Dear Sir,—You ask me to give you my opinion of the military services of the then Captain, now Colonel, Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, during the investment of New Orleans by the British forces in 1814 and 1815. I wish I had sufficient strength to speak fully of the merit of the services of Col. Butler on that occasion; this strength I have not: Suffice it to say, that on all occasions he displayed that heroic chivalry, and calmness of judgment in the midst of danger, which distinguish the valuable officer in the hour of battle. In a conspicuous manner were those noble qualities displayed by him on the night of the 23d December, 1814, and on the 8th of January, 1815, as well as at all times during the presence of the British army at New Orleans. In short, he was to be found at all points where duty called. I hazard nothing in saying that should our country again be engaged in war during the active age of Col. Butler, he would be one of the very best selections that could be made to command our army, and lead the Eagles of our country on to victory and renown. He has sufficient energy to assume all responsibility necessary to success, and for his country's good.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

Gen. Jackson gave earlier proof of the high estimation in which he held the young soldier who had identified himself with his own glory at New Orleans. He made him his aid-de-camp in 1816—which station he retained on the peace establishment, with the rank of colonel. But, like his illustrious patron, he soon felt that military station and distinction had no charms for him when unattended with the dangers, duties, and patriotic achievements of war. He resigned, therefore, even the association with his veteran chief, of which he was so proud, and retired in 1817 to private life. He resumed his study of the profession that was interrupted by the war, married, and settled down on his patrimonial possession at the confluence of the Kentucky and Ohio rivers, in the noiseless but arduous vocations of civil life. The abode which he had chosen made it peculiarly so with him. The region around him was wild and romantic, sparsely settled, and by pastoral people. There are no populous towns. The high, rolling, and yet rich lands—the precipitous cliffs of the Kentucky, of Eagle, Tavern and other tributaries which pour into it near the mouth—make this section of the State still, to some extent a wilderness of thickets—and the tangled pea-vine, the grape-vine and nut-bearing trees, which rendered all Kentucky, until the intrusion of the whites, one great Indian park. The whole luxuriant domain was preserved by the Indians as a pasture for buffalo, deer, elk, and other animals—their enjoyment alike as a chase and a subsistence—by excluding every tribe from fixing a habitation in it. Its name consecrated it as the dark and bloody ground; and war pursued every foot that trod it. In the midst of this region, in April, 1791, Wm. O. Butler was born, in Jessamine county, on the Kentucky River. His father had married, in Lexington, soon after his arrival in Kentucky, 1782, Miss Howkins, a sister-in-law of Col. Todd, who commanded and perished in the battle of the Blue-Licks. Following the instincts of his family, which seemed ever to court danger, Gen. Pierce Butler, as neighborhood encroached around him, removed, not long after the birth of his son William, to the mouth of the Kentucky River. Through this section the Indian war-path into the heart of Kentucky passed. Until the peace of 1794, there was scarcely a day that some hostile Savage did not prowl through the tangled forests, and the labyrinths of hills, streams and cliffs, which adapted this region to their lurking warfare. From it they emerged when they made their last formidable incursion, and pushed their foray to the environs of Frankfort, the capital of the State. General Pierce Butler had on one side of him the Ohio, on the farther shore of which the savage hordes still held the mastery, and on the other the romantic region through which they hunted and pressed their war enterprises. And here, amid the scenes of border warfare, his son William had that spirit, which has animated him through life, educated by the legends of the Indian-fighting hunters of Kentucky.

To the feelings and taste inspired by the peculiarities of the place and circumstances adverted to, must be attributed the return of Col. Butler to his father's home, to enter on his profession as a lawyer. There were no great causes or rich clients to attract him—no dense population to lift him to the political honors of the State. The eloquence and learning, the industry and integrity which he gave to adjust the controversies of Gallatin and the surrounding counties, would have crowned him with wealth and professional distinction, if exhibited at Louisville or Lexington. But he coveted neither. Independence, the affections of his early associates, the love of a family circle, and the charm which the recollection of a happy boyhood gave to the scenes in which he was reared, were all he sought. And he found them all in the romantic dells and woodland heights of Kentucky, and on the sides of the far spreading, gently flowing, beautiful Ohio. The feeling which his sincere and sensitive nature had imbibed here was as strong as that of the Switzer for his bright lakes, lofty mountains, and deep valleys. The wild airs of the boat horn, which have resounded for so many years from arks descending the Ohio and Kentucky, floating along the current and recurring in echoes from the hollows of the hills, like its eddies, became as dear to him as the famous Ranz de Vache to the native of Switzerland. We insert, as characteristic alike of the poetical talent and temperament of Butler, some verses which the sound of this rude instrument evoked when he returned home, resigning with rapture "the ear piercing fife and spirit stirring drum" for the wooden horn, which can only compass in its simple melody such airs as that to which Burns has set his beautiful words—

> When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
> And gentle peace returning,
> Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
> And mony a widow mourning;
> I left the lines and tented field.

The music of this song made the burden of the "Boatman's Horn," and always announced the approaching ark to the river villages.

The sentiments of the poet, as well as the sweet and deep tones which wafted the plaintive air over the wide expanse of the Ohio, may have contributed to awaken the feeling which pervade these lines.

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THE BOAT HORN.

O, boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the list'ning air
Upon its lambent bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain—
What though thy notes are sad, and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's brink of flowers,
While some lone boatman, from the deck,
Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride!
Delighted Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted—Echo bore it round
In whispers soft, and softer still,
From hill to plain, and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless, frolick boy,
Elate with hope, and wild with joy,
Who gamboled by the river's side,
And spurned with the fretting tide,
Feels something new pervade his breast,
Chain his light step, repress his jest,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear
To catch the sounds far off yet dear—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
The tear of rapture fills his eye
And can be now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and lone,
As on the ravished ear they fall,
Bind every sense in magic spell?
There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain Heaven,
Beginning with the dewy flower,
Just oped in Flora's vernal bower—
Rising creation's orders through
With louder murmur, brighter hue—
That tide is sympathy! its ebb and flow
Give life its hues of joy and wo.
Music, the master-spirit that can move
Its waves to war, or lull them into love—
Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,
And bid the soldier on! nor fear the grave—
Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul to claim his God.
Then, boatman! wind that horn again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What though they wake fond memory's tear!
Tears are fond memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her closest guest.

This retirement, which may almost be considered seclusion, was enjoyed by Col. Butler nearly twenty-five years, when he was called out by the Democratic party to redeem by his personal popularity the congressional district in which he lived. It was supposed that no one else could save it from the Whigs. Like all the rest of his family, none of whom had made their military service a passport to the honors and emoluments of civil stations, he was averse to relinquish the attitude he occupied to enter on a party struggle. The importunity of friends prevailed; and he was elected to two successive terms in Congress, absolutely refusing to be a candidate a third time. He spoke seldom in Congress, but in two or three fine speeches which appear in the debates, a power will readily be detected which could not have failed to conduct to the highest distinction in that body. Taste, judgment, and eloquence, characterized all his efforts in Congress. A fine manner, an agreeable voice, and the high consideration accorded to him by the members of all parties, gave him, what it is the good fortune of few to obtain, an attentive and gratified audience.

In 1844 the same experiment was made with Butler's popularity to carry the state for the Democracy, as had succeeded in his congressional district. He was nominated as the Democratic candidate for governor by the 8th of January Convention; and there is good ground to believe that he would have been chosen over his estimable Whig competitor, Governor Owsley, but for the universal conviction throughout the state that the defeat of Mr. Clay's party, by the choice of a Democratic governor in August, would have operated to injure Mr. Clay's prospects throughout the Union, in the presidential election which followed immediately after in November. With Mr. Clay's popularity, and the activity of all his friends—with the state pride so long exalted by the aspiration of giving a President to the Union—more eagerly than ever enlisted against the Democracy, Col. Butler diminished the Whig majority from twenty thousand to less than five thousand.

The late military events with which Maj. Gen. Butler has been connected—in consequence of his elevation to that grade in 1846, with the view to the command of the volunteers raised to support Gen. Taylor in his invasion of Mexico—are so well known to the country that minute recital is not necessary. He acted a very conspicuous part in the severe conflict at Monterey, and had, as second in command under Gen. Taylor, his full share in the arduous duties and responsibilities incurred in that important movement. The narrative of Major Thomas, senior assistant adjutant-general of the army in Mexico, and hence assigned by Gen. Taylor to the staff of Gen. Butler, reports so plainly and modestly the part which Gen. Butler performed in subjecting the city, that it may well stand for history. This passage is taken from it. "The army arrived at their camp in the vicinity of Monterey about noon September 19th. That afternoon the general endeavored by personal observation to get information of the enemy's position. He, like Gen. Taylor, saw the importance of gaining the road to Saltillo, and fully favored the movement of Gen. Worth's division to turn their left, &c. Worth marched Sunday, September 20th, for this purpose, thus leaving Twiggs' and Butler's divisions with Gen. Taylor. Gen. Butler was also in favor of throwing his division across the St. John's river, and approaching the town from the east, which was at first determined upon. This was changed, as it would leave but one, and perhaps the smallest division, to guard the camp, and attack in front. The 20th the general also reconnoitered the enemy's position. Early the morning of the 21st the force was ordered out to create a diversion in favor of Worth, that he might gain his position; and before our division came within long range of the enemy's principal battery, the foot of Twiggs' division had been ordered down to the northeast side of the town, to make an armed reconnoisance of the advanced battery, and to take it if it could be done without great loss. The volunteer division was scarcely formed in rear of our howitzer and mortar battery, established the night previous under cover of a rise of ground, before the infantry sent down to the northeast side of the town became closely and hotly engaged, the batteries of that division were sent down, *and we were then ordered to*

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support the attack. Leaving the Kentucky regiment to support the mortar and howitzer battery, the general rapidly put in march, by a flank movement, the other three regiments, moving for some one and a-half or two miles under a heavy fire of round shot. As further ordered, the Ohio regiment was detached from Quitman's brigade, and led by the general (at this time accompanied by Gen. Taylor) into the town. Quitman carried his brigade directly on the battery first attacked, and gallantly carried it. Before this, however, as we entered the suburbs, the chief engineer came up and advised us to withdraw, as the object of the attack had failed, and if we moved on we must meet with great loss. The general was loath to fall back without consulting with Gen. Taylor, which he did do—the general being but a short distance off. As we were withdrawing, news came that Quitman had carried the battery, and Gen. Butler led the Ohio regiment back to the town at a different point. In the street we became exposed to a line of batteries on the opposite side of a small stream, and also from a *tête de pont* (bridge-head) which enfiladed us. Our men fell rapidly as we moved up the street to get a position to charge the battery across the stream. Coming to a cross-street, the general reconnoitered the position, and determining to charge from that point, sent me back a short distance to stop the firing, and advance the regiment with the bayonet. I had just left him, when he was struck in the leg, being on foot, and was obliged to leave the field."

"On entering the town, the general and his troops became at once hotly engaged at short musket range. He had to make his reconnoisances under heavy fire. This he did unflinchingly, and by exposing his person—on one occasion passing through a large gateway into a yard which was entirely open to the enemy. When he was wounded, at the intersection of the two streets, he was exposed to a cross-fire of musketry and grape."

"In battle the general's bearing was truly that of a soldier; and those under him felt the influence of his presence. He had the entire confidence of his men."

The narrative of Major Thomas continues:

"When Gen. Taylor went on his expedition to Victoria, in December, he placed Gen. Butler in command of the troops left on the Rio Grande, and at the stations from the river on to Saltillo—Worth's small division of regulars being at the latter place. Gen. Wool's column had by this time reached Parras, one hundred or more miles west of Saltillo. General Butler had so far recovered from his wound as to walk a little and take exercise on horseback, though with pain to his limb. One night, (about the 19th December,) an express came from Gen. Worth at Saltillo, stating that the Mexican forces were advancing in large numbers from San Luis de Potosi, and that he expected to be attacked in two days. His division, all told, did not exceed 1500 men, if so many, and he asked reinforcements. The general remained up during the balance of the night, sent off the necessary couriers to the rear for reinforcements, and had the 1st Kentuckey, and the 1st Ohio foot, then encamped three miles from town, in the place by daylight; and these two regiments, with Webster's battery, were encamped that night ten miles on the road to Saltillo. This promptness enabled the general to make his second day's march of twenty-two miles in good season, and to hold the celebrated pass of Los Muertos, and check the enemy should he have attacked Gen. Worth on that day, and obliged him to evacuate the town. Whilst on the next, and last day's march, the general received notice that the reported advance of the enemy was untrue. Arriving at the camp-ground, the general suffered intense pain from his wound, and slept not during the night. This journey, over a rugged, mountainous road, and the exercise he took in examining the country for twenty miles in advance of Saltillo, caused the great increase of pain now experienced."

The major's account then goes on to relate Gen. Butler's proceedings while in command of all the forces after the junction of Generals Worth and Wool—his dispositions to meet the threatened attack of Santa Anna—the defences created by him at Saltillo, and used during the attack at Buena Vista in dispersing Miñon's forces—his just treatment of the people of Saltillo, with the prudent and effectual precautions taken to make them passive in the event of Santa Anna's approach. It concludes by stating that all apprehensions of Santa Anna's advance subsiding, Gen. Butler returned to meet Gen. Taylor at Monterey, to report the condition of affairs; and the latter, having taken the command at Saltillo, transmitted a leave of absence to Gen. Butler, to afford opportunity for the cure of his wound.

This paper affords evidence of the kind feeling which subsisted between the two generals during the campaign, and this sentiment was strongly evinced by Gen. Butler, on his arrival in Washington, where he spoke in the most exalted terms of the leader under whom he served.

In person Gen. Butler is tall, straight, and handsomely formed, exceedingly active and alert—his mien is inviting—his manners graceful—his gait and air military—his countenance frank and pleasing—the outline of his features of the equiline cast, thin and pointed in expression—the general contour of his head is Roman.

The character of Gen. Butler in private life is in fine keeping with that exhibited in his public career. In the domestic circle, care, kindness, assiduous activity in anticipating the wants of all around him—readiness to forego his own gratifications to gratify others, have become habits growing out of his affections. His love makes perpetual sunshine at his home. Among his neighbors, liberality, affability, and active sympathy mark his social intercourse, and unbending integrity and justice all his dealings. His home is one of unpretending simplicity. It is too much the habit in Kentucky, with stern and fierce men, to carry their personal and political ends with a high hand. Gen. Butler, with all the masculine strength, courage, and reputation to give success to attempts of this sort, never evinced the slightest disposition to indulge the power, whilst his well-known firmness always forbade such attempts on him. His life has been one of peace with all men, except the enemies of his country.

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MATHEW MIZZLE,

OF THE INQUIRING MIND.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH C. NEAL.



How could he help it? Born with an inquiring turn of mind, and gifted from the first with a disposition toward experimental philosophy, by what processes would you undertake to change the current of Mathew Mizzle's mind? He is one of those who take nothing for granted. A weight of authority is little in his mind when compared to the personal investigation of the fact—facts for the people, and for himself as one of the people—that 's the pivot on which Mathew Mizzle turns and returns, one fact being to his mind worth whole volumes of speculative assumption; and to Mizzle all facts, let them relate to what they may, are of peculiar interest. It is useless to tell him so. He must go, see and examine for himself. Often, for instance, as he had been told that Gruffenhoff's big dog would bite at the aspect of strange visitations, do you think that this species of information would content the youthful Mizzle? No—he must see into the matter for himself, and ascertain it beyond the possibility of a doubt, by touching up Gruffenhoff's big dog with a stick, as the aforesaid big dog lay asleep in the sun, whereby the demonstration was immediately afforded. The big dog would bite—he did bite severely; and thus the little Mizzle added another fact to his magazine of knowledge, as well as an enduring scar to his person, which placed the result upon record, and kept memory fresh on the subject. One dog, at least, will

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bite; and thenceforth, Mathew Mizzle admitted the inference that dogs are apt to bite, under circumstances congenial to such dental performances. If you doubt it, there 's the mark.

"Burnee—burnee, baby," are the notes of warning often heard in the nursery, when heated stoves become an object of interest to little human specimens just learning to creep. But "burnee, burnee," conveyed no precise idea to the infantile Mizzle during his preliminary locomotive operations; and in consonance with the impulses of his nature, he soon tried the stove in its most intense displays of caloric, and in this way determined that "burnee, burnee," was unpleasant to the person, and injurious to the costume and raiment of that person, to say nothing of its threatening dispositions toward the whole establishment. "Burnee, burnee," to the house, as well as "burnee, burnee," to the baby. And so also as to lamps and candles—that they would "burnee" too, was placed, painfully, beyond the impertinent reach of a doubt in minds of the most sceptic order. Mathew Mizzle can show you the evidences to this day, scored, as it were, upon the living parchment, and engrossed in characters not to be misunderstood upon the cuticular binding of his physical identity.

It was useless, also, to place the little Mathew at the head of stairs, with information that any further advance on his part would prove matter of injury. How could he know until he had tried? Indeed, it required several clear tumbles down an entire flight to satisfy his judgment on this point, and to imprint it on his mind, through the medium of his bumpology, that the swiftest transition from one place to another, especially when effected by the downward movement, is not always the safest and the most agreeable. But afterward, none knew better than he what is meant by the word "landing," as applied to the staircase. "The Landing of Columbus" may be celebrated in pictures; but Mathew Mizzle accomplished landings that made very nearly as much noise as that effected by "the world-seeking Genoese," and the voyages of both were accompanied by squalls.

But it was not by the touch alone that Mathew Mizzle sought after information in his earlier career. His taste was equally curious. Strange bottles were subjects of the most intense interest, so that like Mithridates, he almost became proof against injury by the frequent imbibings of poison. He knew that pleasant draughts came from bottles, but had to learn that because a bottle has contents, it does not necessarily follow that these contents are either safe or agreeable. Ink, for instance—a copious mouthful of ink—however literary one may be, ink thus administered is not a matter over which the recipient is inclined greatly to rejoice. It did not appear so, at least, when Mathew Mizzle, in frock and trowsers, astonished, after this fashion, his mouth, his clothing and the carpet—so astonished himself that he forgot to reverse the bottle, but permitted it to pour in a steady stream right into the aperture of his lovely countenance. No one probably in the wide world ever acquired a greater variety of knowledge, as to the effect of substances of all kinds upon the human palate, than was obtained by Mathew Mizzle in the course of his earlier investigations into the relative qualities of solids and liquids. A spoonful of Cayenne pepper probably afforded him as much of surprise as any thing of the same portable compass. The varied expressions of his countenance would have been a study to a Lavater. The opera-house never witnessed a dance more remarkable for force and for expression; and if ever Mathew Mizzle was wide awake—wider than on any previous occasion, it was when he had seasoned himself highly with Cayenne. It made Mathew piquant to a degree; and something of the same kind might have been said of him when under the influence of mustard. He was then the warmest boy anywhere about; and fully appreciated the cheering influence of "the castors"—he did not go upon castors for a long time afterward, and never again to the same extent.

There was another source of trouble to Mathew Mizzle. His eyes proper were sharp enough; but the knowledge they acquired was not sufficient to satisfy his devouring thirst for information, and therefore much of his seeing was done with the tips of his fingers, or the grasp of his hands. He must touch every thing, and of course spoilt many things. Leave him alone in the room for a moment, and he would open all the letters, peep into every drawer, smell at every unknown substance, displace your china, spoil your musical-box, climb up the piano-forte, and pull over the vases of flowers. If you did not hear a crash this time, do not flatter yourself. Some secret, but equally important mischief has been accomplished, though it may not be apparent for days. The Mathew Mizzles always leave their mark; and when a gun went off in his hands, the shot that fractured the mirror rendered it fortunate that the mark was only a mirror, as Mathew Mizzle roared with terror at "the sound himself had made."

Mathew Mizzle, grown as he is now to man's estate, has perchance changed the objects of his pursuit, but the activity both of his mind and of his body remains undiminished. Curious as ever to ascertain facts. He is one of those who have ever an eye upon their neighbors. He follows people to ascertain whither they are going. It is a favorite amusement of his to peep through the blinds of an evening, to ascertain what you and your family are about. He listens at doors, and he peers through cracks and patronizes knot-holes. If he can learn nothing else, it is a satisfaction for him to ascertain what you are about to have for dinner, and who stopped in to tea. Speak over loud in the street, and Mathew Mizzle saunters close at your elbow, but with such an unconscious look, that you would never dream that he had come merely for information.

No one knows better than he all about the domestic difficulties of families. His sources of intelligence are innumerable. Sometimes you may find him on the back fence, taking observations of the domestic circle; and he has been seen of an evening up the linden-tree in front of domiciles, for similar purposes. The servants of the vicinage are all on confidential terms with Mathew Mizzle; and—have you not

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noted the fact?—when you would have secret discourse with a friend, Mizzle comes upon you, as the birds of prey scent a battle-field. All secrets appear to hold a species of telegraphic communication with our friend Mathew Mizzle, as to the fact at least, that there is a secret in existence, as well as a regard to its local habitation.

Ubiquitous Mathew Mizzle, yet invariably out of place. Open the door suddenly, and Mathew Mizzle is almost knocked down. Throw out a bucket of water at night, and Mathew Mizzle is there to receive its contents. Pass a stick through the key-hole, and it 's Mizzle's eye that suffers the detriment. You stumble over him in dark entries—you find him lying perdu in the closet. Go where you will, there is Mizzle, if it be in the wrong place for Mizzle's presence.

Behold him prowling round the scenes to investigate the mysteries of a theatrical performance. There he is, just where he was told not to be, and William Tell was not in fault that his arrow has stricken Mathew Mizzle breathless. What business had Mizzle there in Switzerland, lurking near the walls of Altorf?

Mizzle's last catastrophe, like the last catastrophe of many other distinguished citizens, was effected by means of a ladder, which he had ascended cautiously by night, after the painters had left their work, to see what was going on in the chamber of a second story. Suddenly, there was a dog at the bottom of the aforesaid ladder, and a cudgel at the top, presenting the alternatives of a dilemma. Switches above and bark below, what could the unfortunate Mathew Mizzle do but surrender himself a prisoner of war? Poor Mizzle! They put him under the pump, and made him acquainted with the nature of ducks.

Is it not a pity that the system of "espionage" does not obtain in America, that Mathew Mizzle might have a field for the exercise of the qualities which are so remarkably developed in his constitution? It would be a perfect union of duty and of pleasure, if he could be employed to find out every thing that goes on in town and about, and it is a great pity that means could not be devised to save so fine a young man from the waste of his genius.

"People are so fussy about their secrets," says he, "as if there were any use of having secrets, if it were not for the fun of finding them out and talking about them. It 's mean and selfish to abridge intelligence in that sort of way, and if I knew of any country where they manage matters on a different system, I 'd emigrate right away, I would. A pretty piece of business, to put a man under the pump, because he seeks after knowledge."

SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Before the plough had scattered fields of grain
And grassy orchards midst the oaken woods
Of Shawangunk, upon the mountain's top
Stood a wood-cutter's hut. Himself and wife
Shared it alone. The spot was green and sweet.
The earth was covered with a velvet sward,
Grouped with low thickets, here and there a tree
Rearing its dark rich foliage to the heavens.

Pleasant the echoes of his fast plied axe,
Merrily rattling through the mountain-woods,
To those who sought the old surveyor's road
For shade and coolness; and amidst the sounds
Would boom deep heavy shocks of falling trees,
Like growls of thunder in the noontide-hush,
So that the eye would glance impulsively
Up to the tree-tops, to discern the peak
Of the ascending cloud.
His forest-life,
Though rude, was joyous. When the mellow charm
Of sunset on the smiling mountains lay,
The creaking of his high-piled cart would blend
With song or whistle blithe, as, dipping down
The road, he sought the village in the midst
Of the green hollow. This slight mountain-road
Went slanting to the summit, with blazed trunks
On either side, and soft delicious grass
Spreading its carpet; one faint track alone
Telling that wheel had e'er its beauty scarred.
Close to the hut it passed, then downward plunged,
And sought the level of the opposite side.

'T was at the close of one cold winter day
That down this road I trod. My weary steps,
With efforts vain, had tracked, for hours, the deer,
And now, with empty flask and rifle, swift,
I journeyed homeward. Nature's great bright eye
Low beaming in the west, still poured sweet light
Upon the mountain. The pure snow, all round,
In delicate rose-tints glowed. The hemlocks smiled,
Speckled with gold. The oak's sear foliage, still
Tight clinging to the boughs, was kindled up
To warm rich brown. The myriad trunks and sprays
Traced their black lines upon the soft snow-blush
Beneath, until it seemed a tangled maze.
Upon the mountain's top, a thread of smoke
From the low cabin rose, as though a streak
Of violet had been painted on the air.
I heard the ring of the wood-cutter's axe,
And, through an opening, saw his instrument
Flashing into a walnut's giant stem,
Whose upborne mass, in the fast lowering light,
Seemed cut in copper. A broad wind-fall near
Let down my eyes upon the hollow. White
In snow it lay, with long and dusky lines
Of fences crossing—groups of orchard-trees—
Hay-barracks—barns and long low dwelling-roofs.
Straight as an arrow ran the streak of road

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Athwart the hollow. As I looked, the eye
In the red west sank lower, till half quenched
Behind the upland, then a shred of light
Glittered and vanished, and the sky was bare.
Whilst gazing on this splendor, suddenly
I heard a shriek. Shrill, ringing midst the woods
In piercing clearness, through my ears it cut,
And left a sense of deafness. Startled, round
I gazed. Again the horrid sound thrilled past.
I knew it then as the terrific cry
Of the fierce, bloody panther. In our woods
Naught fiercer, bloodier dwells, when roused by rage
Or hunger. Oft our hunters had of late
Marked the huge foot-prints of the ravenous beast,
And heard his scream at midnight, but no eye
As yet had seen him. With a nervous grasp
Upon my useless weapon, and a weight
Of helplessness, like lead, upon my soul,
I started on my path. At every step
I thought his tawny form and fierce green eye
Would meet my sight, upon some limb o'erhead.
But naught was seen. The village soon I reached,
And gladly crossed the threshold of my home.
The long, cold, breathless night came swiftly down.
The clear, magnificent moon seemed not inlaid
In the bright blue, but stood out bold, distinct,
As though impending from the cloudless skies
Glittering with frost. Upon the sparkling snow
The rich light slept in such sweet purity
As naught on earth can match. The hours sped on.
The silver day still shone serene and clear,
And twinkled on the crystals shooting round.
Gazing once more upon the splendid scene,
Before I sought the couch, my wandering eye
Glanced at the mountain. There it grandly stood
A giant mass of ivory. On the spot
Where the steep slanting road the hollow joined,
My sight a moment dwelt, for there I last
Had swept around a quick and piercing gaze,
In search of the gaunt monster whose keen cry
Still echoed in my ears. Is that a spot
Of shadow flickering in some transient breeze?
No. O'er the hollow, gliding swift, it comes.
Is it the ravenous panther, fierce for blood,
Seeking the village? Closer as it speeds
A clearer shape it shows—a human form—
'T is the wood-cutter's wife! She loudly shrieks,
"My husband—lost—wake, wake!" the moonlight falls
Upon her features swollen with tears. A band
Of villagers was soon aroused, and forth
We sallied toward the mountain. So intense
The cold, the snow creaked shrilly at our tread,
And the strewed diamonds on its surface flashed
Back the keen moonlight. As we trod along,
The wife in breathless haste, her story told,
How, when the sunset fell, she watched to see
Her husband's form swift speeding up the road,
From the side-clearing, at that wonted hour,
Toward his low roof. The sunset died, and night
Sprang on the earth; the absent one came not.
The moon moved up; the latch-string was not pulled
For entrance in the cabin. Hours sped on.
And still, upon the silvered snow, no form
Her gaze rewarded. Once she heard afar
A panther's shriek. Her fear to frenzy rose.
To the side-clearing sped she; naught was there
But solitude and moonlight. As she told
Her tale I shuddered. In my ear again
Rang the fierce shriek I heard as sunset glowed,
And my flesh crept with horror. Up we trod
Our mountain snow-path speedily. At length,
To where the narrow opening in the woods
Led from the road, we came. 'T was at this spot
I stood, and watched the form and flashing axe
Of him, the lost. We passed within. The moon
Threw on the little clearing a full flood
Of radiance. There the crusted wood-pile stood;
There was the walnut with a ghastly notch
Deep in its heart. A ledge of rock rose up
Beside the wounded tree, and at its base
A space of blackest hue proclaimed a chasm.
No life was stirring on the brilliant waste;
The trees rose like a wall on every side
But where the ledge frowned darkly. As I checked
My footsteps at the half-hewn walnut, drops
Thick sprinkled round—the snow stamped down—an axe
Lying upon the high wreathed roots, my gaze,
As with a charm, arrested. From this spot
Large prints and a broad furrow stretched along
To the black chasm within the rocky ledge.
We clustered round the mouth. A low, deep growl
Came from the depths. Two orbs of flashing fire
Glared in the darkness. Brace, the hunter, aimed
His rifle just between the flaming spots,
And fired. Fierce growls and gnashings loud of teeth
Blent with the echoes, and then all was still.
The spots were seen no more. A few had brought
Splinters of pine for torches, and the flint
Supplied the flame. With one hand grasping tight
A hatchet keen, the other a bright torch,
The dauntless hunter ventured, with slow steps,
Within the cavern. Soon a shout we heard,
And Brace appeared, with all his giant strength
Dragging a lifeless panther. In again
He passed, and then brought out a human form,
Mangled and crushed. A shriek pealed wild and high,
And, swooning, sank the wife upon the snow,
Beside the dead. With silent, deep-felt awe
We bore both to the hut. A sudden cloud
Rose frowning from the north, and deep and fierce
Howled the loosed tempest. From her death-like swoon,
Roused by our care, the hapless wife poured out
Her cries and wailings. Through the livelong night
We heard her moans and screams and ravings wild,
Blending with all those stern and awful tones
That the scourged forest yields. But morning dawned,
And brought the widowed and the broken heart
The peace of death. Beside the lonely hut,
Two graves were opened in the frozen snow,
And silence then fell deeply on the spot.
No more the smoke curled up. No more the axe
Rang in the mountain; and a few short years
Leveled the cabin with the forest-earth,
Midst spreading bushes, fern and waving grass.

INNOCENCE.

Let me, lamb-like, share caresses,
From thy hand that knows not stain;
Flowers that woo, the smile that blesses,
Hours that pass and leave no pain!
Be with me in sleeping, waking;
Be with me in toil and rest:
Living, thine; and, life forsaking,
Let me slumber on thy breast!

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A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

(IN A LETTER FROM N. P. WILLIS TO THE EDITOR OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.)

To Geo. R. Graham, Esq.

New York, December 1, 1847.

Dear Sir,—By to-night's mail should go to you a piece of mental statuary, which is yet in a marble block of the reluctant quarry of my brain—due to you by agreement on the first of December, one uncon ceived tale! But though we do so strangely bargain the invisible wares of the imagination, deliverable, like merchandize, on a certain day, the contractor is still liable to the caprices of the world he trades from, and your order on me for fancy yet undug, must, I fear, be protested. You would not believe me if I were to tell you literally why. But the truth is that I, and a certain cave (mentioned by Humboldt, on the banks of the Oronooko, which he calls a "subterranean organ,") can only give out music in certain states of the weather. With the dry, sharp, icy north wind of the last few days, I could no more write than I could supply electricity to Morse's wire.

But—no failure is *quite* twenty shillings in the pound. What say you to the assets? The statue will not be forth coming—but will you have the model, after which the undug block was to have been hewed? Shall I send you the literal truth which I had intended to drape with imagination—tell the facts of real life which I had designed to weave into a story. I shall thus, at least, clear *yourself* of the non-fulfilment of the promise of your pre-advertised contents, and (engaging to send you a story properly completed for the next number) shall effect, perhaps, a compromise for my delinquent punctuality.

This, then, is the thread of literal truth which was to have run through the fancy-woof of my story.

Some years ago, after a year or two of residence in different cities of Italy, I found myself very much at home in Naples. It was an unusually gay season—the concentration of the rank and fashion of the floating society of travelers varying between Rome, Florence, and Naples, very much as it does, in our country, between the different watering-places—by caprices that no one can foresee. The English people of rank, more particularly, were in very great force; and the blonde mous-taches, so much admired in the dark-haired South, and the skins of alabaster and rose, so envied by the brunettes of Italy, abounded at the balls and in the public places. The king kept very gay court, the royal entertainments accessible to all strangers properly introduced, and the ambassadors and bankers, nobles and wealthy strangers, seemed to want twice as many nights and mornings in the week, so conflicting were the balls and breakfasts, driving-parties and dinners.

As, of course, an unobserved looker-on in scenes of such brilliant rivalry and display, I had more attention to spare than most whom I met; and I soon found myself—eyes, mind, fancy, and interest, absorbed in one study—a new revelation of a type of woman. We are accustomed to see the sex in classes—hundreds of a kind—and find them sufficiently absorbing as nouns of multitude. It is probably one of Heaven's principles of human safety, that women are made in "lots" so like, that a transfer of a slighted heart, from an unwilling beauty to some willing likeness of her, safely vents the volcano. Proportionately dangerous, however, are those rare women—of whom a man sees, perhaps, one or two in his life—who are the only ones of their type and kind; for, out of love for them, their is no exit but through their hearts.

You are going too fast if you fancy I am about to record a fruitless passion of my own. Though of "easy wax," I am not stamped, except by will of the imprintress; and my only cobweb thread of personal remembrance is a horseback excursion to Camaldoli, in which I played the propriety-third to the best of my discretion. It is necessary to define thus much, to redeem my estimate of the lady from the imputation of mere fancy. Had I known her intimately, or not known her at all, my judgment of her would be less reliable. In just the position for untroubled and most favorable observation, I studied her in silence through that brilliant season, and laid away her image (as one does without more than one or two choked-down aspirations) to people castles in the air, and fill niches in the temple of dreams.

The foregoing prepares you for a portrait of the proposed heroine of my story—but that you would have had, had the story been written. I never could draw a picture of a woman but from the life, and to that fictitious tale I should have transferred, with studied and careful truthfulness, the enamel portrait burnt in upon my memory, and which you would have admired my fancy for conceiving. Oh! the mistake of supposing that we can imagine things brighter than we have seen with our eyes—that there is any kingdom of air, visitable by poets, which is comparable to the glorious world we live in, with its *some* women, *some* sunsets, *some* strains of music, and *some* fore-tasted heaven-thrills of emotion.

The heir to one of the oldest titles of England was the husband of this lady. The fortunes of his family had been wasted; and they had lived for a generation or two in comparative obscurity, when the present Lord —— came of age. He had been educated carefully, but was of great personal beauty, and I thought when I first saw him, was as fine a model as I had ever seen of the quiet, reserved, self-intrenched school of modern English manners. With his beauty and his title, though with little or no estate, he had easily married a lady of fortune—the only daughter

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of a retired banker. And this heiress, Lady ——, is the one whose story I would have told through a veil of fiction.

The Countess of —— was an unsurpassed horsewoman, and rode constantly. Her blood-horses had been sent round by ship from England; and she was always mounted on an animal whose every fibre seemed obedient to her thought, and with whose motion every line of her own tall and slenderly-rounded person, and every ringlet of her flowing, golden curls seemed in a correspondence governed by the very spirit of beauty. She rode with her rein loose, and her mind apparently absorbed with any thing but her horse. A turn of her head, or the pressure of her foot upon his shoulder, was probably the animal's guidance. But, of an excessively impassioned nature, she conversed in the saddle with the expression and gesture of the most earnest untrammeling of mind, and, in full speed, as in the repose upon a lounge in a saloon, she carried away the listener with her uncalculating and passionate absorption—no self-possession, however on its guard it might be, able, apparently, to withstand the enveloping and resistless influence which she herself was a slave to. Unconsciousness of every thing in the world, except the feeling she was pouring from her soul, seemed the only and every-day condition and law of her nature; and supreme as she was in fashion of dress, and style of manner, these seemed matters learned and lost thought of—she having returned to nature, leaving her triumphs as a belle to be cared for by infallible habit. A separate spirit of light, speaking from the lips of the most accomplished and best perfected of women—the spirit, and the form possessed, being each in full exercise of their best faculties—could scarcely have conveyed more complete impressions of wondrous mind, in perfect body, or have blended more ravishingly, the entireness of heavenly with the most winning earthly development. She was an earnest angel, in the person of a self-possessed and enerringly graceful woman.

I chanced to be looking on, when Prince ——, one of the brothers of a royal family of central Europe, was presented to the Countess ——. It was at a crowded ball; and I observed that, after a few minutes of conversation with her, he suddenly assumed a ceremonious indifference of manner, and went into another room. I saw at once that the slightness of the attention was an "anchor to windward," and that, in even those few minutes the prince had recognized a rare gem, and foreseen that, in the pursuit of it, he might need to be without any remembered particularity of attention. Lady —— conversed with him with her usual earnest openness, but started a little, once or twice, at words which were certainly unaccompanied by their corresponding expression of countenance; and this, too, I put down for an assumption of disguise on the part of the prince. It was natural enough; with his conspicuous rank, he could only venture to be unguarded in his attentions to those for whom he had no presentiment of future intimacy.

That the progress of this acquaintance should assume for me the interest of a drama—a scene of it played every night, with interludes every day, in public drives and excursions—would not be wonderful to you, could I have drawn the portrait of the principal performer in it, so that you would understand its novelty. I had never seen such a woman, and I was intensely interested to know how she would bear temptation. The peculiar character of the prince I easily understood; and I felt at once, that of all stages of an accomplished man's progress, he was at the one most dangerous to her, while, perhaps, no other kind of woman in the world would have called upon any but very practiced feelings of his own. He was of middle age, and had intellect enough to have long anticipated the ebb of pleasure. With his faculties and perceptions in full force, he was most fastidious in permitting himself to enjoy an enthusiasm, to admire, to yield to, or to embark upon with risk. The admiration of mere beauty, mere style, mere wit, mere superiority of intellect in woman, or of any of these combined, was but a recurrent phase of artificial life. He had been to the terminus, the farthest human capability of enjoyment of this, and was now back again to nature, with his keenest relish in reserve, looking for such outdoings of art as nature sometimes shows in her caprices. In the Countess —— he recognized at once a rare miracle of this—a woman whose beauty, whose style, whose intellect, whose pride, were all abundant, but, abundant as they were, still all subservient to electric and tumultuous *sensation*. Her life, her impulse—the consciousness with which she breathed—was the one gift given her by Heaven in tenfold measure, and her impression on those she expanded to, was like the magnetizing presence of ten full existences poured into one. The heart acknowledged it before her—though the reason knew not always why.

Lord —— would scarce have been human had he not loved such a woman, and she his wife. He did love her—and doubtless loves her at this hour with all the tenderness of which he could ever be capable. If they had lived only on their estates in England, where seclusion would have put up no wall of concealment to his feelings, she might have drawn from the open well of his heart, the water for which her ardent being was athirst. But with the usage of fashionable life, he followed his own amusements during the day, leaving the countess to hers; and in scenes of gayety they were, of course, still separated by custom; and all she enjoyed of nature in her rides, or of excitement in society, was, of course, with others than her husband. Naples is in the midst of palace-gardens, and of wonders of scenery—in seeing which love is engendered in the bosom and brain with tropical fruitfulness—and Lady —— could no more have lived that year in Italy without passionate loving, than she could have stayed from breathing the fragrance of the orange blossoms, when galloping between the terraced gardens of Sorrento.

. . . . . .

When abroad, a little more than a year ago, I made a visit to a friend, whose estate is in the same county with that of the father of Lady ——, and be-

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tween whose park-gates and his extends the distance of a morning's drive through one of the loveliest hedged winding-roads of lovely England. A very natural inquiry was of the whereabout and happiness of the Countess of ——, whom I had left at Naples ten years before, and had not been in the way of hearing of since; and I named her in the gay tone with which one speaks of the brilliant and happy. We were sitting at the dinner-table, and I observed that I had mis-struck a chord of feeling in the company present, and with well-bred tact, the master of the house informed me that misfortunes had befallen the family since the period I spoke of, and turned the conversation to another topic. After dinner, I heard from him the following outline of the story, and its affecting sequel.

Near the close of the season when Lord —— was at Naples, he suddenly left that city and returned with his wife and their one child to England. To the surprise of the wondering world, Lady —— went to her father's, and Lord —— to the small estate of his widowed mother, where they remained for a while in unexplained seclusion. It was not long before rumors arrived from Italy, of a nature breathing upon the reputation of the lady; and soon after a formal separation took place, Mr. ——, her father, engaging to leave his whole fortune to the son of Lord ——, if that nobleman would consent to give him to the exclusive keeping of his mother. With these facts ended the world's knowledge of the parties, the separated pair remaining, year after year, in absolute seclusion; and Lady —— never having been known to put foot beyond the extending forest in which her home was hidden from view, and the gates to which were guarded from all entrance, even of family friends.

It was but a few days before this sequel was narrated to me, that the first communication had been made from the Countess of —— to her husband. It was a summons to attend, if he wished, the burial of his only child—the heir of his name, and the bringer-back, had he lived, of wealth to the broken fortunes of his title. A severer blow could hardly have followed the first—for it struck down heart, pride, and all that could brighten this world's future. Lord —— came. The grave was made in a deep grove of firs on the estate of the boy's mother. There were but three mourners present—herself, her father, and her husband. The boy was ten or eleven years old when he died, and one of the most gifted and noble lads, in mind and person, that had ever been seen by those who knew him. On his horse, with his servant behind him, the young boy-lord was a constant sight of pride and beauty to the inhabitants of the county, and was admired and beloved every where he rode in his daily excursions.

The service was read; the two parents stood side by side at the grave, while the body was laid in it—the first time they had met since their separation, and both in the prime of life, and with hearts yearning—both hearts, beyond a doubt—with love, and longing for forgiveness; and when the earth rang on the coffin, they *parted without exchanging a word*. The carriage of Lord —— waited for him in the avenue; and with the expiring echo of his wheels through that grove of fir-trees, died all hope and prospect, if any had been conceived, of a re-union, in grief, of these proud broken-hearted.

I have told you this, with literal truth, all that I could know of this drama of real life; but, of course, its sketchy outline could be easily filled out by fancy. Your readers, perhaps, will like to do this for themselves.

Yours truly,

N. P. Willis.

LINES TO ——.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Like a cloud of the summer sunset
Gleaming across the blue,
Like a star of the golden twilight
Through the misty evening dew,
Like a strain of heavenly music
Breathed mournfully and low,
Charming the heart to sadness
By its bewildering flow—
Thou camest to my presence
In the far off long-ago.
Thou camest for a moment,
Then fleeted swift away,
As the rosy cloud of sunset
Fades at the close of day,
As the beaming star of twilight
Withdraws its golden ray.
Thou hast past from out my presence
As the songs low cadence dies,
Which the heart seeketh ever,
And evermore it flies.
Oh, in my weary journeying
Come to me yet once more,
While still my footsteps wander
On Time's uncertain shore.
Come to me, oh, sweet vision
Of what my soul has sought,
And with mine once more mingle
Thy far, sky-piercing thought.
Call I in vain thy spirit?
Do I seek thee all in vain?
Shall I never hear thy accent
In music full again?
Why didst thou cross my pathway,
Oh soul so pure and true?
To fade like the clouds of sunset
Like the star from the misty blue?

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AUTUMNAL SCENERY.

WHAT IS NECESSARY TO THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE'S BEAUTIES

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I AM not of those who think that a true enjoyment of the beauties of nature, of natural scenery, and natural objects, generally, is a test of the purity of principle or the delicacy of sentiment, any more than I hold that a love of music is essential to domestic, social or political virtue. The cultivation of the eye and the ear—or the capabilities in those organs for cultivation—have more to do with all this than many seem to allow; and men and women of the purest principles, and the highest benevolence, may stand within the loveliest scenes that nature has ever spread out, or may listen to the most delicious music that art has ever prepared and performed, without comprehending the beauties or the excellence of either, or imagining that there is a moral test applied to them in these attractions. Nevertheless, there is an enjoyment in such scenes and such sounds, and those who are permitted to share therein have another life—or such an additional enjoyment added to *that* of ordinary minds, that they seem to live more, if not longer, in such pleasures than the common allotment; and none, I suspect, will doubt that the indulgence of a taste for natural beauties tends to soften the mind, soothe the passions, and thus elevate the feelings and aspirations.

If I have less of the power of appreciating and enjoying rural sights and rural sounds, if there is vouchsafed to me a *limited* capability of understanding and delighting in the beauties of the field and wood, of gathering pleasure from the outstretched loveliness of land and stream, still I thank God; and I speak with reverence, I thank God that I have *some* pleasure in these things; and more than that, I have a certain fixed delight in noticing the enjoyment which the better formed and higher cultivated mind derives from what a good Providence has poured out for the decoration of the earth. Humble as this faculty may be, which is partly exercised through intermediate objects, I find it useful to me, and, still better, I find that it ministers to other pleasures—to enjoy what is lovely is a high and a cultivated talent—the enjoyment of that loveliness with another kindred or more elevated mind is a yet higher attainment, as the performance of *concerted* music is more difficult and more gratifying than a simple solo.

Rarely within my recollection, and that is as inclusive as the remembrance of almost any around me, rarely has an autumn been more delightful than that which has just closed, in its clear, shining sunlight, or more attractive for its bland and healthful temperature. Not leisure—for that I have little to boast of, or to *fear*. Let my young readers mark that word, *fear*. I am not about to write a homily upon the uses of time and talents, but let me parenthetically note that the gift of enjoying leisure is so rare in the young, that a lack of constant occupation should be rather feared than courted. I do not speak of the danger of flagrant vice, but of a growing propensity to disregard portions of time, because only *portions* may be necessary to the discharge of admitted duties—the danger is imminent—but not to the young alone. In youth, love of action *may* employ the leisure to the promotion of vice in age, a tendency to inertness may induce the abuse of the leisure to total inaction. I can hardly imagine any object more unsightly than an idle old man—the dead trunk of a decayed tree, marring the landscape and injuring culture. But I must return. Not leisure, for I have little of that to boast of or fear; not leisure, but a love, a growing love for the partial solitude of the field, and something of an enjoyment of the elevating communion which it leaves, sent me more than once in November last strolling beyond the dusty roads and noisy turnpike in the vicinity of our city. It was, as I have reason to recollect, on the eighteenth of November, that I was wandering observantly, but in deep contemplation, across some of the fields that lie near the road leading from the city to Frankford. It was a lovely day, and every feeling of my heart was consonant to the scene. Ascending a little eminence, I obtained an extensive view. The forest trees had lost their rich garb of mottled beauties, and their denuded limbs stretched out with attenuated delicacy, seemed to streak the distant horizon with darkened lines. On my right the winding Delaware lay stretched out in glassy beauty, and near me, glittering in the sunlight beyond, were a thousand gossamer webs that had survived a recent storm. The fields were unusually green, for the season, as if the year were clothing itself, like an expiring prelate, with its richest habiliments, that its departure might leave the impress of that beauty which comes from its usefulness. I had yielded to the influences of the scene, had allowed my feeling to predominate, and was in the midst of an unwonted abstraction from all ordinary cares and relations, catching something of that state with which the more gifted are indulged, when I was startled by the sound of footsteps upon the carpet-like grass around me.

"Hardly looking for game here?" said the person inquiringly.

"And without dog and gun?" said I.

"There 's not much game in these parts," said he.

"And yet I was hunting!" said I. "Hunting pleasure from the prospect."

"I do not derive much pleasure," said my com-

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panion, "from such things. Almost all fields are alike to me. Generally they are places for labor, or they lie between my residence and labor, and thus make a toilsome distance."

"But do you not enjoy the pleasure of this scene? Do you not, while looking abroad from some eminence, feel a sensation different from what you experience while walking on the turnpike?"

"Most generally. I think there was once or twice a feeling came over me here which I did not exactly understand."

"And when was that?"

"Always on Sunday morning, as I have been crossing the field to attend service at the church yonder. I could not tell whether it was a sense of relief from ordinary labor, or something connected with the service in which I was about to join; but, certainly, the fields, and woods, and water beyond, had a different appearance, and seemed to affect me differently from their ordinary influence. Perhaps as these feelings are recent, they may have sprung from another cause."

"If the beauties of nature, and the influence of religious aspirations could not account for those feelings which you experienced, I can scarcely tell whence you derived the sensation."

"I suppose that all beauties are not discernable at once, and our sympathies are not all awakened by a single exhibition of what may be productive of delight or sorrow. Whatever of pleasure I have derived from the beauties observable from such places as this, are not primarily referable to my own powers of application, but rather from the lessons of another—lessons derived from a few words, and from constant example."

"And, pray, what *example* could open to you new beauties in a landscape, or develop attractions in a scene which you had been in the habit of seeing for many years?"

"I do not know that any one has taught me by word and example to see from any point of observation, aught that I had not discerned before, but it is certain that what was unnoticeable became an object of contemplation, and points of the scenery have been made to harmonize by association, when viewed separately, they had little that was attractive.

"A few years since, a young lady, I think of European birth, was brought to live in the house which stands near yonder clump of trees; her situation seemed that of an humble companion to the lady—but her services and her influence made her more than loved. I never saw more affection exhibited than all of the household manifested toward her. I cannot tell you what means she used to acquire such a mastery over the love of all around her, but, though less within the influence of her attractive manners than some others, I yet shared in the general feeling of regard. She was a frequent visiter to a small eminence in this immediate neighborhood, and I often followed her thither, though I was careful not to reach the place until her departure: and then I have gone around as she did, looking at the various points of the scenery, to try to have the enjoyment which was imparted to her from the visits. Once I came when she was here, and met a condescension entirely hidden in kindness; she called my attention to what she designated the numerous beauties of the place, and subsequently I went frequently to the spot to look at what she had pointed out, and I think I occasionally derived some new pleasure from the scene. I am not able now to say whether that pleasure was the result of new capacities to behold beauties, or whether it was consequent upon my respect for her who had imparted the lesson. Perhaps both.

"There was a young man, a relative of Mrs. ——, with whom this lady resided, that came frequently to the house. I never saw a person apparently more winning in his manner, or more delicate in his attentions; and, as all expected, he proposed for marriage to the young woman. It was thought that there would be objections on the part of *his* relations—and there were; but they came from the gentleman of the house, who plainly declared that the young man was not worthy of the woman he sought. Her heart, it was evident, was concerned; it was whispered, I know not how truly, that the youth had associations in the city unworthy his relations at home. But when do the young and confiding ever regard monitions of this kind. She, whose good sense had restored order to a family that needed direction, and had sustained her against all adverse circumstances among strangers, could not influence her against the pleadings of her own heart. The young man, more than a year since, received a commission, and joined the army at Mexico. He left with her a sealed paper, and his favorite dog. The animal was already most affectionately attached to her, and now became her constant companion. Never did I see an animal so completely devoted to a human being; never was kindness more reciprocated than was that of the companion of her walks; he patiently awaited at the door of the church for the conclusion of the services, and at night held vigils beneath her window. I think the dog, too, must have understood something of the beauty of this scenery; for I have seen him for an hour together standing wistfully beside his mistress, and gazing up into her face, and then not meeting with an encouraging look, stretching his sight far away in the direction of her eyes, as if determined to share with her whatever contributed to her pleasure or her pain.

"Less than four months ago news reached the family of the death of the young man—I do not remember the exact time, or the place of the engagement in which he fell—but his death produced deep sensation in the family generally, but it went to the heart of the young lady. I saw her once or twice on her favorite place in the field, but I dared not approach her—she had no companion but the faithful dog. In two weeks she was confined to her bed—and shortly afterward the family was plunged in new afflictions by her death. I was inquiring of one of the family relative to the particular disease of which she died, and heard it suggested that it might have been a rapid consumption."

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"I think not," said a very little girl, who had shared in the affectionate instruction of the deceased.

"And why?"

"Can the heart of a person break to pieces?" asked the child.

"The heart may be broken," I said.

"Then that is it—for I heard mamma tell sister that Miss Mary's heart was broken."

"I have noticed that the death of an affianced one is more severely felt by a woman, as a severe disturbance of affection, than is the death of a husband. And I suppose this comes from the delicacy of a maiden that shrinks from the utterance of a grief which finds vent and sympathy with a widow. I never hear of such a bereavement without deeper sorrow for the survivor's sufferings, than I have for the mourning wife. God help her who's crushed by a grief that she may not openly indulge; who must hide in her bosom the fire that is consuming her life."

The sealed paper was reopened; it contained a rich bequest to the young woman, and with it was a small piece of paper, containing *her* request to be buried beyond us, whence she had so often contemplated the scene around us. The field was her own property, by the will of the young man. She relinquished all else of his gift. We buried her *there*. I say *we*—for though my position was far below hers, yet none felt more deeply her loss than those who looked up to admire her. The little paling that surrounds the eminence was erected to keep away the foot of the thoughtless. Shall we go to see the grave?"

I followed the man into the enclosure. The sods which covered the grave of Mary had not yet united; and one or two seemed to be worn, as if they had been trented with some rudeness. I drew the attention of my guide to the abrasion.

"Ah, yes! that is poor Lara's doings," said he. "Poor dog! I looked around for him at the funeral, expecting to see him at the grave, but was disappointed. Every evening since the funeral, just before the sun goes down, and often in the morning—the hours in which Miss Mary was wont to come hither to enjoy the scenery—poor Lara has been seen stretched out upon the grave, uttering his grief in a low wail. I scarcely believe that he will recover from the loss he has sustained; and others might be equally unconsolable, if they did not feel that it is better with Mary now than when she lived."

When I had looked downward to the grave for a time, and almost into it, that I might the better contemplate the character and end of her who rested there, my companion drew my attention to the beauty of what was around us.

"Miss Mary loved to stand here," said he, "and enjoy the rich sunset. Mark, now, how richly its beams are thrown from the windows of yonder Gothic house beyond the turnpike, and on the new dwelling a little this side. A mellowness is in that light, to soothe where it falls; and the whispering of the southern wind that we now hear, is like the cries of spirits communing with their good sister below us."

"You seem now to enjoy the scenery, my friend," said I, "as much as almost any other person."

"Sir, I have felt, of late, a growing fondness for this place and this scene; and last Sunday, when returning from the afternoon service, I stood here almost wrapt in the pleasure which the place afforded to the departed one, and I have since come to believe that there is something more than book-knowledge necessary to the relish of natural scenery."

"May I ask what that *something* is, which you think assists us to appreciate the beauty of a landscape?"

"Why, sir—perhaps I am wrong, you certainly know better than I—but, it appears to me, my growing sense of enjoyment in this scene is due to the memory of the virtues of her whom I constantly connect with this place, and that enjoyment is fixed and augmented by the frame of mind in which I go to, or come from the place of worship."

"If I understand you correctly, you have come to the conclusion that to enjoy nature, our hearts must be touched, and our affections mellowed by earthly sympathies, and our views expanded and elevated by a sense of religious duties."

"Something like that, sir."

"And is not that what is understood by 'LOVE TO GOD, AND LOVE TO MAN?'"

POETRY.—A SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

To me the world is an open book
  Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
  That sings its way toward the sea:
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
  The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool fresh evening breeze
  That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below—the stars above—
  In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
  The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
  Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
  And all the world with poetry.

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THE MOURNER.

BY THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

Why is thy visage o'ershadowed by gloom,
Are Nature's enchantments not scattered around,
Has the rose lost her fragrance, the tulip her bloom,
Has the streamlet no longer its mild, soothing sound?
Say what are thy pleasures—or whence is thy bliss,
In thy breast can no movements of sympathy rise?
Canst thou glance o'er a region so lovely as this,
And no bright ray of pleasure enliven thine eyes?
Where are there fields more delightfully drest,
In a verdure still freshening with every shower?
Here are oak-covered mountains, with valleys of rest,
Richly clothed in the blossoming sweet scented flower.
Why lingerest thou ever to gaze on that star,
Sinking low in the west e'er the twilight is o'er?
While the shadows of evening extending afar
But the warbler's blithe carol be poured forth no more,
Oh why when the Sabbath bell's pleasantest tone
Wakes the soul of devotion in song to rejoice,
Are thy features with sorrow o'erclouded alone,
While no sounds but of sadness are heard from thy voice?

Listen, while I tell thee, stranger!
In a brief and hurried measure:
Though my soul drink not of pleasure,
Though mine eyes be sunk in gloom;
'Tis not from fear of coming danger,
Nor yet from dread of doom.

The youngest leaves must fall,
When summer beams have ceased to play;
And may not sorrow spread her pall,
When joy, and hope, and love decay?
Earth's loveliest scenes;
The boons of heaven most cherished;
Fields dressed in gladdening greens,
Are drear, when hope has perished:
Spring's beauteousness,
Followed by summer's glory,
May fade without the power to bless,
As doth a dreamed story.

It gives me peace to gaze at even,
Watching the latest, faintest gleam
Of yon bright traveler of heaven,
Reflected in the silver stream;
For she I love has gently leaned—
While my fond heart with bliss was swelling—
Upon my arm, to see descend
That brilliant star in light excelling.

The chiming bells give joy no more,
Long since the tones have lost their sweetness;
They now but wake me to deplore
The bliss that fled with air-like fleetness.
Blame not my sorrow: chilling pride
Nor clouds my brow nor kills the smile;
For loss of wealth I never sighed,
But all for her I mourn the while.
She was my all, my fairest, dearest, best;
I loved—I lost her—tears may speak the rest

ELSIE.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

A round white rose-bud—with its leaves
Just blown apart, and wet with dew—
A fair child in a garland weaves
Mid glowing flowers of every hue.
She sitteth by the rushing river,
While the soft and balmy air
Scarce stirs the starry flowers that quiver
Amid her sunny hair—
Thou of the laughing eyes! 'mid all
The roses of thy coronal—
Thou 'rt fairest of the fair.

Ah, bright young dreamer! may thy heart
In its early freshness ever be
Pure as the leaves—just blown apart—
Of the rose thou 'rt wreathing in childish glee
Ah, well I know those flowers thou 'rt twining
For thy fair pale mother dear—
For the love-light in those blue eyes shining
Is shadowed by a tear;
And thy thoughts are now in that dim, hushed room—
With the sad, sweet smile, and the fading bloom—
Thou 'rt all too young to fear.

SONNET TO ——.

The crimson clouds had gathered round the sun,
Sinking full slowly to his nightly rest,
And gilding with a glory all his own
The bannered splendor of the glowing west,
Entranced I gazed upon the gorgeous scene
That thus so fair before my vision lay;
The calm, serene, blue heavens looked out between,
And softly smiled upon retiring day.
All was so beautiful, I could but feel
A shade of sadness that thou wert not nigh,
The radiant glory to behold with me;
And still the thought would o'er my spirit steal,
That all the clouds and mists in my dark sky
Would gather rays of glory, my life's sun, from thee! C. O

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GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. VIII.

AMERICAN STARLING OR MEADOW-LARK.

This well-known inhabitant of our meadows like the Partridge, is sociable, somewhat gregarious, and partially migratory. The change of country, however, appears to be occasioned only by scarcity of food, and many of them pass the whole winter with us. They may be bought in our markets when snow is on the ground; and in the month of February, Wilson found them picking up a scanty subsistence in the company of the snow-birds, on a road over the heights of the Alleghanies. Its flight, like that of the Partridge, is laborious and steady. Though they collect their food from the ground, they are frequently shot on trees, their perch being either the main branches, or the topmost twigs. At the time of pairing, they exhibit a little of the jealous disposition of the tribe, but his character vindicated by his bravery, and the victory achieved, he retires from his fraternity to assist his mate in the formation of her nest. The flesh of the Meadow-Lark is white, and for size and delicacy, it is considered little inferior to the Partridge. In length, he measures ten and a half inches, in alar extent, nearly seventeen. Above, his plumage, as described by Nuttall, is variegated with black, bright bay, and ochreous. Tail, wedged, the feathers pointed, the four outer nearly all white; sides, thighs, and vent, pale ochreous, spotted with black; upper mandible brown, the lower bluish-white; iris, hazel; legs and feet, large, pale flesh-colour. In the young bird the color is much fainter than in the adult.



RICE BUNTING. (*Emberiza Oryzivora.* Wilson.)

This is the Rice and Reed-Bird of Pennsylvania and the Southern States, and the Boblink of New York and New England. He is of little size, but of great consequence, hailed with pleasure by the sportsman and the epicure, and dreaded as worse than a locust by the careful planter. Wilson has treated of him fully, and from his eloquent account we shall endeavor to select a few points in his history worthy of notice. According to his best biographer, then, three good qualities recommend him, particularly as these three are rarely found in the same individual—his plumage is beautiful, his song highly musical, and his flesh excellent. To these he added the immense range of his migrations, and the havoc he commits. The winter residence of this species is from Mexico to the Amazon, from whence they issue in great hosts every spring. In the whole United States, north of Pennsylvania, they remain during the summer, raising their progeny; and as soon as the young are able to fly they collect together in great multitudes, and pour down on the oat-fields of New England. During the breeding season, they are dispersed over the country; but as soon as the young are able to fly, they collect together in great multitudes, like a torrent, depriving the proprietors of a good tithe of

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their harvest, but in return often supply his table with a very delicious dish. From all parts of the north and western regions they direct their course toward the south, and about the middle of August, revisit Pennsylvania, on their route to winter quarters. For several days they seem to confine themselves to the fields and uplands; but as soon as the seeds of the reed are ripe, they resort to the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill in multitudes; and these places, during the remainder of their stay, appear to be their grand rendezvous. The reeds, or wild oats, furnish them with such abundance of nutritious food, that in a short time they become extremely fat, and are supposed by some of our epicures to be equal to the famous Ortolans of Europe. Their note at this season is a single chuck, and is heard overhead, with little intermission from morning till night. These are halcyon days for our gunners of all descriptions, and many a lame and rusty gun-barrel is put in requisition for the sport. The report of musketry along the reedy shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill is almost incessant, resembling a running fire. The markets of Philadelphia, at this season, exhibit proofs of the prodigious havoc made among these birds, for almost every stall is ornamented with some hundreds of Reed Birds.

The Rice Bunting is seven inches and a half long, and eleven and a half in extent. His spring dress is as follows: upper part of the head, wings, tail, and sides of the neck, and whole lower parts, black; the feathers frequently skirted with brownish-yellow, as he passes into the color of the female; back of the head, a cream color; back, black, seamed with brownish-yellow; scapulers, pure white; rump and tail coverts the same; lower part of the back, bluish-white; tail, formed like those of the Woodpecker genus, and often used in the same manner, being thrown in to support it while ascending the stalks of the reed; this habit of throwing in the tail it retains even in the cage; legs, a brownish flesh color; hind heel, very long; bill, a bluish-horn color; eye, hazel. In the month of June this plumage gradually changes to a brownish-yellow, like that of the female, which has the back streaked with brownish-black; whole lower parts, dull-yellow; bill, reddish-flesh color; legs and eyes as in the male. The young birds retain the dress of the female until early in the succeeding spring. The plumage of the female undergoes no material change of color.



CEDAR BIRD. (*Ampelis Americana.*)

The Cedar-Bird, (*Ampelis Americana,*) is very frequently shot at the same time with the Robin. The plumage of this bird is of an exquisitely fine and silky texture, lying extremely smooth and glossy. The name Chatterers has been given to them, but they make only a feeble, lisping sound, chiefly as they rise or alight. On the Blue Mountains, and other ridges of the Alleghanies, they spend the months of August and September, feeding on the abundant whortleberries; then they descend to the lower cultivated parts of the country to feed on the berries of the sour gum and red cedar. In the fall and beginning of summer, when fat, they are in high esteem for the table, and great numbers find purchasers in the market of Philadelphia. They have derived their name from one kind of their favorite food; from other sorts they have also been called Cherry Birds, and to some they are known by the name of Crown Birds.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Now first collected. Illustrated with Steel Engravings, from drawings by American Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 8vo.

This volume is a perfect luxury to the eye, in its typography and embellishments. The fact of an author's appearance in so rich a dress, is itself an evidence of his popularity. We have here, for the first time, a complete edition of the author's poems, tender and humorous, serious and satirical, in a beautiful form. It contains Alnwick Castle, Burns, Marco Bozzarris, Red Jacket, A Poet's Daughter, Connecticut, Wyoming, and other pieces which have passed into the memory of the nation, together with the delicious poem of Fanny, and the celebrated Croaker Epistles. The illustrations are all by American artists, and really embellish the volume. The portrait of Halleck is exceedingly characteristic of the man, expressing that union of intellect and fancy, sound sense, and poetic power, which his productions are so calculated to suggest. His great popularity—a popularity which has always made the supply of his poems inferior to the demand—will doubtless send the present magnificent volume through many editions.

The poems of Halleck are not only good in themselves, but they give an impression of greater powers than they embody. They seem to indicate a large, broad, vigorous mind, of which poetry has been the recreation rather than the vocation. A brilliant mischievousness, in which the serious and the ludicrous, the tender and the comic, the practical and the ideal, are brought rapidly together, is the leading characteristic of his muse. In almost every poem in his volume, serious, or semi-serious, the object appears to be the production of striking effects by violent contrasts. The poet himself rarely seems thoroughly in earnest, though at the same time he never lacks heartiness. There are two splendid exceptions to this remark—Burns, and Marco Bozzarris—poems in which the delicacy and energy of the author's mind find free expression. They show that if the poet commonly plays with his subject, it is not from an incapacity to feel and conceive it vividly, but from a beautiful willfulness of nature, which is impatient of the control of one idea or emotion. Halleck's perceptions of the ideal and practical appears equally clear and vivid. His fancy cannot suggest a poetical view of life, without his wit at the same time suggesting its prosaic counterpart in society. A mind thus exquisitely sensitive both to the beautiful and laughable sides of a subject—looking at life at once with the eye of the poet and the man of the world—naturally finds delight in a fine mockery of its own idealisms, and loves to sport with its own high-raised feelings. His poetry is not, therefore, so much an exhibition of the real nature and capacity of the man, as of the play and interpenetration of his various mental powers, in periods of pleasant relaxation from the business of life. In a few instances, we think, his humorous insight has been deceived from the unconscious influence upon his mind of the sentiment of Byron and Moore. Thus he occasionally falls into the exaggerations of misanthropy and sentimentality. In his poem entitled Woman, we are informed that man has no constancy of affection,—

> His vows are broke,
> Even while his parting kiss is warm;
> But woman's love all change will mock,
> And, like the ivy round the oak,
> Cling closest in the storm.

Here, for the purpose of a vivid contrast, there is a sacrifice of poetic truth. The same piece closes with asserting that the smiles and tears of woman,

> Alone keep bright, through Time's long hour,
> That frailer thing than leaf or flower,
> A poet's immortality.

Here the thought, redeemed as it is by beautiful expression, is worthy only of a sentimental poetaster of the Delia Cruscan school; and we can easily imagine what a mocking twinkle would light the eye of its author, if some one should tell him that Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton were "kept bright" by the smiles and tears of woman. These, and one or two other passages in Halleck, are unworthy of his manly and cant-hating mind; and it is wonderful how they could have escaped his brilliant good sense.

Fanny, and the Croaker Epistles are the most brilliant things of their kind in American literature, full of wit, fancy, and feeling, and in all their rapid transitions, characterized by an ethereal lightness of movement, a gleaming felicity of expression, which betray a poet's plastic touch equally in the sentiment and the merriment. No American poems have been more eagerly sought after, and more provokingly concealed, than these. Three editions of Fanny have been published, but the difficulty of obtaining a copy has always been great. Many who were smitten with a love for it have been compelled to transcribe it from the copy of a more fortunate collector. The Croaker Epistles have been even more cunningly suppressed. Now we have both in a form which will endure with the stereotype plates. They evince the most brilliant characteristics of Halleck's genius, and continually suggest the thought, that if the mind of the author be so powerful and various in its almost extempore sport and play, it must have still greater capacity in itself.

Fanny, and the Croaker Epistles swarm with local and personal allusions which a New-Yorker alone can fully appreciate. Van Buren, Webster, Clinton, the politicians and authors generally of the period when the poems were written, are all touched with a light and graceful pencil. Fanny is conceived and executed after the manner of Byron's Beppo and Don Juan. It is full of brilliant roguieries, produced by bringing sentiment and satire together with a shock. For instance,

> Dear to the exile is his native land,
> In memory's twilight beauty seen afar:
> Dear to the broker is a note of hand
> Collaterally secured—the polar star
> Is dear at midnight to the sailor's eyes,
> *And dear are Bristed's volumes at half price.*
>
> —
>
> The sun is loveliest as he sinks to rest;
> The leaves of Autumn smile when fading fast;
> The swan's last song is sweetest—and the best
> Of Meigs's speeches, doubtless, was his last.

In a mocking attempt to prove that New York exceeded Greece in the Fine Arts, we have the following convincing arguments:

> In sculpture we 've a grace the Grecian master,
> Blushing, had owned his purest model lacks;
> We 've Mr. Bogart in the best of plaster,
> The Witch of Endor in the best of wax,
> Beside the head of Franklin on the roof
> Of Mr. Lang, both frost and weather-proof.
>
> —
>
> In painting we have Trumbull's proud *chef d'œuvre*,
> Blending in one the funny and the fine;

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His independence will endure forever—
And so will Mr. Allen's lottery sign;
And all that grace the Academy of Arts,
From Dr. Horsack's face to Bonaparte's.

In phrase, we have Francis and McNeven,
Famed for long heads, short lectures, and long bills;
And Quackenbos, and others, who from heaven
Were rained upon us in a shower of pills.

It would be impossible to give a notion of the genial nature of the Croakers by extracts. The following, from the epistle to the Recorder, is unmatched for felicity and exquisite contrast:

The Cæsar passed the Rubicon
With helm, and shield, and breast-plate on,
Dashing his war-horse through the waters;
The Recorder would have built a barge,
Or steamboat, at the city's charge,
And passed it with his wife and daughters.

In the same piece occurs the following fine tribute to Bryant:

Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers, and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness,
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's loveliest flowers were many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way,
Beauty of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.

Pope has become famous for his divine compliments, but certainly no poet ever celebrated the genius of another with more felicity and sweetness than in the above beautiful passage.

It would be impossible to notice all the striking poems in this volume—and they are too favorably known to need it. There is one piece, however, which deserves especial commendation, and its merits do not appear to have called forth the eulogy which has been bountifully lavished on many others. We allude to his exquisite translation from Goethe, on the eighty-third page—the invocation to the dear world, which precedes Faust. It is one of the gems of the volume.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete in one Volume. Collected and Arranged, with Illustrative Notes. Illustrated by Elegant Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The edition of Byron might bear the palm from all other American editions, in respect to its combination of cheapness with elegance, if it were not the most valuable in point of completeness and illustrative notes. It is a reprint of Murray's Library edition, and while executed in a similar style of typography, excells it, if we are not mistaken, in the number of its embellishments. It contains an admirable portrait of Byron, a view of Newstead Abbey, and also the steel engravings, executed with great beauty and finish. It is uniform with the same publisher's library edition of Southey and Moore, contains eight hundred pages of closely printed matter, and includes every thing that Byron wrote in verse. It does honor to the enterprise and taste of the publishers, and will doubtless have a sale and a commensurate with its merits. As long as our American booksellers evince a disposition to publish classical works in so beautiful a form, it is a pleasant duty of the press to commend their editions. We cordially wish success to all speculations which imply a confidence in the public taste.

It would be needless here to express any opinion of the intellectual or moral character of Byron's poems. Everybody's mind is made up on those points. The present edition is admirably adapted to convey to the reader Byron's idea of himself, the opinions formed of him by his contemporaries, and the effect of his several works on the public mind as they appeared. It contains an immense number of notes by Moore, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Rogers, Heber, Milman, Gifford, Ellis, Bridges, and others, which will be found extremely useful and entertaining. Extracts are taken from Byron's own diary, and from the recorders of his conversations, giving an accurate impression of each poem, as regards its time and manner of composition, the feelings from which it sprung, and the opinion he entertained of its reception by the public. Profuse quotations are made from the first draught of each poem, showing how some of the most striking ideas were originally written, and the improvements introduced in their expression by the author's "sober second thoughts." The opinions expressed of the various poems by the leading reviews of the time, including the criticisms of Scott, Jeffrey, Gifford, Heber, and others, are largely quoted. Added to these are numerous notes, explaining allusions, or illustrating images which the common reader might be supposed not to understand. Taken altogether, the edition will enable almost any person to obtain a clear understanding of Byron and his works, without any trouble or inconvenience. There is no other edition which can compare with it in this respect.

Many of the notes are exceedingly curious, and if not absolutely new, have been gathered from such a wide variety of sources, as to be novel to a majority of readers. We have been struck with the impression which Byron's energy made upon Dr. Parr, the veteran linguist. After reading the Island, he exclaims—"Byron! the sorcerer! He can do with me according to his will. If it is to throw me headlong upon a desert island; if it is to place me on the summit of a dizzy cliff—his power is the same. I wish he had a friend, or a servant, appointed to the office of the slave, who was to knock every morning at the chamber-door of Philip of Macedon, and remind him he was mortal." From Parr's life we learn that Sardanapalus affected him even more strongly. "In the course of the evening the doctor cried out, 'Have you read Sardanapalus?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Right; and you could n't sleep a wink after it?' 'No.' 'Right, right—now don't say a word more about it to-night.' The memory of that fine poem seemed to act like a spell of horrible fascination upon him." Perhaps from a few anecdotes like this, we gain a much more vivid impression of the sensation which Byron's poems excited on their first appearance, and their strong hold upon the imagination and passions of the public, than we could obtain from the most elaborate description of their effects. If such was their power upon an old scholar like Parr, what must have been their influence upon younger and more impressionable minds?

The editor's preface to Don Juan is no less valuable than entertaining. It contains not merely the opinions expressed of the poem by the reviews and magazines, but those of the newspapers, and enables us to gather the judgment of the English people upon that strange combination of sublimity and ribaldry, sentiment and wit, tenderness and mockery, at the time it first blazed forth from the press. The suppressed dedication of the poem to Southey is also given in full, with all its brutal blackguardism and drunken brilliancy. In truth, the volume conveys an accurate impression of all the sides of Byron's versatile nature, and from its very completeness is the less likely to be injurious. There is no edition of his poems which we could more safely commend to the reader, as it exhibits Byron the poet, Byron the scoffer, Byron the roue, in his true colors and real dimensions; and if, after reading it, a person should

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adopt the old cant about his brilliant rascalities, and the old drivel about his sentimental misanthropy, the fault is in the reader rather than the volume. For our own part we are acquainted with no edition of any celebrated author, equaling this in the remorselessness with which the man is stripped of all the factitious coverings of the poet, and stands out more clearly in his true nature and character.

The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Few kings have been so fortunate as Henry the Fourth in the reputation and good will they have obtained from the people. By democrats as well as monarchists his name is held in a kind of loving veneration. Much of this popularity is doubtless owing to his superiority, in disposition as well as mind, to the ferocious bigotry of his age, and to his great edict of toleration which healed for a time the horrible religious dissensions of France. Apart from his ability, however, his virtues as a king sprung rather from good-nature and benevolence, than from moral or religious principle. His toleration was the result of his indifference as much as his good sense; and he was not a persecutor, because to him neither Catholicism nor Protestantism was of sufficient importance to justify persecution. He was a fanatic only in sensuality; and if he committed crime, it would be rather for a mistress than a doctrine. The last act of his reign, growing out of his impatience in having his designs on the Princess of Condé baffled, showed that lust could urge him into an unjust and unprincipled war, where religious superstition would have been totally ineffective.

Mr. James's Life of Henry is a careful compilation from the most reliable sources of information, and embodies a large amount of important knowledge. Though far from realizing the higher conditions of historical art, it is more accurate and spirited than the general run of historical works. Mr. James's conscience in the matter of the present book, seems to have been much greater than we might have expected from the king of book-makers. When his history was ready for the press, the French Government commenced publishing the "Lettres Missives" of Henry IV., and Mr. James delayed his book four years, in order that its facts might be verified or increased by comparison with that important publication. His work, therefore, is probably the fullest and most accurate one we possess on the age of which it treats. It is well worthy of an attentive perusal. It abounds in incidents and characters which would make the fortune of a novel, and is an illustration of that kind of truth which is stranger than fiction. The Harpers have issued the work in a tasteful form.

Artist Life. By H. T. Tuckerman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Tuckerman is an author whose productions we have repeatedly had occasion to notice and to praise. They have always a finished air, which favorably distinguishes them from many American publications, the products of mingled talent and haste. Mr Tuckerman does not appear to rush into print, with unformed ideas hastily clad in a loose undress of language—as if the palm of excellence were due to the swiftest runner in the race of expression. His style is clear, polished, graceful, and harmonious, combining a flowing movement with condensation, and free from the tricks and charlatanries of diction. He is not so popular as he would be if he made more noise about his words and thoughts, and called the attention of the public to every felicity of his style or reflection by a pugnacious manner, and a strained expression. Though possessing a singularly rich and suggestive fancy, and a wide variety of information, his use of ornament and allusion is characterized by a taste, an appropriateness, a reserve, which men of smaller stores rarely practice. As a critic, he is calm, clear, judicious, sympathetic, and making the application of a principle all the more stringent, from his vivid perception of the object of his criticism. The present volume is worthy of its subject, and is more calculated to convey accurate information of the lives, character, and works of American artists, than any other we have seen. It is also exceedingly interesting, being full of anecdotes and biographical memoranda of artists who are commonly known only as painters, not as men. In this respect the volume contains much original information, which will be valuable to the future historian of American art. In his criticism, Mr. Tuckerman evinces knowledge as well as taste; and by avoiding technical terms, he contrives to render agreeable and clear what is generally unintelligible to the uninitiated reader of *critiques* on paintings. The volume contains, among other sketches and biographies, very interesting notices of the lives and works of West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, Morse, Durand, W. E. West, Sully, Inman, Cole, Weir, Leutze, and Brown.

Appleton's Library Manuel: Containing a Catalogue Raisonné of upwards of Twelve Thousand of the most Important Works in Every Department of Knowledge, in all Modern Languages. New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is one of the most available and valuable bibliographical works extant. Its object is indicated by its title. Such a book should be in the possession of every student, scholar, book-collector, and librarian. There is hardly a subject which can attract the attention of an inquisitive mind, which is not included in this collection, and the titles of the best books, in different languages, which relate to it given in full, with the various editions, and their price. It would be needless to dilate upon the value of such a work. The compilers deserve the highest credit for the labor, intelligence, and expense they have devoted to it. The cost is but one dollar.

Sybil Lennard, a Record of Woman's Life.

Mrs. Grey is one of the most popular novel writers of the present day, and Sybil Lennard is unquestionably the best of her works. It is published by Mr. T. B. Peterson, by whom the advance sheets were procured from England.

Chambers' Miscellany.

Part No. 5, of Chamber's interesting Miscellany has been published, and the articles it contains are of the highest order of excellence. Messrs. Zieber & Co. are the Philadelphia publishers.

Posthumous Writings of Joseph C. Neal, Esq.—We have several admirable Charcoal Sketches by Mr. Neal—a rich legacy bequeathed expressly to us by our gifted and lamented friend. Now that the fountain, whose outpourings have so often enriched our pages, is forever closed, these gems of genius will have a new and peculiar value. We commence their publication in our present number.

The New York Mirror.—This journal is edited with surpassing ability; and its continued and advancing popularity is creditable to the taste of the community in which it is published. Spirited, independent, and liberal, it not merely, as its name indicates, reflects the light of the age, but shines with a lustre of its own. It is well worthy its good fortune.

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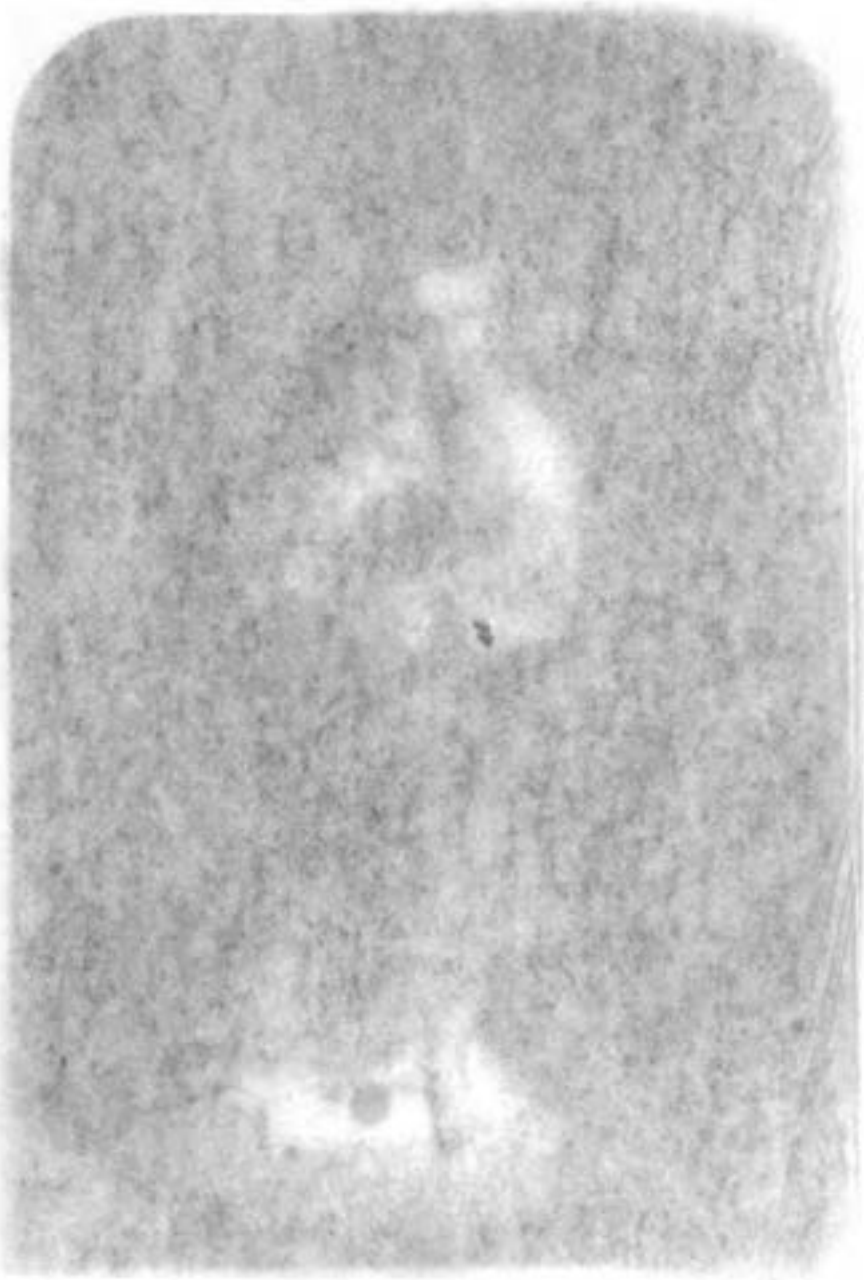
celebrated astronomer,

short way further, on a gentle slope continued the whole way from Stoke, stand the venerable towers of time-honored Eton, on the bank of the Thames, directly opposite, and looking up to the proud castle of the kings of England, unmatched in its lofty, commanding situation and rich scenery by that of any royal residence in Europe.

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heiress, with Robert de Pogeys. Under the sovereignty of Edward the Third, 1340, John de Molines, originally of French extraction, and from the town of that name in Bourbonnais, married Margaret de Pogeys; and, in consequence of his eminent services, obtained license of the king to make a castle of his manor-house of Stoke Pogeys, fortify with stone

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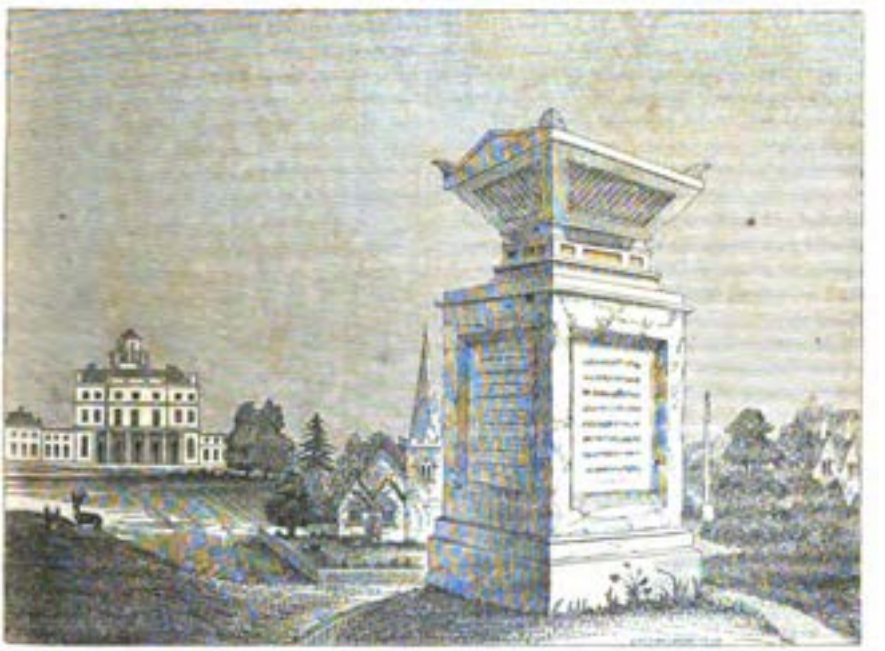
GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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STOKE CHURCH AND PARK.

THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY, AND RESIDENCE OF THE PENNS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY R. BALMANNO.



The Manor of Stoke, with its magnificent mansion and picturesque park, is situate near the village of Stoke Pogeys, in the county of Buckingham, four miles north-west of Windsor.

About two miles distant from Stoke lies the village of Slough, rendered famous by the residence of the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel, and a short way further, on a gentle slope continued the whole way from Stoke, stand the venerable towers of time-honored Eton, on the bank of the Thames, directly opposite, and looking up to the proud castle of the kings of England, unmatched in its lofty, commanding situation and rich scenery by that of any royal residence in Europe.

Stoke, anciently written Stoches, belonged, in the time of William the Conqueror, A. D. 1086, to William, son of Anculf, of whom it was held by Walter de Stoke. Previous thereto, it was in part held by Siret, a vassal of Harold, and at the same time, a certain Stokeman, the vassal of Tubi, held another portion. Finally, in the year 1300, during the reign of King Edward the First, it received its present appellation by the intermarriage of Amicia de Stoke, the heiress, with Robert de Pogeys. Under the sovereignty of Edward the Third, 1340, John de Molines, originally of French extraction, and from the town of that name in Bourbonnais, married Margaret de Pogeys; and, in consequence of his eminent services, obtained license of the king to make a castle of his manor-house of Stoke-Pogeys, fortify with stone

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walls embattled, and imparke the woods; also that it should be exempt from the authority of the marshal of the king's household, or any of his officers; and in further testimony of the king's favor, he had summons to Parliament among the barons of the realm.

During the wars of the rival Roses, the place was owned by Sir Robert Hungerford, commonly called Lord Moleyns, by reason of his marriage with Alianore, daughter of William, Lord Moleyns.

This Lord Robert, siding with the Lancasterians, or the Red Roses, upon the loss of the battle of Towton, fled to York, where King Henry the Sixth then was, and afterward with him into Scotland. He was attainted by the Parliament of Edward the Fourth; but the king took compassion on Alianore, his wife, and her children, committing her and them to the care of John, Lord Wenlock, to whom he had granted all her husband's manors and lands, granting them a fitting support as long as her said husband, Lord Robert, should live. But the Lancasterians making head in the north, he "flew out" again, being the chief of those who were in the castle of the Percys, at Alnwick, with five or six hundred Frenchmen, and being taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, he was beheaded at Newcastle on Tyne, but buried in the north aisle of the cathedral of Salisbury.

Lady Alianore, his widow, lies buried in the church of Stoke Pogeys; and her monument may still be seen, with an epitaph commencing thus:

Hic, hoc sub tumulo sepelitur Corpus venerabilis Domina Alianora Molins, Baronissa, quam prius desponsavit Dominus Robertus Hungerford, miles et Baro. &c. &c.

Notwithstanding the grant to Lord Wenlock, Thomas, the son and heir of Lord Robert Hungerford, succeeded to the estate. For a time he sided with the famous Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, who took part with Edward the Fourth, but afterward "falling off," and endeavoring for the restoration of King Henry the Sixth, was seized on, and tried for his life at Salisbury, before that diabolical tyrant, crook-back Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard the Third, where he had judgment of the death of a traitor, and suffered accordingly the next day.

But during the reign of Henry the Seventh, in 1485, when the Red Roses became triumphant at the decisive battle of Bosworth, and these unnatural and bloody wars which had devastated England for nearly thirty years, being brought to a close, by the union of Henry with Elizabeth of York, representative of the White Roses, the attainder of Thomas, as well as that of his father, Lord Robert, being reversed in Parliament, his only child and heir, called Mary, succeeded to the estate,

Lady Mary married Edward, Lord Hastings, from whom the present Earl of Huntingdon is descended. She used the title of Lady Hungerford, Botreux, Molines, and Peverell. To this marriage Shakspeare alludes in the tragedy of King Henry the VI., Part 3, A. 4, Sc. 1, when he makes the Duke of Clarence say ironically,

> For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
> To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

Lord George Hungerford succeeding his father, was advanced to the title of Earl of Huntingdon by King Henry the Eighth, in 1529. He died the 24th of March, 1543, and lies buried in the chancel of Stoke Pogeys. Edward, his second son, was a warrior with King Henry the Eighth, and during the reign of Henry's daughter, Queen Mary, 1556, declared his testament, appointing his body to be buried at Stoke Pogeys, and directing his executors to build a chapel of stone, with an altar therein, adjoining the church or chancel, where the late Earl Huntingdon and his wife (his father and mother) lay buried; and that a tomb should be made, with their images carved in stone, appointing that a plate of copper, double gilt, should be made to represent his own image, of the size of life, *in harness*, (armor,) and a memorial in writing, with his arms, to be placed upright on the wall of the chapel, without any other tomb for him. He died without issue. Earl Henry was the last of the illustrious family of Huntingdon who possessed the manor and manor-house of Stoke; and the embarrassed state of his affairs compelled him to mortgage the estate to one Braithwait, a sergeant at law, in 1580, during which period it was occupied by Lord Chancellor Sir Christopher Hatton, the fine dancer, one of the celebrated *favorites* of Elizabeth, the lascivious daughter of King Henry the Eighth—a woman as fickle as profligate, as cruel and hard-hearted, so far as regarded her numerous paramours, as her brutal father was in respect to his wives.

This historical detail, gathered from Domesday Book, Dugdale, and other authorities, is narrated in consequence of its bearing upon some celebrated poems hereafter to be noticed, and is continued up to the present period for a like reason.

Sir Christopher Hatton died in 1591, and settled his estate on Sir William Newport, whose daughter became the second wife of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who purchased the estate of Stoke. After the dissolution of the Parliament by King Charles the First, in March, 1628–9, Sir Edward Coke being then greatly advanced in years, retired to his house at Stoke, where he spent the remainder of his days in a quiet retirement, universally respected and esteemed; and there, says his epitaph, crowned his pious life with a pious and Christian departure, on Wednesday the 3d day of September, A. D., 1634, and of his age 83; his last words, "THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE!"

Upon the death of Sir Edward Coke, the manor and estate of Stoke devolved to his son-in-law, Viscount Purbeck, elder brother of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who perished by the hand of the assassin, Feiton.

Lord Purbeck, upon the death of his wife, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Slingsby, by whom he had a son, Robert, which Robert, marrying the daughter and heir of Sir John Danvers, one of the judges who sat on the trial of King Charles the First, obtained a patent from Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth, to change his name to Danvers, alledging as the reasons for his so doing "the many disservices done to the commonwealth by the name of the family of Villiers."

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In 1557, Viscount Purbeck granted a lease of the manor and house of Stoke, to Sir Robert Gayer during his own life; and in the same year, his son, Robert Villiers, or Danvers, sold his reversionary interest in the estate to Sir R. Gayer for the sum of eight thousand five hundred and sixty-four pounds. The family of Gayers continued in possession until 1721, when the estate was sold for twelve thousand pounds to Edmund Halsey, Esq., M. P., who died in 1729, his daughter Anne married Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham, who survived him; and she resided at Stoke until her death in the year 1760.

The house and manor of Stoke were sold in the same year, by the representatives of Edmund Halsey, to the Honorable Thomas Penn, Lord Proprietary of the Province of Pennsylvania, the eldest surviving son of the Honorable William Penn, the celebrated founder and original proprietary of the province.

Upon the death of Thomas Penn, in 1775, the manor of Stoke, together with all his other estates, devolved upon his eldest surviving son, John, by the Right Honorable Lady Juliana, his wife, fourth daughter of the Earl of Pomfret.

In 1788, the ancient mansion of Stoke, appearing to Mr. Penn, after some years absence in America, to demand very extensive repairs, (chiefly from the destructive consequences of damp in the principal rooms,) it was judged advisable to take it down.

The style of its architecture was not of a kind the most likely to dissuade him from this undertaking. Most of the great buildings of Queen Elizabeth's reign have a style peculiar to themselves, both in form and finishing, where, though much of the old Gothic is retained, and a great part of the new style is adopted, yet neither predominates, while both, thus indiscriminately blended, compose a fantastic species, hardly reducible to any class or name. One of its characteristics is the affectation of *large* and *lofty* windows, where, says Lord Bacon, "you shall have sometimes fairer houses so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun." A perfect specimen of this fantastic style, in complete repair, may be seen in Hardwick Hall, county of Derby, one of the many residences of that princely and amiable nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, and a perfect *contrast* to it, at his other noble residence not many miles distant, in the same county, Chatsworth, "the Palace of the Peak."

It is true that high antiquity alone gives, in the eye of taste, a continually increasing value to specimens of all such kinds of architecture; but beside that, the superiority of the new site chosen by Mr. Penn was manifest, the principal rooms of the old mansion at Stoke, where the windows admitted light from *both* the opposite sides, were instances, peculiarly exemplifying the remark of Lord Bacon, and countenancing the design to lessen the number of bad, and increase that of the good examples of architecture. But a wing of the ancient plan was preserved, and is still kept in repair, as a relic, harmonizing with the surrounding scenery, and forms with the rustic offices, and fruit-gardens annexed, the *villa rustica* and *fructuaria* of the place.

The new buildings, or, more properly speaking, Palace of Stoke, was begun by Mr. Penn immediately after his return from a long absence in Pennsylvania, and was covered-in in December, 1790. It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer site than that chosen by him for his new mansion, being on a commanding eminence, the windows of the principal front looking over a rich, variegated landscape toward the lofty towers of Windsor Castle, at a distance of four miles, which terminates the view in that direction; whilst about and around the site are abundance of magnificent aged oaks, elms, and beeches.

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The poems of Thomas Gray, who was educated at Eton, and resided at Stoke, are perhaps better known, more read, more easily remembered, and more frequently quoted, than those of any other English poet. Where is the person who does not remember with feelings approaching to enthusiasm, the impressions made on his youthful fancy by the enchanting language of the "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard?" Who can ever forget the impressions with which he first read the narrative of the "hoary-headed swain," and the deep emotion felt on perusing the pathetic epitaph, "graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn," beginning—

> Here rests his head upon the lap of earth.
> A youth to Fortune and to fame unknown:
> Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
> And melancholy marked him for her own.

That exquisite poem contains passages "grav'd" on the hearts of all who ever read it in youth, until they themselves become hoary-headed—and then, perhaps, remembered most.

But it is not the Elegy alone which makes an indelible impression on the youthful reader; equally imperishable are the lines on a distant prospect of Eton College.

> Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
> That crown the wat'ry glade,
> Where grateful science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade.*

And who can ever forget the Bard—

> Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
> Confusion on thy banners wait!
> Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
> They mock the air with idle state.

Or the lovely Ode on the Spring.

> Lo! where the rosy bosom'd Hours
> Fair Venus' train appear,
> Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
> And wake the purple year!

Or those sublime Odes—On The Progress of Poesy Awake, Æolian lyre, awake! and the Descent of Odin:

> Prone the king of men with speed,
> And saddled strait his coal-black steed:
> Down the yawning steep he rode,
> That leads to Hela's drear abode.

Who can ever forget the pleasure experienced on the first perusal, and on every subsequent reading

* Eton was founded and endowed by King Henry the Sixth. A marble bust of the poet Gray was presented by Lord Morpeth, in 1846, and placed, amongst many others, in the upper school.

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of these fascinating productions? They are such as all, imbued with even a moderate degree of taste and feeling, must respond to. But there is another poem of Gray's, less read, perhaps, than these, but which, from its humor and arch playful style, is apt to make a strong and lasting impression on an enthusiastic juvenile mind. It opens so abruptly and oddly, that attention is bespoke from the first line. It is entitled "A Long Story."

> In Britain's isle—no matter where—
> An ancient pile of building stands:
> The Huntingdons and Hattons there
> Employed the power of forty hands
> To raise the ceilings fretted bright,
> Each panel in achievements clothing,
> Rich windows, that exclude the light,
> And passages, that lead to nothing.

This poem, teeming with quaint humor, contains one hundred and forty-four lines, beside, *as it says*, "two thousand which are lost!"

Extreme admiration of the poems of Gray had been excited in the writer's mind even when a schoolboy. In after years, whilst occupying chambers in the Temple, he first became aware that the scenery so exquisitely described in the Elegy, and the "ancient pile" of building, so graphically delineated in the Long Story, were both within a few hours' ride of London, and adjoining each other.

Until about the year 1815 he had constantly supposed that the Country Church-yard was altogether an imaginary conception, and that the ancient mansion of the Huntingdons was far away, somewhere in the midland counties; but when fully aware of the true localities, he was almost mad with impatience, until, on a Saturday afternoon, *he* could get relieved from the turmoil of business, to fly to scenes hallowed by recollections of the halcyon days of youthful aspirations of hope, and love, and innocence—and sweetly and fresh do such reminiscences still float in his memory.

About the period in question, there was a club in London, formed of about twenty or thirty of the most aristocratic of the young nobility, possessed of more wealth than wisdom. They gave themselves the name of the Whip Club, because each member drove his own team of four horses. The chief tutor of these titled Jehu's in the art and mystery of driving, was no less a personage than the celebrated Tom Moody, driver of the Windsor Coach, and by that crack coach it was intended to proceed as far as Slough, on the intended excursion to Stoke, and then turn off to the left; but as the Whip Club, at the period in question, attracted a large share of public attention in the metropolis, perhaps a short notice of it may be here permitted, as it has been long since defunct, and is never again likely to be revived, now that steam and iron horses have taken the road.

The vehicles, horses, trappings, and gearing, were the most elegant and expensive that money could command; and it was a rare thing to see upward of twenty such equipages, which, as well as the housings of the horses, were emblazoned with heraldric devices, and glittering all over with splendid silver and gold ornaments.

The open carriages were all filled with the loveliest of England's lovely women, who generally congregated together at an early breakfast, or what with them was considered an early breakfast, between ten and eleven o'clock! The meet took place at the house of Lord Hawke, in Portman Square. His lordship was high admiral, or president, Sir Bellingham Graham, whipper-in—and courteously and cleverly did Sir Bellingham (or Bellinjim, as it is pronounced) perform his delicate duty. When each driver mounted his box, after handing in the ladies, it was wonderful to observe with what dexterity, ease, and order, all wheeled into line, when the leader, with a flourish of his long whip—being the signal for which all were watching—led off the splendid array.

It was a gay sight to witness the start, as they swept round the square—for the horses were one and all of pure blood, and unparalleled for beauty, symmetry, and speed.

To one unaccustomed to such a sight, it might appear somewhat dangerous. The fiery impatience of the horses—their pawing and champing, the tossing of their beautiful heads, and the swan-like curving of their glittering, sleek necks, until they were fairly formed into order—at which time they knew just as well as their owners that *the play* was going to begin. But it was perfectly delightful to observe the graceful manner in which each pair laid their small heads and ears together when fairly under way, beating time with their highly polished hoofs—pat, pat, pat, pat, as true as the most disciplined regiment marching to a soul-stirring quick step, or a troupe of well-trained ballet girls, bounding across the stage of the Italian Opera.

When fairly off and skimming along the road, it was, perhaps, as animating a show as London ever witnessed since its palmiest days of tilt and tournament. I say nothing of the ladies, their commingled charms, or gorgeous attire; I only noticed that during the gayety in the square, previous to starting, their recognition of each other, and the beaux of their acquaintance, there were plenty of

> "Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimples sleek."

This celebrated club congregated every fortnight, during the gay season of May and June, and spent the day at the residence of one of their number, within twenty or thirty miles of London, returning in the evening, exactly in the order they had set out.

Master Moody, the driver and proprietor of the fast Windsor Coach, had, as said, been the tutor of these aristocratic charioteers, who placed themselves under his guardianship, and had been taught to handle "the ribbons" until declared perfect in the noble science. He had consequently imbibed much and many of the *airs* and *graces*, and manners of his pupils.

Being anxious to have a ride beside this great man, I was at Piccadilly long before he started, and by a pretty handsome douceur to his cad, had the supreme felicity of obtaining a seat on the box, and certainly was well repaid for the extra expense of sitting by Corinthian Tom.

He was a tall fellow, and had a severely serious

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face; was dressed in the extreme of driving fashion; wore delicate white kid gloves, and the tops of his highly-polished boots were white as the lily. In short, his whole "toggery" was faultless—a perfect cut-and-come-after. He was truly a great man, or appeared to fancy himself such—for he rarely condescended to exchange a word, except with an acquaintance, and even then, it was with a condescending, patronizing air: and he smiled as seldom as a Connecticut lawyer. Although sitting close by his side for twenty miles, not one word passed between us during the whole journey.

The nags driven by this proud fellow were as splendid as himself; finer cattle never flew over Epsom Downs, the Heath of Ascot, or Doncaster Course—pure bloods, every one of them, and such as might have served Guido as models for his famous fresco of the chariot of Apollo; but Guido's steeds, although they are represented tearing away furiously, are but clumsy *drags*, compared with the slim, graceful, fleet stags of Tom Moody.

When the end gave the word—"all right," Tom started them with his short, shrill "t'chit, t'chit," and a crack of his two-fathom whip right over the ears of the leaders, as loud as the report of a pistol. They sprang forward with a maddening energy, almost terrifying; but the coach was hung and balanced with such precision, and the Windsor road kept in the finest order for royalty, there was no jumping or jolting, it glided along as smoothly as if it had been running on rails. A proud man was Master Moody; not so much of himself, perhaps, or of his glossy, broad-brimmed beaver, and broadcloth "upper Benjamin," or the dashing silk tie around his neck, but of his beautiful nags—and he had reason, for there was not an equipage on the road, from the ducal chariot to the dandy tandem, to which he did not give the go-by like lightning.

The rapidity of the movement, and the beauty of the animals, produced an excitement sufficient to enable one to appreciate the rapture of the Arab, as he flies over the desert on his beloved barb, enjoying, feeling, exulting in liberty, sweet, intoxicating, unbounded liberty, with the whole wilderness for a home.

Some such feelings took possession of me, as the well-poised machine shot along. Quick as thought we threaded Kensington High street, skirted the wall of Lord Holland's park, just catching, like the twinkle of a sunbeam, a glimpse of the antique turrets of that classic fane peeping through the trees, as we passed the centre avenue.

We speedily reached Hammersmith and Turnham Green, and then passed Sion House and park, the princely residence of the Duke of Northumberland, then dashed through the straggling old town of Brentford. The intervening fields and openings into the landscape affording enchanting prospects before entering on Hounslow Heath, when the horses having got warm, the driver gave them full head, and the vehicle attained a speed truly exhilarating.

The increased momentum, and the extensive prairie-like expanse of Hounslow Heath, would have realized in any enthusiastic mind, the feelings of the children of the desert.

This first excursion to Stoke was made during the month of May, when all nature is fresh and fair; the guelder-roses and lilacs being in full flower, and the hawthorn hedges were one sheet of milky fragrance. the air was almost intoxicating, owing to the concentrated perfumes arising from fruit orchards in full blossom, and the interminable succession of flower gardens opposite every house skirting that lovely road, the beauty of which few can conceive who have not been in England; but the fresh, *pure* air on the Heath, infused a new feeling, a realization of unalloyed happiness; we were rapidly hastening toward scenes for which the soul was yearning, and hope, bright, young hope, lent wings and a charm to every object, animate and inanimate.

The usual relay of fresh horses were in waiting at Cranburn Bridge, and the reeking bloods were instantly changed for others, not a whit less spirited than their released compeers. Away went Moody, and away went Moody's fiery steeds. In a very short time we passed, at a few miles on the hither side of Slough, the "ivy-mantled tower" of Upton Church, which, but for one or two small, square openings in it, may be mistaken for a gigantic bush, or unshapely tree of evergreen ivy.

Arriving at Slough, I bade adieu to Master Moody; the forty feet telescope of Herschel, with its complicated frame-work and machinery, attracting only a few minutes attention. The road leading up to Stoke Green is one of those beautiful lanes so exquisitely described by Gilbert White, in his History of Selborne, or still more graphically portrayed by Miss Mitford, in her Tales of our Village. Stoke Green lies to the right of this lane, and at the distance of one or two fields further on, there is a stile in the corner of one of them, on the left, where a foot-path crosses diagonally. In going through a gap in the hedge, you catch the first peep of the spire of Stoke Church. After passing the field, you come to a narrow lane, overhung with hawthorns; it leads from Salt-Hill to the village of West-End Stoke. Keeping along the lane a short way, and passing through a small gate on the top of the bank, you at once enter the domain of Stoke Park, and are admitted to a full view of the church, which stands at a short distance, but almost immediately within the gate, are particularly struck by the appearance of a grand sarcophagus, erected by Mr. Penn to the memory of Gray, in the year 1779. It is a lofty structure, in the purest style of architecture; and a tolerable idea of it, and the surrounding scenery, may be obtained from the cut at the head of this article, which has been executed from a drawing made on the spot. The inscription and quotations following are on the several sides of the pedestal. It is needless to say they are from the Elegy, and Ode to Eton College—the latter poem being unquestionably written from this very spot; and Mr. Penn has exhibited the finest taste in their selection.

On the end facing Mr. Penn's house—

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THIS MONUMENT,
IN HONOR OF THOMAS GRAY,
WAS ERECTED, A. D. MDCCXCIX., AMONG
THE SCENES CELEBRATED BY THAT
GREAT LYRIC AND ELEGIAC POET.
HE DIED XXX JULY, MDCCLXXI, AND
LIES UNNOTICED IN THE CHURCH-YARD
ADJOINING, UNDER THE TOMB-STONE ON
WHICH HE PIOUSLY AND PATHETICALLY
RECORDED THE INTERMENT OF HIS
AUNT AND LAMENTED MOTHER.

On the side looking toward Windsor—

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

On the end facing Stoke Palace—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Ah! happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
Ah! fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow.

On the west side, looking toward the church-yard—

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

This noble monument is erected on a beautiful green mound, and is surrounded with flowers. It is protected by a deep trench, in the bottom of which is a palisade; but the inclosure may be entered by application at one of Mr. Penn's pretty entrance lodges, which is close by. The prospects from this part of the park are surpassingly beautiful, particularly looking toward the "distant spires and antique towers" of Eton and Windsor.

It may be worth while here to remark, that the church and church-yard of Stoke is surrounded by Mr. Penn's property, or more properly speaking his park.

Coming upon the beautiful monument quite unexpectedly, was not likely to diminish the enthusiasm previously entertained; and before proceeding to the church-yard, it was impossible to resist the impulse of making a rapid memorandum sketch of it. In after years, it was carefully and correctly drawn in all its aspects. Proceeding along "the churchway path" into the church-yard, where in reality "rests his head upon the lap of earth," the tomb-stone of the admired and beloved poet was soon found. It is at the east end of the church, nearly under a window.

Persons of a cold temperament, and not imbued with the love of poetry, may perhaps smile when it is admitted, that the approach to that tomb was made with steps as slow and reverential as those of any devout Catholic approaching the shrine of his patron saint.

Long was it gazed upon, and frequently was the inscription read, and the following cut exhibits the coat of arms and inscriptions on the blue marble tabular stone, as they were carefully drawn and copied, that very evening:



IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED
IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,
THE REMAINS OF
MARY ANTROBUS,
SHE DIED UNMARRIED, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1749,
AGED 66.

IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,
BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY,
WIDOW, THE CAREFUL TENDER MOTHER
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.
SHE DIED MARCH 11TH, 1753,
AGED 67.

It was a soft, balmy evening; "every leaf was at rest;" the deer in the park had betaken themselves to their favorite haunts, under the wide-spreading boughs of ancient oaks and elms, and were reposing in happy security.

The long continued twilight of England was gathering in, and I still lingered in the consecrated inclosure, fascinated with the unmistakable antiquity of the church, which, although small as compared with many others, is eminently romantic, and I cannot better describe the scene, and the feelings impressed at the moment, than in the words of one equally near as dear—

"A holy spell pervades thy gloom,
A silent charm breathes all around;
And the dread stillness of the tomb
Reigns o'er thy hallowed haunted ground."

It may be proper to mention that the poem from which this is extracted, is descriptive of Haddon Hall, one of the most ancient and perfect specimens of the pure Gothic in England. The poem appeared in one of the English Annuals.

At peace with all the world, and filled with emotions of true and sincere gratitude to the Giver of all

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good, for the pure happiness then enjoyed, I sank down by the tomb-stone, overpowered with veneration, and breathed fervent thanks to HIM who refuses not the offering of a humble and contrite heart.

This narrative is meant to be a faithful and honest representation of *facts* and *circumstances* that actually occurred, and it is firmly believed that none can stray into an ancient secluded country church-yard, during the decline of day, without deeply meditating on those who for ages have slept below, and where ALL must soon sleep, without feeling true devotion, and forming resolves for future and amended conduct.

Slowly quitting the church-yard, and approaching the elevated monument, now become almost sublime as the shades of evening rendered dim its classic outline, it was impossible to avoid lingering some time longer beside it, recalling various passages of the Elegy appropriate to the occasion; the landscape was indeed "glimmering on the sight," and there was a "solemn stillness in the air," well befitting the occasion; more particularly appropriate was that fine stanza, which, although written by Gray, is omitted in all editions of the Elegy except the one hereafter noticed, in where it was re-incorporated by the editor, [the present writer,] in consequence of a suggestion kindly offered in a letter from Granville Penn, Esq., then residing with his brother at Stoke Park.

> Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
> Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
> In still small accents whispering from the ground,
> A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

The Elegy is undoubtedly the most popular poem in the English language; it was translated into that of every country in Europe, besides Latin and Greek. It has been more frequently, elaborately and expensively illustrated with pictorial embellishments. The autograph copy of it, in the poet's small, neat hand, written on two small half sheets of paper, was sold last year for no less than *one hundred pounds sterling*; and the spirited purchaser was most appropriately the proprietor of Stoke Park, Granville John Penn, Esq., who at the same sale gave *forty-five pounds* for the autograph copy of The Long Story, and *one hundred and five pounds* for the Odes; whilst another gentleman gave forty pounds for two short poems and a letter from the illustrious poet on the death of his father.

The truthfulness of the pictures presented to the imagination in the Elegy could not be denied, for there, on the very spot where, beyond all question, it was composed, and after a lapse of nearly one hundred years, the images which impressed the mind of the inspired poet came fresh at every turn. It is true the curfew did not toll, but the "lowing herd" were as distinctly audible as the beetle wheeling his droning flight. The yew tree's shade—that identical tree, to which, to a moral certainty, the poet had reference—is represented in the cut, in the corner of the inclosure, as distinctly as the smallness of the scale admitted, underneath its shade the "turf lies in many a mouldering heap," and the "rugged elms" are outside the inclosure, but their outstretched arms overspread many a "narrow cell and frail memorial," where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where also "their name and years are spelt by th' unlettered muse." A singular error in spelling *the name* of one of those humble persons, was however committed by the poet himself in his "Long Story," very pardonable in him, however, as the party was then alive; but that the error should have been perpetuated in ALL EDITIONS save one, down to that entitled "The Eton," being printed there, and edited by a reverend clergyman resident in the college, is somewhat singular; moreover the *second* edition of the Eton Gray appeared this very year, and the error remains, although the name is correctly given on the grave-stone. The excepted edition, in which alone it is correctly given, was published in 1821, and edited by the present writer for his friend Mr. John Sharpe. The circumstance will be noticed presently.

The Elegy of Gray was evidently written under the influence of strong feeling, and vivid impressions of the beautiful in the scenery around him, and when his sensitive mind was overspread with melancholy, in consequence of the death of his young, amiable and accomplished friend West, to whom, in June, 1742, he addressed his lovely Ode to Spring, which was written at Stoke; but before it reached his friend he was numbered with the dead! So true was the friendship subsisting between them, that the poet of Stoke was overpowered with a melancholy which, although subdued, lasted during a great part of his life.

The scenes amid which the Elegy was composed were well adapted to soothe and cherish that contemplative sadness which, when the wounds of grief are healing, it is a luxury to indulge, and that the poet did indulge them is self-evident in many a line.

In returning to Stoke Green to spend the night, some of the rustic peasantry were wending their way down the lane to the same place, but none of these simple people, although questioned, could tell aught of him whose fame and works had induced the pilgrimage to Stoke; neither did better success attend any succeeding inquiry at the village. So universally true is that scriptural saying, like ALL the sayings of HIM who uttered it, that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.

Retiring to rest early, with a full determination to do that which had often been resolved but never accomplished, that is, to rise with the dawn; the resolution had nearly defeated the purpose, inasmuch as the mind being surcharged with the past and the expected, there was little inclination to sleep until after midnight. But a full and fixed determination of the will overcomes greater difficulties, and the first streak of light at break of day found me up and dressed, and of a truth

> Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
> To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

The dawn was most lovely, and the perfume from the hawthorns delicious; every thing indicated a beautiful day. The sarcophagus stands on the most elevated spot, and there, where probably in days long

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past the poet had watched the rising of the sun, did I, a humble pilgrim at his shrine, await the same sublime spectacle.

As if to gratify a long cherished desire, the sun did rise with a splendor impossible to be exceeded, and the following lines, by an anonymous author, immediately recurred to memory:

O who can paint the rapture of the soul,
As o'er the scene the sun first steals to sight,
And all the world of vapors as they roll,
And heaven's vast arch unveils in living light.

To witness the break of day in the country is indeed a luxury to which the inhabitants of cities are strangers. As the sun rose from the horizon, his increasing light brought into view myriads of dew-drops on every bud and blossom, which glittered and shone like diamonds. The sky-larks began to rise from their grassy beds among the daisies, ascending in circles to the clouds, and caroling a music which is almost heavenly to hear. The deer also were getting up from their shadowy lair under the trees, and the young fawns sprung away and took to flight as I passed a herd, under a clump of beeches, in order to obtain a view of the ancient mansion. In approaching it, a sound, familiar indeed but far from musical, struck the ear, and added another proof and a fresh charm to the fidelity of the picture drawn by the poet. The swallows were merrily "twittering" about the gable-ends, and it did the heart good to stand watching the probable successors of those active little visiters, whose predecessors had possibly attracted the notice of the bard. It is well known that these birds, like the orchard oriole, return year after year to the same house, and haunt where they had previously reared their young.*

A strong and perhaps natural desire to inspect the interior of all that remained of the ancient mansion of the Huntingdons and Hattons was defeated, inasmuch as it was found barricaded. Imagination had been busy for many a year, in respect to its great hall and gallery, its rich windows "and passages that lead to nothing;" but as access to the interior was denied, the sketch-book was put in requisition, and an accurate view soon secured.

Observing at some distance, through a vista among the trees, a lofty pillar with a statue on its summit, and proceeding thither, it was found to be another of those splendid ornaments with which the taste and liberality of the proprietor had adorned his park, being erected to the memory of Sir Edward Coke, whose statue it was which surmounted the capital. Whilst engaged in sketching this truly classic object, a gentleman approached, who introduced himself as Mr. Osborne, the superintendent of the demesne. He expressed pleasure at seeing the sketches, and politely offered every facility for making such, but hinted that Mr. Penn had scruples, and very proper ones, about strangers approaching too near the house on the Sabbath day, to make sketches of objects in its vicinity.

* A pair of Baltimore birds (the orchard oriole) returned summer after summer, and built their hanging nest, not only in the same apple-tree, but on the same bough, which overhung a terrace, in a garden belonging to the writer at Geneva, New York, until one season a terrific storm, not of hail but ice, tore the nest from the tree, and killed the young, and the parent birds never afterward returned.

Mr. Osborne's offer was courteously made, and the consequence was that many visits to Stoke afterward took place, and the whole of the interesting scenery carefully sketched. He kindly pointed out all that was most worthy of attention about the estate and neighborhood, and made tender of his company to visit West-End, and show the house which Gray, and his mother and aunt had for many years occupied. The proprietor he said was Captain Salter, in whose family it had remained for a great many generations. Latterly the house has been purchased, enlarged, and put into complete repair by Mr. Granville John Penn, the present proprietor, nephew of John Penn, Esq., who died in June, 1834. After "a hasty" breakfast at Stoke Green, the church-yard was again visited, and there was not a grave-stone in it which was not examined and read. The error formerly alluded to was immediately detected. The passages in the Long Story, describing the mock trial at the "Great House," before Lady Cobham, may be worth transcribing.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Port,*
(By this time all the parish know it,)
Had told that thereabouts there lurked
A wicked imp they call a poet:
Who prowled the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows and lamed the deer,
And sucked the eggs and killed the pheasants.

The court was set, the culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Jones and Jones repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:
Such in the silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack has often seen the sight,)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:
In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honor once who garnished
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The bard with many an artful fib
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib
And all that Groom could urge against him.

Finding on the stone alluded to, that it was to the memory of Mrs. Ann Tyacke, who died in 1753, it occurred that this was the Styack of the poem, where a foot-note in a copy then and there consulted, stated her to have been the housekeeper; and on inquiring of Mr. Osborne, he confirmed the conjecture. Two other foot-notes state Squib to have been *groom* of the chamber, and that Groom was steward; but finding another head-stone (both are represented in the large wood-cut, although not exactly in the situations they occupy in the church-yard) close to that of Mrs. Tyacke, to the memory of *William* Groom, who died 1751, it appears to offer evidence that Gray mistook the *name* of the one for the *office* of the other. The Eton edition has not a single foot-note from beginning to end of the volume. It is dedicated to Mr. Granville John Penn, and his "kind assistance *during the progress of the work*" acknowledged, both in its illustrations, and in the biographical sketch, notwith-

* In all editions but that published by Mr. John Sharpe the initial *only* of this name has been given—"Mr. P."—even the Eton edition of this year has it so. It seems folly to continue what may have been very proper nearly a hundred years ago, when the individual was alive; but the Rev. Robert Port died in April, 1752!

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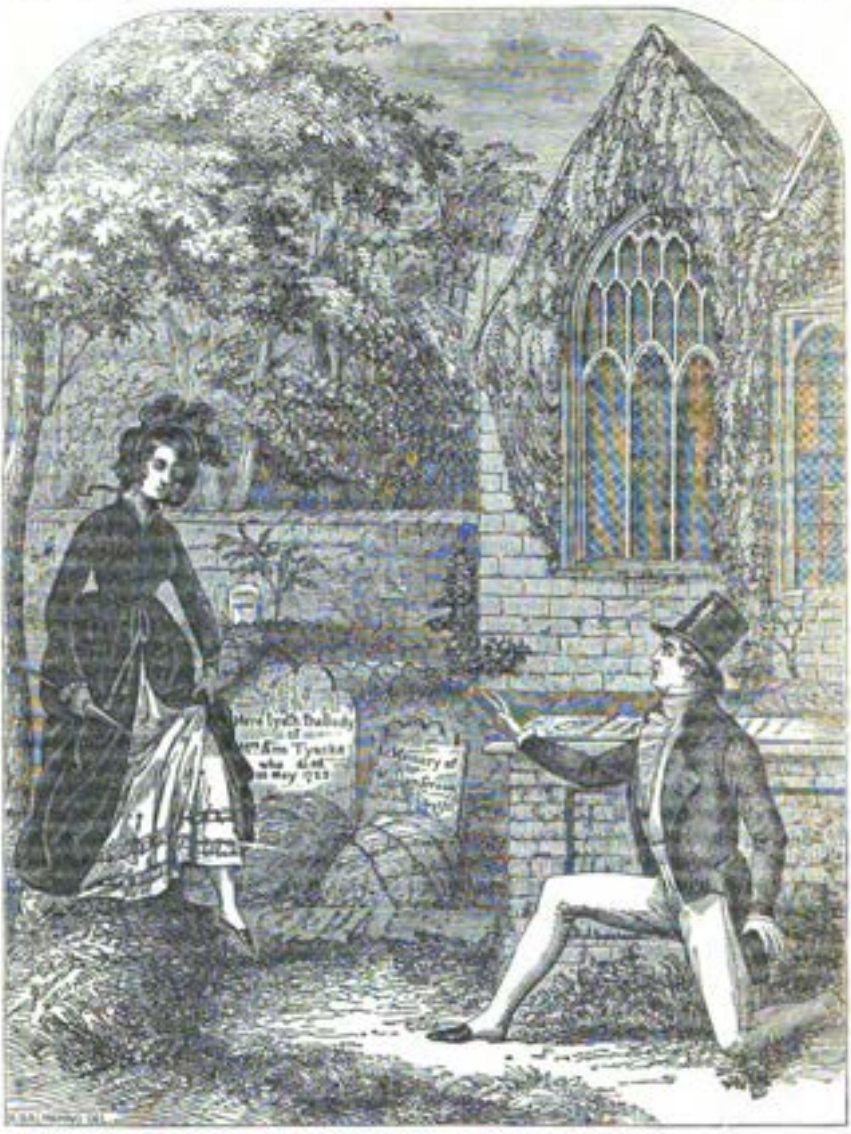
standing which "assistance," the error of the housekeeper's name is continued; and amongst the wood-cut illustrations, there is one entitled (both *in* the list and *on* the cut) "Stoke Church, east end, with tablet to Gray," when, in fact, it represents the *tomb-stone* at the end of the church, under which Gray and his mother are interred. The *tablet* to Gray is quite another thing, *that* was lately inserted in the wall of the church; but by some extraordinary blunder it records his death as having taken place on the 1st of August, while on the sarcophagus it is stated to have occurred on the 30th of July. Neither the one nor the other is correct. The Gentleman's Magazine for 1771, and the Annual Register for the same year, as well as Mathias' Life, 2 vols. 4to., 1814, all concur in giving it as having taken place on the 31st. The Etonian edition has it the 30th. After a considerable time spent in the church-yard, the hour of public worship drew near, the aged sexton appeared, opened the doors, and began to toll the bell—that same ancient bell which, century after century, had "rung in" generation after generation, and tolled at their funerals. It is difficult to realize the feelings excited on entering a sacred edifice of very ancient date, particularly if it is in the country, secluded amongst aged trees, looking as old as itself; and in walking over the stone floor, which, although so seldom trodden, is worn away into something like channels; in sitting in the same antique, and curiously carved, black oaken pews, which had been sat on by races of men who had occupied the same seats hundreds of years long past; but the effect is greatly increased on viewing the effigies of the mighty dead, lying on their marble beds, in long and low niches in the walls, some with the palms of their hands pressed together and pointing upward, as if in the act of supplication; and others grasping their swords, and having their legs *crossed*, indicating that they had fought *for* the cross in the Holy Land. Such a church, and such objects around, fill the mind with true devotion. The sublime words of Milton work out the picture to perfection.

> There let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced quire below,
> In service high, and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness through mine ear
> Dissolve me into extasies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

It was gratifying and affecting to witness the piety, humility, and devotion of the congregation as they entered and took their seats in silence, long before the venerable clergyman entered the church; there was something exceedingly touching in the profound silence that reigned throughout the congregation, and induced one to think highly of that rule amongst those excellent people, who with great propriety are termed Friends. Public worship was attended both in the morning and afternoon, and I returned to London, feeling myself a much better man than when I left it, with a full determination to revisit a place where so much pleasure had been received. It was nearly three months before the resolve was carried into effect; but a second excursion was made in August, and Mr. Osborne was kind enough to show the house at West-End, together with the celebrated Burnham beeches, amongst which were several "which wreathed their old fantastic roots so high," evidently the originals alluded to in the Elegy. They are scarcely a mile from West-End, and are approached through another of those sweet green lanes with which the neighborhood abounds. They are part of the original forest. The spot was one of Gray's favorite haunts; and it would be difficult to find one better fitted for a lover of nature, and a contemplative mind. Late in the autumn an invitation was received from Mr. Osborne to spend a day or two with him; but it was not until the beginning of November that advantage could be taken of it. Arriving at his house late in the afternoon, his servant informed me he had been suddenly called away to the Isle of Portland, in Dorsetshire, where Mr. Penn was erecting a castle. She also apologized for Mrs. Osborne's inability to receive company, in consequence of "a particular circumstance," which circumstance she blushingly acknowledged was the birth of a fine boy the night before. There was no resource, therefore, but to walk down either to Stoke Green, or to Salt-Hill, where there are two well-known taverns. Before proceeding, however, the church-yard, almost of necessity, must be visited; and although in a direct line, it was not far from Mr. Osborne's house, a considerable circuit had to be made to get into the inclosure. The evening was particularly still—you could have heard a leaf fall; the twilight was just setting in, and a haze, or fog, coming on, but the spot was soon reached; and whilst kneeling, engaged, like Old Mortality, in plucking some weeds and long grass, which had sprung up about *the* tomb since the last visit, a slight sound—a very gentle rustle—struck the ear. I supposed it to be the ivy on the church-wall, but the next instant it was followed by a movement—something very near was certainly approaching. On looking up, it is impossible to describe with what mixed feelings of astonishment, apprehension, and awe, I beheld coming from a corner of the church-yard, (where there was no ingress through the brick wall,) and directly toward the spot where I knelt, the figure of a tall, majestic lady, dressed in a black velvet pelisse, black velvet hat, surmounted by a plume of black ostrich feathers. She was stepping slowly toward me, over the graves. It would be useless to deny that fear fixed me to the spot on beholding the expression of her very serious face, and her eyes firmly fixed on mine.

Appalled by her sudden appearance, it seemed as if she had just risen from the grave, dressed in a funeral pall; for I was facing toward that corner of the enclosure from which she was coming, and feeling certain no human being was there one minute before, I was breathless with apprehension, and glad to rest one arm on the tomb-stone until she came close up to me.

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With a graceful inclination of the head, she addressed me.

"Mr. B——, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, that is my name."

"And you came down to visit Mr. Osborne, who has been called away to Portland."

I breathed more freely as I admitted it.

"It happens," she continued, "to be inconvenient for Mrs. Osborne to receive you, and as you came by invitation from her husband, if you will accept a night's lodging from me, I am enabled to offer it. I am Mr. Pean's housekeeper, and none of the family are at home."

Most joyfully was the invitation accepted; my mind was relieved from a very unpleasant load of apprehension—but the end was not yet! She began to lead the way over the graves, exactly toward the spot from whence she had so suddenly and mysteriously appeared; after proceeding a few steps, I ventured to say—

"Pray, madam, may I be allowed to inquire where you are leading to? I can see no egress in that direction, unless it be into an open grave or under a tombstone."

"Oh, you will find that out presently," replied the lady, transfixing me with a glance of her bright blue eyes, and I thought I could detect a rather equivocal expression about the corners of her beautiful mouth. This was not very encouraging, and not much liked, but she was a woman, and a lovely one, too much

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so by half to be a Parisian.—I was on my guard, however, and ready, but the fog became so thick it was impossible to see three steps before us; in fact, it rolled over the church-yard wall in clouds. The lady linked her arm in mine, to prevent herself from stumbling, holding up her dress with the other hand, as the long dank grass was wetting it. At last we arrived in the very corner of the church-yard, she still keeping a firm hold of my arm.

"In Heaven's name, madam, what do you mean by leading me into this corner?"

"Oh, you are afraid, I see; but wait a moment."

On saying which, I observed her to take something bright from her girdle, which apprehension converted into a stiletto or dirk, and such is the force of self-preservation, that I was on the point of tripping her up and throwing her on her back. But thrusting the supposed dirk against the wall—presto—open sesame—the wall gave way, and she drew me through a doorway. This was done so quickly it absolutely seemed magic. For an instant I thought of dropping her arm—indeed I should have done so, and retreated back through the door, but she held my arm tight, and I almost quaked, for I thought she had dragged me into a secret vault, the manœuvre was performed so adroitly. The drifting cold fog, however, soon made it plain we were in no vault, but the open park. In short, it was a door in the wall, flush with the bricks, and painted so exactly like them, it was impossible for a stranger to discover it. It was Mr. Penn's private entrance, and saved the family a walk of some distance. A narrow green walk, not previously remarked, led from the door to the west end of the church.

The housekeeper of a nobleman or gentleman of wealth, in England, generally enjoys an enviable station. Intrusted with much that is valuable, she is generally a person of the highest consideration and respect, and seldom fails to acquire the elevated manners and refined address of her superiors. The lady in question was exactly one of this description, well educated, and well read; a magnificent library was at her command, and having much time, and what is better, fine taste, she had profited by it. Never was an evening passed in greater comfort, or with a more agreeable companion. After partaking of that most exhilarating of all beverages, the pure hyson, we began to chat with almost the same freedom as though we had been long acquainted. During a pause in the conversation, after looking in my face a moment, she said—

"Will you answer me one question?"

"Most certainly, any thing you choose to ask."

"But will you answer it honestly and truly?"

"Do not doubt it."

"Well, then, tell me, were you not most horribly afraid when you saw me coming toward you in the church-yard?"

"I do frankly confess, madam, I *was horribly* afraid, and further, I firmly believe I should have taken to my heels, had you not been a very beautiful woman!"

Before the sentence was well finished her laughter was irrepressible.

"I *knew* it, I *saw* it, I *intended* it," said she, laughing so heartily that the tears sprang out of her beautiful eyes, and she was obliged to use her handkerchief to wipe them away.

"And do you feel no compunction for scaring a poor fellow half out of his wits?"

"None whatever," replied she gayly. "What could you expect when prowling amongst the graves in a church-yard so lone and solitary, like a ghoule, on a damp November night? I saw you from Mr. Osborne's going toward it, and determined to startle you—and I think I succeeded pretty effectually."

"You did, and had very nearly met with your reward, for when in the corner of that church-yard you pulled the key from your girdle, fully believing you to be the Evil One, I was on the point of strangling you."

Much laughter at my expense ensued, for the lady lacked neither wit nor humor, and the evening flew faster than desired. On retiring, a man servant conducted me to an apartment on the upper floor of the mansion, and sleep soon came and soon went, for an innumerable number of rats and mice were careering all over the bed! and I felt them sniffing about my nose and mouth; I sprang bolt upright, striking right and left like a madman. This sent them pattering all about the room, and dreading that I might find myself minus a nose or an ear before morning, I groped all around the room for a bell, but could find none; proceeding into the corridor and standing on tip-toe, bell-wires were soon found, and soon set a ringing; watching at the top of the very long staircase, a light was at last seen ascending, borne in the hand of a very fat man, who proved to be the butler; he had nothing on but his his shirt, and a huge pair of red plush, which enveloped his nether bulk. Puffing with the exertion of ascending so many stairs, he at last saw me, still more lightly clothed than himself, and inquired what I wanted?

"Have you got a cat about the house?"

"No, sir, we have no cats, they destroy the young pheasants."

"A dog, then?"

"No dog, sir, on account of the deer."

"Then tell the housekeeper there are ten thousand rats and twenty thousand mice in the room I occupy!"

As he descended the stair he was heard mumbling, "cats!"—"dogs!"—"rats!"—"mice!" and chuckling ready to burst his fat sides.

After long waiting, the reflection of light on his red plush smalls (*greats* would better describe them) flashed up like a streak of lightning, and puffing harder than before, told me if I would follow him down stairs, he had orders to show me to another room.

Gathering up the articles of my dress over my arm, we descended, and I was shown into a room of almost regal splendor. The lofty bed-head had a canopy, terminating in a gilded coronet, and the ample hangings were of rich Venetian crimson velvet, trimmed and festooned "about, around and underneath." The

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ascent to this unusually lofty bed was by a flight of superb steps, covered with rich embossed velvet. Out of the royal palaces I had never seen such a bed.

In consequence of having stood so long undressed on the marble floor at the top of the stairs, shivering with cold, the magnificent bed, on getting into it, was found comfortable beyond expression. It felt as if it would never cease yielding under the pressure; it sunk down, down, down—there appeared no stop to its declension; and then its delicious warmth—what a luxury to a shivering man! Hugging myself under the idea of a glorious night's rest, and composing myself in the easiest possible position, it was more desirable to lay awake in such full enjoyment, than to sleep—sleep had lost all its charms. I was in the bed of beds—the celestial!

After thus laying about twenty minutes, enjoying perfect bliss, a sensation of some uneasiness began slowly to manifest itself, which induced a change of position; but the change did not relieve the uncomfortable feeling. It would be difficult to describe it, but it increased every moment, until at last it seemed as if the points of a hundred thousand fine needles were puncturing every pore. This was borne with great resignation and equanimity for some time, expecting it would go off; but the stinging sensation increased, and finally became intolerable; the celestial bed became one of infernal torture. I tossed, and dashed, and threw about my limbs in all directions, and almost bellowed like a mad bull.

What to do to relieve the torment I knew not. To ask for another bed was out of the question, and to attempt to sleep on thorns—thorns! they would have been thought a luxury to this of lying enduring the pains of the doomed. After long endurance of the pain, and in racking my brains considering what was best to be done, the intolerable sensations began by degrees to subside and grow less and less; but the heat, although nearly insupportable, was more easily endured. That horrible night was a long one—and long will it be before it is forgotten.

Coming down in the morning, expecting to find the lady all smiles and graces, I was surprised and hurt to find she received me rather coldly, and with averted head; but when she could no longer avoid turning round, never, in the whole course of my life, was I more astonished at the change she had undergone. It was a total, a radical change—she was hardly to be recognized—and it was scarcely possible to believe she was the lovely woman of the last night. Not that her splendid figure was altered—in fact, an elegant morning-dress rather tended to improve and set-off her full and almost voluptuous contour, and her soft, sweet voice was equally musical; but her face—the charms of her lovely face were vanished and gone!

Every one will admit that the nose is a most important, nay, a very prominent feature in female beauty. It is indispensible that a belle should have a beautiful nose; in fact, it is a question whether a woman without an eye would not be preferable to one with—but I anticipate.

"I see your surprise, sir," said she, with evident chagrin, "but it is all owing to you."

"To *me*, madam! I presume you allude to the altered appearance of your face, but I cannot conceive what I can have had to do with the change."

In brief, her beautiful nose was all over as red as scarlet, particularly the point of it, which exactly resembled a large red cherry, or ripe Siberian crab-apple. Now just think of it—a very fair woman with a blood-red nose! Faugh! it is enough to sicken the most devoted admirer of the sex. Suppose any gentleman going to be married, and full of love and admiration, should, on going to the house of his beloved bride on the appointed morning, to take her to church, humming to himself that sweet song, "She Wove a Wreath of Roses," finds her beautiful nose become a big rosy nosegay—would he not be apt to suppose she had over night been making pretty free sacrifices, not to the little god of love, but to jolly Bacchus? I did not do *my* belle such an injustice—and yet what could I think?

"How do you make out that I had any thing to do with such an important alteration, madam."

"O, as easy as it is true. Did not your woe-begone terrors in the church-yard throw me into immoderate fits of laughter, as you well know? And did not your adventures, after you retired, when reported to me, throw me all but into convulsions—the more I thought, the more I laughed, until it brought on a nervous headache so intense, it felt as if my head would have split? To relieve so distressing a pain, I took a bottle of eau de cologne to bed with me, and pulling out the stopper, propped it up by the pillow, right under my nose. I quite forgot it, and fell asleep with the bottle in that position."

"Ah!" said I, "I suspected *the bottle* had something to do with it."

"Quite true, quite true—but not the bottle you wickedly insinuate. How long I slept I know not, it must have been a long time; when I awoke, I was surprised to find my shoulder cold and wet—and then I recollected the bottle of cologne; but what was my horror, on getting up, to behold my face in this frightful condition, you may easily imagine."

Poor, dear lady, if she laughed heartily at the scare she gave me in the church-yard, I now had my revenge, full and ample—for I could not refrain from laughing outright every time I looked in her face; and laughter, when it is hearty and bilarious, is catching, almost as much as yawning; and I fancy few will dispute how potent, how Mesmeric, or magnetic the effect of an outstretched arm and wide gaping oscitation is. I declare, I caught myself gaping the other night on seeing my wife's white cat stretch herself on the rug, and yawn.

"I really should feel obliged if you would be polite enough to keep your eye off my face," said the lady.

Now it need hardly be remarked, that when any thing is the matter with a person's face, be it a wall-eye, a squint, a cancer, very bad teeth, or any such disfigurement or malady, it is impossible to look at any other spot—it is sure to fix your gaze, you can look at no other part; you cannot keep your eye

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off it, unless you are more generous, or better bred than most men.

"I really should feel obliged if you would be polite enough to keep your eye off my nose; it puts me out of countenance," said the fair one. She said this half earnest, half jest; and I obliged her, by directing my looks to her taper fingers and white hands—and the conversation proceeded with the breakfast.

"May I inquire how you rested, after your escape from the ten thousand rats, and twenty thousand mice, which attacked you before you changed your room?"

"Do you ask the question seriously?"

"Certainly I do."

"Why, then, to use a homely but a very expressive phrase, it was out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Mercy on us! how can that be; you had what is considered the best bed in the house."

"O, I dare say—no doubt, the softest I ever lay in; but instead of ten thousand rats, and twenty thousand mice, I had not been in it fifteen minutes ere a hundred and twenty thousand hornets, wasps, scorpions, and centipeds, two or three thousand hedge-hogs, and as many porcupines, seemed to be full drive at me; and had I not soon been relieved by perspiration, I should assuredly have gone mad, and been in bedlam. Nervous headache! Why, madam, it would have been considered paradise, compared with the purgatory you inflicted on me."

Her eyes sparkled with glee—and she began to laugh joyously; but soon checking herself, and assuming a sort of mock sympathy, said,

"I am very sorry—*very* sorry, indeed, that you should have found your bed so like the love of some men, rather hot to hold."

On inquiring whether the grand coroneted bed, which had been as a hot gridiron to me, was intended for any particular person, she informed me it was for a Russian nobleman, Baron Nicholay, a much respected friend of Mr. Penn's, who sometimes visited Stoke, and who, being used to a bed of down in the cold climate of his own country, Mr. Penn, with his characteristic kindness and attention, had it prepared for the baron's especial comfort. She added that the reason why Mr. Penn had all his life remained a bachelor, was in consequence of an early attachment which he had formed for the baron's sister; that they were to have been married, but in driving the lady in a *drouschky*, or sledge, on the ice of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, by some fatality the ice gave way, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of her lover, and the servant who stood behind the sled, the lady, by the force of the current, was swept away under the ice, and never afterward seen. That this shocking accident had such effect on Mr. Penn's mind, as well it might, he never could think of any other woman, but remained true and constant to his his first love, mourning her tragic end all his life."

This was exactly the case with that most amiable and gifted man, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, who being engaged and about to be married to a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, the young lady was suddenly snatched from him by a rapid consumption; and Sir Thomas remained faithful to her beloved memory, wearing mourning during his life, and ever after used black wax in sealing his letters, as the writer can prove by many, many received from him during a series of years until his lamented death.

On asking my intelligent companion if she knew any particulars respecting Gray, she replied she did know a great deal regarding him; that Mr. Penn idolized his memory, and had made collections respecting him and the personages mentioned in the Long Story. At my pressing solicitation she was good enough to say she would write out all the particulars—a promise which she faithfully kept; and they may hereafter appear in some shape.

The morning proving foggy and damp, the time (instead of going to church) was passed in the library—a magnificent room, nearly two hundred feet long, extending the whole length of the building, and filled with books from floor to ceiling.

In one of the principal rooms, mounted upon a pedestal, there is a large piece of the identical tree under the shade of which Mr. Penn's celebrated ancestor, William, signed his treaty with the Indians, constituting him Lord Proprietary of what was afterward, and what will ever be, Pennsylvania. The piece of wood is part of a large limb, about five feet long. The tree was blown down in 1812, and the portion in question was transmitted by Dr. Rush to Mr. Penn, who had it varnished in its original state, and a brass plate affixed to it, with an inscription.

The sun broke through the fog about twelve o'clock, and had as cheering an effect on the landscape, as it almost invariably has on the mind. In the afternoon, after a most delightful day spent with the fair housekeeper, it became time to think of returning to London, and as the distance would be much lessened by proceeding through Mr. Penn's grounds, and going down to Salt-Hill instead of Slough, the lady offered to accompany me to the extent of the shrubberies, and point out the way. These enchanting shrubberies are adorned with busts of the Roman and English poets, placed on antique terms, along the well-kept, smooth gravel-walks, which wind about in many a serpentine direction through the grounds. There are appropriate quotations from the works of the different bards, placed on the front of each terminus. The bust of Gray, is placed under an ancient wide-spreading oak, with this inscription:

> Where 'er the oak's thick branches stretch
> A broader, browner shade;
> Where 'er the rude moss-grown beech
> O'er canopies the glade,
> With me the muse shall sit and think,
> At ease reclined in rustic state.

There is an elegant small building, inscribed "The Temple of Fancy," in which a bust of the immortal Shakspeare is the only ornament. It is on a small knoll, commanding an extensive prospect through the trees, which are opened like a fan. Windsor Castle terminates this lovely view. Within the temple there is a long inscription from the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, sc. 5, beginning thus,

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Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, ouphee, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

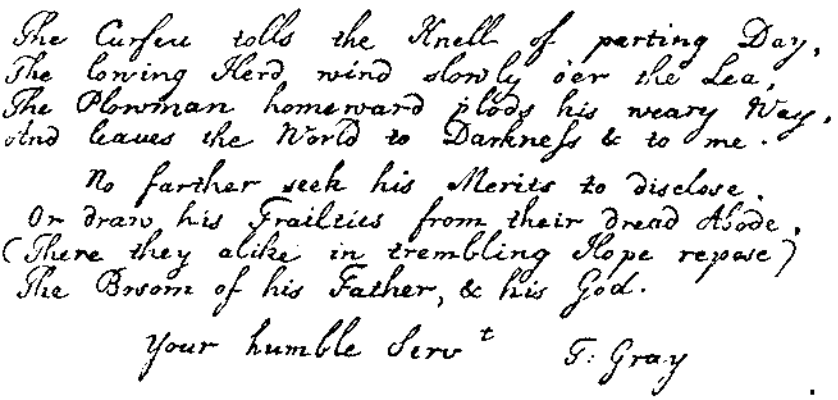
The grounds, laid out with so much fine taste, terminate in a lovely little dell, sheltered on every side. In the centre there is a circle bordered with box, and growing within it, a collection of all the known varieties of heath. The plants were then in full flower, and innumerable honey-bees were feeding and buzzing. To one who, in early life, had been accustomed to tread the heath-covered hills of Scotland, the unexpected sight of these blooming plants of the mountain was a treat; and the effect was heightened on seeing the bust of Scotia's most admired bard, Thomson, adorning it. The inscription was from that sublime, almost divine hymn, with which the Seasons conclude, and eminently well applied to the heath, as some one or other of the varieties blossom nearly all the year through.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee.

In that secluded dell I bade a sorrowful and unwilling adieu to the lady who had shown such extraordinary politeness. It may be worth the while to mention that she was soon after married, much against the wish of Mr. Penn, who had a great aversion to any changes in his establishment; for a kinder, a better, a more pious, or more accomplished gentleman than the late John Penn, of Stoke Park, England could not boast.

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In consequence of the extraordinary prices lately paid for the autograph copies of Gray's poems, more particularly that of the Elegy, it has been thought it would be acceptable to the readers of the Magazine to be presented with a *fac simile*. The following have therefore been traced, and engraved with great care and accuracy, from the first and last stanzas of the Elegy, and the signature from a letter. These will give an exact idea of the peculiarly neat and elegant handwriting of the Poet of Stoke.



THE SAW-MILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

In yonder mill I rested,
And sat me down to look
Upon the wheel's quick glimmer,
And on the flowing brook.

As in a dream, before me,
The saw, with restless play,
Was cleaving through a fir-tree
Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibres
With living motion stirred,
And, in a dirge-like murmur,
These solemn words I heard—

Oh, thou, who wanderest hither,
A timely guest thou art!
For thee this cruel engine
Is passing through my heart.

When soon, in earth's still bosom,
Thy hours of rest begin,
This wood shall form the chamber
Whose walls shall close thee in.

Four planks—I saw and shuddered—
Dropped in that busy mill;
Then, as I tried to answer,
At once the wheel was still.

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EFFIE MORRIS.

OR LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting;
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane. WORDSWORTH.

It was a warm, cloudy, sultry summer morning—scarcely a breath of air stirred the clematis and woodbine blossoms that peeped in and clustered around the breakfast-room window, greeting us with fresh fragrance; but on this morning no pleasant air breathed sighingly over them, and they looked drooping and faded. I was visiting my friend Effie Morris, who resided in a pleasant country village, some twenty or thirty miles from my city home. We were both young, and had been school-girl friends from early childhood. The preceding winter had been our closing session at school, and we were about entering our little world as women. Effie was an only daughter of a widowed mother. Possessing comfortable means, they lived most pleasantly in their quiet romantic little village. Effie had stayed with me during the winters of her school-days, while I had always returned the compliment by spending the summer months at her pleasant home. Her mother was lovely both in mind and disposition, and though she had suffered much from affliction, she still retained youthful and sympathizing feelings. Effie was gentle and beautiful, and the most innocent, unsophisticated little enthusiast that ever breathed. She had arrived at the age of seventeen, and to my certain knowledge had never felt the first heart-throb; never had been in love. In vain had we attended the dancing-school balls, and little parties. A host of boy-lovers surrounded the little set to which we belonged, and yet Effie remained entirely heart-whole. She never flirted, never sentimentalized with gentlemen, and she was called cold and matter-of-fact, by those who judged her alone by her manner; but one glance in her soft, dove-like eyes, it seems to me, should have set them a doubting. I have seen those expressive eyes well up with tears when together we would read some old story or poem—

"Two shall be named preeminently dear—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly One with her milk-white Lamb"—

or leaning from our bed-room window, at midnight, we would gaze on the silvery moon in the heavens, listening to the rippling notes of the water-spirits that to our fancy inhabited the sparkling stream that ran near the house. How beautifully would she improvise at times—for improvisations in truth were they, while she was quite unconscious of her gift. She never wrote a line of poetry, but when in such moods, every word she uttered was true, pure poetry. She had a most remarkable memory, and seemed never to forget a line she read. To me she would repeat page after page of our favorite authors, when we would be wandering through the woods, our arms entwined around each other.

Effie Morris was an enthusiastic dreamer, and entertained certain little romantic exaggerated opinions, out of which it was impossible to argue her—sometimes her actions ran contrary to these opinions, and we would fancy that surely now she would admit the fallacy of her arguments in favor of them; but when taxed with it, she would in the most earnest, sincere manner defend her original position, proving to us that no matter how her actions appeared to others, they were in her own mind entirely in keeping with these first expressed opinions, which to us seemed entirely at variance. But she was so gentle in argument, and proved so plainly that though her reasoning might be false, her thoughts were so beautiful and pure, as to make us feel perfectly willing to pardon her obstinacy.

On the morning I speak of, we lounged languidly over the breakfast-table, not caring to taste of the tempting crisp rolls, or drink of the fragrant Mocha juice, the delicious fumes of which rose up from the delicate China cups all unheeded by us. At first we talked listlessly of various things, wandering from subject to subject, and at last, to our surprise, we found ourselves engaged in a sprightly, animated argument; each forgetting the close atmosphere that seemed at first to weigh down all vivacity. The subject of this argument was the possibility of pride overcoming love in a woman's heart. Mrs. Morris and I contended that love weakened or quite died out if the object proved unworthy or indifferent. Our romantic Effie of course took the opposite side. True love to her mind was unalterable. Falsehood, deceit, change—no matter what sorrow, she said, might afflict the pure loving heart—its love would still remain. "I cannot," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "imagine for an instant that true, genuine love should—could have any affinity with pride. When I see a woman giving evidence of what is called high spirit in love matters, I straightway lose all sympathy for her heart-troubles. I say to myself—she has never truly loved."

We argued, but in vain; at length her mother laughingly cried out—"Nonsense, Effie, no one

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would sooner resent neglect from a lover than yourself. True love, as you call it, would never make such a spiritless, meek creature out of the material of which you are composed."

"Yes, in truth," I added, as I saw our pretty enthusiast, half vexed, shake her head obstinately at her mother's prophecy—"I can see those soft eyes of yours, Effie, darling, flash most eloquent fire, should your true love meet with unworthiness."

During our conversation the clouds had broken, the wind changed, and a delicious breeze came sweeping in at the windows as if to cool our cheeks, flushed with the playful argument.

"Will you ride or walk this morning, girls?" asked Mrs. Morris, as we arose from the breakfast-table.

"Oh, let us take our books, guitar and work up the mill-stream to the old oak, dear mamma," exclaimed Effie, "and spend an hour or two there."

"But it will be mid-day when we return," replied her mother.

"That's true," said Effie, laughing, "but Leven can drive up to the old broken bridge for us at mid-day."

"To be sure he can," said Mrs. Morris, and accordingly we sallied forth, laden with books and netting, while a servant trudged on ahead, with camp-stools and guitar. Nothing eventful occurred on that particular morning, and yet though years have passed since then, I never recall the undulating scenery of the narrow, dark, winding mill-stream of Stamford, but it presents itself to my mind's eye as it looked on that morning. In my waking or sleeping dreams, I see the old oak at the morning hours, and whenever the happy moments I have spent at Effie Morris' country home come to my memory, this morning is always the brightest, most vivid picture presented before me by my fancy. As Hans Christian Andersen says with such poetic eloquence in his Improvisatore—"It was one of those moments which occur but once in a person's life, which, without signalizing itself by any great life-adventure, yet stamps itself in its whole coloring upon the Psyche wings."

We walked slowly along the narrow bank—tall trees towered around us, whose waving branches, together with the floating clouds, were mirrored with exquisite distinctness on the bosom of the dark, deep, narrow stream—near at shore lay the dreaming, luxurious water-lilies, and a thousand beautiful blossoms bent over the bank, and kissed playfully the passing waters, or coquetted with the inconstant breeze. Our favorite resting-place was about a mile's walk up the beautiful stream, and to reach it we had to cross to the opposite shore, over a rude, half-ruined bridge, which added to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. The oak was a century old tree, and stood upon rising ground a short distance from the shore. How calmly and happily passed that morning. Effie sang wild ballads for us, and her rich full notes were echoed from the distance by the spirit voices of the hills. We wove garlands of water-lilies and wild flowers, and when I said we were making Ophelias of ourselves, Effie, with shy earnestness most bewitching, unloosened her beautiful hair, twining the long locks, and banding her temples with the water-lily garlands and long grass—then wrapping an India muslin mantle around her shoulders, she gathered up the ends on her arms, filling them with sprigs of wild blossoms, and acted poor Ophelia's mad scene most touchingly. Tears gathered in our eyes as she concluded the wild, wailing melody

"And will he not come again,
And will he not come again,
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

"His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll—
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan—
God a mercy on his soul."

There was a deep, touching pathos in her voice as she uttered the minor notes of this song, and her soft eyes beamed half vacantly, half reverently, as looking up to heaven she uttered in low breathing tones—

"And of all Christian souls! I pray God!"

Then suddenly arousing herself, she looked toward us and murmured, as she turned away with a sad, tearful smile, "God be wi' you." The illusion was perfect, and we both sobbed outright.

Effie Morris was one of the few true geniuses I have known in my life time; and when I have said this to those who only met with her in society, they have laughed and wondered what genius there could be in my cold, quiet friend.

The following winter Effie entered society. Her mother had many gay and fashionable friends in the principal northern cities, and during the winter season her letters to me were dated at one time from Washington, then again from some other gay city; and in this free from care pleasant manner did her days pass. Household duties kept me, though a young girl, close at home. Possibly if Effie had been thrown into the active domestic sphere which was my mission, her history might have been different. She certainly would have been less of a dreamer. Exquisite waking dreams, woven of the shining fairy threads of fancy, meet with but poor encouragement in every-day life, and take flight sometimes never to return, when one is rudely awakened from them in order to attend to "the baked and the broiled." I remember, when a girl, feeling at times a little restive under the duties unavoidably imposed upon me, and often would indulge in a morbid sentimental humor, dreaming over some "rare old poet" or blessed romance, to the exceeding great detriment of my household affairs, making my poor father sigh over a tough, badly cooked steak, and cheerless, dusty house; but these moods, to my credit be it told, were of rare occurrence; and I say now the best school for a dreaming, enthusiastic girl, who sighs for the realization of her fancy visions, is to place her in charge of some active duty—to make her feel it is exacted from her—that she must see it performed. I mean not that a

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delicate intellectual spirit should be borne to the earth disheartened with care and hard labor—but a share of domestic cares, domestic duties, is both wholesome and necessary for a woman. Cultivate if possible in a girl a taste for reading and study first, then she will soon find time for intellectual pursuits, which, from being in a measure denied to her, will become dearer. In her attempts to secure moments for the indulgence of her mental desires she will unconsciously learn order, management and economy of time and labor, thus will her mind be strengthened. But I am digressing, dear reader. I am sadly talkative on this subject, and sometimes fancy I could educate a girl most famously; and when "thinking aloud" of the perfect woman my theory would certainly complete, I am often pitched rudely from my self-satisfied position, by some married friend saying, in a half vexed, impatient tone—"Ah, yes, this is all very fine in theory—no doubt you would be successful—we all know the homely adage—'old bachelors' wives and old maids' children,' &c."

Effie was not what is called a belle in society. She was too cold and spiritual. Her beauty was too delicate to make an impression in the gay ball-room; and she cared little for what both men and women in the world pine after—popularity. She danced and talked only with those who pleased her, and sometimes not at all if it did not suit her fancy. There was a great contrast between her mother and herself. Mrs. Morris, though "forty rising," was still a fine-looking, *distingué* woman; and on her re-entrance into society with her daughter, she produced a greater impression than did Effie. She had a merry, joyous disposition, and without possessing half the mental superiority her daughter was gifted with, she had a light, easy conversational ability, playful repartee, an elegant style and manner, and a sufficient knowledge of accomplishments to produce an effect in the gay world, and make her the centre of attraction of every circle she entered; and the world wondered so brilliant a mother should have so indifferent a daughter. She doted on Effie; and, I am sure, loved her all the more for her calm, quiet way. She often said to me, "Effie is very superior to the women one meets with—she has a pure, elevated spirit. So delicate a nature as hers is not properly appreciated in this world."

One summer there came a wooing of Effie a most excellent gentleman. He had met with her the preceding winter in some gay circle, and had discernment enough to discover the merits of our jewel. How anxiously Mrs. Morris and I watched the wooing—for we were both anxious for Mr. Grayson's success. He was in every way worthy of her—high-minded, honorable, and well to do in the world—some years her senior, but handsome and elegant in appearance. He must have had doubts of his success, for he let the live-long summer pass ere he ventured on his love speech. We were a pleasant party—Mrs. Morris, Effie, myself, Mr. Grayson, and Lucien Decker, a cousin of Mrs. Morris—a college youth, who only recently had become one of the family. Lucien Decker's family lived in a distant state, and only until he came to a northern college to finish his studies had he known his pleasant relatives. He was a bright, interesting, graceful youth, and wondrous clever, we thought. We would spend morning after morning wandering up the mill-stream, resting under the old oak, where Mr. Grayson would discourse most pleasantly, or read aloud to us; and sometimes, after Effie and I had chanted simple melodies, we would prevail on Lucien to recite some of his own poetry, at which he was, indeed, most clever—he recited well, and wrote very delicately and beautifully. At last Mr. Grayson ventured on a proposal; but, to our sorrow, he met with a calm, gentle refusal; and to relieve his disappointment, he sailed in the fall for Europe.

Not long after his departure, to our surprise, Effie and Lucien announced themselves as lovers. No objection, surely, could be made; but such a thing had never entered our minds. Though of the same age with Effie and myself, he had always seemed as a boy in comparison to us, and I had always treated him with the playful familiarity of a youth. He was more intelligent and interesting than young men of his age generally are; indeed he gave promise of talent—and he was likewise good-looking; but, in truth, when we compared him with the elegant and finished Mr. Grayson, we felt a wee bit out of patience; and if we did not give utterance aloud to our thoughts, I shrewdly suspect if those thoughts had formed themselves into words, those words would have sounded very much like, "Nonsensical sentimentality!" "strange infatuation!" but nothing could be said with propriety, and the engagement was fully entered into. Some time had necessarily to elapse before its fulfillment, however, for the lover was but twenty; but it was well understood, that when he had finished his studies, and was settled in his profession, he was to wed our darling Effie. After the acceptance of his suit, Lucien seemed perfectly happy, and, I must confess, made himself particularly interesting. He walked and read with us, and wrote such beautiful poetry in honor of Effie's charms, that we were at last quite propitiated. He was, indeed, an ardent lover; and his enthusiastic, earnest wooing, was very different from Mr. Grayson's calm, dignified manner. He caused our quiet Effie a deal of entertainment, however; for when he was an acknowledged lover, like all such ardent dispositions, he showed himself to be an exacting one. Her calm, cold manner would set him frantic at times; and he would vow she could not love him; but these lovers' quarrels instead of wearying Effie, seemed to produce a contrary effect.

They had been engaged a year or so, when one summer a belle of the first water made her appearance in the village-circle of Stamford. Kate Barclay was her name. She was a Southerner, and a reputed heiress. She had come rusticating, she said; and shrugging her pretty shoulders, she would declare in a bewitching, languid tone, "truly a face and figure needed rest after a brilliant winter campaign." Old Mrs. Barclay, a dear, nice old lady in the village, was her aunt; and as we were the only young ladies of a companionable age, Kate was, of course, a great

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deal with us. She was, indeed, a delicious looking creature. She had large, melting dark eyes, and rich curling masses of hair, that fell in clusters over her neck and shoulders, giving her a most romantic appearance. She understood fully all the little arts and wiles of a belle; and she succeeded in securing admiration. Superficial she was, but showy; and could put on at will all moods, from the proud and dignified, to the bewitching and childlike. We had no gentlemen visiters with us when she first came, not even Lucien; for some engagement had taken him from Effie for a week or two, and our pretty southern damsel almost expired with *ennui*. When we first met with her, she talked so beautifully of the delights of a quiet country life, seemed so enchanted with every thing and every body, and so eloquent in praise of rambles in the forest, sunsets, moonlights, rushing streamlets, &c., &c., that we decided she was an angel forthwith. But one or two ramblings quite finished her—for she complained terribly of dust, sun, and fatigue; moreover, we quite neglected to notice or admire her picturesque rambling dress, which inadvertency provoked her into telling us that the gentlemen at Ballston, or some other fashionable watering-place, had declared she looked in it quite like Robin Hood's maid Marian. The gorgeous summer sunsets and clear moonlight nights, soon wearied her—for we were too much occupied with the beauties of nature to notice her fine attitudes, or beautiful eyes cast up imploringly to heaven, while she recited, in a half theatrical manner, passages of poetry descriptive of her imaginary feelings. I suspected she was meditating a flitting, when one day Lucien, and two of his student friends, made their appearance amongst us. How quickly her mood changed; the listless, yawning, dissatisfied manner disappeared, and we heard her the first night of their arrival delighting them, as she had us, with her fascinating ecstasies over rural enjoyments. She sentimentalized, flirted, romped, laughed, dressed in a picturesque manner, and "was every thing by turns, but nothing long," evidently bent upon bringing to her feet the three gentlemen. Lucien's friends soon struck their flags, and were her humble cavaliers—but a right tyrannical mistress she proved to them, making them scowl, and say sharp things to each other in a most ferocious manner, very amusing to us; but Lucien was impregnable. She played off all her arts in vain, he seemed unconscious, and devoted himself entirely to Effie. At first she was so occupied with securing the two other prizes she overlooked his delinquency, but when certain of them, she was piqued into accomplishing a conquest of him likewise. I did not think she would be successful, and amused myself by quietly watching her manœuvres.

One bright moonlight evening the gentlemen rowed us up the mill-stream, and as we returned we landed at our favorite oak. The waters, swelled by recent rains, came dashing and tumbling along in mimic billows; the moon beamed down a heavenly radiance, and as the little wavelets broke against the shore, they glittered like molten silver, covering the wild blossoms with dazzling fairy gems. Kate's two lovers were talking and walking with Mrs. Morris and Effie along the shore. Lucien, Kate, and I, remained on a little bank that rose abruptly from the water. She did, indeed, look most bewitchingly beautiful; her soft, white dress, bound at the waist by a flowing ribbon, floated in graceful folds around her; her lovely neck, shoulders and arms, were quite uncovered, and her rich, dark hair fell in loose, long curls, making picturesque shadows in the moonlight. She could act the inspired enthusiast to perfection; and what our Effie really was, she could affect most admirably. She seemed unconscious of our presence; indeed, I do not think she thought I was near her, and, as if involuntarily, she burst out into one of her affected rhapsodies, her eyes beamed brightly, and she expressed her feelings most rapturously, concluding with repeating, in low, earnest, half trembling tones, some lines of Lucien's she had taken from my Scrap Book, descriptive of the very scene before her, written the preceding summer for Effie, after a moonlight ramble together. The poetry was quite impassioned; and I heard Kate murmur with a sigh, as she turned away after concluding her quotation, as if sick at heart, "Ah! I would give years of brilliant success for one hour of devotion from such a lover."

No one heard her but Lucien and myself—and I was one listener more than she would have desired; for Lucien's ear alone was the ejaculation intended, the good for nothing little flirt. It produced the intended effect, for I saw Lucien watching her with admiring interest. She noted the impression, and cunningly kept it up. There was such a contrast between Effie and Kate, rather to Effie's disadvantage, I had to confess, and Kate's affected expressions of intense feeling, rather served to heighten Effie's natural coldness of manner. Why waste words—the conclusion is already divined. The coquette succeeded—and ere a week had passed, Lucien was her infatuated, devoted admirer; Effie was quite forgotten. Lucien's two friends, wretched, and completely maddened by the cool, contemptuous rejections they received from Kate, left Stamford, vowing eternal hatred for womankind, and uttering deep, dire denunciations against all coquettes, leaving the field open to Lucien, who seemed to have perfectly lost all sense of propriety in his infatuation. Effie looked on as calmly and quietly as though she were not particularly interested. I fancied, for the credit of romance and sentiment, that her cheek was paler; and I thought I could detect at times a trembling of her delicate lips—but she said not a word. Mrs. Morris and I displayed much more feeling; but what could we do—and half amused, half vexed, we watched the conduct of the naughty little flirt. Suddenly Kate received a summons home—and right glad I was to hear of it. She announced it to us one evening, saying she expected her father the next day. The following afternoon she came over to our cottage, accompanied with two middle-aged gentlemen. The elder of the two was Mr. Barclay, her father, who had known Mrs. Morris in early life; the other

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she introduced as Col. Paulding, a friend. Col. Paulding's manner struck us with surprise. He called her "Kate;" and though dignified, was affectionate. She seemed painfully embarrassed, and anxious to terminate the visit. She answered our questions hurriedly, and appeared ill at ease. Lucien was not present, fortunately for her; and I fancied she watched the door, as if anxiously fearing his entrance; certain it was she started nervously at every distant sound.

"Will you revisit Stamford next summer, Miss Barclay?" I asked.

Kate replied that she was uncertain at present.

"I suppose Kate has not told you," said her father, laughingly, "that long before another summer she will cease to be mistress of her own movements. She expects to be in Germany next summer, I believe, with her husband," and he looked significantly at Col. Paulding, who was standing out on the lawn with Mrs. Morris, admiring the beautiful view, quite out of hearing distance. Effie was just stepping from the French window of the drawing-room into the conservatory to gather some of her pretty flowers for her visiters, as she heard Mr. Barclay say this. She turned with a stern, cold look, and regarded Kate Barclay quietly. Kate colored crimson, then grew deadly white, and trembled from head to foot; but her father did not notice it, as he had followed Col. Paulding and Mrs. Morris out on the lawn. There we three stood, Effie, cold and pale as a statue, and Kate looking quite like a criminal. She looked up, attempting to make some laughing remark, but the words died in her throat as she met Effie's stern, cold glance; she gasped, trembled, then rallied, and at last, with a proud look of defiance, she swept out on the lawn, and taking Col. Paulding's arm, proposed departure. She bade us good-bye most gracefully; but I saw that she avoided offering her hand to Effie. As the gate closed, she looked over her shoulder indifferently, and said, in a saucy, laughing tone,

"Oh, pray make my adieux to Mr. Decker. I regret that I shall not see him to bid him good-bye. I depend upon the charity of you ladies to keep me fresh in his remembrance;" and, as far as we could see her down the road, we heard her forced laugh and unnaturally loud voice.

Lucien came in a few minutes after they left, and Mrs. Morris delivered Kate's message. He looked agitated, and after swallowing his cup of tea hastily and quietly, he took up his hat and went out. He went to see Kate, but she, anticipating his visit, had retired with a violent headache immediately after her walk; but Lucien staid long enough to discover, as we had, Col. Paulding's relation to the fascinating coquette. This we learned long afterward. The next day Lucien left Stamford without saying more than cold words of good-bye. He did not go with Kate's party, we felt certain; and many weeks passed without hearing from him. Effie never made a remark; and our days passed quietly as they had before the appearance of Kate Barclay in our quiet little village. It was not long, however, before we saw in the newspapers, and read without comment, the marriage of Kate Barclay with Col. Paulding.

"See this," said Mrs. Morris to me one morning as I entered the drawing-room, and she handed me a letter. We were alone, Effie was attending to her plants in the conservatory. I took the letter and read it. It was a wild, impassioned one from Lucien. Two months had elapsed since his silent departure, and this first letter was written to Mrs. Morris. It was filled with self-reproaches, and earnest entreaties for her intercession and mine with Effie. He cursed his infatuation, and the cause of it, and closed with the declaration that he would be reckless of life if Effie remained unforgiving. As I finished reading the letter I heard Effie's voice warbling in wild and plaintive notes in the conservatory,

"How should I your true love know,
From another one,
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon?"

And the scene at the opening of this story rose before my remembrance—the playful argument—the declaration made by her that true, pure love could not have any affinity with pride—and I was lost in reverie.

"What would you do, Enna?" inquired Mrs. Morris.

"Give the letter to Effie without remark," I replied. "We cannot intercede for him—he does not deserve to be forgiven."

The letter was given to Effie, who read it quietly; and if she evinced emotion, it was not before us. She said she was sorry for Lucien, for she had discovered a change in her own feelings. She did not love him as she fancied she had, and she could not in justice to herself fulfill their engagement—it was impossible. She wrote this to him, and all his wild letters were laid calmly and quietly aside. Can this be pride? I said to myself. But she seemed as though she suspected my thoughts, for the night before I returned to my city home, as we were leaning against the window-frame of our bed-room, listening the last time for that season to the tumbling, dashing water-music, she said,

"Enna, dear, it was not spirit and pride that made me act so unkindly to Lucien—indeed, it was not. But I mistook my feelings for him from the first. I fancied I loved him dearly, when I only loved him as a sister. Believe me, if that love had existed once for him, his foolish infatuation for Kate Barclay would not have been regarded by me one moment."

Two or three years passed, and Effie still remained unwedded, when, to our delight, Mr. Grayson, who had returned from Europe, again addressed her. She accepted him; and I was, indeed, happy when I officiated as bridesmaid for her. One year after that joyous wedding we stood over her bier, weeping bitter, bitter tears. We laid her in the grave—and the heart-broken mother soon rested beside her. Among her papers was a letter directed to me; it was written in expectation of death,

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although we did not any of us anticipate such a calamity.

"I am not long for this world, dear Enna," she wrote, "I feel I am dying daily; and yet, young as I am, it grieves me not, except when I think of the sorrow my death will occasion to others. When you read this I shall be enveloped in the heavy grave-clothes; but then I shall be at rest. Oh! how my aching, weary spirit pines for rest. Do not fancy that sorrow or disappointment has brought me to this. I fancied I loved Lucien Decker fondly, devotedly; and how happy was I when under the influence of that fancy. That fatal summer, at the time of his infatuation for that heartless girl, insensibly a chilling hardness crept over my feelings. I struggled against my awakening; and if Lucien had displayed any emotion before his departure, I might still have kept up the happy delusion. But in vain, it disappeared, and with it all the beauty of life, which increased in weariness from that moment. I sought for some object of interest—I married; but, though my husband has been devoted and kind, I weary of existence. Life has no interest for me. I hail the approach of death. Farewell."

I read these sad lines with eyes blinded with tears; and I could not help thinking how Effie had deceived herself; unconsciously she had become a victim of the very pride she had condemned.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

I.—CHAUCER.

YEA! lovely are the hues still floating o'er
Thy rural visions, bard of olden time,
The form of purest Poesy flits before
My mental gaze, while bending o'er thy rhyme.
No lofty flight, bold, brilliant and sublime—
But tender beauty, and endearing grace,
And touching pathos in these lines I trace,
Oh! gentle poet of the northern clime.
And oft when dazzled by the gorgeous glow
And gilded luxury of modern rhymes,
Grateful I turn to the clear, quiet flow
Of thy sweet thoughts, which fall like pleasant chimes
From the "pure wells of English undefiled."
Thou wert inspired, thou, Poetry's true child.

II.—SPENCER.

What forms of grace and glory glided through
The royal palace of thy lofty mind!
Rare shapes of beauty thy sweet fancy drew,
In the brave knights, and peerless dames enshrined
Within thy magic book. The Faerie Queene,
Bright Gloriana robed in dazzling sheen—
Hapless Ireno—angelic Una—and
The noble Arthur all before me pass,
As summoned by the enchanter rod and glass.
And glorious still thy pure creations stand,
Leaving their golden footprints on the sand
Of Time indelible! All thanks to thee,
Oh! beauty-breathing bard of Poesy,
That thou hast charmed a weary hour for me.

III.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oh! minstrel monarch! the most glorious throne
Of Intellect thy Genius doth inherit.
Compeer, or perfect rival thou hast none—
O Soul of Song!—O mind of royal merit.
Is not this high, imperishable fame
The tribute of a grateful world to thee?
A recognizing glory in thy name
From a great nation to thy memory.
Lord of Dramatic Art—the splendid scenes
Of thy rich fancy are around us still;
All shapes of Thought to make the bosom thrill
Are thine supreme! Many long years have sped.
And dimmed in dust the crowned and laurelled head,
But thou—*thou* speakest still, though numbered with the dead.

THE PORTRAIT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

AND he hath spoken! Knew I not he would?
Though flitting fears, like clouds o'er lakes, would cast
Shadows o'er true love's trust. The tear-drop stood
In his dark eye; he trembled. But 't is past,
And I am his, he mine. Why trembled he?
This fond heart knew he not; and that his eye
Governed its tides, as doth the moon the sea;
And that with him, for him, 't were bliss to die?
Yet said I naught. Shame on me, that my cheek
And eye my hoarded secret should betray!
Why wept I? And why was I sudden weak,
So weak his manly arm was stretched to stay?
How like a suppliant God he looked! His sweet,
Low voice, heart-shaken, spoke—and all was known;
Yet, from the first, I felt our souls must meet,
Like stars that rush together and shine on.

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THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but Travelers must be content. As You Like It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(*Continued from page 48.*)

PART XV.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more. SOUTHEY.

It has now become necessary to advance the time three entire days, and to change the scene to Key West. As this latter place may not be known to the world at large, it may be well to explain that it is a small seaport, situate on one of the largest of the many low islands that dot the Florida Reef, that has risen into notice, or indeed into existence as a town, since the acquisition of the Floridas by the American Republic. For many years it was the resort of few besides wreckers, and those who live by the business dependent on the rescuing and repairing of stranded vessels, not forgetting the salvages. When it is remembered that the greater portion of the vessels that enter the Gulf of Mexico stand close along this reef, before the trades, for a distance varying from one to two hundred miles, and that nearly every thing which quits it, is obliged to beat down its rocky coast in the Gulf Stream for the same distance, one is not to be surprised that the wrecks, which so constantly occur, can supply the wants of a considerable population. To live at Key West is the next thing to being at sea. The place has sea air, no other water than such as is preserved in cisterns, and no soil, or so little as to render even a head of lettuce a rarity. Turtle is abundant, and the business of "turtling" forms an occupation additional to that of wrecking. As might be expected in such circumstances, a potato is a far more precious thing than a turtle's egg, and a sack of the tubers would probably be deemed a sufficient remuneration for enough of the materials of callipash and callipee to feed all the aldermen extant.

Of late years, the government of the United States has turned its attention to the capabilities of the Florida Reef, as an advanced naval station; a sort of Downs, or St. Helen's Roads, for the West Indian seas. As yet little has been done beyond making the preliminary surveys, but the day is not probably very distant when fleets will lie at anchor among the islets described in our earlier chapters, or garnish the fine waters of Key West. For a long time it was thought that even frigates would have a difficulty in entering and quitting the port of the latter, but it is said that recent explorations have discovered channels capable of admitting any thing that floats. Still Key West is a town yet in its chrysalis state, possessing the promise rather than the fruition of the prosperous days which are in reserve. It may be well to add, that it lies a very little north of the 24th degree of latitude, and in a longitude quite five degrees west from Washington. Until the recent conquests in Mexico it was the most southern possession of the American government, on the eastern side of the continent; Cape St. Lucas, at the extremity of Lower California, however, being two degrees farther south.

It will give the foreign reader a more accurate notion of the character of Key West, if we mention a fact of quite recent occurrence. A very few weeks after the closing scenes of this tale, the town in question was, in a great measure, washed away! A hurricane brought in the sea upon all these islands and reefs, water running in swift currents over places that within the memory of man were never before submerged. The lower part of Key West was converted into a raging sea, and every thing in that quarter of the place disappeared. The foundation being of rock, however, when the ocean retired the island came into view again, and industry and enterprise set to work to repair the injuries.

The government has established a small hospital for seamen at Key West. Into one of the rooms of the building thus appropriated our narrative must now conduct the reader. It contained but a single patient, and that was Spike. He was on his narrow bed, which was to be but the precursor of a still narrower tenement, the grave. In the room with the dying man were two females, in one of whom our readers will at once recognize the person of Rose Budd, dressed in deep mourning for her aunt. At first sight, it is probable that a casual spectator would mistake the second female for one of the ordinary nurses of the place. Her attire was well enough, though worn awkwardly, and as if its owner were

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not exactly at ease in it. She had the air of one in her best attire, who was unaccustomed to be dressed above the most common mode. What added to the singularity of her appearance, was the fact, that while she wore no cap, her hair had been cut into short, gray bristles, instead of being long, and turned up, as is usual with females. To give a sort of climax to this uncouth appearance, this strange-looking creature chewed tobacco.

The woman in question, equivocal as might be her exterior, was employed in one of the commonest avocations of her sex—that of sewing. She held in her hand a coarse garment, one of Spike's, in fact, which she seemed to be intently busy in mending; although the work was of a quality that invited the use of the palm and sail-needle, rather than that of the thimble and the smaller implement known to seamstresses, the woman appeared awkward in her business, as if her coarse-looking and dark hands refused to lend themselves to an occupation so feminine. Nevertheless, there were touches of a purely womanly character about this extraordinary person, and touches that particularly attracted the attention, and awakened the sympathy of the gentle Rose, her companion. Tears occasionally struggled out from beneath her eyelids, crossed her dark, sun-burnt cheek, and fell on the course canvas garment that lay in her lap. It was after one of these sudden and strong exhibitions of feeling that Rose approached her, laid her own little, fair hand, in a friendly way, though unheeded, on the other's shoulder, and spoke to her in her kindest and softest tones.

"I do really think he is reviving, Jack," said Rose, "and that you may yet hope to have an intelligent conversation with him."

"They all agree he *must* die," answered Jack Tier—for it was *he*, appearing in the garb of his proper sex, after a disguise that had now lasted fully twenty years—"and he will never know who I am, and that I forgive him. He must think of me in another world, though he is n't able to do it in this; but it would be a great relief to his soul to know that I forgive him."

"To be sure, a man must like to take a kind leave of his own wife before he closes his eyes forever; and I dare say it would be a great relief to you to tell him that you have forgotten his desertion of you, and all the hardships it has brought upon you in searching for him, and in earning your own livelihood as a common sailor."

"I shall not tell him I've *forgotten* it, Miss Rose; that would be untrue—and there shall be no more deception between us; but I shall tell him that I *forgive* him, as I hope God will one day forgive me all *my* sins."

"It is, certainly, not a light offence to desert a wife in a foreign land, and then to seek to deceive another woman," quietly observed Rose.

"He 's a willian!" muttered the wife—"but—but—"

"You forgive him, Jack—yes, I'm sure you do. You are too good a Christian to refuse to forgive him."

"I'm a woman a'ter all, Miss Rose; and that, I believe, is the truth of it. I suppose I ought to do as you say, for the reason you mention; but I 'm his wife—and once he loved me, though that has long been over. When I first knew Stephen, I 'd the sort of feelin's you speak of, and was a very different creatur' from what you see me to-day. Change comes over us all with years and sufferin'."

Rose did not answer, but she stood looking intently at the speaker more than a minute. Change had, indeed, come over her, if she had ever possessed the power to please the fancy of any living man. Her features had always seemed diminitive and mean for her assumed sex, as her voice was small and cracked; but, making every allowance for the probabilities, Rose found it difficult to imagine that Jack Tier had ever possessed, even under the high advantages of youth and innocence, the attractions so common to her sex. Her skin had acquired the tanning of the sea; the expression of her face had become hard and worldly; and her habits contributed to render those natural consequences of exposure and toil even more than usually marked and decided. By saying "habits," however, we do not mean that Jack had ever drank to excess, as happens with so many seamen, for this would have been doing her injustice, but she smoked and chewed—practices that intoxicate in another form, and lead nearly as many to the grave as excess in drinking. Thus all the accessories about this singular being, partook of the character of her recent life and duties. Her walk was between a waddle and a seaman's roll; her hands were discolored with tar, and had got to be full of knuckles, and even her feet had degenerated into that flat, broad-toed form that, perhaps, sooner distinguishes caste, in connection with outward appearances, than any one other physical peculiarity. Yet this being *had* once been young—had once been even *fair*; and had once possessed that feminine air and lightness of form, that as often belongs to the youthful American of her sex, perhaps, as to the girl of any other nation on earth. Rose continued to gaze at her companion for some time, when she walked musingly to a window that looked out upon the port.

"I am not certain whether it would do him good or not to see this sight," she said, addressing the wife kindly, doubtful of the effect of her words even on the latter. "But here are the sloop-of-war, and several other vessels."

"Ay, she is *there*; but never will his foot be put on board the Swash ag'in. When he bought that brig I was still young, and agreeable to him; and he gave her my maiden name, which was Mary, or Molly Swash. But that is all changed; I wonder he did not change the name with his change of feelin's."

"Then you did really sail in the brig in former times, and knew the seaman whose name you assumed?"

"Many years. Tier, with whose name I made free, on account of his size, and some resemblance to me in form, died under my care; and his protection fell into my hands, which first put the notion into my head of hailing as his representative. Yes, I knew Tier in the brig, and we were left ashore

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at the same time—I, intentionally, I make no question; he, because Stephen Spike was in a hurry, and did not choose to wait for a man. The poor fellow caught the yellow fever the very next day, and did not live eight-and-forty hours. So the world goes; them that wish to live, die; and them that wants to die, live!"

"You have had a hard time for one of your sex, poor Jack—quite twenty years a sailor, did you not tell me?"

"Every day of it, Miss Rose—and bitter years have they been; for the whole of that time have I been in chase of my husband, keeping my own secret, and slaving like a horse for a livelihood."

"You could not have been old when he left—that is—when you parted."

"Call it by its true name, and say at once, when he deserted me. I was under thirty by two or three years, and was still like my own sex to look at. All *that* is changed since; but I *was* comely *then*."

"*Why* did Capt. Spike abandon you, Jack; you have never told me *that*."

"Because he fancied another. And ever since that time he has been fancying others, instead of remembering me. Had he got *you*, Miss Rose, I think he would have been content for the rest of his days."

"Be certain, Jack, I should never have consented to marry Capt. Spike."

"You're well out of his hands," answered Jack, sighing heavily, which was much the most feminine thing she had done during the whole conversation, "well out of his hands—and God be praised it is so. He should have died, before I would let him carry you off the island—husband or no husband."

"It might have exceeded your power to prevent it under other circumstances, Jack."

Rose now continued looking out of the window in silence. Her thoughts reverted to her aunt and Biddy, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she remembered the love of one, and the fidelity of the other. Their horrible fate had given her a shock that, at first, menaced her with a severe fit of illness; but her strong, good sense, and excellent constitution, both sustained by her piety and Harry's manly tenderness, had brought her through the danger, and left her, as the reader now sees her, struggling with her own griefs, in order to be of use to the still more unhappy woman who had so singularly become her friend and companion.

The reader will readily have anticipated that Jack Tier had early made the females on board the Swash her confidents. Rose had known the outlines of her history from the first few days they were at sea together, which is the explanation of the visible intimacy that had caused Mulford so much surprise. Jack's motive in making his revelations might possibly have been tinctured with jealousy, but a desire to save one as young and innocent as Rose was at its bottom. Few persons but a wife would have supposed our heroine could have been in any danger from a lover like Spike; but Jack saw him with the eyes of her own youth, and of past recollections, rather than with those of truth. A movement of the wounded man first drew Rose from the window. Drying her eyes hastily, she turned toward him, fancying that she might prove the better nurse of the two, notwithstanding Jack's greater interest in the patient.

"What place is this—and why am I here?" demanded Spike, with more strength of voice than could have been expected, after all that had passed. "This is not a cabin—not the Swash—it looks like a hospital."

"It is a hospital, Capt. Spike," said Rose, gently drawing near the bed; "you have been hurt, and have been brought to Key West, and placed in the hospital. I hope you feel better, and that you suffer no pain."

"My head is n't right—I do n't know—every thing seems turned round with me—perhaps it will all come out as it should. I begin to remember—where is my brig?"

"She is lost on the rocks. The seas have broken her into fragments."

"That 's melancholy news, at any rate. Ah! Miss Rose! God bless you—I've had terrible dreams. Well, it 's pleasant to be among friends—what creature is that—where does *she* come from?"

"That is Jack Tier," answered Rose, steadily. "She turns out to be a woman, and has put on her proper dress, in order to attend on you during your illness. Jack has never left your bedside since we have been here."

A long silence succeeded this revelation. Jack's eyes twinkled, and she hitched her body half aside, as if to conceal her features, where emotions that were unusual were at work with the muscles. Rose thought it might be well to leave the man and wife alone—and she managed to get out of the room unobserved.

Spike continued to gaze at the strange-looking female, who was now his sole companion. Gradually his recollection returned, and with it the full consciousness of his situation. He might not have been fully aware of the absolute certainty of his approaching death, but he must have known that his wound was of a very grave character, and that the result might early prove fatal. Still that strange and unknown figure haunted him; a figure that was so different from any he had ever seen before, and which, in spite of its present dress, seemed to belong quite as much to one sex as to the other. As for Jack—we call Molly, or Mary Swash by her masculine appellation, not only because it is more familiar, but because the other name seems really out of place, as applied to such a person—as for Jack, then, she sat with her face half averted, thumbing the canvas, and endeavoring to ply the needle, but perfectly mute. She was conscious that Spike's eyes were on her; and a lingering feeling of her sex told her how much time, exposure, and circumstances, had changed her person—and she would gladly have hidden the defects in her appearance.

Mary Swash was the daughter as well as the wife of a ship-master. In her youth, as has been said before, she had even been pretty, and down to the day when her husband deserted her, she would have been thought a female of a comely appearance

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rather than the reverse. Her hair in particular, though slightly coarse, perhaps, had been rich and abundant; and the change from the long, dark, shining, flowing locks which she still possessed in her thirtieth year, to the short, gray bristles that now stood exposed without a cap, or covering of any sort, was one very likely to destroy all identity of appearance. Then Jack had passed from what might be called youth to the verge of old age, in the interval that she had been separated from her husband. Her shape had changed entirely; her complexion was utterly gone; and her features, always unmeaning, though feminine, and suitable to her sex, had become hard and slightly coarse. Still there was something of her former self about Jack that bewildered Spike; and his eyes continued fastened on her for quite a quarter of an hour in profound silence.

"Give me some water," said the wounded man, "I wish some water to drink."

Jack arose, filled a tumbler and brought it to the side of the bed. Spike took the glass and drank, but the whole time his eyes were riveted on his strange nurse. When his thirst was appeased, he asked—

"Who are you? How came you here?"

"I am your nurse. It is common to place nurses at the bedsides of the sick."

"Are you man or woman?"

"That is a question I hardly know how to answer. Sometimes I think myself each; sometimes neither."

"Did I ever see you before?"

"Often, and quite lately. I sailed with you in your last voyage."

"You! That cannot be. If so, what is your name?"

"Jack Tier."

A long pause succeeded this announcement, which induced Spike to muse as intently as his condition would allow, though the truth did not yet flash on his understanding. At length the bewildered man again spoke.

"Are *you* Jack Tier?" he said slowly, like one who doubted. "Yes—I now see the resemblance, and it was *that* which puzzled me. Are they so rigid in this hospital that you have been obliged to put on woman's clothes in order to lend me a helping hand?"

"I am dressed as you see, and for good reasons."

"But Jack Tier run, like that rascal Mulford—ay, I remember now; you were in the boat when I overhauled you all on the reef."

"Very true; I was in the boat. But I never run, Stephen Spike. It was *you* who abandoned *me*, on the islet in the gulf, and that makes the second time in your life that you have left me ashore, when it was your duty to carry me to sea."

"The first time I was in a hurry, and could not wait for you; this last time you took sides with the women. But for your interference, I should have got Rose, and married her, and all would now have been well with me."

This was an awkward announcement for a man to make to his legal wife. But after all Jack had endured, and all Jack had seen during the late voyage, she was not to be overcome by this avowal. Her self-command extended so far as to prevent any open manifestation of emotion, however much her feelings were excited.

"I took sides with the women, because I am a woman myself," she answered, speaking at length with decision, as if determined to bring matters to a head at once. "It is natural for us all to take sides with our kind."

"You a woman, Jack! That is very remarkable. Since when have you hailed for a woman? You have shipped with me twice, and each time as a man—though I've never thought you able to do seaman's duty."

"Nevertheless, I am what you see; a woman born and educated; one that never had on man's dress until I knew you. *You* supposed me to be a man, when I came off to you in the skiff to the eastward of Riker's Island, but I was then what you now see."

"I begin to understand matters," rejoined the invalid, musingly. "Ay, ay, it opens on me; and I now see how it was you made such fair weather with Madam Budd and pretty, pretty Rose. Rose *is* pretty, Jack; you *must* admit *that*, though you be a woman."

"Rose *is* pretty—I do admit it; and what is better, Rose is *good*." It required a heavy draft on Jack's justice and magnanimity, however, to make this concession.

"And you told Rose and Madam Budd about your sex; and that was the reason they took to you so on the voyage?"

"I told them who I was, and why I went abroad as a man. They know my whole story."

"Did Rose approve of your sailing under false colors, Jack?"

"You must ask that of Rose herself. My story made her my friend; but she never said any thing for or against my disguise."

"It was no great disguise after all, Jack. Now you're fitted out in your own clothes, you've a sort of half-rigged look; one would be as likely to set you down for a man under jury-canvas, as for a woman."

Jack made no answer to this, but she sighed very heavily. As for Spike himself, he was silent for some little time, not only from exhaustion, but because he suffered pain from his wound. The needle was diligently but awkwardly plied in this pause.

Spike's ideas were still a little confused; but a silence and rest of a quarter of an hour cleared them materially. At the end of that time he again asked for water. When he had drank, and Jack was once more seated, with his side-face toward him, at work with the needle, the captain gazed long and intently at this strange woman. It happened that the profile of Jack preserved more of the resemblance to her former self, than the full face; and it was this resemblance that now attracted Spike's attention, though not the smallest suspicion of the truth yet gleamed upon him. He saw something that was familiar, though he could not even tell what that something was, much less to what or whom it bore any resemblance. At length he spoke.

"I was told that Jack Tier was dead," he said;

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"that he took the fever, and was in his grave within eight-and-forty hours after we sailed. That was what they told me of *him*."

"And what did they tell you of your own wife, Stephen Spike. She that you left ashore at the time Jack was left?"

"They said she did not die for three years later. I heard of her death at New Orleans, three years later."

"And how could you leave her ashore—she, your true and lawful wife?"

"It was a bad thing," answered Spike, who, like all other mortals, regarded his own past career, now that he stood on the edge of the grave, very differently from what he had regarded it in the hour of his health and strength. "Yes, it *was* a very bad thing; and I well it was undone. But it is too late now. She died of the fever, too—that's some comfort; had she died of a broken-heart, I could not have forgiven myself. Molly was not without her faults—great faults, I considered them; but, on the whole, Molly was a good creatur'."

"You liked her, then, Stephen Spike?"

"I can truly say that when I married Molly, and old Capt Swash put his da'ghter's hand into mine, that the woman was'n't living who was better in my judgment, or handsomer in my eyes."

"Ay, ay—when you *married* her; but how was it a'terwards. When you was tired of her, and saw another that was fairer in your eyes?"

"I deserted her; and God has punished me for the sin! Do you know, Jack, that luck has never been with me since that day. Often and often have I bethought me of it; and sartain as you sit there, no great luck has ever been with me, or my craft, since I went off, leaving my wife ashore. What was made in one v'y'ge, was lost in the next. Up and down, up and down the whole time, for so many, many long years, that gray hairs set in, and old age was beginning to get close aboard—and I as poor as ever. It has been rub and go with me ever since; and I have had as much as I could do to keep the brig in motion, as the only means that was left to make the two ends meet."

"And did not all this make you think of your poor wife—she whom you had so wronged?"

"I thought of little else, until I heard of her death at New Orleans—and then I gave it up as useless. Could I have fallen in with Molly at any time a'ter the first six months of my desartion, she and I would have come together again, and every thing would have been forgotten. I knowed her very nature, which was all forgiveness to me at the bottom, though seemingly so spiteful and hard."

"Yet you wanted to have this Rose Budd, who is only too young, and handsome, and good for you."

"I was tired of being a widower, Jack; and Rose is wonderful pretty. She has money, too, and might make the evening of my days comfortable. The brig was old, as you must know, and has long been off of all the Insurance Offices' books; and she could'n't hold together much longer. But for this sloop-of-war, I should have put her off on the Mexicans; and they would have lost her to our people in a month."

"And was it an honest thing to sell an old and worn-out craft to any one, Stephen Spike?"

Spike had a conscience that had become hard as iron by means of trade. He who traffics much, most especially if his dealings be on so small a scale as to render constant investigations of the minor qualities of things necessary, must be a very fortunate man, if he preserve his conscience in any better condition. When Jack made this allusion, therefore, the dying man—for death was much nearer to Spike than even he supposed, though he no longer hoped for his own recovery—when Jack made this allusion, then, the dying man was a good deal at a loss to comprehend it. He saw no particular harm in making the best bargain he could; nor was it easy for him to understand why he might not dispose of any thing he possessed for the highest price that was to be had. Still he answered in an apologetic sort of way.

"The brig was old, I acknowledge," he said, "but she was strong, and *might* have run a long time. I only spoke of her capture as a thing likely to take place soon, if the Mexicans got her; so that her qualities were of no great account, unless it might be her speed—and that you know was excellent, Jack."

"And you regret that brig, Stephen Spike, lying as you do on your death-bed, more than any thing else."

"Not as much as I do pretty Rose Budd, Jack; Rosy is so delightful to look at!"

The muscles of Jack's face twitched a little, and she looked deeply mortified; for, to own the truth, she hoped that the conversation had so far turned her delinquent husband's thoughts to the past, as to have revived in him some of his former interest in herself. It is true, he still believed her dead; but this was a circumstance Jack overlooked—so hard is it to hear the praises of a rival, and be just. She felt the necessity of being more explicit, and determined at once to come to the point.

"Stephen Spike," she said, steadily, drawing near to the bed-side, "you should be told the truth, when you are heard thus extolling the good looks of Rose Budd, with less than eight-and-forty hours of life remaining. Mary Swash did not die, as you have supposed, three years a'ter you desarted her, but is living at this moment. Had you read the letter I gave you in the boat, just before you made me jump into the sea, *that* would have told you where she is to be found."

Spike stared at the speaker intently; and when her cracked voice ceased, his look was that of a man who was terrified as well as bewildered. This did not arise still from any gleamings of the real state of the case, but from the soreness with which his conscience pricked him, when he heard that his much-wronged wife was alive. He fancied, with a vivid and rapid glance at the probabilities, all that a woman abandoned would be likely to endure in the course of so many long and suffering years.

"Are you sure of what you say, Jack? You would'n't take advantage of my situation to tell me an untruth?"

"As certain of it as of my own existence. I have

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seen her quite lately—talked with her of *you*—in short, she is now at Key West, knows your state, and has a wife's feelin's to come to your bed-side."

Notwithstanding all this, and the many gleanings he had had of the facts during their late intercourse on board the brig, Spike did not guess at the truth. He appeared astounded, and his terror seemed to increase.

"I have another thing to tell you," continued Jack, pausing but a moment to collect her own thoughts. "Jack Tier—the real Jack Tier—he who sailed with you of old, and whom you left ashore at the same time you deserted your wife, *did* die of the fever, as you was told, in eight-and-forty hours after the brig went to sea."

"Then who, in the name of Heaven, are you? How came you to hail by another's name as well as by another sex?"

"What could a woman do, whose husband had deserted her in a strange land?"

"That is remarkable! So *you've* been married? I should not have thought *that* possible; and your husband deserted you, too. Well, such things *do* happen."

Jack now felt a severe pang. She could not but see that her ungainly—we had almost said her unearthly appearance—prevented the captain from even yet suspecting the truth; and the meaning of his language was not easily to be mistaken. That any one should have married *her*, seemed to her husband as improbable as it was probable he would run away from her as soon as it was in his power after the ceremony.

"Stephen Spike," resumed Jack, solemnly, "*I* am Mary Swash—*I* am your wife!"

Spike started in his bed; then he buried his face in the coverlet—and he actually groaned. In bitterness of spirit the woman turned away and wept. Her feelings had been blunted by misfortune and the collisions of a selfish world; but enough of former self remained to make this the hardest of all the blows she had ever received. Her husband, dying as he was, as he must and did know himself to be, shrunk from one of her appearance, unsexed as she had become by habits, and changed by years and suffering.

[*To be continued.*

AN HOUR.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I've left the keen, cold winds to blow
Around the summits bare;
My sunny pathway to the sea
Winds downward, green and fair,
And bright-leaved branches toss and glow
Upon the buoyant air!

The fern its fragrant plumage droops
O'er mosses, crisp and gray,
Where on the shaded crags I sit,
Beside the cataract's spray,
And watch the far-off, shining sails
Go down the sunny bay!

I've left the wintry winds of life
On barren hearts to blow—
The anguish and the gnawing care,
The silent, shuddering woe!
Across the balmy sea of dreams
My spirit-barque shall go.

Learned not the breeze its fairy lore
Where sweetest measures throng?
A maiden sings, beside the stream,
Some chorus, wild and long,
Mingling and blending with its roar,
Like rainbows turned to song!

I hear it, like a strain that sweeps
The confines of a dream;
Now fading into silent space,
Now with a flashing gleam
Of triumph, ringing through the deeps
Of forest, dell and stream!

Away! away! I hear the horn
Among the hills of Spain:
The old, chivalric glory fires
Her warrior-hearts again!
Ho! how their banners light the morn,
Along Granada's plain!

I hear the hymns of holy faith
The red Crusaders sang,
And the silver horn of Roncesval,
That o'er the tecbir rang
When prince and kaiser through the fray
To the paladin's rescue sprang!

A beam of burning light I hold!—
My good Damascus brand,
And the jet-black charger that I ride
Was foaled in the Arab land,
And a hundred horsemen, mailed in steel,
Follow my bold command!

Through royal cities speeds our march—
The minster-bells are rung;
The loud, rejoicing trumpets peal,
The battle-flags are swung,
And sweet, sweet lips of ladies praise
The chieftain, brave and young.

And now, in bright Provençal bowers,
A minstrel-knight am I:
A gentle bosom on my own
Throbs back its ecstasy;
A cheek, as fair as the almond flowers,
Thrills to my lips' reply!

I tread the fanes of wondrous Rome,
Crowned with immortal boy,
And myriads throng the Capitol
To hear my lofty lay,
While, sounding o'er the Tiber's foam,
Their shoutings peal away!

Oh, triumph such as this were worth
The poet's doom of pain,
Whose hours are brazen on the earth,
But golden in the brain:
I close the starry gate of dreams,
And walk the dust again!

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POWER OF BEAUTY,

AND A PLAIN MAN'S LOVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THAT the truths arrived at by the unaccredited short road of "magnetism" had better be stripped of their technical phraseology, and set down as the gradual discoveries of science and experience, is a policy upon which acts many a sagacious believer in "clairvoyance." Doubtless, too, there is, here and there, a wise man, who is glad enough to pierce, with the eyes of an incredible agent, the secrets about him, and let the world give him credit, by whatever name they please, for the superior knowledge of which he silently takes advantage. I should be behind the time, if I had not sounded to the utmost of my ability and opportunity the depth of this new medium. I have tried it on grave things and trifles. If the unveiling which I am about to record were of more use to myself than to others, perhaps I should adopt the policy of which I have just spoken, and give the result, simply as my own shrewd lesson learned in reading the female heart. But the truths I unfold will instruct the few who need and can appreciate them, while the whole subject is not of general importance enough to bring down cavilers upon the credibility of their source. I thus get rid of a very detestable though sometimes necessary evil, ("*qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere*," says the Latin sage,) that of shining by any light that is not absolutely my own.

I am a very plain man in my personal appearance—*so* plain that a common observer, if informed that there was a woman who had a fancy for my peculiar type, would wonder that I was not thankfully put to rest for life as a seeker after love—a second miracle of the kind being a very slender probability. It is not in beauty that the taste for beauty alone resides, however. In early youth my soul, like the mirror of Cydippe, retained, with enamored fidelity, the image of female loveliness copied in the clear truth of its appreciation, and the passion for it had become, insensibly, the thirst of my life, before I thought of it as more than an intoxicating study. To be loved—myself beloved—by a creature made in one of the diviner moulds of woman, was, however, a dream that shaped itself into waking distinctness at last, and from that hour I took up the clogging weight of personal disadvantages, to which I had hitherto unconsciously been chained, and bore it heavily in the race which the well-favored ran as eagerly as I.

I am not to recount, here, the varied experiences of my search, the world over, after beauty and its smile. It is a search on which all travelers are more than half beat, let them name as they please their professed errand in far countries. The coldest scholar in art will better remember a living face of a new cast of expression, met in the gallery of Florence, than the best work of Michael Angelo, whose genius he has crossed an ocean to study; and a fair shoulder crowded against the musical pilgrim, in the Capella Sistiera, will be taken surer into his soul's inner memory than the best outdoing of "the sky-lark taken up into heaven," by the ravishing reach of the *Miserere*. Is it not true?

There can hardly be now, I think, a style of female beauty of which I have not appreciated the meaning and comparative enchantment, nor a degree of that sometimes more effective thing than beauty itself—its expression breathing through features otherwise unlovely—that I have not approached near enough to weigh and store truthfully in remembrance. The taste forever refines in the study of woman. We return to what, with immature eye, we at first rejected; we intensify, immeasurably, our worship of the few who wear on their foreheads the star of supreme loveliness, confessed pure and perfect by all beholders alike; we detect it under surfaces which become transparent only with tenderness or enthusiasm; we separate the work of Nature's material chisel from the resistless and warm expansion of the soul swelling its proportions to fill out the shape it is to tenant hereafter. Led by the purest study of true beauty, the eager mind passes on from the shrine where it lingered to the next of whose greater brightness it becomes aware; and this is the secret of one kind of "inconstancy in love," which should be named apart from the variableness of those seekers of novelty, who, from unconscious self-contempt, value nothing they have had the power to win.

An unsuspected student of beauty, I passed years of loiterings in the living galleries of Europe and Asia, and, like self-punishing misers in all kinds of amassings, stored up boundlessly more than, with the best trained senses, I could have found the life to enjoy. Of course I had a first advantage, of dangerous facility, in my unhappy plainness of person—the alarm-guard that surrounds every beautiful woman in every country of the world—letting sleep at *my* approach the cautionary reserve which presents bayonet so promptly to the good-looking. Even with my worship avowed, and the manifestation of grateful regard which a woman of fine quality always returns for elevated and unexacting admiration I was still left with such privilege of access as is granted to the family-gossip, or to an

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innocuous uncle, and it is of such a passion, rashly nurtured under this protection of an improbability, that I propose to tell the *inner* story.

PART II.

I was at the Baths of Lucca during a season made gay by the presence of a large proportion of the agreeable and accessible court of Tuscany. The material for my untiring study was in abundance, yet it was all of the worldly character which the attractions of the place would naturally draw together, and my homage had but a choice between differences of display, in the one pursuit of admiration. In my walks through the romantic mountain-paths of the neighborhood, and along the banks of the deep-down river that threads the ravine above the village, I had often met, meantime, a lady accompanied by a well-bred and scholar-like looking man; and though she invariably dropped her veil at my approach, her admirable movement, as she walked, or stooped to pick a flower, betrayed that conscious possession of beauty and habitual confidence in her own grace and elegance, which assured me of attractions worth taking trouble to know. By one of those "unavoidable accidents" which any respectable guardian angel will contrive, to oblige one, I was a visiter to the gentleman and lady—father and daughter—soon after my curiosity had framed the desire; and in her I found a marvel of beauty, from which I looked in vain for my usual escape—that of placing the ladder of my heart against a loftier and fairer.

Mr. Wangrave was one of those English gentlemen who would not exchange the name of an ancient and immemorially wealthy family for any title that their country could give them, and he used this shield of modest honor simply to protect himself in the enjoyment of habits, freed, as far as refinement and culture could do it, from the burthens and intrusions of life above and below him. He was ceaselessly educating himself—like a man whose whole life was only too brief an apprentice-ship to a higher existence—and, with an invalid but intellectual and lovely wife, and a daughter who seemed unconscious that she could love, and who kept gay pace with her youthful-hearted father in his lighter branches of knowledge, his family sufficed to itself, and had determined so to continue while abroad. The society of no Continental watering-place has a very good name, and they were there for climate and seclusion. With two ladies, who seemed to occupy the places and estimation of friends, (but who were probably the paid nurse and companion to the invalid,) and a kind-hearted old secretary to Mr. Wangrave, whose duties consisted in being as happy as he could possibly be, their circle was large enough, and it contained elements enough—except only, perhaps, the *réveille* that was wanting for the apparently slumbering heart of Stephania.

A month after my first call upon the Wangraves, I joined them on their journey to Vallambrosa, where they proposed to take refuge from the sultry coming of the Italian autumn. My happiness would not have been arranged after the manner of this world's happiness, if I had been the only addition to their party up the mountain. They had received with open arms, a few days before leaving Lucca, a young man from the neighborhood of their own home, and who, I saw with half a glance, was the very Eidolon and type of what Mr. Wangrave would desire as a fitting match for his daughter. From the allusions to him that had preceded his coming, I had learned that he was the heir to a brilliant fortune, and was coming to his old friends to be congratulated on his appointment to a captaincy in the Queen's Guards—as pretty a case of an "irresistible" as could well have been compounded for expectation. And when he came—the absolute model of a youth of noble beauty—all frankness, good manners, joyousness, and confidence, I summoned courage to look alternately at Stephania and him, and the hope, the daring hope that I had never yet named to myself, but which was already master of my heart, and its every pulse and capability, dropped prostrate and lifeless in my bosom. If he did but offer her the life-minute of love, of which I would give her, it seemed to me, for the same price, an eternity of countless existences—if he should but give her a careless word, where I could wring a passionate utterance out of the aching blood of my very heart—she must needs be his. She would be a star else that would resign an orbit in the fair sky, to illumine a dim cave; a flower that would rather bloom on a bleak moor, than in the garden of a king—for, with such crushing comparisons, did I irresistibly see myself as I remembered my own shape and features, and my far humbler fortunes than his, standing in her presence beside him.

Oh! how every thing contributed to enhance the beauty of that young man. How the mellow and harmonizing tenderness of the light of the Italian sky gave sentiment to his oval cheek, depth to his gray-blue eye, meaning to their overfolding and thick-fringed lashes. Whatever he said with his finely-cut lips, was *looked* into twenty times its meaning by the beauty of their motion in that languid atmosphere—an atmosphere that seemed only breathed for his embellishment and Stephania's. Every posture he took seemed a happy and rare accident, which a painter should have been there to see. The sunsets, the moonlight, the chance background and fore-ground, of vines and rocks—every thing seemed in conspiracy to heighten his effect, and make of him a faultless picture of a lover.

"Every thing," did I say? Yes, *even myself*—for my uncomely face and form were such a foil to his beauty as a skillful artist would have introduced to heighten it when all other art was exhausted, and every one saw it except Stephania: and little they knew how, with perceptions far quicker than theirs, I *felt* their recognition of this, in the degree of softer kindness in which they unconsciously spoke to me. They pitied me, and without recognizing their own thought—for it was a striking instance of

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the difference in the gifts of nature—one man looking scarce possible to love, and beside him, another, of the same age, to whose mere first-seen beauty, without a word from his lips, any heart would seem unnatural not to leap in passionate surrender.

We were the best of sudden friends, Palgray and I. He, like the rest, walked only the outer vestibule of the sympathies, viewlessly deepening and extending, hour by hour, in that frank and joyous circle. The interlinkings of soul, which need no language, and which go on, whether we will or no, while we talk with friends, are so strangely unthought of by the careless and happy. He saw in me no counter-worker to his influence. I was to him but a well-bred and extremely plain man, who tranquilly submitted to forego all the first prizes of life, content if I could contribute to society in its unexcited voids, and receive in return only the freedom of its outer intercourse, and its friendly esteem. But, oh! it was not in the same world that he and I knew Stephania. He approached her from the world in whose most valued excellences, beauty and wealth, he was pre-eminently gifted—I, from the voiceless world, in which I had at least more skill and knowledge. In the month that I had known her before he came, I had sedulously addressed myself to a character within her, of which Palgray had not even a conjecture; and there was but one danger of his encroachment on the ground I had gained—her imagination might supply in him the nobler temple of soul-worship, which was still unbuilt, and which would never be builded except by pangs such as he was little likely to feel in the undeepening channel of happiness. He did not notice that *I* never spoke to her in the same key of voice to which the conversation of others was attuned. He saw not that, while she turned to *him* with a smile as a preparation to listen, she heard *my* voice as if her attention had been arrested by distant music—with no change in her features except a look more earnest. She would have called *him* to look with her at a glowing sunset, or to point out a new comer in the road from the village; but if the moon had gone suddenly into a cloud and saddened the face of the landscape, or if the wind had sounded mournfully through the trees, as she looked out upon the night, she would have spoken of that first to *me*.

PART III.

I am dying over the track, of what was to me a torrent—outlining its course by alighting upon, here and there, a point where it turned or lingered.

The reader has been to Vallambrosa—if not once as a pilgrim, at least often with writers of travels in Italy. The usages of the convent are familiar to all memories—their lodging of the gentlemen of a party in cells of their own monastic privilege, and giving to the ladies less sacred hospitalities, in a secular building of meaner and unconsecrated architecture. (So, oh, mortifying brotherhood, you shut off your only chance of entertaining angels unaware!)

Not permitted to eat with the ladies while on the holy mountain, Mr. Wangrave and his secretary, and Palgray and I, fed at the table with the aristocratic monks—(for they are the aristocrats of European holiness, these monks of Vallambrosa.) It was somewhat a relief to me, to be separated with my rival from the party in the feminine refectory, even for the short space of a meal-time; for the all-day suffering of presence with an unconscious trampler on my heart-strings, and in circumstances where all the triumphs were his own, were more than my intangible hold upon hope could well enable me to bear. I was happiest, therefore, when I was out of the presence of her to be near whom was all for which my life was worth having; and when we sat down at the long and bare table, with the thoughtful and ashen-cowled company, sad as I was, it was an opiate sadness—a suspension from self-mastery, under torture which others took to be pleasure.

The temperature of the mountain-air was just such as to invite us to never enter doors except to eat and sleep; and breakfasting at convent-hours, we passed the long day in rambling up the ravines and through the sombre forests, drawing, botanizing, and conversing in group around some spot of exquisite natural beauty; and all of the party, myself excepted, supposing it to be the un-dissenting, common desire to contrive opportunity for the love-making of Palgray and Stephania. And, bitter though it was, in each particular instance, to accept a hint from one and another, and stroll off, leaving the confessed lovers alone by some musical water-fall, or in the secluded and twilight dimness of some curve in an overhanging ravine—places where only to breathe is to love—I still felt an instinctive prompting to rather anticipate than wait for these reminders, she alone knowing what it cost me to be without her in that delicious wilderness; and Palgray, as well as I could judge, having a mind out of harmony with both the wilderness and her.

He loved her—loved her as well as most women need to be, or know that they can be loved. But he was too happy, too prosperous, too universally beloved, to love well. He was a man, with all his beauty, more likely to be fascinating to his own sex than to hers, for the women who love best, do not love in the character they live in; and his out-of-doors heart, whose joyfulness was so contagious, and whose bold impulses were so manly and open, contented itself with gay homage, and left unplummeted the sweetest as well as deepest wells of the thoughtful tenderness of woman.

To most observers, Stephania Wangrave would have seemed only born to be gay—the mere habit of being happy having made its life-long imprint upon her expression of countenance, and all of her nature, that would be legible to a superficial reader, being brought out by the warm translucence of her smiles. But while I had seen this, in the first hour of my study of her, I was too advanced in my knowledge (of such works of nature as encroach on the models of Heaven) not to know this to be a light veil over a picture of melancholy meaning. Sadness was the tone of her mind's inner coloring. Tears were the

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subterranean river upon which her soul's bark floated with the most loved freight of her thought's accumulation—the sunny waters of joy, where alone she was thought to voyage, being the tide on which her heart embarked no venture, and which seemed to her trifingly garish and even profaning to the hallowed delicacy of the inner nature.

It was so strange to me that Palgray did not see this through every lineament of her marvelous beauty. There was a glow under her skin, but no color—an effect of paleness—fair as the lotus-leaf, but warmer and brighter, and which came through the alabaster fineness of the grain, like something the eye cannot define, but which we know by some spirit-perception to be the effluence of purer existence, the breathing through, as it were, of the luminous tenanting of an angel. To this glowing paleness, with golden hair, I never had seen united any but a disposition of predominant melancholy; and it seemed to me dull indeed otherwise to read it. But there were other betrayals of the same inner nature of Stephania. Her lips, cut with the fine tracery of the penciling upon a tulip-cup, were of a slender and delicate fullness, expressive of a mind which took—(of the senses)—only so much life as would hold down the spirit during its probation; and when this spiritual mouth was at rest, no painter has ever drawn lips on which lay more of the unutterable pensiveness of beauty which we dream to have been Mary's, in the childhood of Jesus. A tear in the heart was the instinctive answer to Stephania's every look when she did not smile; and her large, soft, slowly-lifting eyes, were to any elevated perception, it seemed to me, most eloquent of tenderness as tearful as it was unfathomable and angelic.

I shall have failed, however, in portraying truly the being of whom I am thus privileged to hold the likeness in my memory, if the reader fancies her to have nurtured her pensive disposition at the expense of a just value for real life, or a full development of womanly feelings. It was a peculiarity of her beauty, to my eye, that, with all her earnest leaning toward a thoughtful existence, there did not seem to be one vein beneath her pearly skin, not one wavy line in her faultless person, that did not lend its proportionate consciousness to her breathing sense of life. Her bust was of the slightest fullness which the sculptor would choose for the embodying of his ideal of the best blending of modesty with complete beauty; and her throat and arms—oh, with what an inexpressible pathos of loveliness, so to speak, was moulded, under an infantine dewiness of surface, their delicate undulations. No one could be in her presence without acknowledging the perfection of her form as a woman, and rendering the passionate yet subdued homage which the purest beauty fulfills its human errand by inspiring; but, while Palgray made the halo which surrounded her outward beauty the whole orbit of his appreciation, and made of it, too, the measure of the circle of topics he chose to talk upon, there was still another and far wider ring of light about her, which he lived in too dazzling a gayety of his own to see—a halo of a mind more beautiful than the body which shut it in; and in this intellectual orbit of guidance to interchange of mind, with manifold deeper and higher reach than Palgray's, upon whatever topic chanced to occur, revolved I, around her who was the loveliest and most gifted of all the human beings I had been privileged to meet.

PART IV.

The month was expiring at Vallambrosa, but I had not mingled, for that length of time, with a fraternity of thoughtful men, without recognition of some of that working of spontaneous and elective magnetism to which I have alluded in a previous part of this story. Opposite me, at the table of the convent refectory, had sat a taciturn monk, whose influence I felt from the first day—a stronger consciousness of his presence, that is to say, than of any one of the other monks—though he did not seem particularly to observe me, and till recently had scarce spoken to me at all. He was a man of perhaps fifty years of age, with the countenance of one who had suffered and gained a victory of contemplation—a look as if no suffering could be new to him, and before whom no riddle of human vicissitudes could stay unread; but over all this penetration and sagacity was diffused a cast of genial philanthropy and good-fellowship which told of his forgiveness of the world for what he had suffered in it. With a curiosity more at leisure, I should have sought him out, and joined him in his walks to know more of him; but spiritually acquainted though I felt we had become, I was far too busy with head and heart for any intercourse, except it had a bearing on the struggle for love that I was, to all appearance, so hopelessly making.

Preparations were beginning for departure, and with the morrow, or the day after, I was to take my way to Venice—my friends bound to Switzerland and England, and propriety not permitting me to seek another move in their company. The evening on which this was made clear to me, was one of those continuations of day into night made by the brightness of a full Italian moon; and Palgray, whose face, troubled, for the first time, betrayed to me that he was at a crisis of his fate with Stephania, evidently looked forward to this glowing night as the favorable atmosphere in which he might urge his suit, with nature pleading in his behalf. The reluctance and evident irresolution of his daughter puzzled Mr. Wangrave—for he had no doubt that she loved Palgray, and his education of her head and heart gave him no clue to any principle of coquettishness, or willingness to give pain, for the pleasure of an exercise of power. Her mother, and all the members of the party, were aware of the mystery that hung over the suit of the young guardsman, but they were all alike discreet, while distressed, and confined their interference to the removal of obstacles in the way of the lovers being together, and the avoidance of any topics gay enough to change the

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key of her spirits from the natural softness of the evening.

Vespers were over, and the sad-colored figures of the monks were gliding indolently here and there, and Stephania, with Palgray beside her, stood a little apart from the group at the door of the secular refectory, looking off at the fading purple of the sunset. I could not join her without crossing rudely the obvious wishes of every person present; yet for the last two days, I had scarce found the opportunity to exchange a word with her, and my emotion now was scarce controllable. The happier lover beside her, with his features heightened in expression (as I thought they never could be) by his embarrassment in wooing, was evidently and irresistibly the object of her momentary admiration. He offered her his arm, and made a movement toward the path off into the forest. There was an imploring deference infinitely becoming in his manner, and see it she must, with pride and pleasure. She hesitated—gave a look to where I stood, which explained to me better than a world of language, that she had wished at least to speak to me on this last evening—and, before the dimness over my eyes had passed away, they were gone. Oh! pitying Heaven! give me never again, while wrapt in mortal weakness, so harsh a pang to suffer.

PART V.

The convent-bell struck midnight, and there was a foot-fall in the cloister. I was startled by it out of an entire forgetfulness of all around me, for I was lying on my bed in the monastery cell, with my hands clasped over my eyes, as I had thrown myself down on coming in; and, with a strange contrariety, my mind, broken rudely from its hope, had flown to my far away home, oblivious of the benumbed inks that lay between. A knock at my door completed the return to my despair, for with a look at the walls of my little chamber, in the bright beam of moonlight that streamed in at the narrow window, I was, by recognition, again at Vallambrosa, and Stephania, with an accepted lover's voice in her ear, was again near me, her moistened eyes steeped with Palgray's in the same beam of the all-visiting and betraying moon.

Father Ludovic entered. The gentle tone of his *benedicite*, told me that he had come on an errand of sympathy. There was little need of preliminary between two who read the inner countenance as habitually as did both of us; and as briefly as the knowledge and present feeling of each could be re-expressed in words, we confirmed the spirit-mingling that had brought him there, and were presently as one. He had read truly the drama of love, enacting in the party of visiters to his convent, but his judgment of the possible termination of it was different from mine.

. . . . . .

Palgray's dormitory was at the extremity of the cloister, and we presently heard him pass.

"She is alone, now," said Father Ludovic, "I will send you to her."

My mind had strained to Stephania's presence with the first footsteps that told me of their separation; and it needed but a wave of his hand to unlink the spirit-wings from my weary frame. I was present with her.

I struggled for a moment, but in vain, to see her face. Its expression was as visible as my hand in the sun, but no feature. The mind I had read was close to me, in a presence of consciousness; and, in points, here and there, brighter, bolder, and further-reaching than I had altogether believed. She was unutterably pure—a spirit without a spot—and I remained near her with a feeling as if my forehead were pressed down to the palms of my hands, in homage mixed with sorrow, for I should have more recognized this in my waking study of her nature.

A moment more—a trembling effort, as if to read what were written to record my companionship for eternity—and a vague image of myself came out in shadow—clearer now, and still clearer, enlarging to to the fullness of her mind. She thought wholly and only of that image I then saw, yet with a faint coloring playing to and from it, as influences came in from the outer world. Her eyes were turned in upon it in lost contemplation. But suddenly a new thought broke upon me. I saw my image, but it was not I, as I looked to myself. The type of my countenance was there; but, oh, transformed to an ideal, such as I now, for the first time, saw possible—ennobled in every defective line—purified of its taint from worldliness—inspired with high aspirations—cleared of what it had become cankered with, in its transmission through countless generations since first sent into the world, and restored to a likeness of the angel of whose illuminated lineaments it was first a copy. So thought Stephania of me. Thus did she believe I truly was. Oh! blessed, and yet humiliating, trust of woman! Oh! comparison of true and ideal, at which spirits must look out of heaven, and of which they must long, with aching pity, to make us thus rebukingly aware!

. . . . . .

I felt myself withdrawing from Stephania's presence. There were tears between us, which I could not see. I strove to remain, but a stronger power than my will was at work within me. I felt my heart swell with a gasp, as if death were bearing out of it the principle of life; and my head dropped on the pillow of my bed.

"Good night, my son," said the low voice of Father Ludovic, "I have willed that you should remember what you have seen. Be worthy of her love, for there are few like her."

He closed the door, and as the glide of his sandals died away in the echoing cloisters, I leaned forth to spread my expanding heart in the upward and boundless light of the moon—for I seemed to wish never again to lose in the wasteful forgetfulness of sleep, the consciousness that I was loved by Stephania.

. . . . . .

I was journeying the next day, alone, toward Venice. I had left written adieux for the party at Vallambrosa, pleading to my friends an unwillingness to bear the pain of a formal separation. Betwixt

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midnight and morning, however, I had written a parting letter for Stephania, which I had committed to the kind envoying of Father Ludovic, and this it ran:—

"When you read this, Stephania, I shall be alone with the thought of you, traveling a reluctant road, but still with a burthen in my heart which will bring me to you again, and which even now envelopes my pang of separation in a veil of happiness. I have been blessed by Heaven's mercy with the power to know that you love me. Were you not what you are, I could not venture to startle you thus with a truth which, perhaps, you have hardly confessed in waking reality to yourself; but you are one of those who are coy of no truth that could be found to have lain without alarm in your own bosom, and, with those beloved hands pressed together with the earnestness of the clasp of prayer, you will say, 'yes! I love him!'

"I leave you, now, not to put our love to trial, and still less in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, to prepare to wed you. The first is little needed, angels in heaven well know. The second is a thought which will be in time, when I have done the work on which I am newly bent by the inspiration of love —*the making myself what you think me to be*. Oh, Stephania! to feel encouraged, as God has given me strength to feel, that I may yet be this—that I may yet bring you a soul brought up to the standard you have raised, and achieve it by effort in self-denial, and by the works of honor and goodness that are as possible to a man in obscurity and poverty as to his brother in wealth and distinction—this is to me new life, boundless enlargement of sphere, food for a love of which, alas! I was not before worthy.

"I have told you unreservedly what my station in life is—what my hopes are, and what career I had marked out for struggle. I shall go on with the career, though the prizes I then mentally saw have since faded in value almost as much as my purpose is strengthened. Fame and wealth, my pure, Stephania, are to you as they now can only be to me, larger trusts of service and duty; and if I hope they will come while other aims are sought, it is because they will confer happiness on parents and friends who mistakenly suppose them necessary to the winner of your heart. I hope to bring them to you. I know that I shall come as welcome without them.

"While I write—while my courage and hope throb loud in the pulses of my bosom—I can think even happily of separation. To leave you, the better to return, is bearable—even pleasurable—to the heart's noonday mood. But I have been steeped for a summer, now, in a presence of visible and breathing loveliness, (that you cannot forbid me to speak of, since language is too poor to out-color truth,) and there will come moments of depression—twilights of deepening and undivided loneliness—hours of illness, perhaps—and times of discouragement and adverse cloudings over of Providence—when I shall need to be remembered with sympathy, and to know that I am so remembered. I do not ask you to write to me. It would entail difficulties upon you, and put between us an interchange of uncertainties and possible misunderstandings. But I can communicate with you by a surer medium, if you will grant a request. The habits of your family are such that you can, for the first hour after midnight, be always alone. Waking or sleeping, there will then be a thought of me occupying your heart, and—call it a fancy if you will—I can come and read it on the viewless wings of the soul.

"I commend your inexpressible earthly beauty, dear Stephania, and your still brighter loveliness of soul, to God's angel, who has never left you. Farewell! You will see me when I am worthy of you—if it be necessary that it should be first in heaven, made so by forgiveness there.

Cell of St. Eusebius, Vallumbrosa—day-breaking."

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Dear transient spirit of the fields,
Thou com'st, without distrust,
To fan the sunshine of our streets
Among the noise and dust.

Thou leadest in thy wavering flight
My footsteps unaware,
Until I seem to walk the vales
And breathe thy native air.

And thou hast fed upon the flowers,
And drained their honied springs,
Till every tender hue they wore
Is blooming on thy wings.

I bless the fresh and flowery light
Thou bringest to the town,
But tremble lest the hot turmoil
Have power to weigh thee down;

For thou art like the poet's song,
Arrayed in holiest dyes,
Though it hath drained the honied wells
Of flowers of Paradise;

Though it hath brought celestial hues
To light the ways of life,
The dust shall weigh its pinions down
Amid the noisy strife.

And yet, perchance, some kindred soul
Shall see its glory shine,
And feel its wings within his heart
As bright as I do thine.

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THE RIVAL SISTERS.

AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

(*Concluded from page* 22.)

PART II.

A lovely summer's evening in the year 168–, was drawing toward its close, when many a gay and brilliant cavalcade of both sexes, many of the huge gilded coaches of that day, and many a train of liveried attendants, winding through the green lane, as they arrived, some in this direction from Eton, some in that, across Datchet-mead, from Windsor, and its royal castle, came thronging toward Ditton-in-the-Dale.

Lights were beginning to twinkle, as the shadows fell thick among the arcades of the trim gardens, and the wilder forest-walks which extended their circuitous course for many a mile along the stately hall of the Fitz-Henries; loud bursts of festive or of martial music came pealing down the wind, mixed with the hum of a gay and happy concourse, causing the nightingales to hold their peace, not in despair of rivaling the melody, but that the mirth jarred unpleasantly on the souls of the melancholy birds.

The gates of Ditton-in-the-Dale were flung wide open, for it was gala night, and never had the old hall put on a gayer or more sumptuous show than it had donned that evening.

From far and near the gentry and the nobles of Buckingham and Berkshire had gathered to the birth-day ball—for such was the occasion of the festive meeting.

Yes! it was Blanche Fitz-Henry's birth-day; and on this gay and glad anniversary was the fair heiress of that noble house to be introduced to the great world as the future owner of those beautiful demesnes.

From the roof to the foundation the old manor-house—it was a stately red brick mansion of the latter period of Elizabethan architecture, with mullioned windows, and stacks of curiously wreathed chimneys—was one blaze of light; and as group after group of gay and high-born riders came caracoling up to the hospitable porch, and coach after coach, with its running footmen, or mounted outriders lumbered slowly in their train, the saloons and corridors began to fill up rapidly, with a joyous and splendid company.

The entrance-hall, a vast square apartment, wainscoted with old English oak, brighter and richer in its dark hues than mahogany, received the entering guests; and what with the profusion of wax-lights, pendant in gorgeous chandeliers from the carved roof, or fixed in silver sconces to the walls, the gay festoons of green wreaths and fresh summer flowers, mixed quaintly with old armor, blazoned shields, and rustling banners, some of which had waved over the thirsty plains of Syria, and been fanned by the shouts of triumph that pealed so high at Cressy and Poitiers, it presented a not unapt picture of that midway period—that halting-place, as it were, between the old world and the new—when chivalry and feudalism had ceased already to exist among the nations, but before the rudeness of reform had banished the last remnants of courtesy, and the reverence for all things that were high and noble—for all things that were fair and graceful—for all things, in one word, except the golden calf, the mob-worshiped mammon.

Within this stately hall was drawn up in glittering array, the splendid band of the Life Guards, for royalty himself was present, and all the officers of that superb regiment, quartered at Windsor, had followed in his train; and as an ordinary courtesy to their well-proved and loyal host, the services of those chosen musicians had been tendered and accepted.

Through many a dazzling corridor, glittering with lights, and redolent of choicest perfumes, through many a fair saloon the guests were marshaled to the great drawing-room, where, beneath a canopy of state, the ill-advised and imbecile monarch, soon to be deserted by the very princes and princesses who now clustered round his throne, sat, with his host and his lovely daughters at his right hand, accepting the homage of the fickle crowd, who were within a little year to bow obsequiously to the cold-blooded Hollander.

That was a day of singular, and what would now be termed hideous costumes—a day of hair-powder and patches, of hoops and trains, of stiff brocades and tight-laced stomachers, and high-heeled shoes among the ladies—of flowing periwigs, and coats with huge cuffs and no collars, and voluminous skirts, of diamond-hilted rapiers, and diamond buckles, ruffles of Valenciennes and Mecklin lace, among the ruder sex. And though the individual might be metamorphosed strangely from the fair form which nature gave him, it cannot be denied that the concourse of highly-bred and graceful persons, when viewed as a whole, was infinitely more picturesque, infinitely more like what the fancy paints a meeting of the great and noble, than any assemblage now-a-days, however courtly or refined, in which the stiff dress coats and white neckcloths of the men are not to be redeemed by the Parisian finery—how much more

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natural, let critics tell, than the hoop and train—of the fair portion of the company.

The rich materials, the gay colors, the glittering jewelry, and waving plumes, all contributed their part to the splendor of the show; and in those days a gentleman possessed at least this advantage, lost to him in these practical utilitarian times, that he could not by any possibility be mistaken for his own *valet de chambre*—a misfortune which has befallen many a one, the most aristocratic not excepted, of modern nobility.

A truly graceful person will be graceful, and look well in every garb, however strange or *outrè*; and there is, moreover, undoubtedly something, apart from any paltry love of finery, or mere vanity of person, which elevates the thoughts, and stamps a statelier demeanor on the man who is clad highly for some high occasion. The custom, too, of wearing arms, peculiar to the gentleman of that day, had its effect, and that not a slight one, as well on the character as on the bearing of the individual so distinguished.

As for the ladies, loveliness will still be loveliness, disguise it as you may; and if the beauties of King James's court lost much by the travesty of their natural ringlets, they gained, perhaps, yet more from the increased lustre of their complexions and brilliancy of their eyes.

So that it is far from being the case, as is commonly supposed, that it was owing to fashion alone, and the influence of all powerful custom, that the costume of that day was not tolerated only, but admired by its wearers.

At this time, however, the use of hair-powder, though general, was by no means universal; and many beauties, who fancied that it did not suit their complexions, dispensed with it altogether, or wore it in some modified shape, and tinged with some coloring matter, which assimilated it more closely to the natural tints of the hair.

At all events, it must have been a dull eye, and a cold heart, that could have looked undelighted on the assemblage that night gathered in the ball-room of Ditton-in-the-Dale.

But now the reception was finished; the royal party moved into the ball-room, from which they shortly afterward retired, leaving the company at liberty from the restraint which their presence had imposed upon them. The concourse broke up into little groups; the stately minuet was performed, and livelier dances followed it; and gentlemen sighed tender sighs, and looked unutterable things; and ladies listened to soft nonsense, and smiled gentle approbation; and melting glances were exchanged, and warm hands were pressed warmly; and fans were flirted angrily, and flippant jokes were interchanged—for human nature, whether in the seventeenth or the nineteenth century, whether arrayed in brocade, or simply dressed in broadcloth, is human nature still; and, perhaps, not one feeling, or one passion, that actuated man's or woman's heart five hundred years ago, but dwells within it now, and shall dwell unchanged forever.

It needs not to say that, on such an occasion, in their own father's mansion, and at the celebration of one sister's birth-day, Blanche and Agnes, had their attractions been much smaller, their pretensions much more lowly than they really were, would have received boundless attention. But being as they were infinitely the finest girls in the room, and being, moreover, new *debutantes* on the stage of fashion, there was no limit to the admiration, to the *furor* which they excited among the wits and lady-killers of the day.

Many an antiquated Miss, proud of past conquests, and unable yet to believe that her career of triumph was, indeed, ended, would turn up an envious nose, and utter a sharp sneer at the forwardness and hoyden mirth of that pert Mistress Agnes, or at the coldness and inanimate smile of the fair heiress; but the sneer, even were it the sneer of a duke's or a minister's daughter, fell harmless, or yet worse, drew forth a prompt defence of the unjustly assailed beauty.

No greater proof could be adduced, indeed, of the amazing success of the sister beauties, than the unanimous decision of every lady in the room numbering less than forty years, that they were by no means uncommon; were pretty country hoppets, who, as soon as the novelty of their first appearance should have worn out, would cease to be admired, and sink back into their proper sphere of insignificance.

So thought not the gentle cavaliers; and there were many present there, well qualified to judge of ladies' minds as of ladies' persons; and not a few were heard to swear aloud, that the Fitz-Henries were as far above the rest of their sex in wit, and graceful accomplishment, as in beauty of form and face, and elegance of motion.

See! they are dancing now some gay, newly invented, Spanish dance, each whirling through the voluptuous mazes of the courtly measure with her own characteristic air and manner, each evidently pleased with her partner, each evidently charming him in turn; and the two together enchaining all eyes, and interesting all spectators, so that a gentle hum of approbation is heard running through the crowd, as they pause, blushing and panting from the exertion and excitement of the dance.

"Fore Gad! she is exquisite, George! I have seen nothing like her in my time," lisped a superb coxcomb, attired in a splendid civilian's suit of Pompadour and silver, to a young cornet of the Life Guard who stood beside him.

"Which *she*, my lord?" inquired the standard-bearer, in reply. "Methinks they both deserve your encomiums; but I would fain know which of the two your lordship means, for fame speaks you a dangerous rival against whom to enter the lists."

"What, George!" cried the other, gayly, "are you about to have a throw for the heiress? Pshaw! it wont do, man—never think of it! Why, though you are an earl's second son, and date your creation from the days of Hump-backed Dickon, old Allan would vote you a *novus homo*, as we used to say at Christ Church. Pshaw! George, go hang yourself! No one has a chance of winning that fair loveliness,

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much less of wearing her, unless he can quarter Sir Jupiter's bearings on his coat armorial."

"It is the heiress, then, my lord," answered George Delawarr, merrily. "I thought as much from the first. Well, I'll relieve your lordship, as you have relieved me, from all fear of rivalry. I am devoted to the dark beauty. Egad! there's life, there's fire for you! Why, I should have thought the flash of that eye-glance would have reduced Jack Greville to cinders in a moment, yet there he stands, as calm and impassive a puppy as ever dangled a plumed hat, or played with a sword-knot. Your fair beauty's cold, my lord. Give me that Italian complexion, and that coal-black hair! Gad zooks! I honor the girl's spirit for not disguising it with starch and pomatum. There's more passion in her little finger, than in the whole soul of the other."

"You're out there, George Delawarr," returned the peer. "Trust me, it is not always the quickest flame that burns the strongest; nor the liveliest girl that feels the most deeply. There's an old saying, and a true one, that still water aye runs deep. And, trust me, if I know any thing of the dear, delicious, devilish sex, as methinks I am not altogether a novice at the trade, if ever Blanche Fitz-Henry love at all, she will love with her whole soul and heart and spirit. That gay, laughing brunette will love you with her tongue, her eyes, her head, and perhaps her fancy—the other, if, as I say, she ever love at all, will love with her whole being."

"The broad acres! my lord! all the broad acres!" replied the cornet, laughing more merrily than before. "Fore Gad! I think it the very thing for you. For the first Lord St. George was, I believe, in the ark with Noah, so that you will pass current with the first gentleman of England. I prithee, my lord, push your suit, and help me on a little with my dark Dulcinea."

"Faith! George, I've no objection; and see, this dance is over. Let us go up and ask their fair hands. You'll have no trouble in ousting that shallow-pated puppy Jack, and I think I can put the pass on Mr. privy-councillor there, although he is simpering so prettily. But, hold a moment, have you been duly and in form presented to your black-eyed beauty?"

"Upon my soul! I hope so, my lord. It were very wrong else; for I have danced with her three times to-night already."

"The devil! Well, come along, quick. I see that they are going to announce supper, so soon as the next dance shall be ended; and if we can engage them now, we shall have their fair company for an hour at least."

"I am with you, my lord!"

And away they sauntered through the crowd, and ere long were coupled for a little space each to the lady of his choice.

The dance was soon over, and then, as Lord St. George had surmised, supper was announced, and the cavaliers led their ladies to the sumptuous board, and there attended them with all that courtly and respectful service, which, like many another good thing, has passed away and been forgotten with the diamond-hilted sword, and the full bottomed periwig.

George Delawarr was full as ever of gay quips and merry repartees; his wit was as sparkling as the champagne which in some degree inspired it, and as innocent. There was no touch of bitterness or satire in his polished and gentle humor; no envy or dislike pointed his quick, epigrammatic speech; but all was clear, light, and transparent, as the sunny air at noonday. Nor was his conversation altogether light and mirthful. There were at times bursts of high enthusiasm, at which he would himself laugh heartily a moment afterward—there were touches of passing romance and poetry blending in an under-current with his fluent mirth; and, above all, there was an evident strain of right feeling, of appreciation of all that was great and generous and good, predominant above romance and wit, perceptible in every word he uttered.

And Agnes listened, and laughed, and flung back skillfully and cleverly the ball of conversation, as he tossed it to her. She was pleased, it was evident, and amused. But she was pleased only as with a clever actor, a brilliant performer on some new instrument now heard for the first time. The gay, wild humor of the young man hit her fancy; his mad wit struck a kindred chord in her mind; but the latent poetry and romance passed unheeded, and the noblest point of all, the good and gracious feelings, made no impression on the polished but hard surface of the bright maiden's heart.

Meantime, how fared the peer with the calmer and gentler sister? Less brilliant than George Delawarr, he had traveled much, had seen more of men and things, had a more cultivated mind, was more of a scholar, and no less of a gentleman, scarce less perhaps of a soldier; for he had served a campaign or two in his early youth in the Low Countries.

He was a noble and honorable man, clever, and eloquent, and well esteemed—a little, perhaps, spoiled by that good esteem, a little too confident of himself, too conscious of his own good mien and good parts, and a little hardened, if very much polished, by continual contact with the world.

He was, however, an easy and agreeable talker, accustomed to the society of ladies, in which he was held to shine, and fond of shining. He exerted himself also that night, partly because he was really struck with Blanche's grace and beauty, partly because Delawarr's liveliness and wit excited him to a sort of playful rivalry.

Still, he was not successful; for though Blanche listened graciously, and smiled in the right places, and spoke in answer pleasantly and well, when she did speak, and evidently wished to appear and to be amused; her mind was at times absent and distracted, and it could not long escape the observation of so thorough a man of the world as Lord St. George, that he had not made that impression on the young country damsel which he was wont to make, with one half the effort, on what might be supposed more difficult ladies.

But though he saw this plainly, he was too much

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of a gentleman to be either piqued or annoyed; and if any thing he exerted himself the more to please, when he believed exertion useless; and by degrees his gentle partner laid aside her abstraction, and entered into the spirit of the hour with something of her sister's mirth, though with a quieter and more chastened tone.

It was a pleasant party, and a merry evening; but like all other things, merry or sad, it had its end, and passed away, and by many was forgotten; but there were two persons present there who never while they lived forgot that evening—for there were other two, to whom it was indeed the commencement of the end.

But the hour for parting had arrived, and with the ceremonious greetings of those days, deep bows and stately courtesies, and kissing of fair hands, and humble requests to be permitted to pay their duty on the following day, the cavaliers and ladies parted.

When the two gallants stood together in the great hall, George Delawarr turned suddenly to the peer—

"Where the deuce are you going to sleep to-night, St. George? You came down hither all the way from London, did you not? You surely do not mean to return to-night."

"I surely do not *wish* it, you mean, George. No, truly. But I do mean it. For my fellows tell me that there is not a bed to be had for love, which does not at all surprise me, for for money, which I confess does somewhat, in Eton, Slough, or Windsor. And if I must go back to Brentford or to Hounslow, as well at once to London."

"Come with me! Come with me, St. George. I can give you quarters in the barracks, and a good breakfast, and a game of tennis if you will; and afterward, if you like, we'll ride over and see how these bright-eyed beauties look by daylight, after all this night-work."

"A good offer, George, and I'll take it as it is offered."

"How are you here? In a great lumbering coach I suppose. Well, look you, I have got two horses here; you shall take mine, and I'll ride on my fellow's, who shall go with your people and pilot them on the road, else they'll be getting that great gilded Noah's ark into Datchet-ditch. Have you got any tools? Ay! ay! I see you travel well equipped, if you do ride in your coach. Now your riding-cloak, the nights are damp here, by the river-side, even in summer; oh! never mind your pistols, you'll find a brace in my holsters, genuine Kuchenreuters. I can hit a crown piece with them, for a hundred guineas, at fifty paces."

"Heaven send that you never shoot at me with them, if that 's the case, George."

"Heaven send that I never shoot at any one, my lord, unless it be an enemy of my king and country, and in open warfare; for so certainly as I do shoot I shall kill."

"I do not doubt you, George. But let 's be off. The lights are burning low in the sockets, and these good fellows are evidently tired out with their share of our festivity. Fore Gad! I believe we are the last of the guests."

And with the word, the young men mounted joyously, and galloped away at the top of their horses' speed to the quarters of the life-guard in Windsor.

Half an hour after their departure, the two sisters sat above stairs in a pleasant chamber, disrobing themselves, with the assistance of their maidens, of the cumbrous and stiff costumes of the ball-room, and jesting merrily over the events of the evening.

"Well, Blanche," said Agnes archly, "confess, sis, who is the lord paramount, the beau *par excellence*, of the ball? I know, you demure puss! After all, it is ever the quiet cat that licks the cream. But to think that on your very first night you should have made such a conquest. So difficult, too, to please, they say, and all the great court ladies dying for him."

"Hush! madcap. I don't know who you mean. At all events, I have not danced four dances in one evening with one cavalier. Ah! have I caught you, pretty mistress?"

"Oh! that was only *poor* George Delawarr. A paltry cornet in the guards. He will do well enough to have dangling after one, to play with, while he amuses one—but fancy, being proud of conquering poor George! His namesake with the Saint before it were worth a score of such."

"Fie, sister!" said Blanche, gravely. "I do not love to hear you talk so. I am sure he 's a very pretty gentleman, and has twice as much head as my lord, if I 'm not mistaken; and three times as much heart."

"Heart, indeed, sis! Much you know about hearts, I fancy. But, now that you speak of it, I *will* try if he has got a heart. If he has, he will do well to pique some more eligible—"

"Oh! Agnes, Agnes! I cannot hear you—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the younger sister, very bitterly, "this affectation of sentiment and disinterestedness sits very prettily on the heiress of Ditton-in-the-Dale, Long Netherby, and Waltham Ferrers, three manors, and ten thousand pounds a year to buy a bridegroom! Poor I, with my face for my fortune, must needs make my wit eke out my want of dowry. And I 'm not one, I promise you, sis, to choose love in a cottage. No, no! Give me your Lord St. George, and I'll make over all my right and title to poor George Delawarr this minute. Heigho! I believe the fellow is smitten with me after all. Well, well! I'll have some fun with him before I have done yet."

"Agnes," said Blanche, gravely, but reproachfully, "I have long seen that you are light, and careless whom you wound with your wild words, but I never thought before that you were bad-hearted."

"Bad-hearted, sister!"

"Yes! bad-hearted! To speak to me of manors, or of money, as if for fifty wills, or five hundred fathers, I would ever profit by a parent's whim to rob my sister of her portion. As if I would not rather lie in the cold grave, than that my sister should have a wish ungratified, which I had power to gratify,

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much less that she should narrow down the standard of her choice—the holiest and most sacred thing on earth—to the miserable scale of wealth and title. Out upon it! out upon it! Never, while you live, speak so to me again!"

"Sister, I never will. I did not mean it, sister, dear," cried Agnes, now much affected, as she saw how vehemently Blanche was moved. "You should not heed me. You know my wild, rash way, and how I speak whatever words come first."

"Those were very meaning words, Agnes—and very bitter, too. They cut me to the heart," cried the fair girl, bursting into a flood of passionate tears.

"Oh! do not—do not, Blanche. Forgive me, dearest! Indeed, indeed, I meant nothing!"

"Forgive you, Agnes! I have nothing to forgive. I was not even angry, but pained, but sorry for you, sister; for sure I am, that if you give way to this bitter, jealous spirit, you will work much anguish to yourself, and to all those who love you."

"Jealous, Blanche!"

"Yes, Agnes, jealous! But let us say no more. Let this pass, and be forgotten; but never, dear girl, if you love me, as I think you do, never *so* speak to me again."

"I never, never will." And she fell upon her neck, and kissed her fondly, as her heart relented, and she felt something of sincere repentance for the harsh words which she had spoken, and the hard, bitter feelings which suggested them.

Another hour, and, clasped in each others arms, they were sleeping as sweetly as though no breath of the world's bitterness had ever blown upon their hearts, or stirred them into momentary strife.

Peace to their slumbers, and sweet dreams!

It was, perhaps, an hour or two after noon, and the early dinner of the time was already over, when the two sisters strolled out into the gardens, unaccompanied, except by a tall old greyhound, Blanche's peculiar friend and guardian, and some two or three beautiful silky-haired King Charles spaniels.

After loitering for a little while among the trim parterres, and box-edged terraces, and gathering a few sweet summer flowers, they turned to avoid the heat, which was excessive, into the dark elm avenue, and wandered along between the tall black yew hedges, linked arm-in-arm, indeed, but both silent and abstracted, and neither of them conscious of the rich melancholy music of the nightingales, which was ringing all around them in that pleasant solitude.

Both, indeed, were buried in deep thought; and each, perhaps, for the first time in her life, felt that her thought was such that she could not, dared not, communicate it to her sister.

For Blanche Fitz-Henry had, on the previous night, begun, for the first time in her life, to suspect that she was the owner, for the time being, of a commodity called a heart, although it may be that the very suspicion proved in some degree that the possession was about to pass, if it were not already passing, from her.

In sober seriousness, it must be confessed that the young cornet of the Life Guards, although he had made so little impression on her to whom he had devoted his attentions, had produced an effect different from any thing which she had ever felt before on the mind of the elder sister. It was not his good mien, nor his noble air that had struck her; for though he was a well-made, fine-looking man, of graceful manners, and high-born carriage, there were twenty men in the room with whom he could not for five minutes have sustained a comparison in point of personal appearance.

His friend, the Viscount St. George, to whom she had lent but a cold ear, was a far handsomer man. Nor was it his wit and gay humor, and easy flow of conversation, that had captivated her fancy; although she certainly did think him the most agreeable man she had ever listened to. No, it was the under-current of delicate and poetical thought, the glimpses of a high and noble spirit, which flashed out at times through the light veil of reckless merriment, which, partly in compliance with the spirit of the day, and partly because his was a gay and mirthful nature, he had superinduced over the deeper and grander points of his character. No; it was a certain originality of mind, which assured her that, though he might talk lightly, he was one to feel fervently and deeply—it was the impress of truth, and candor, and high independence, which was stamped on his every word and action, that first riveted her attention, and, in spite of her resistance, half fascinated her imagination.

This it was that had held her abstracted and apparently indifferent, while Lord St. George was exerting all his powers of entertainment in her behalf; this it was that had roused her indignation at hearing her sister speak so slightingly, and, as it seemed to her, so ungenerously of one whom she felt intuitively to be good and noble.

This it was which now held her mute and thoughtful, and almost sad; for she felt conscious that she was on the verge of loving—loving one who, for aught that he had shown as yet, cared naught for her, perhaps even preferred another—and that other her own sister.

Thereupon her maiden modesty rallied tumultuous to the rescue, and suggested the shame of giving love unasked, giving it, perchance, to be scorned—and almost she resolved to stifle the infant feeling in its birth, and rise superior to the weakness. But when was ever love vanquished by cold argument, or bound at the chariot-wheels of reason.

The thought would still rise up prominent, turn her mind to whatever subject she would, coupled with something of pity at the treatment which he was like to meet from Agnes, something of vague, unconfessed pleasure that it was so, and something of secret hope that his eyes would ere long be opened, and that she might prove, in the end, herself his consoler.

And what, meanwhile, were the dreams of Agnes? Bitter—bitter, and black, and hateful. Oh! it is a terrible consideration, how swiftly evil thoughts, once admitted to the heart, take root and flourish, and grow up into a rank and poisonous crop, choking the good grain utterly, and corrupting the very soil of which they have taken hold. There is but one hope

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—but one! To tear them from the root forcibly, though the heart-strings crack, and the soul trembles, as with a spiritual earthquake. To nerve the mind firmly and resolutely, yet humbly withal, and contritely, and with prayer against temptation, prayer for support from on high—to resist the Evil One with the whole force of the intellect, the whole truth of the heart, and to stop the ears steadfastly against the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

But so did not Agnes Fitz-Henry. It is true that on the preceding night her better feelings had been touched, her heart had relented, and she had banished, as she thought, the evil counsellors, ambition, envy, jealousy, and distrust, from her spirit.

But with the night the better influence passed away, and ere the morning had well come, the evil spirit had returned to his dwelling place, and brought with him other spirits, worse and more wicked than himself.

The festive scene of the previous evening had, for the first time opened her eyes fairly to her own position; she read it in the demeanor of all present; she heard it in the whispers which unintentionally reached her ears; she felt it intuitively in the shade—it was not a shade, yet she observed it—of difference perceptible in the degree of deference and courtesy paid to herself and to her sister.

She felt, for the first time, that Blanche was every thing, herself a mere cipher—that Blanche was the lady of the manor, the cynosure of all eyes, the queen of all hearts, herself but the lady's poor relation, the dependent on her bounty, and at the best a creature to be played with, and petted for her beauty and her wit, without regard to her feelings, or sympathy for her heart.

And prepared as she was at all times to resist even just authority with insolent rebellion; ready as she was always to assume the defensive, and from that the offensive against all whom she fancied offenders, how angrily did her heart now boil up, how almost fiercely did she muster her faculties to resist, to attack, to conquer, to annihilate all whom she deemed her enemies—and that, for the moment, was the world.

Conscious of her own beauty, of her own wit, of her own high and powerful intellect, perhaps over-confident in her resources, she determined on that instant that she would devote them all, all to one purpose, to which she would bend every energy, direct every thought of her mind—to her own aggrandizement, by means of some great and splendid marriage, which should set her as far above the heiress of Ditton-in-the-Dale, as the rich heiress now stood in the world's eye above the portionless and dependent sister.

Nor was this all—there was a sterner, harder, and more wicked feeling yet, springing up in her heart, and whispering the sweetness of revenge—revenge on that amiable and gentle sister, who, so far from wronging her, had loved her ever with the tenderest and most affectionate love, who would have sacrificed her dearest wishes to her welfare—but whom, in the hardness of her embittered spirit, she could now see only as an intruder upon her own just rights, a rival on the stage of fashion, perhaps in the interests of the heart—whom she already envied, suspected, almost hated.

And Blanche, at that self-same moment, had resolved to keep watch on her own heart narrowly, and to observe her sister's bearing toward George Delaware, that in case she should perceive her favoring his suit, she might at once crush down the germ of rising passion, and sacrifice her own to her dear sister's happiness.

Alas! Blanche! Alas! Agnes!

Thus they strolled onward, silently and slowly, until they reached the little green before the summer-house, which was then the gayest and most lightsome place that can be imagined, with its rare paintings glowing in their undimmed hues, its gilding bright and burnished, its furniture all sumptuous and new, and instead of the dark funereal ivy, covered with woodbine and rich clustered roses. The windows were all thrown wide open to the perfumed summer air, and the warm light poured in through the gaps in the tree-tops, and above the summits of the then carefully trimmed hedgerows, blithe and golden.

They entered and sat down, still pensive and abstracted; but evolving the pleasant and happy influences of the time and place appeared to operate in some degree on the feelings of both, but especially on the tranquil and well-ordered mind of the elder sister. She raised her head suddenly, and was about to speak, when the rapid sound of horses' feet, unheard on the soft sand until they were hard by, turned her attention to the window, and the next moment the two young cavaliers, who were even then uppermost in her mind, came into view, cantering along slowly on their well-managed chargers.

Her eye was not quicker than those of the gallant riders, who, seeing the ladies, whom they had ridden over to visit, sitting by the widows of the summer-house, checked their horses on the instant, and doffed their plumed hats.

"Good faith, fair ladies, we are in fortune's graces to-day," said the young peer, gracefully, "since having ridden thus far on our way to pay you our humble devoirs, we meet you thus short of our journey's end."

"But how are we to win our way to you," cried Delaware, "as you sit there bright *chatelaines* of your enchanted bower—for I see neither fairy skiff, piloted by grim-visaged dwarfs, to waft us over, nor even a stray dragon, by aid of whose broad wings to fly across this mimic moat, which seems to be something of the deepest?"

"Oh! gallop on, gay knights," said Agnes, smiling on Lord St. George, but averting her face somewhat from the cornet, "gallop on to the lodges, and leaving there your coursers, take the first path on the left hand, and that will lead you to our presence; and should you peradventure get entangled in the hornbeam maze, why, one of us two will bring you the clue, like a second Ariadne. Ride on and we will meet you. Come, sister, let us walk."

Blanche had as yet scarcely found words to reply to the greeting of the gallants, for the coincidence of

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their arrival with her own thoughts had embarrassed her a little, and she had blushed crimson as she caught the eye of George Delawarr fixed on her with a marked expression, beneath which her own dropped timidly. But now she arose, and bowing with an easy smile, and a few pleasant words, expressed her willingness to abide by her sister's plan.

In a few minutes the ladies met their gallants in the green labyrinth of which Agnes had spoken, and falling into pairs, for the walk was too narrow to allow them all four to walk abreast, they strolled in company toward the Hall.

What words they said, I am not about to relate—for such conversations, though infinitely pleasant to the parties, are for the most part infinitely dull to third persons—but it so fell out, not without something of forwardness and marked management, which did not escape the young soldier's rapid eye, on the part of Agnes, that the order of things which had been on the previous evening was reversed; the gay, rattling girl attaching herself perforce to the viscount, not without a sharp and half-sarcastic jest at the expense of her former partner, and the mild heiress falling to his charge.

George Delawarr had been smitten, it is true, the night before by the gayety and rapid intellect of Agnes, as well as by the wild and peculiar style of her beauty; and it might well have been that the temporary fascination might have ripened into love. But he was hurt, and disgusted even more than hurt, by her manner, and observing her with a watchful eye as she coquetted with his friend, he speedily came to the conclusion that St. George was right in his estimate of *her* character at least, although he now seemed to be flattered and amused by her evident prepossession in his favor.

He had not, it is true, been deeply enough touched to feel either pique or melancholy at this discovery, but was so far heart-whole as to be rather inclined to laugh at the fickleness of the merry jilt, than either to repine or to be angry.

He was by no means the man, however, to cast away the occasion of pleasure: and walking with so beautiful and soft a creature as Blanche, he naturally abandoned himself to the tide of the hour, and in a little while found himself engaged in a conversation, which, if less sparkling and brilliant, was a thousand times more charming than that which he had yesterday held with her sister.

In a short time he had made the discovery that with regard to the elder sister, too, his friend's penetration had exceeded his own; and that beneath that calm and tranquil exterior there lay a deep and powerful mind, stored with a treasury of the richest gems of thought and feeling. He learned in that long wordland walk that she was, indeed, a creature both to adore and to be adored; and he, too, like St. George, was certain, that the happy man whom she should love, would be loved for himself alone, with the whole fervor, the whole truth, the whole concentrated passion of a heart, the flow of which once unloosed, would be but the stronger for the restraint which had hitherto confined it.

Evening, as they reached the wider avenue, the two parties united, and then, more than ever, he perceived the immense superiority in all lovable, all feminine points, of the elder to the younger sister; for Agnes, though brilliant and seemingly thoughtless and spirit-free as ever, let fall full many a bitter word, many a covert taunt and hidden sneer, which, with his eyes now opened as they were, he readily detected, and which Blanche, as he could discover, even through her graceful quietude, felt, and felt painfully.

They reached the Hall at length, and were duly welcomed by its master; refreshments were offered and accepted—and the young men were invited to return often, and a day was fixed on which they should partake the hospitalities of Ditton, at least as temporary residents.

The night was already closing in when they mounted their horses and withdrew, both well pleased with their visit—for the young lord was in pursuit of amusement only, and seeing at a glance the coyness of the heiress, and the somewhat forward coquetry of her sister, he had accommodated himself to circumstances, and determined that a passing flirtation with so pretty a girl, and a short *sejour* at a house so well-appointed as Ditton, would be no unpleasant substitute for London in the dog-days; and George Delawarr, like Romeo, had discarded the imaginary love the moment he found the true Juliet. If not in love, he certainly was fascinated, charmed; he certainly thought Blanche the sweetest, and most lovely girl he had ever met, and was well inclined to believe that she was the best and most admirable. He trembled on the verge of his fate.

And she—her destiny was fixed already, and forever! And when she saw her sister delighted with the attentions of the youthful nobleman, she smiled to herself, and dreamed a pleasant dream, and gave herself up to the sweet delusion. She had already asked her own heart "does he love me?" and though it fluttered sorely, and hesitated for a while, it did not answer, "No!"

But as the gentlemen rode homeward, St. George turned shortly on his companion, and said, gravely,

"You have changed your mind, Delawarr, and found out that I am right. Nevertheless, beware! do not, for God's sake, fall in love with her, or make her love you!"

The blood flushed fiery-red to the ingenuous brow of George Delawarr, and he was embarrassed for a moment. Then he tried to turn off his confusion with a jest.

"What, jealous, my lord! jealous of a poor cornet, with no other fortune than an honorable name, and a bright sword! I thought you, too, had changed your mind, when I saw you flirting so merrily with that merry brunette."

"You did see me *flirting*, George—nothing more; and I *have* changed my mind, since the beginning, if not since the end of last evening—for I thought at first that fair Blanche Fitz-Henry would make me a charming wife; and now I am sure that she would *not*—"

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"Why so, my lord? For God's sake! why say you so?"

"Because she never would love *me*, George; and *I* would never marry any woman, unless I were sure that she both could and did. So you see that I am not the least jealous; but still I say, don't fall in love with her—"

"Faith! St. George, but your admonition comes somewhat late—for I believe I am half in love with her already."

"Then stop where you are, and go no deeper—for if I err not, she is more than half in love with you, too."

"A strange reason, St. George, wherefore to bid me stop!"

"A most excellent good one!" replied the other, gravely, and almost sadly, "for mutual love between you two can only lead to mutual misery. Her father never would consent to her marrying you more than he would to her marrying a peasant—the man is perfectly insane on the subject of title-deeds and heraldry, and will accept no one for his son-in-law who cannot show as many quarterings as a Spanish grandee, or a German noble. But, of course, it is of no use talking about it. Love never yet listened to reason; and, moreover, I suppose what is to be is to become what may."

"And what will you do, St. George, about Agnes? I think you are touched there a little!"

"Not a whit I—honor bright! And for what I will do—amuse myself, George—amuse myself, and that pretty coquette, too; and if I find her less of a coquette, with more of a heart than I fancy she has—" he stopped short, and laughed.

"Well, what then—what then?" cried George Delawarr.

"It will be time enough to decide *then*."

"And so say I, St. George. Meanwhile, I too will amuse myself."

"Ay! but observe this special difference—what is fun to *you* may be death to *her*, for she *has* a heart, and a fine, and true, and deep one; may be death to yourself—for you, too, are honorable, and true, and noble; and that is why I love you, George, and why I speak to you thus, at the risk of being held meddlesome or impertinent."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Delawarr, moving his horse closer up to him, and grasping his hand warmly, "never! You meddlesome or impertinent! Let me hear no man call you so. But I will think of this. On my honor, I will think of this that you have said!"

And he did think of it. Thought of it often, deeply—and the more he thought, the more he loved Blanche Fitz-Henry.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on, and still those two young cavaliers were constant visitors, sometimes alone, sometimes with other gallants in their company, at Ditton-in-the-Dale. And ever still, despite his companion's warning, Delawarr lingered by the fair heiress' side, until both were as deeply enamored as it is possible for two persons to be, both single-hearted, both endowed with powerful intellect, and powerful imagination; both of that strong and energetic temperament which renders all impressions permanent, all strong passions immortal. It was strange that there should have been two persons, and there were but two, who discovered nothing of what was passing—suspected nothing of the deep feelings which possessed the hearts of the young lovers; while all else marked the growth of liking into love, of love into that absolute and overwhelming idolatry, which but few souls can comprehend, and which to those few is the mightiest of blessings or the blackest of curses.

And those two, as is oftentimes the case, were the very two whom it most concerned to perceive, and who imagined themselves the quickest and the clearest sighted—Allan Fitz-Henry, and the envious Agnes.

But so true is it that the hope is oft parent to the thought, and the thought again to security and conviction, that, having in the first instance made up his mind that Lord St. George would be a most suitable successor to the name of the family, and secondly, that he was engaged in prosecuting his suit to the elder daughter, her father gave himself no further trouble in the matter, but suffered things to take their own course without interference.

He saw, indeed, that in public the viscount was more frequently the companion of Agnes than of Blanche; that there seemed to be a better and more rapid intelligence between them; and that Blanche appeared better pleased with George Delawarr's than with the viscount's company.

But, to a man blinded by his own wishes and prejudices, such evidences went as nothing. He set it down at once to the score of timidity on Blanche's part, and to the desire of avoiding unnecessary notoriety on St. George's; and saw nothing but what was perfectly natural and comprehensible, in the fact that the younger sister and the familiar friend should be the mutual confidents, perhaps the go-betweens, of the two acknowledged lovers.

He was in high good-humor, therefore; and as he fancied himself on the high-road to the full fruition of his schemes, nothing could exceed his courtesy and kindness to the young cornet, whom he almost overpowered with those tokens of affection and regard which he did not choose to lavish on the peer, lest he should be thought to be courting his alliance.

Agnes, in the meantime, was so busy in the prosecution of her assault on Lord St. George's heart, on which she began to believe that she had made some permanent impression, that she was perfectly contented with her own position, and was well-disposed to let other people enjoy themselves, provided they did not interfere with her proceedings. It is true that, at times, in the very spirit of coquetry, she would resume her flirtation with George Delawarr, for the double purpose of piquing the viscount, and playing with the cornet's affections, which, blinded by self-love, she still believed to be devoted to her pretty self.

But Delawarr was so happy in himself, that, without any intention of playing with Agnes, or deceiving her,

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be joked and rattled with her as he would with a sister, and believing that she must understand their mutual situation, at times treated her with a sort of quiet fondness, as a man naturally does the sister of his betrothed or his bride, which effectually completed her hallucination.

The consequence of all this was, that, while they were unintentionally deceiving others, they were fatally deceiving themselves likewise; and of this, it is probable that no one was aware, with the exception of St. George, who, seeing that his warnings were neglected, did not choose to meddle further in the matter, although keeping himself ready to aid the lovers to the utmost of his ability by any means that should offer.

In the innocence of their hearts, and the purity of their young love, they fancied that what was so clear to themselves, must be apparent to the eyes of others; and they flattered themselves that the lady's father not only saw, but approved their affection, and that, when the fitting time should arrive, there would be no obstacle to the accomplishment of their happiness.

It is true that Blanche spoke not of her love to her sister, for, apart from the aversion which a refined and delicate girl must ever feel to touching on that subject, unless the secret be teased or coaxed out of her by some near and affectionate friend, there had grown up a sort of distance, not coldness, nor dislike, nor distrust, but simply distance, and lack of communication between the sisters since the night of the birth-day ball. Still Blanche doubted not that her sister saw and knew all that was passing in her mind, in the same manner as she read her heart; and it was to her evident liking for Lord St. George, and the engrossing claim of her own affections on all her thoughts, and all her time, that she attributed her carelessness of herself.

Deeply, however, did she err, and cruelly was she destined to be undeceived.

The early days of autumn had arrived, and the woods had donned their many-colored garments, when on a calm, sweet evening—one of those quiet and delicious evenings peculiar to that season—Blanche and George Delawarr had wandered away from the gay concourse which filled the gardens, and unseen, as they believed, and unsuspected, had turned into the old labyrinth where first they had begun to love, and were wrapped in soft dreams of the near approach of more perfect happiness.

But a quick, hard eye was upon them—the eye of Agnes: for, by chance, Lord St. George was absent, having been summoned to attend the king at Windsor; and being left to herself, her busy mind, too busy to rest for a moment idle, plunged into mischief and malevolence.

No sooner did she see them turn aside from the broad walk than the cloud was withdrawn, as if by magic, from her eyes; and she saw almost intuitively all that had previously escaped her.

Not a second did she lose, but stealing after the unsuspecting pair with a noiseless and treacherous step, she followed them, foot by foot, through the mazes of the clipped hornbeam labyrinth, divided from them only by the verdant screen, listening to every half-breathed word of love, and drinking in with greedy ears every passionate sigh.

Delawarr's left arm was around Blanche's slender waist, and her right hand rested on his shoulder; the fingers of their other hands were entwined lovingly together, as they wandered onward, wrapped each in the other, unconscious of wrong on their own part, and unsuspicious of injury from any other.

Meanwhile, with rage in her eyes, with hell in her heart, Agnes followed and listened.

So deadly was her hatred, at that moment, of her sister, so fierce and overmastering her rage, that it was only by the utmost exertion of self-control that she could refrain from rushing forward and loading them with reproaches, with contumely, and with scorn.

But biting her lips till the blood sprang beneath her pearly teeth, and clinching her hands so hard that the nails wounded their tender palms, she did refrain, did subdue the swelling fury of her rebellious heart, and awaited the hour of more deadly vengeance.

Vengeance for what? She had not loved George Delawarr—nay, she had scorned him! Blanche had not robbed her of her lover—nay, in her own thoughts, she had carried off the admirer, perhaps the future lover, from the heiress.

She was the wronger, not the wronged! Then wherefore vengeance?

Even, *therefore*, reader, because she had wronged her, and knew it; because her own conscience smote her, and she would fain avenge on the innocent cause the pangs which at times rent her own bosom.

Envious and bitter, she could not endure that Blanche should be loved, as she felt she was not loved herself, purely, devotedly, forever, and for herself alone.

Ambitious, and insatiate of admiration, she could not endure that George Delawarr, once her captive, whom she still thought her slave, should shake off his allegiance to herself, much less that he should dare to love her sister.

Even while she listened, she suddenly heard Blanche reply to some words of her lover, which had escaped her watchful ears.

"Never fear, dearest George; I am sure that he has seen and knows all—he is the kindest and the best of fathers. I will tell him all to-morrow, and will have good news for you when you come to see me in the evening."

"Never!" exclaimed the fury, stamping upon the ground violently—"by all my hopes of heaven, never!"

And with the words she darted away in the direction of the hall as fast as her feet could carry her over the level greensward; rage seeming literally to lend her wings, so rapidly did her fiery passions spur her on the road to impotent revenge.

Ten minutes afterward, with his face inflamed with fury, his periwig awry, his dress disordered by the haste with which he had come up, Allan Fitz-Henry broke upon the unsuspecting lovers.

Snatching his daughter rudely from the young

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man's half embrace, he broke out into a torrent of terrible and furious invective, far more disgraceful to him who used it, than to those on whom it was vented.

There was no check to his violence, no moderation on his tongue. Traitor, and knave, and low-born beggar, were the mildest epithets which he applied to the high-bred and gallant soldier; while on his sweet and shrinking child he heaped terms the most opprobrious, the most unworthy of himself, whether as a father or as a man.

The blood rushed crimson to the brow of George Delawarr, and his hand fell, as if by instinct, upon the hilt of his rapier; but the next moment he withdrew it, and was cool by a mighty effort.

"From you, sir, any thing! You will be sorry for this to-morrow!"

"Never, sir! never! Get you gone! base domestic traitor! Get you gone, lest I call my servants, and bid them spurn you from my premises!"

"I go, sir—" he began calmly; but at this moment St. George came upon the scene, having just returned from Windsor, eager, but, alas! too late, to anticipate the shameful scene—and to him did George Delawarr turn with unutterable anguish in his eyes. "Bid my men bring my horses after me, St. George," said he, firmly, but mournfully; "for me, this is no place any longer. Farewell, sir! you will repent of this. Adieu, Blanche, we shall meet again, sweet one."

"Never! dog, never! or with my own hands—"

"Hush! hush! for shame. Peace, Mister Fitz-Henry, these words are not such as may pass between gentlemen. Go, George, for God's sake! Go, and prevent worse scandal," cried the viscount.

And miserable beyond all comprehension, his dream of bliss thus cruelly cut short, the young man went his way, leaving his mistress hanging in a deep swoon, happy to be for a while unconscious of her misery, upon her father's arm.

Three days had passed—three dark, dismal, hopeless days. Delawarr did his duty with his regiment, nay, did it well—but he was utterly unconscious, his mind was afar off, as of a man walking in a dream. Late on the third night a small note was put into his hands, blistered and soiled with tears. A wan smile crossed his face, he ordered his horses at daybreak, drained a deep draught of wine, sauntered away to his own chamber, stopping at every two or three paces in deep meditation; threw himself on his bed, for the first time in his life without praying, and slept, or seemed to sleep, till daybreak.

"Three days had passed—three dark, dismal, hopeless days! Blanche was half dead—for she now despaired. All methods had been tried with the fierce and prejudiced old man, secretly prompted by that demon-girl—and all tried in vain. Poor Blanche had implored him to suffer her to resign her birthright in favor of her sister, who would wed to suit his wishes, but in vain. The generous St. George had offered to purchase for his friend, as speedily as possible, every step to the very highest in the service; nay, he had obtained from the easy monarch a promise to raise him to the peerage, but in vain.

And Blanche despaired; and St. George left the Hall in sorrow and disgust that he could effect nothing.

That evening Blanche's maid, a true and honest girl, delivered to her mistress a small note, brought by a peasant lad; and within an hour the boy went thence, the bearer of a billet, blistered and wet with tears.

And Blanche crept away unheeded to her chamber, and threw herself upon her knees, and prayed fervently and long; and casting herself upon her painful bed, at last wept herself to sleep.

The morning dawned, merry and clear, and lightsome; and all the face of nature smiled gladly in the merry sunbeams.

At the first peep of dawn Blanche started from her restless slumbers, dressed herself hastily, and creeping down the stairs with a cautious step, unbarred a postern door, darted out into the free air, without casting a glance behind her, and fled, with all the speed of mingled love and terror, down the green avenue toward the gay pavilion—scene of so many happy hours.

But again she was watched by an envious eye, and followed by a jealous foot.

For scarce ten minutes had elapsed from the time when she issued from the postern, before Agnes appeared on the threshold, with her dark face livid and convulsed with passion; and after pausing a moment, as if in hesitation, followed rapidly in the footsteps of her sister.

When Blanche reached the summer-house, it was closed and untenanted; but scarcely had she entered and cast open the blinds of one window toward the road, before a hard horse-tramp was heard coming up at full gallop, and in an instant George Delawarr pulled up his panting charger in the lane, leaped to the ground, swung himself up into the branches of the great oak-tree, and climbing rapidly along its gnarled limbs, sprang down on the other side, rushed into the building, and cast himself at his mistress' feet.

Agnes was entering the far end of the elm-tree walk as he sprang down into the little coplanade, but he was too dreadfully preoccupied with hope and anguish, and almost despair, to observe any thing around him.

But she saw him, and fearful that she should be too late to arrest what she supposed to be the lovers' flight, she ran like the wind.

She neared the doorway—loud voices reached her ears, but whether in anger, or in supplication, or in sorrow, she could not distinguish.

Then came a sound that rooted her to the ground on which her flying foot was planted, in mute terror.

The round ringing report of a pistol-shot! and ere its echo had begun to die away, another!

No shriek, no wail, no word succeeded—all was as silent as the grave.

Then terror gave her courage, and she rushed madly forward a few steps, then stood on the threshold horror-stricken.

Both those young souls, but a few days before so happy, so beloved, and so loving, had taken their flight—whither?

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Both lay there dead, as they had fallen, but unconvulsed, and graceful even in death. Neither had groaned or struggled, but as they had fallen, so they lay, a few feet asunder—her heart and his brain pierced by the deadly bullets, sped with the accuracy of his never-erring aim.

While she stood gazing, in the very stupor of dread, scarce conscious yet of what had fallen out, a deep voice smote her ear.

"Base, base girl, this is all your doing!" Then, as if wakening from a trance, she uttered a long, piercing shriek, darted into the pavilion between the gory corpses, and flung herself headlong out of the open window into the pool beneath.

But she was not fated so to die. A strong hand dragged her out—the hand of St. George, who, learning that his friend had ridden forth toward Ditton, had followed him, and arrived too late by scarce a minute.

From that day forth Agnes Fitz-Henry was a dull, melancholy maniac. Never one gleam of momentary light dispersed the shadows of her insane horror—never one smile crossed her lip, one pleasant thought relieved her life-long sorrow. Thus lived she; and when death at length came to restore her spirit's light, she died, and made no sign.

Allan Fitz-Henry *lived*—a moody misanthropic man, shunning all men, and shunned of all. In truth, the saddest and most wretched of the sons of men.

How that catastrophe fell out none ever knew, and it were useless to conjecture.

They were beautiful, they were young, they were happy. The evil days arrived—and they were wretched, and lacked strength to bear their wretchedness. They are gone where ONE alone must judge them—may HE have pity on their weakness. REQUIESCANT!

THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

BEAUTIFUL sisters! tell me, do you ever
Dream of the loved and lost one, she who fell
And failed, in love's turbid, crimson river—
The sacred secret tell?
Calmly the purple heavens reposed around her,
And, chanting harmonies, she danced along;
Ere Eros in his silken meshes bound her,
Her being passed in song.

Once on a day she lay in dreamy slumber;
Beside her slept her golden-tongued lyre;
And radiant visions—fancies without number—
Filled breast and brain with fire.
She dreamed; and, in her dreams, saw, bending o'er her,
A form her fervid fancy deified;
And, waking, viewed the noble one before her,
Who wooed her as his bride.

What words—what passionate words he breathed, beseeching,
Have long been lost in the descending years;
Nevertheless she listened to his teaching,
Smiling between her tears.
And ever since that hour the happy maiden
Wanders unknown of any one but Jove;
Regretting not the lost Olympian Aidenn
In the Elysium—Love!

SUNSET AFTER RAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

ALL day, with humming and continuous sound,
Streaking the landscape, has the slant rain fall'n;
But now the mist is vanishing; in the west
The dull gray sheet, that shrouded from the sight
The sky, is rent in fragments, and rich streaks
Of tenderest blue are smiling through the clefts.
A dart of sunshine strikes upon the hills,
Then melts. The great clouds whiten, and roll off,
Until a steady blaze of golden light
Kindles the dripping scene. Within the east,
The delicate rainbow suddenly breaks out;
Soft air-breaths flutter round; each tree shakes down
A shower of glittering drops; the woodlands burst
Into a chorus of glad harmony;
And the rich landscape, full of loveliness,
Fades slowly, calmly, sweetly, into night.
Thus, sometimes, is the end of Human life.
In youth and manhood, sorrows may frown round;
But when the sun of Being lowly stoops,
The darkness breaks away—the tears are dried;
The Christian's hope—a rainbow—brightly glows,
And life glides sweet and tranquil to the tomb.

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MONTEZUMA MOGGS.

THAT WAS TO BE.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Now, Moggs—you Moggs—good Moggs—dear Moggs," said his wife, running through the chromatic scale of matrimonial address, and modulating her words and her tones from irritation into tenderness—"yes, Moggs—that 's a good soul—I do wish for once you would try to be a little useful to your family. Stay at home to-day, Moggs, can't you, while I do the washing? It would be so pleasant, Moggs—so like old times, to hear you whistling at your work, while I am busy at mine."

And a smile of affection stole across the countenance of Mrs. Moggs, like a stray sunbeam on a cloudy day, breaking up the sharp and fixed lines of care into which her features had settled as a habitual expression, and causing her also to look as she did in the "old times," to which she now so kindly referred.

"Wont you, Moggs?" added she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "it would be so pleasant, dear—would n't it? I should not mind hard work, Moggs, if you were at work near me."

There was a tear, perhaps, twinkling in the eye of the wife, giving gentleness to the hard, stony look which she in general wore, caused by those unceasing troubles of her existence that leave no time for weeping. Perpetual struggle hardens the heart and dries up the source of tears.

"Wont you, Moggs?"

The idea of combined effort was a pleasant family picture to Mrs. Moggs, though it did involve not a little of toil. Still, to her loneliness it was a pleasant picture, accustomed as she had been to strive alone, and continually, to support existence. But it seems that perceptions of the pleasant and of the picturesque in such matters, differ essentially; and Moggs, glancing through the sentimental, and beyond it, felt determined, as he always did, to avoid the trouble which it threatened.

"Can't be," responded Moggs, slightly shrugging his shoulder, as a hint to his wife that the weight of her hand was oppressive. "Can't be," continued he, as he set himself industriously—for in this Moggs was industrious—to the consumption of the best part of the breakfast that was before him—a breakfast that had been, as usual, provided by his wife, and prepared by her, while Montezuma Moggs was fast asleep—an amusement to which, next to eating, Montezuma Moggs was greatly addicted when at home, as demanding the least possible effort and exertion on his part. Montezuma Moggs, you see, was in some respects not a little of an economist; and, as a rule, never made his appearance in the morning until firmly assured that breakfast was quite ready—"'most ready," was too indefinite and vague for Montezuma Moggs—he had been too often tricked from comfort in that way before—people will so impose on one in this respect—envious people, who covet your slumbers—such as those who drag the covering off, or sprinkle water on the unguarded physiognomy. But Moggs took care, in the excess of his caution, that no time should be lost by him in a tedious interval of hungry expectation.

"Say ready—quite ready—and I 'll come," muttered he, in that sleepy debate between bed and breakfast which often consumes so much of time: and his eyes remained shut and his mouth open until perfectly assured that all the preliminary arrangements had been completed. "Because," as Moggs wisely observed, "that half hour before breakfast, reflecting on sausages and speculating on coffee, if there is sausages and coffee, frets a man dreadful, and does him more harm than all the rest of the day put together."—Sagacious Moggs!

Besides, Moggs has a great respect for himself—much more, probably, than he has for other people, being the re-specter of a person, rather than of persons, and that person being himself. Moggs, therefore, disdains the kindling of fires, splitting wood, and all that, especially of frosty mornings—and eschews the putting on of kettles—well knowing that if an individual is in the way when the aid of an individual is required, there is likely to be a requisition on the individual's services. Montezuma Moggs understood how to "skulk;" and we all comprehend the fact that to "skulk" judiciously is a fine political feature, saving much of wear and tear to the body corporate.

"Mend boots—mind shop—tend baby!—can't be," repeated Moggs, draining the last drop from his cup—"boots, shops and babies must mend, mind and tend themselves—I 'm going to do something better than that;" and so Moggs rose leisurely, took his hat, and departed, to stroll the streets, to talk at the corners, and to read the bulletin-boards at the newspaper offices, which, as Moggs often remarks, not only encourages literature, but is also one of the cheapest of all amusements—vastly more agreeable than if you paid for it.

It was a little shop, in one of the poorer sections of the city, where Montezuma Moggs resided with his family—Mrs. Moggs and five juveniles of that name and race—a shop of the miscellaneous order, in which was offered for sale a little, but a very little, of any thing, and every thing—one of those distressed

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looking shops which bring a sensation of dreariness over the mind, and which cause a sinking of the heart before you have time to ask why you are saddened—a frail and feeble barrier it seems against penury and famine, to yield at the first approach of the gaunt enemy—a shop that has no aspect of business about it, but compels you to think of distraining for rent, of broken hearts, of sickness, suffering and death.

It was a shop, moreover—we have all seen the like—with a bell to it, which rings out an announcement as we open the door, that, few and far between, there has been an arrival in the way of a customer, though it may be, as sometimes happens, that the bell, with all its untuned sharpness, fails to triumph over the din of domestic affairs in the little back-room, which serves for parlor, and kitchen, and hall, and proves unavailing to spread the news against the turbulent clamor of noisy children and a vociferous wife.

But be patient to the last—even if the bell does prove insufficient to attract due attention to your majestic presence, whether you come to make purchases or to avail yourself of the additional proffer made by the sign appertaining to Moggs exclusively, relative to "Boots and shoes mended," collateral to which you observe a work-bench in the corner; still, be patient, and cause the energies of your heel to hold "wooden discourse" with the sanded floor, as emphatically you cry—

"Shop!" and beat with pennies on the counter.

Be patient; for, look ye, Mrs. Moggs will soon appear, with a flushed countenance and a soiled garb—her youngest hope, if a young Moggs is to be called a hope, sobbing loudly on its mother's shoulder, while the unawed prattlers within, carry on the war with increasing violence.

"Shop!"

"Comin'!—what 's wanten?" is the sharp and somewhat discourteous reply, as Mrs. Moggs gives a shake of admonition to her peevish little charge, and turns half back to the riotous assemblage in the rear.

Now, we ask it of you as a special favor, that you do not suffer any shadow of offence to arise at the dash of acerbity that may manifest itself in the tones of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs. According to our notion of the world, as it goes, she, and such as she, deserve rather to be honored than to provoke wrath by the defects of an unpolished and unguarded manner. She has her troubles, poor woman—gnawing cares, to which, in all likelihood, yours are but as the gossamer upon the wind, or as the thistle-down floating upon the summer breeze; and if there be cash in your pocket, do not, after having caused such a turmoil, content yourself with simply asking where Jones resides, or Jenkins lives. It would be cruel—indeed it would. True, Mrs. Moggs expects little else from one of your dashing style and elegant appearance. Such a call rarely comes to her but with some profitless query; yet look around at the parse candles, the withering apples, and the forlorn groceries—specimens of which are affixed to the window-panes in triangular patches of paste and paper—speak they not of poverty? Purchase, then, if it be but a trifle.

Mrs. Moggs, unluckily for herself, is possessed of a husband. Husbands, they say, are often regarded as desirable; and some of them are spoken of as if they were a blessing. But if the opinion of Mrs. Moggs were obtained on that score, it would probably be somewhat different; for be it known that the husband of Mrs. Moggs is of the kind that is neither useful nor ornamental. He belongs to that division which addicts itself mainly to laziness—a species of the biped called husband, which unfortunately is not so rare that we seek for the specimen only in museums. We know not whether Montezuma Moggs was or was not born lazy; nor shall we undertake to decide that laziness is an inherent quality; but as Mrs. Moggs was herself a thrifty, painstaking woman, as women, to their credit be it spoken, are apt to be, her lazy husband, as lazy husbands will, in all such cases, continued to grow and to increase in laziness, shifting every care from his own broad shoulders to any other shoulders, whether broad or narrow, strong or weak, that had no craven shrinkings from the load, Moggs contenting himself in an indolence which must be seen to be appreciated by those—husbands or wives—who perform their tasks in this great work-shop of human effort with becoming zeal and with conscientious assiduity, regarding laziness as a sin against the great purposes of their being. If this assumption be true, as we suspect it is, Montezuma Moggs has much to answer for; though it is a common occurrence, this falling back into imbecility, if there be any one at hand willing to ply the oar, as too often shown in the fact that the children of the industrious are willing to let their parents work, while the energetic wife has a drag upon her in the shape of a lounging husband.

Yes, Mrs. Moggs belongs to the numerous class of women who have what is well called "a trying time of it." You may recognize them in the street, by their look of premature age—anxious, hollow-eyed, and worn to shadows. There is a whole history in every line of their faces, which tells of unceasing trouble, and their hard, quick movement as they press onward regardless of all that legirts the way, indicates those who have no thought to spare from their own immediate necessities, for comment upon the gay and flaunting world. Little does ostentation know, as it flashes by in satined arrogance and jeweled pride, of the sorrow it may jostle from its path; and perhaps it is happy for us as we move along in smiles and pleasantness, not to comprehend that the glance which meets our own comes from the bleakness of a withered heart—withered by penury's unceasing presence.

Moggs is in fault—ay, Montezuma Moggs—what, he "mend boots, mind shop, tend baby," bringing down his lofty aspirations for the future to be cabined within the miserable confines of the present!

"Hard work?" sneers Moggs—"yes, if a man sets himself down to hard work, there he may set—nothing else but hard work will ever come to him—

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but if he wont do hard work, then something easier will be sure to come toddlin' along sooner or later. What can ever find you but hard work if you are forever in the shop, a thumpin' and a hammerin'? Good luck never ventures near lap-stones and straps. I never saw any of it there in the whole course of my life; and I'm waitin' for good luck, so as to be ready to catch it when it comes by."

Montezuma Moggs had a turn for politics; and for many a year he exhibited great activity in that respect, believing confidently that good luck to himself might grow from town-meetings and elections; and you may have observed him on the platform when oratory addressed the "masses," or on the election ground with a placard to his button, and a whole handfull of tickets. But his luck did not seem to wear that shape; and politically, Montezuma Moggs at last took his place in the "innumerable caravan" of the disappointed. And thus, in turn, has he courted fortune in all her phases, without a smile of recognition from the blinded goddess. The world never knows its noblest sons; and Montezuma Moggs was left to sorrow and despair.

Could he have been honored with a lofty commission, Montezuma Moggs might have set forth to a revel in the halls of his namesake; but as one of the rank and file, he could not think of it. And in private conversation with his sneering friend Quiggens, to whose captiousness and criticism Moggs submitted, on the score of the cigars occasionally derivable from that source, he ventured the subjoined remarks relative to his military dispositions:

"What I want," said Moggs, "is a large amount of glory, and a bigger share of pay—a man like me ought to have plenty of both—glory, to swagger about with, while the people run into the street to stare at Moggs, all whiskers and glory—and plenty of pay, to make the glory shine, and to set it off. I would n't mind, besides, if I did have a nice little wound or two, if they 've got any that do n't hurt much, so that I might have my arm in a sling, or a black patch on my countenance. But if I was only one of the rank and file, I'm very much afraid I might have considerable more of knocks that would hurt a great deal, than I should of either the pay or the glory—that 's what troubles me in the milentary way. But make me a gineral, and then, I 'll talk to you about the matter—make me a gineral ossifer, with the commission, and the feathers, and the cocked-hat—plenty of pay, and a large slice of rations—there 's nothing like rations—and then I 'll talk to you like a book. Then I 'll pledge you my lives, and my fortunes, and my sacred honors—all of 'em—that I will furnish the genius whenever it is wanted—genius in great big gloves, monstrous long boots, and astride of a hoss that scatters the little boys like Boston, whenever I touch the critter with my long spurs, to astonish the ladies. Oh, get out!—do you think I could n't play gineral and look black as thunder, for such pay as ginerals get? I 'd do it for half the money, and I 'd not only do it cheaper, but considerable better than you ever see it done the best Fourth of July you ever met with. At present, I know I 've not much rations, and no money at all—money 's skurse—but as for genius—look at my eye—is n't genius there?—observation my nose—is n't it a Boneyparte?—aint I sevagerous about the mouth?—I tell you, Quiggens, there 's whole lots of a hero in this little gentleman. I 've so much genius that I can't work. When a man's genius is a workin' in his upper story, and mine always is, then his hands has to be idle, so 's not to interrupt his genius."

"Yes," responded Quiggens, who is rather of the satirical turn, as one is likely to be who has driven the "Black Maria," and has thus found out that the world is all a fleeting show; "yes, you 've got so much genius in your upper story that it has made a hole in the crown of your hat, so it can see what sort of weather is going on out of doors—and it 's your genius, I reckon, that 's peeping out of your elbows. Why don't you ask your genius to patch your knees, and to mend the holes in your boots?"

"Quiggens, go 'way, Quiggens—you 're of the common natur', Quiggens—a vulgar fraction, Quiggens; and you can't understand an individooal who has a mind inside of his hat, and a whole soul packed away under his jacket. You 'll never rise, a flutterin' and a ringin' like a bald-headed eagle—men like you have got no wings, and can only go about nibblin' the grass, while we fly up and peck cherries from the trees. I'm always thinkin' on what I'm going to be, and a preparin' myself for what natur' intended, though I don't know exactly what it is yet. But I do n't believe that sich a man as Montezuma Moggs was brought into the world only to put patches on shoes and to heel-tap people's boots. No, Quiggens—no—it can't be, Quiggens. But you do n't understand, and I 'll have to talk to my genius. It 's the only friend I have."

"Why do n't you ask your genius to lend you a fip then, or see whether it 's got any cigars to give away," replied Quiggs contemptuously, as he walked up the street, while Moggs, in offended majesty, stalked sulkily off in another direction."

"I would go somewheres, if I only knew where to go to," soliloquized Moggs, as he strolled slowly along the deserted streets; "but when there 's nowheres to go to, then I suppose a person must go home—specially of cold nights like this, when the thermometer is down as far as Nero, and acts cruel on the countenance. It 's always colder, too, when there 's nobody about but yourself—you get your own share and every body else's besides; and it 's lucky if you 're not friz. Why do n't they have gloves for people's noses? I ought to have a carriage—yes, and horses—ay, and a colored gemman to drive 'em, to say nothing of a big house warmed all over, with curtains to the windows. And why have n't I? Is n't Montezuma Moggs as good as anybody—is n't he as big—as full of genius? It 's cold now, a foolin' it round. But I 'll wait—perhaps there 's a good time comin', boys—there must be a good time, for there is n't any sort of times in the place where they keep time, which can be worse times than these times. But here 's home—here 's where you must go when you do n't know what to

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do with yourself. Whenever a man tells you he has nowheres to go to, or says he 's goin' nowheres, that man's a crawlin' loose, because he can't help it. Well, well—there 's nothin' else to be did, and so somebody must turn out and let me in home."

It appeared, however, that Montezuma Moggs erred in part in this calculation. It is true enough that he knocked and knocked for admission at the door of his domicile; but the muscular effort thus employed seemed to serve no other purpose than that of exercise. Tired with the employment of his hands in this regard, Moggs resorted to his feet—then tried his knee, and anon his back, after the usual desperate variety of such appeal resorted to by the "great locked out," when they become a little savage or so at the delay to which they are subjected. Sometimes, also, he would rap fiercely, and then apply his eye to the key-hole, as if to watch for the effect of his rapping. "I don't see 'em," groaned he. And then again, his ear would be placed against the lock—"I don't hear 'em either." There were moments when he would frantically kick the door, and then rush as frantically to the middle of the street, to look at the windows; but no sign of animation from within peered forth to cheer him. After full an hour of toil and of hope deferred, Montezuma Moggs tossed his arms aloft in despair—let them fall listlessly at his side, and then sat down upon the curb-stone to weep, while the neighbors looked upon him from their respective windows; a benevolent few, not afraid of catching cold, coming down to him with their condolements. None, however, offered a resting place to the homeless, unsheltered and despairing Moggs.

In the course of his musings and mournings, as he sat chattering with cold, a loosened paving-stone arrested his attention; and, with the instinct of genius, which catches comfort and assistance from means apparently the most trivial, and unpromising in their aspect, the paving-stone seemed to impart an idea to Montezuma Moggs, in this "his last and direfullest extremity." Grappling this new weapon with his hands, he raised it and poised it aloft.

"I shall make a ton-strike now," exclaimed he, as he launched the missile at the door with herculean force, and himself remained in classic attitude watching the effect of the shot, as the door groaned, and creaked, and splintered under the unwonted missile. Still, however, it did not give way before the application of force, though the prospect was encouraging. The observers laughed—Moggs chuckled—the dogs barked louder than before; and indeed it seemed all round as if a new light had been cast upon the subject.

"Por goose!" cried somebody.

"I will," said Moggs, preparing to demonstrate accordingly.

"Stop there," said the voice of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs, as she raised the window, "if you hegroove the door of this 'ere house again, I'll call the watch, to see what he thinks of such doings, I will. And so, once for all, you can't come in here to-night."

"Can't, indeed!—why can't I?—not come into my own house! Do you call this a free country, on the general average, if such rebellions are to be tolerated?"

"Your house, Mr. Moggs—yours?—who pays the rent, Moggs—who feeds you and the children, Moggs—who finds the fire and every thing else? Tell us that?"

This was somewhat of the nature of a home-thrust, and Moggs, rather conscience-stricken, was dumb-founded and appalled. Moggs was very cold, and therefore, for the time being, deficient in his usual pride and self-esteem, leaving himself more pervious to the assault of reproach from without and within, than he would have been in a more genial state of the atmosphere. No man is courageous when he is thoroughly chilled; and it had become painfully evident that this was not a momentary riot, but an enduring revolution, through the intermedium of a civil war.

"Ho, ho!" faintly responded Moggs, though once more preparing to carry the citadel by storm, "I 'll settle this business in a twinkling."

Splash!

Any thing but cold water in quantity at a crisis like this. Who could endure a shower-bath under such ungenial circumstances? Not Priessnitz himself. It is not, then, to be wondered at that Montezuma Moggs now quailed, having nothing in him of the amphibious nature.

"Water is cheap, Mr. Moggs; and you 'd better take keer. There 's several buckets yet up here of unkommon cold water, all of which is at your service without charge—wont ask you nothin', Moggs, for your washin'; and if you 're feverish, may be it will do you good."

Everybody laughed, as you know everybody will, at any other body's misfortune or disaster. Everybody laughed but Moggs, and he shivered.

"I 'll sattinly ketch my death," moaned he; "I 'll be friz, standing straight up, like a big icicle; or if I fall over when I 'm friz, the boys will slide on me as they go to school, and call it fun as they go whizzing over my countenance with nails in their shoes, scratching my physinchogany all to pieces. They tell me that being friz is an easy death—that you go to sleep and don't know nothing about it. I wish they 'd get their wives to slouse 'em all over with a bucket of water, on sich a night as this, and then try whether it is easy. Call being friz hard an easy thing! I 'd rather be biled any time. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Perhaps they 'll put you in an ice-house, and kiver you up with tan till summer comes—you 'd be good for something then, which is more nor you are now," observed Mrs. Moggs from the window.

"Quit twitting a man with his misfortunes," whined Montezuma, of the now broken-heart.

"Why, my duck!"

"Y-e-e-s—y-e-e-s! that 's it—I am a duck, indeed! but by morning I 'll be only a snow-ball—the boys will take my head for a snow-ball. What shall I do—I guvs up, and I guvs in."

"Well, I 'll tell you, Montezuma Moggs, what you

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must do to be thawed. Promise me faithfully only to work half as hard as I do, and you may come to the fire—the ten-plate stove is almost red-hot. Promise to mend boots, mind shop, and tend baby; them 's the terms—that 's the price of admission."

Hard terms, certainly—the severest of terms—but then hard terms, and severe terms, are good terms, if no other terms are to be had. One must do the best he can in this world, if it be imperative upon him to do something, as it evidently was in Moggs' case.

"I promise," shivered Moggs.

"Promise what?"

"T-t-to tend baby, m-m-mind shop, and m-m-mend boots;" and the vanquished Moggs sank down exhausted, proving, beyond the possibility of doubt, that cold water, when skillfully applied of a cold night, is the sovereignest thing on earth for the cure of "genus" in its lazier branches.

It is but justice, however, to state, that Moggs kept his word faithfully, in which he contradicted the general expectation, which, with reason enough in the main, places but little reliance on promises; and he became, for him, quite an industrious person. His wife's buckets served as a continual remembrancer. But Mrs. Moggs never exulted over his defeat; and, though once compelled to harshness, continued to be to Montezuma a most excellent wife. The shop looks lively now—and the bell to the door is removed; for Moggs, with his rat-tat-tat, is ever at his post, doing admired execution on the dilapidated boots and shoes. The Moggses prosper, and all through the efficacy of a bucket of cold water. We should not wonder if, in the end, the Moggs family were to become rich, through the force of industry, and without recourse to "genus."

"Politics and me has shuck hands forever," said the repentant Moggs. "I've been looking out and expecting loaves and fishes long enough. Loaves, indeed! Why I never got even a cracker, unless it was aside of the ear, when there was a row on the election ground; and as for fishes, why, if I 'd stopped any longer for them to come swimming up to my mouth, all ready fried, with pepper on 'em, I would n't even have been decent food for fishes myself. I never got a nibble, let alone a bite; but somebody else always cotch'd the fish, and asked me to carry 'em home for them. Fact is, if people wont vote for me, I wont vote for people. And as for the milentary line, I give up in a gineral way, all idea of being a gineral ossifer. Bonyparte is dead, and if my milentary genius was so great that I could n't sleep for it, who 'd hunt me up and put me at the head of affairs? No, if I 'm wanted for any thing, they 'll have to call me. I 've dodged about winkin' and noddin' as long as the country had any right to expect, and now—rat-tat-tat—I 'm going to work for myself."

It was a wise conclusion on the part of Moggs, who may, perchance, in this way, be a "gineral" yet.

THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

A sudden thrill passed through my heart,
Wild and intense—yet not of pain—
I strove to quell quick, bounding throbs,
And scanned the sentence o'er again.
It might have been full idly penned
By one whose thoughts from love were free,
And yet as if entranced I read
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

Thou didst not whisper I was loved—
There were no gleams of tenderness,
Save those my trembling heart *would* hope
That careless sentence might express.
But while the blinding tears fell fast,
Until the words I scarce could see,
There shone, as through a wreathing mist,
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

To thee! I cared not for all eyes
So I was beautiful in thine!
A timid star, my faint, sad beams
Upon *thy* path alone should shine.
Oh what was praise, save from thy lips—
And love should all unheeded be
So I could hear thy blessed voice
Say—"Thou art beautiful to me."

And I *have heard* those very words—
Blushing beneath thine earnest gaze—
Though then, perchance, hadst quite forgot
They had been said in by-gone days.
While clasped hand, and circling arm,
Drew me nearer still to thee—
Thy low voice breathed upon mine ear
"Thou, love, art beautiful to me."

And, dearest, though thine eyes alone
May see in me a single grace—
I care not so thou e'er canst find
A hidden sweetness in my face.
And if, as years and cares steal on,
Even that lingering light must flee,
What matter! if from thee I hear
"Thou art *still* beautiful to me."

SONNET TO NIGHT.

Oh! look, my love, as over seas and lands
Comes shadowy Night, with dew, and peace, and rest;
How every flower closes its folded hands
And fondly leans upon her faithful breast.
How still, how calm, is all around us now,
From the high stars to these pale buds beneath—
Calm, as the quiet on an infant's brow
Rocked to deep slumber in the lap of death.
Oh! hush—move not—it is a holy hour
And this soft nurse of nature, bending low,
Lists, like the sinless pair in Eden's bower,
For angels' pinions waving to and fro—
Oh, sacred Night! what mysteries are thine
Graven in stars upon thy page divine.

GRETTA.

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PAULINE DUMESNIL.

OR A MARRIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill
A perfect woman, nobly planned. WORDSWORTH.

In a large but somewhat scantily furnished apartment sat two young girls, in such earnest and apparently serious conversation that, but for their youthful and blooming countenances, one might have fancied them bending beneath the cares and sorrows of age. On the dark old table between them rested a magnificent work-box, whose rich implements they had been busily and skillfully using; but now the scissors and thread lay at their feet, their needles were dropped, and the younger of the two sat with clasped hands, while her companion's low tones appeared to awaken every emotion of her heart.

On the old-fashioned French bedstead were thrown dresses of various hues and expensive stuffs, while one only, a robe of the most delicate material, its graceful folds looped with orange flowers, seemed to attract the attention of the fair, fragile being, whose attitude was one of intense suffering. Her bright hopes had faded at sight of that colorless garb, and the bridal wreath was to wither on her brow! What to her sad soul were the costly things before her? The jewels that sparkled on their snow-white satin case, the long fairy veil of beautiful lace that lay side by side with the bridal dress?

Her companion continued speaking, and she bowed her face upon those clasped hands, while her slight frame shook with its contending emotions. A few moments more and she raised her head. She was pale, and her large, dark eyes dilated into fearful size. At length the big drops came slowly down her cheek, and she was able to speak.

"No more, Angela, no more! You love me, I know; but what you have done to day was no act of friendship. You have troubled the dark waters of my soul until they have become a torrent over which I have no control."

"And it is because I love you, Pauline, that I have made your future life manifest to you. Do not seek to make a merit of obedience to your proud mother's will. It is because you have been taught to fear her, that you have consented to perjure yourself, and marry a man you cannot love."

"For the love of heaven, spare me!" cried the girl, shrinking from her friend's words. "Is it to triumph over me that you thus seek to move me?"

Her friend gazed mournfully upon her, and rising from her seat, gently put her arm around her.

"My poor Pauline! my dear Pauline!" murmured she, "I have been cruel—forgive me."

Her answer was a fervent embrace—and throwing their arms round one another, they wept in silence.

At this moment the door opened, and a lady entered. She was tall and majestic, but there was an expression of pride and extreme hauteur on her countenance. She wore a handsome but faded dress, and the somewhat high-crowned cap bespoke a love of former fashions. She had a foreign air, and when she addressed her daughter, it was in French.

"How is this!" cried she, angrily. "What scenes are these, Pauline? As often as I enter your room I find you in tears. Is it to your advice, Mademoiselle Percy, that my daughter owes her red eyes?"

Angela was about to reply, but Pauline waved her back.

"Is it, then, a crime to weep, mamma? If there were no tears, the heart would break."

"It is a crime, Pauline, to resist the will of your mother, when she has provided for your happiness in a manner suitable to your rank and birth. It is a crime to break the fifth commandment, which tells you to honor and obey your mother."

"And have I not done both," cried Pauline, indignantly. "Have you not sold my happiness? Have you not bartered perhaps my eternal welfare, that I might lay my aching head upon the downy pillows of the rich, that you might see me a wretched slave, writhing under chains not the less heavy because they are of gold?"

"Have you been reading Racine this morning? Or have you been studying for the stage?" said Madame Dumesnil, in a cold, scornful tone. "You are a good actress, certainly."

Pauline sank upon a chair, and her friend stood beside her, pressing her trembling hand. Her mother advanced and stood before her.

"We will have no more of this, Pauline. If I feel satisfied that my duty is done, you should rejoice in obeying me. I alone am the judge in this matter—children should ever be contented with allowing their parents to act for them; and allow me to say, that any interference of strangers upon an occasion like this, is exceedingly misplaced."

This was aimed at Angela Percy; but she only replied by a wondering and mournful gaze to the stern, cold woman before her. The old lady proceeded.

"Bathe your eyes, Pauline, and arrange your hair. Monsieur de Vassiere is below. Perhaps," added she, with a sneer, "perhaps that Miss Percy will assist you in entertaining your lover."

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Pauline started and shuddered, but by this time she had again yielded to her mother's influence. Going to the glass, she smoothed her dark hair, and endeavored to abate the swelling of her eyes. Bidding farewell to her friend, she descended to the parlor, where her affianced husband awaited her.

He was tall, and his appearance *distingué*; but he, too, looked stern and cold as he rose to meet that young creature, whose nineteen summers were more than doubled by his years. He was handsome also; but where was the youthful ardor that should have been roused at the idea of winning that fair girl's love? Where were the sunny hopes to meet hers, the dreams of the future that *he* wanted? His willingness to accept the sacrifice was no proof of his gentleness; and the cheek of his betrothed grew pale, and her hand was cold, as he led her to a seat.

Pauline had been bred to the hard forcing-school of the *ancien régime*. Her mother had left France on the terrible death of her beloved queen, Marie Antoinette, and had passed from the high post of *dame d'honneur*, to poverty and exile in America. The sale of her magnificent jewels and massive silver, had enabled her to lease an old roomy mansion, deserted by its owners, and to live in peace and retirement. Here, with the recollection of the horrors of the revolution fresh within her memory, while her heart was still bleeding with the wounds it had received; while she still had before her the mangled remains of her sovereigns—the bleeding head of her husband, torn from her in the days of their early love; in the midst of these agonizing thoughts, she gave birth to a posthumous child—the heroine of our story. Clasping her babe to her breast, Madame Dumesnil bitterly recalled the many plans of happiness her murdered husband had made in anticipation of its coming—his affection for *her*—his anxiety for her safety—their parting, and the subsequent news of his execution. Those lips were mute whose words of tenderness were to soothe her in her hour of suffering; that hand was cold that would have rested on her brow; that heart was still that would have bounded with a father's love at sight of the tiny, helpless creature that lay upon her arm.

Madame Dumesnil, the young, the lovely, and the gentle, became silent, reserved, and harsh. Nothing could swerve her from a determination made, and with feelings of the deepest parental affection for her daughter, she had crushed and broken her spirit in the sweet spring-time of her childhood.

From the time Pauline was old enough to form a desire, she learned to hear it opposed. "*Une petite fille attend qu'on lui donne ce qui lui faut*," was the invariable reply to all her childish longings. According to the old French system, every slight offence was followed by her mother's "*Allez vous coucher, mademoiselle*;" so that half her life was spent in bed, while she lay awake with the bright, broad daylight around her, the hour when other children are strengthening their little limbs in the active enjoyment of God's free, fresh air.

As she grew older, she was taught that "*une demoiselle bien elevée n'a pas d'opinions*," that her parents judged and decided for her; and while she sat erect upon a high stool, accomplishing her daily tasks in silence, her heart nearly burst with the pent-up feelings of her young imagination. Wherever she went her mother's old waiting-woman was behind her. "Miss Pauline, hold yourself straight; Miss Pauline, turn out your feet—your head, mademoiselle—your arms!" Poor girl! she was well-nigh distracted with these incessant admonitions.

In her walks she met Angela Percy and her father. They had lately settled in the neighborhood, and having no acquaintances, gladly made advances to the timid Pauline. Nothing daunted by her shyness and reserve, Angela, some years her senior, persevered, and overcame it. She was an enthusiastic, high-minded girl, and soon pointed out to her companion new views and new ideas of the world from which she had been excluded. The intimacy was formed ere Madame Dumesnil could prevent it, and at the instances of old Jeannette, who begged that Mademoiselle Pauline might have a friend of her own age—some one to talk to, besides two old women, she consented to allow the friendship to continue, provided Jeannette were present at every interview. This was easily promised, but the nurse's stiff limbs were no match for the agile supple ones of her young charges. Day by day she loitered behind, while Pauline and Angela, with their arms entwined, continued in eager and undisturbed enjoyment of one another's society. Jeannette remarked a glow upon her young lady's cheek, and a light in her eye—new charms in her hitherto pale, resigned countenance; and, wiser than her mistress, concluded that the acquisition of a youthful friend was fast pouring happiness into her lonely heart.

Three years passed in this pleasant intercourse, when the monotony of their lives was broken by the arrival of an old friend of Madame Dumesnil—a Monsieur de Vaissiere. When they had last met, she was in the morning of her beauty and bliss, he a handsome youth, for whom many a fair one had sighed, and in vain—as he was still unmarried. What a change! He could not recognize the lovely young countess, whose marriage had been attended with so much éclat—so many rejoicings; nor could she see one vestige of the blooming countenance, the delicate profile, and the jet-black wavy locks that once shaded his fair, open brow. But these works of time were soon forgotten, and the desire of the proud, harsh mother was accomplished when, after a few weeks, M. de Vaissiere proposed for the hapless Pauline. Unconsciously, but with the thoughtlessness of selfishness, Madame Dumesnil sacrificed her child to her prejudices. M. de Vaissiere's opinions and *hers* were the same; their admiration of *le vieux système*—their fond recollection of the unfortunate monarch, whose weakness they had never reproached him with, even in their secret souls—their abhorrence of Bonaparte—their contempt for *la noblesse Napoléonne*—their upturned noses at their adopted countrymen, *les Américains*—their want of faith in hearts and love—the sinecurism of young people—their presumption—their misfortune being that they *were*

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young and not born old—and finally, the coincidence of opinions wherein both looked upon the white-headed suitor as a most eligible husband for the young, the blooming, the beautiful Pauline.

M. de Vaissiere settled a *dot* upon his *fiancée*, and ordered a *trousseau* and a *corbeille*, not forgetting the *cachemire*. The preliminaries were arranged, the day hinted at, and Pauline was informed with a flourish of trumpets that her destiny was fixed.

She listened to her mother's rhapsodies over the admirable *parti* Providence had enabled her to provide for her child in the wilderness of America; she heard her enlarge upon her own excellence as a parent, of the favor she had conferred upon her in bringing her into the world; of her consequent obligations, and the gratitude she owed her mother when she recollected that not content with giving her life, she had clothed, fed, and supported her until now. All this Pauline received in a silence that resembled stupor; but when M. de Vaissiere was again mentioned, she fell, with a scream of terror, at her mother's feet.

In vain she wept and entreated; in vain she protested against the disparity of age, the utter want of congeniality, the absence of all affection, Madame Dumesnil was too much incensed to reply. With a gesture that Pauline well understood, (for it was used to express maledictions of every description,) she left the room, and locking the door, kept her daughter pri-oner for the rest of the day.

She treated this resistance to her will as one of the unhappy consequences of living in a republican country. She suspected Angela of communicating American ideas of independence to her daughter, and would have added to her wretchedness by forbidding further intercourse between the two friends. But Jeannette again interfered; she knew that Pauline's doom was sealed, and that it would be more than cruel to deprive her of the companion she loved. She herself carried the note that conveyed the intelligence of Pauline's coming fate to the indignant Angela, and extended her walks that her poor young lady might derive what consolation she could from her friend's willing sympathy. Many were the tears she shed, many the sighs that burst from her oppressed heart, as the poor old creature followed behind them. Once she had summoned courage sufficient to expostulate with her mistress upon the cruelty of her conduct to her daughter; but she was haughtily dismissed.

Every effort had been made, and at length Angela appealed to Pauline. She entreated her to be more firm, and to declare her resolution never to marry where she could not love.

"Rouse yourself, Pauline—the misery of a lifetime is before you, and it is not yet too late."

"I have done every thing, Angela," said Pauline, despairingly. "My doom is sealed, and I must bend to my latter fate. I would fly, but that I could not survive my mother's curse."

"The curse of the unrighteous availeth naught," replied her friend, solemnly. "Were you wrongfully opposing your mother's will, mine would be the last voice to uphold you; but now your very soul is at stake."

Pauline cast up her eyes in mute appeal to heaven. Her companion became excited as she proceeded, depicting the horrors of an unequal marriage. Pale and exhausted, her listener at length entreated her to forbear. She had been too long the slave of her mother's wishes to oppose them now; she had been drilled into fear until it was a weakness. This her bold-hearted, energetic friend could not understand; and it was on her reproaching Pauline with moral cowardice that she, for the first time, resented what had in fact been patiently borne.

We have seen how kindly Angela forgave the accusation, and how she wept over the effect of her words. The sudden entrance of Madame Dumesnil put an end to the conversation, and the friends separated.

The next morning Angela was at Pauline's side again. Silently she assisted in decorating the victim for the sacrifice. The bright jewels clasped her arm and neck; the long veil hung around her slender form; the orange wreath rested on the dark, dark tresses—and the dress was beautiful. But the bride! she was pale and ghastly, and her lips blue and quivering. Her eyes were void of all expression—those liquid, lustrous eyes; and ever and anon the large drops rolled over her face, oozing from the depths of her heart.

Poor Jeannette turned away, sobbing convulsively as the finishing touches were given to this sad bridal toilette. Angela remained firm and collected, but she, too, was pale; her cherished companion was gone from her forever—gone in such misery, too, that she almost prayed to see her the corpse she at that moment resembled.

Madame Dumesnil had remained below with the bridegroom and Mr. Percy, the sole witness to this ill-omened marriage. At length the hour came, Pauline was nearly carried down by Angela and Jeannette, and in a few moments bound forever to a man she loathed. The ceremony was ended, and the bride, with a convulsive sigh, fell back into the arms of her mother. Restoratives were procured, and at last she opened her eyes. They rested on the face of her friend, who hung over her in mute agony. Forcing a smile, which was taken by M. de Vaissiere for himself, Pauline arose, and hurried through her farewell. Her husband handed her into his carriage—and thus Pauline Dumesnil left her friends and her home.

. . . . . .

Years had passed, and Pauline sat alone in her magnificent boudoir, the presiding deity of one of the finest hotels in Paris. Fortune had favored M. de Vaissiere. He had lived to rejoice over the downfall of the mighty Napoleon, and his mournful exile. He had returned to his beloved France, recovered his vast estates, and presented his young wife at court. His vanity was flattered at her gracious reception, and the admiration that followed her; his pride was roused, and, much against her will, Pauline found herself the centre of a gay circle that

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crowded her vast saloons as often as they were thrown open for the reception of her now numerous acquaintances.

It was on one of these evenings that Pauline sought the silence of her private apartment ere she gave herself up to her femme de chambre. Her loose *peignoir* of white satin was gathered round her, with a crimson cord tied negligently at the waist, and hanging, with its rich tassels of silver mixed, to the ground. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders, giving her a look of sadness that increased her beauty. Her eyes wandered around the room, and her lips parted into a melancholy smile, as she contemplated its delicate silk hangings, its heavy, costly furniture, her magnificent toilette, crowded with perfumes of every description, beautiful flacons, silver combs, and jewels that sparkled in and out of their cases. Her thoughts went back to her mother, whose pride had made her a childless, lonely widow; to Angela, whom she had so loved; to the misery of the day upon which they parted, perhaps forever—and her eyes were filled with tears that, rolling at length over her cheek, startled her as they fell upon her hand.

"And it was for this that I was sacrificed," murmured she, bending her head. "My poor mother! could you see me here, *you* would feel that my happiness is secure; but, alas! how little you know of the human heart. This splendor lends weight to my chains, and makes me feel more desolate than ever! Night after night mingling in gay crowds, listening to honied words that fall unheeded on my ear; wearing smiles that come not from the heart, but help to break it; exposed to temptation, that makes me fear to mix with those of my own age; bound forever to a man whose only sentiment for me is one of pride—what part of happiness is mine?"

A sudden step roused her, and her husband entered unannounced. He looked but little older. Time had dealt lightly with *him*, and with the aid of cosmetics and a perfect toilette, M. de Vaissiere stood a remarkable looking man—for his age.

"How is this, madame—not dressed yet! Have you no anxiety to see Mademoiselle Mars to night?"

"I have, indeed," said Pauline, starting up and forcing a smile. "Is it so late, that I see you ready?"

"You must hasten Marie, or we shall be too late. How provoking! What can you do with that dishevelled hair? You have a bad habit of thinking—that is actually sinful. Why do you not take my example; I never reflect—it makes one grow old!"

She might have told him how her young life was embittered by the memory of days that were gone never to return; how she had grown old with thinking, and wore but the semblance of youth over a withered heart. But she had schooled herself to serenity with an effort almost superhuman—and seizing a silver bell at her side, she rung for her waiting woman.

"You must hasten, Marie—Monsieur de Vaissiere is already dressed. Bind up this hair beneath some net-work, my good girl; I have no time for embellishing this evening."

"Madame is more beautiful without her usual coiffure," said the girl, as she gathered up the dark tresses of her mistress. "I shall place her diamond *aigrette* in her hair, and she will turn all heads."

"I have no such ambition, my good Marie," said Pauline, laughing. "Give me my fan and gloves, and fasten this bracelet for me."

"*Tenez, madame,*" said Marie, handing them; and Pauline ran down stairs, where her husband awaited her. He had just been fretted sufficiently to find fault with her dress.

"You never wear jewels enough. Do you think I bought them to ornament your boudoir?"

"I did not like to keep you waiting, *mon ami*. Shall I return and tell Marie to give me my necklace?"

"Yes, and your bracelet to match. Your white arm, madame, was made to ornament," added M. de Vaissiere, assuming an air of gallantry.

Pauline smiled, and ran back to her boudoir. In a few moments she returned blazing with jewels, inwardly lamenting the display, but ever ready to grant her husband's wish. He, too, smiled as she came forward, and taking her hand, led her to her carriage.

Shortly after they were seated, the door opened, and the young Vicomte de H—— entered the box. He placed himself behind Pauline, and remained there for the rest of the evening, in eager, animated conversation. He was not only one of the most agreeable men of the day, but added to wit and versatility of genius, a handsome face, graceful bearing, and a noble heart; and while Pauline yielded to the charms of so delightful a companion, full of the dreams and hopes of youth, uttering sentiments that years ago had been hers, her husband sat silent and moody beside her. A pang went through his heart as he gazed upon her bright countenance, and remembered her youth, whose sunshine was extinguished by her marriage with him. He looked at the smooth, full cheek of her companion, the purple gloss of his raven locks, the fire of his eye, and listening to his gay tones, his brilliant repartees, and enthusiastic expressions, pictured him with a shudder the husband of Pauline. What would have been her life compared to the one she led with him. How different would have been the bridal! He thought of her gentleness, her cheerful compliance with his wishes, her calm, subdued look, her lonely hours, the void that must be in her heart; and as all these things passed, for the first time, through his mind, he clasped his hands in despair.

He turned once more to look upon the wife he was but now beginning to appreciate. She, too, had fallen in a revery. Her beautiful head was bent, her long, dark lashes sweeping her cheek; and around her lips played a smile so sweet, that though he knew her thoughts were far away in some pleasant wandering, he was sure he had no part in them.

For the first time since their wedded life, M. de Vaissiere was beginning to love his wife. He turned suddenly to look at the Vicomte de H——. He, too, was gazing upon Pauline with a look of intense

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admiration, but so full of pity and respect, that it made the jealous pang that thrilled through the husband's frame less bitter—and with a deep sigh he turned to the stage. The play was one that gave him a lesson for the rest of his days. It represented a young girl like his Pauline, forced to wed one, like him, old enough to be her father. For a while all went smoothly; the giddy wife was dazzled by her jewels and her importance. But time passed, and she was roughly treated, her every wish thwarted, and her very servants taught to disobey her. Her angelic behaviour had no effect upon her brutal husband; her patience exasperated him. Wickedly he exposed her to temptation; and as he watched her mingle with those of her own age, and share their plans and pleasures, suspicion entered his mind. He removed her far from her friends, and intercepted her letters, making himself master of their contents, until by a series of persecutions he drove her to fly from him, and perish in the attempt.

Well for him was it that Monsieur de Vaissiere witnessed this play. How different might have been the effect of his newly awakened emotions, had they risen in the solitude of his apartment. The curtain fell, and Pauline looked up. Tears were standing in her eyes—for the fate of the heroine of the piece had affected her deeply, and her husband's sympathy was with her when he remarked them. He waited until he saw her giver her arm to the vicomte, and walked behind them, another creature. He had determined to win his wife's love or die; to watch her, that he might warn her; to minister forever to her comforts.

The vicomte returned with them, and soon the splendid salon was crowded with guests. Pauline passed from one to the other with graceful, winning smiles; and her husband's heart filled with pride and pleasure as he watched her, the object of admiration, glittering with diamonds, radiant with beauty, and remembered that she was his. Without a pang he saw the noble youth, whose coming had been to him salvation, lead her to supper, and seat himself at her side. He knew that she was pearled; he felt that she might have loved; but he knew, too, that she was as pure as an angel. How was it that suddenly her many virtues rose in array before him, and spoke to his heart?

One evening Pauline stood at the window overlooking the garden that was behind the Hotel de Vaissiere. The moonlight was glancing over the tops of the orange trees, and the perfume of their white blossoms came floating up like an incense of thanks to the Great Author of all, while fountains played beneath their shade, falling musically on the heart of the lonely watcher.

A shade was upon her brow—a shade of discontent; and busy were the thoughts that came creeping into her soul. She was judging her own heart—and bitterly did she reproach it as the image of another filled its space. Alas! she had feared this; and again she was roused into indignation as her mother's stern will was recalled to her—and she was carried back to the day whereon she had reproached her with hazarding the eternal welfare of her child. Throwing herself upon her knees, she prayed for strength—and her prayer was heard. Suddenly, as if struck with some impulse, she hurried from the window, through the hall, passed the long suite of apartments, and reached her husband's. Entering, she closed the door behind her, and rushed forward to M. de Vaissiere's chair with such passionate rapidity, that one might have thought she feared to fail in her resolution.

Her sobs and tears had nearly deprived her of utterance, but falling at her husband's feet, she confessed the momentary infidelity of her hitherto loveless heart, and besought him to take her from those scenes of gayety and temptation to some distant, quiet region, that she might expiate her fault in solitude.

Trembling she raised her eyes to his face. Instead of the fury, the reproaches she had expected, what was her surprise at seeing the tears coursing down his cheeks, to feel herself raised and clasped to his breast.

"My poor child!" said he, tenderly—and it was the first time he had ever so addressed her—"my poor child! I should have foreseen this; I should have warned you ere now. It was your mother's fault to marry you to me, and mine to have placed temptation in your way. But how could I tear you from those whose years were suited to yours, to shut you up with an old greybeard? Thus, while I watched over you, my pride in your success made me forgetful of your safety. It is not yet too late, my Pauline—all will be for the best. In time you will learn to love your husband, and to know how devotedly he has loved you since his stupid eyes were opened to your virtues."

With a smothered cry of joy Pauline threw herself upon his bosom. The poor stricken dove had at last found a shelter.

The next day, while the whole world was lamenting and wondering over the determination of the beautiful, brilliant, and courted Pauline de Vaissiere, to leave the gay metropolis in the midst of its pleasure, she sat once more in her boudoir. A holy calm had settled on her brow, peace had entered her heart; and though a deep blush overspread her features as she heard her husband's step approaching, she rose to meet him with a grateful look. Putting his arm around her, he drew her closer to him, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"How many days of packing will you require, Pauline?" said he, smiling. "Poor Marie! she has nearly worn her arms out."

"She will complete her task to-night; and if you like, we can be off in the morning. But have you the carriages ready, *mon ami?* Are we not beforehand with you?" asked Pauline, in the same cheerful strain.

"We must summon François," said M. de Vaissiere, "and see if my orders have been executed."

François had been as prompt as usual; and three

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days after, we found Pauline gazing out at the windows, mournful and conscience-stricken—she was leaving Paris behind her as fast as four horses and cracking whips could carry her. As they drove on, losing sight of its towers and steeples, a sensation of freedom came over her, and she placed her hand in her husband's, as if to thank him for her safety. The wound upon her heart was not yet closed; but her firm principle, her love of right, and gratitude for her deliverance, and the indulgence of M. de Vaissiere were fast healing what she did not for a moment allow to rest within her mind.

Every thing delighted her; the ploughed fields, divided by green hedges; the farm-houses scattered far and near; the picturesque appearance of the peasantry and their groupings, as they gathered together to watch the travelers' suite; and when they stopped at a family estate of M. de Vassiere, her enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Here they remained until the spring was past and summer came, embellishing still more the beautiful woods around the little domain. But they lingered yet in this pleasant place, loving it for the peace it had given them, and the happiness they had learned to feel in being together.

Leaning on her husband's arm, Pauline wandered amid the bright scenes with a light step, now stopping to admire some variety of foliage, and now pausing by the crystal stream that ran at the foot of the tall trees, murmuring like a hidden sprite, and mirroring the waving boughs, and the blue sky of *la belle France*. She had forgotten the misery of her bridal-day, or remembered it but to contrast her present quiet enjoyment of life with her then wretchedness. She had forgotten her youth of terror, her husband's years and his coldness, and now, when she looked upon the silver hair that glittered beside her braids of jet, a feeling of gratitude filled her heart, as she recalled the hour when he might have cast her off with some show of justice, and sent her forth upon the wide world to die.

She had learned to love him, not with the heart-stirring love of youth for youth, but with the deep, holy affection of a prodigal child. Not all the temptations of the gay world could ever make her swerve from her allegiance to him. Like a good and pious daughter did she cling to him, providing for his comfort, and forseeing his every want.

One day he called her to him as she returned from her visit of charity to the surrounding peasantry. She had wept over their troubles and relieved them, and rejoiced with the happy. Her heart was overflowing, and passing the little church, she entered, and offered up a prayer of thankfulness for her own blessings, and those she was able to confer on others.

Her husband watched her graceful form as she came at his call, and smilingly placed a letter in her hand. It was from her mother, and part of it ran thus:

"I am now very old, monsieur, and very infirm. I have often thought, in my lonely hours, of the unhappiness of my child on her marriage with you, and have doubted the wisdom of that authority which I exercised so severely over her. The vision of that pale, agonized countenance, comes upon me like a reproach; and although she has never hinted in one of her letters of unkindness from you, I have often thought that there was a mournful spirit pervading them. Pray God she may not be unhappy through my fault! I rely upon you, monsieur; be kind to my poor Pauline.

MARIE THERESE CLEMENCE DUMESNIL.
(Née de Villeneuve.)

Pauline's tears fell fast over this letter; and as she finished reading it, she cast herself upon her husband's bosom.

"She does not deserve a reply, does she, Pauline?" asked he, with a smile, and pressing her closer to him. "Think you there would be no more marriages *de convenance* if we were to give the benefit of our experience to the world? Would your mother even be sensible of her error, could she know how your suffering has ended—could she see how happy you make an old man."

"Let her think that we have been always so," cried the noble Pauline. Why disturb her last years with a narrative of what may embitter them? Shall it not be so, my dear, kind husband?"

"It shall, my child," said he, touched by the generosity of her request. "And you, Pauline, shall write the answer—you, my patient, enduring, and admirable wife! Why is it that I alone know what you have suffered, forced thus to appreciate in silence your noble forbearance."

But there was another letter to be read—one from Angela. It contained an account of Madame Dumesnil's failing strength, and her earnest desire to embrace her child once more. Jeannette was long since numbered with the dead; and Angela, whose devotion to her father had made her refuse every offer of marriage, removed with him to the abode of her friend's mother, passing her life in dividing her cares.

But a short time elapsed and Pauline, with her husband, was sailing once more upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic. It was a long and tedious voyage; but she arrived in time to receive her mother's blessing, and close her eyes—the reward her filial piety had merited.

Mr. Percy soon followed his aged companion, and Angela returned with Pauline to France. Here she witnessed, with wonder and delight, the happiness that, through Pauline's virtue, was not incompatible with so great a disparity of age, and rejoiced when a few months after their arrival in Paris, Pauline gave birth to a son and heir. Nothing now was wanting to complete the domestic enjoyment of the circle gathered at the Hotel de Vaissiere; and while the same gay crowds graced its walls, and courted its fair mistress, Pauline never forgot to turn to her husband as the one whose smile was to her the brightest, whose praise the most valued, and whose approbation alone she loved and lived for.

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THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It was the leafy month of June,
And joyous Nature, all in tune,
With wreathing buds was drest,
As toward the mighty cataract's side
A youthful stranger prest;
His ruddy cheek was blanched with awe,
And scarce he seemed his breath to draw,
While bending o'er its brim,
He marked its strong, unfathomed tide,
And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,
Another, and another sped,
And soon the summer-rose decayed,
The moon of autumn sank in shade,
And winter hurled its dart,
Years filled their circle, brief and fair,
Yet still the enthusiast lingered there,
While deeper round his soul was wove
A mystic chain of fearful love,
That would not let him part.

When darkest midnight veiled the sky,
You 'd hear his hasting step go by,
To gain the bridge beside the deep,
That where its wildest torrents leap
Hangs thread-like o'er the surge,
Just there, upon its awful verge,
His vigil-hour to keep.

And when the moon, descending low,
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,
Which it would seem some angel's hand,
With Heaven's own pencil, tinged and spanned,
Pure symbol of a better land,
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free
The eloquence of ecstasy;
Though to his words no answer came,
Save that One, Everlasting Name,
Which since Creation's morning broke
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,
Undismayed, 'mid the storm he stood,
And marked sublime the wrathful flood,
While wrought the frost-king, fierce and dread,
His palace 'mid those cliffs to rear,
And strike the massy buttress strong,
And pile his sleet the rocks among,
And wasteful deck the branches bare
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lacked the hermit's humble shed
Such comforts as our natures ask
To fit them for life's daily task.
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,
The simple meal in season spread,
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,
As blazed the hearth-stone, clear and bright,
O'er Homer's page he hung,
Or Maro's martial numbers scanned—
For classic lore of many a land
Flowed smoothly o'er his tongue.
Oft with rapt eye, and skill profound,
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,
Or touched the sweet guitar.
For heavenly music deigned to dwell
An inmate in his cloistered cell,
As beams the solemn star,
All night, with meditative eyes
Where some lone, rock-bound fountain lies.

As through the groves, with quiet tread,
On his accustomed haunts he sped,
The mother-thrush, unstartled, sung
Her descant to her callow young,
And fearless o'er his threshold prest
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest,
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye
Nor from his kernel cared to fly
As passed that gentle hermit by.
No timid creature shrank to meet
His pensive glance, serenely sweet;
From his own kind, alone, he sought
The screen of solitary thought.
Whether the world too harshly prest
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,
Or forced his morbid youth to prove
The pang of unrequited love,
We know not, for he never said
Aught of the life he erst had led.

On Iris isle, a summer-bower
He twined with branch and vine and flower,
And there he mused on rustic seat,
Unconscious of the noonday heat,
Or 'neath the crystal waters lay,
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.

Yet once the whelming flood grew strong,
And bore him like a weed along,
Though with convulsive grasp of pain
And heaving breast, he strove in vain,
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,
Lone, as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,
To where, in narrow gorge compressed,
The whirlpool-eddies never rest,
But boil with wild tumultuous sway,
The Maelstrom of Niagara.
And there, within that rocky bound,
In swift gyrations round and round,
Mysterious course it held,
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,
Now battling, as with manful force,
To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful, 'neath the moonbeam bright,
It was to see that brow so white,
And mark the ghastly dead
Leap upward from his torture-bed,

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As if in passion-gust,
And tossing wild with agony
Resist the omnipotent decree
Of dust to dust.

At length, where smoother waters flow,
Emerging from the abyss below,
The hopless youth they gained, and bore
Sad to his own forsaken door.
There watched his dog, with straining eye,
And scarce would let the train pass by,
Save that with instinct's rushing spell,
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,
And stiff and stony form, he knew
The master he had loved so well.
The kitten fair, whose graceful wile
So oft had won his musing smile,
As round his slippered foot she played,
Stretched on his vacant pillow laid.
While strewed around, on board and chair,
The last-plucked flower, the book last read,
The ready pen, the page outspread,
The water cruse, the unbroken bread—
Revealed how sudden was the snare
That swept him to the dead.

And so, he rests in foreign earth,
Who drew 'mid Albion's vales his birth:
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind
Condemn that youth of gentle mind—
Of shrinking nerve, and lonely heart,
And lettered lore, and tuneful art,
Who here his humble worship paid
In that most glorious temple-shrine,
Where to the Majesty Divine
Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power
Who, in the dear domestic bower,
Hath given you firmer strength to rear
The plants of love—with toil and fear—
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,
And like a faithful soldier bear;
Still with sad heart his requiem pour,
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,
And bid one tear of pitying gloom
Bedew that meek enthusiast's tomb.

BURIAL OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'T is eve! one brightly-beaming star
Shines from the eastern heavens afar,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The Northern wind has sunk to sleep;
The sweet South breathes; as low and deep
The martial clang is heard, the tread
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mould;
Thus stretched upon so rude a bier?
Thine, soldier, thine—the volunteer!

Poor volunteer! the shot, the blow,
Or fell disease hath laid him low—
And few his early loss deplore—
His battle done, his journey o'er.

Alas! no fond wife's arms caressed,
His cheeks no tender mother pressed,
No pitying soul was by his side,
As, lonely in his tent, he died.

He died—the volunteer—at noon;
At evening came the small platoon;
And soon they 'll leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell,
More solemn than the passing bell;
For, ah! it tells a spirit flown
Without a prayer or sigh, alone!

His name and fate shall fade away,
Forgotten since his dying day,
And never on the roll of fame
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas! like him how many more
Lie cold on Rio Grande's shore;
How many green, unnoted graves
Are bordered by those turbid waves!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free
And sin and strife: 't is well with thee!
'T is well, though not a single tear
Laments the buried volunteer.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Morn of hopes that, quivering, glow
With a light ne'er known before;
Morn of fears, which cannot throw
Shadows its sweet glory o'er!

Gentle thoughts of all the past;
Happy thoughts of all to come;
Loving thoughts, like rose-leaves, cast
Over all around her home.

Oh, the light upon that brow;
Oh, the love within that eye!
Oh, the pleasant dreams that flow
Like fairy music sweetly by!

Morn of Hope! Oh may its light
Melt but into brighter day!
Lady, all that 's blest and bright
Be about thy path alway!

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HOME.

BY MRS. S. MARION WARD.

"*Home, sweet home!*" How many holy and beautiful memories are crowded into those three little words. How does the absent one, when weary with the cold world's strife, return, like the dove of the deluge, to that bright spot amid the troubled waters of life. "*Home, sweet home!*" The one household plant that blooms on and on, amid the withering heart-flowers, that brightens up amidst tempests and storms, and gives its sweetest fragrance when all else is gloom and desolation. We never know how deeply its roots are entwined with our heart-strings, till bitter lessons of wasted affection have taught us to appreciate that love which remains the same through years of estrangement. What exile from the spot of his birth but remembers, perhaps with bitterness, the time when falsehood and deceit first broke up the beautiful dreams of his soul, when he learned to *see* the world in its true colors. How his heart ached for his father's look of kindness—his mother's voice of sympathy—a sister's or brother's hand to clasp in the warm embrace of kindred affection. Poor, home-sick wanderer! I can feel for your loneliness; for my heart often weeps tears of bitterness over the memories of a far-off home, and in sympathy with a gray-haired father, who, when he calls his little band around the hearth-stone, misses full many a link in the chain of social affection. I can feel for your loneliness, for perhaps you have a father, too, whose eyes have grown dim by long looking into the tomb of love. Perhaps you, too, have a mother, sleeping in some distant grave-yard, beneath the flowers your hands have planted; and as life's path grows still more rugged before you, you wonder, as I have done, when your time will come to lie down and sleep quietly with *her*. An incident occurred on board of one of the western steamers, some years since, which strongly impressed me with its truthfulness in proving how wildly the heart clings to home reminiscences when absent from that spot. A party of emigrants had taken passage, amongst whom was a young Swiss girl, accompanied by a small brother. Not even the *outre* admixture of Swiss, German, and English costume, which composed her dress, could conceal the fact that she was supremely beautiful; and as the emigrants were separated from what is termed the first-class passengers only by a slight railing, I had an opportunity of inspecting her appearance without giving offence by marked observation. Amongst the crowd there happened to be a set of German musicians, who, by amusing the *ennuied* passengers, reaped quite a harvest of silver for their exertions. I have always heard that the Germans were extremely fond of music, and was surprised that none of the party, not even the beautiful Swiss girl, gave the slightest indication of pleasure, or once removed from the position they had occupied the whole way. Indeed, I was becoming quite indignant, that the soul-stirring Marseilles Hymn of France, the God Save the Queen of England, and last, not *least* in its impressive melody, the Hail Columbia of our own nation, should have pealed its music out upon the great waters, almost hushing their mighty swell with its enchantment, and yet not waken an echo in the hearts of those homeless wanderers. The musicians paused to rest for a moment, and then suddenly, as if by magic, the glorious *Ranz des Vache* of Switzerland stole over the water, with its touching pathos swelling into grand sublimity, its home-music melting away in love, and then bursting forth in the free, glad strains of revelry, till every breath was hushed as by the presence of visible beauty. Having never before heard this beautiful melody, in my surprise and admiration I had quite forgotten my emigrant friends, when a low sob attracted my attention, and turning round, I saw the Swiss girl, with her head buried in the lap of an old woman, trying to stifle the tears that *would* force their way or break the heart that held them. I had but a slight knowledge of the Swiss dialect, and "my home, my beautiful home!" was the only words intelligible to me. She wept long and bitterly after the cadence of the song was lost amongst the waves, while the old woman, blessings on her for the act, sought by every endearment within her power to soothe and encourage the home-sick girl. There was little show of refinement in her rough sympathy, but it was a heart-tribute—and I could almost love her for the unselfishness with which she drew the shrinking form closer to her bosom. I would have given the world to have learned that girl's previous history. I am sure *accident* must have thrown her amongst her present associates, as I have seen a lily broken from its stem by a sudden gust of wind, and flung to wither and die amid rude and hardy weeds. In a few hours the party left the boat, and I never saw either her or them again; but, till this day, whenever any incident of a domestic nature wakens old-time dreams, pleasant memories of that beautiful exile, weeping over the music of her lost Eden, and of the kind old woman caressing her, and kissing off the falling tears, creep together, and form a lovely picture of *home and heaven-born love*.

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MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THAT punctuation is important all agree; but how few comprehend the extent of its importance! The writer who neglects punctuation, or mis-punctuates, is liable to be misunderstood—this, according to the popular idea, is the sum of the evils arising from heedlessness or ignorance. It does not seem to be known that, even where the sense is perfectly clear, a sentence may be deprived of half its force—its spirit—its point—by improper punctuation. For the want of merely a comma, it often occurs that an axiom appears a paradox, or that a sarcasm is converted into a sermonoid.

There is *no* treatise on the topic—and there is no topic on which a treatise is more needed. There seems to exist a vulgar notion that the subject is one of pure conventionality, and cannot be brought within the limits of intelligible and consistent *rule*. And yet, if fairly looked in the face, the whole matter is so plain that its *rationale* may be read as we run. If not anticipated, I shall, hereafter, make an attempt at a magazine paper on "The Philosophy of Point."

In the meantime let me say a word or two of *the dash*. Every writer for the press, who has any sense of the accurate, must have been frequently mortified and vexed at the distortion of his sentences by the printer's now general substitution of a semicolon, or comma, for the dash of the MS. The total or nearly total disuse of the latter point, has been brought about by the revulsion consequent upon its excessive employment about twenty years ago. The Byronic poets were *all* dash. John Neal, in his earlier novels, exaggerated its use into the grossest abuse—although his very error arose from the philosophical and self-dependent spirit which has always distinguished him, and which will even yet lead him, if I am not greatly mistaken in the man, to do something for the literature of the country which the country "will not willingly," and cannot possibly, "let die."

Without entering now into the *why*, let me observe that the printer may always ascertain when the dash of the MS. is properly and when improperly employed, by bearing in mind that this point represents *a second thought—an emendation*. In using it just above I have exemplified its use. The words "an emendation" are, speaking with reference to grammatical construction, put in *apposition* with the words "a second thought." Having written these latter words, I reflected whether it would not be possible to render their meaning more distinct by certain other words. Now, instead of erasing the phrase "a second thought," which is of *some* use—which *partially* conveys the idea intended—which advances me *a step toward* my full purpose—I suffer it to remain, and merely put a dash between it and the phrase "an emendation." The dash gives the reader a choice between two, or among three or more expressions, one of which may be more forcible than another, but all of which help out the idea. It stands, in general, for these words—"*or, to make my meaning more distinct.*" This force *it has*—and this force no other point can have; since all other points have well-understood uses quite different from this. Therefore, the dash *cannot* be dispensed with.

It has its phases—its variation of the force described; but the one principle—that of second thought or emendation—will be found at the bottom of all.

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In a reply to a letter signed "Outis," and defending Mr. Longfellow from certain charges supposed to have been made against him by myself, I took occasion to assert that "of the class of willful plagiarists nine out of ten are authors of established reputation who plunder recondite, neglected, or forgotten books." I came to this conclusion *à priori*; but experience has confirmed me in it. Here is a plagiarism from Channing; and as it is perpetrated by an anonymous writer in a Monthly Magazine, the theft seems at war with my assertion—until it is seen that the Magazine in question is Campbell's New Monthly for *August*, 1828. Channing, at that time, was comparatively unknown; and, besides, the plagiarism appeared in a foreign country, where there was little probability of detection.

Channing, in his essay on Bonaparte, says:

"We would observe that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. . . . Still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force—to remove physical obstructions—to avail himself of physical aids and advantages—to act on matter—to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order;—and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul—in imagination and taste—in the capacity of enjoying works of genius—in large views of human nature—in the moral sciences—in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings."

The thief in "The New Monthly," says:

"Military talent, even of the highest *grade*, is *very* far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is *never made* conversant with the *more delicate and abstruse of mental operations*.

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It is used to apply physical force; to remove physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail itself of physical aids and advantages; and all these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest *and rarest* order. Nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in the science and practice of war, *wholly* wanting in the nobler energies of the soul; in imagination, in taste, in *enlarged* views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society; or in original conceptions on the great subjects which have *occupied and* absorbed the most glorious *of human* understandings."

The article in "The New Monthly" is on "The State of Parties." The italics are mine.

Apparent plagiarisms frequently arise from an author's self-repetition. He finds that something he has already published has fallen dead—been overlooked—or that it is peculiarly *àpropos* to another subject now under discussion. He therefore introduces the passage; often without allusion to his having printed it before; and sometimes he introduces it into an anonymous article. An anonymous writer is thus now and then unjustly accused of plagiarism—when the sin is merely that of self-repetition.

In the present case, however, there has been a deliberate plagiarism of the silliest as well as meanest species. Trusting to the obscurity of his original, the plagiarist has fallen upon the idea of killing two birds with one stone—of dispensing with all disguise but that of *decoration*.

Channing says "order"—the writer in the New Monthly says "grade." The former says that this order is "far from holding," etc.—the latter says it is "*very* far from holding." The one says that military talent is "*not* conversant," and so on—the other says "it is *never made* conversant." The one speaks of "the highest and richest objects"—the other of "the more delicate and abstruse." Channing speaks of "thought"—the thief of "mental operations." Channing mentions "intelligence of the *highest* order"—the thief will have it of "the highest *and rarest*." Channing observes that military talent is often "*almost* wholly wanting," etc.—the thief maintains it to be "*wholly* wanting." Channing alludes to "*large* views of human nature"—the thief can be content with nothing less than "enlarged" ones. Finally, the American having been satisfied with a reference to "subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings," the Cockney puts him to shame at once by discoursing about "subjects which have *occupied and* absorbed the most glorious *of human* understandings"—as if one could be absorbed, without being occupied, by a subject—as if "*of*" were here any thing more than two superfluous letters—and as if there were any chance of the reader's supposing that the understandings in question were the understandings of frogs, or jackasses, or Johnny Bulls.

By the way, in a case of this kind, whenever there is a question as to who is the original and who the plagiarist, the point may be determined, almost invariably, by observing which passage is amplified, or exaggerated, in tone. To disguise his stolen horse, the uneducated thief cuts off the tail; but the educated thief prefers tying on a new tail at the end of the old one, and painting them both sky blue.

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After reading all that has been written, and after thinking all that can be thought, on the topics of God and the soul, the man who has a right to say that he thinks at all, will find himself face to face with the conclusion that, on these topics, the most profound thought is that which can be the least easily distinguished from the most superficial sentiment.

LOVE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Oh Love! thou art a fallen child of light,
A ruined seraph in a world of care—
Tortured and wrung by sorrow and despair,
And longings for the beautiful and bright:
Thy brow is deeply scarred, and bleeds beneath
A spiked coronet, a thorny wreath;
Thy rainbow wings are rent and torn with chains,
Sullied and drooping in extremest woe;
Thy dower, to those who love thee best below,
Is tears and torture, agony and pains,
Coldness and scorn and doubt which often parts;—
"The course of true love never *does* run smooth,"
Old histories show it, and a thousand hearts,
Breaking from day to day, attest the solemn truth.

BEAUTY'S BATH.

[ILLUSTRATING AN ENGRAVING.]

The fair one stands beside the plashing brim,
Her pet, her Beauty, gathered to her breast;
A doubt hath crossed her: "can he surely swim?"
And in her sweet face is that fear express.
Alas! how often, for thyself, in years
Fast coming, wilt thou pause and doubt and shrink
O'er some fair project! Then, be all thy fears
False as this first one by the water's brink!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems of Early and After Years. By N. P. Willis. Illustrated by E. Leutze. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

This is a complete edition of one of America's most popular poets, with the old poems carefully revised, and many new pieces added. It is got up in a similar style with the editions of Longfellow and Bryant, by the same publishers, and is one of the most splendid volumes of the season. The portrait of the author, engraved by Cheney, is the most accurate we have seen. The illustrations, from designs by Leutze, and engraved by Humphrys, Tucker, and Pease, are sixteen in number, and in their character and execution are honorable to American art. They are truly embellishments. Fertile as has been the house of Carey & Hart in beautiful books, they have published nothing more elegant and tasteful than the present edition of Willis.

We have written, in various critiques, at such length on the merits and characteristics of Willis, that it would be but repetition to dilate upon his genius now. In looking over the present volume, we cannot see that the sparkle and fire of his poetry becomes dim, even as read by eyes which have often performed that pleasant task before. The old witchery still abides in them, and the old sweetness, raciness, melody and power. That versatile mind, gliding with such graceful ease over the whole ground of "occasional" pieces, serious and mirthful, impassioned and tender, sacred and satirical, looks out upon us with the same freshness from his present "pictured" page, as when we hunted it, in the old time, through newspapers, magazines, and incomplete collections. We cordially wish the author the same success in his present rich dress, which he has always met in whatever style of typography he has invaded the public heart. When the stereotype plates of the present edition are worn out, it does not require the gift of prophecy to predict that the poet's reputation will be as unworn and as bright as ever.

A Plea for Amusements. By Frederic W. Sawyer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This little volume, viewed in respect to the prejudices it so clearly exposes and opposes, is quite an important publication, and we trust it will find readers among those who need it most. That clumsy habit of the public mind, by which the perversions are confounded with the use of a thing, finds in Mr. Sawyer an acute analyst as well as sensible opponent. He has done his work with much learning, ability and taste, and has contrived to make his exposure of popular bigotries as interesting as it is useful.

Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico. By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. Army. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Here is a work by a brave and intelligent soldier, relating to the battles of General Taylor in Mexico, of which he was an eye-witness. It has the freshness which might be expected from a writer who mingled in the scenes he describes; and the plates of the different battle-grounds enable the reader intelligently to follow the descriptions of the author. Spite of the numerous books relating to the subject already before the public, Captain Henry's volume will be found to contain much not generally known, and to describe what is generally known better than most of his precursors in the task.

The Consuelo. By George Sand. In Three Volumes. New York: W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. [*Sequel to Consuelo.*] 2 *vols. Same Publisher.*

The Journeyman Joiner, or the Companion of the Tour of France. By George Sand. Same Publisher.

The Devil's Pool. By George Sand. Same Publisher.

The above editions of the somewhat too celebrated George Sand are got up, by our enterprising friend the publisher, in a style superior to that generally used on this species of literature. The translation by F. G. Shaw, Esq. has been generally, and we think justly, commended. The works themselves, and their tendencies and results, have been made the subject of various opinions both here and abroad. We are not among those who are prepared to enter the lists as their champion. The translator himself remarks in relation to Consuelo: "That it has not found fit translation before, was doubtless owing to prevailing impressions of something erratic and *bizarre* in the author's way of living, and to a certain undeniable tone of wild, defying freedom in her earlier writings." The censure of the moral portion of the community is thus softly and mercifully expressed: We will not at present add to it.

The Last Incarnation. Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Century. By A. Constant. Translated by F. G. Shaw, Esq. New York: Wm. H. Graham.

A well printed and cheap volume.

The Scouting Expeditions of M'Culloch's Texas Rangers. By Samuel C. Reid, jr. Zieber & Co. Philadelphia.

This work contains a spirited and vivid sketch of the Mexican war as prosecuted under Taylor. It is full of incident and interest, is written with spirit, and illustrated by a number of engravings.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

Toilette de Ville.—Dress of gray satin, with a plain skirt; corsage plain, with a rounded point; sleeves above of violet-colored velvet, closed on the top, and trimmed with very rich lace; small pelerine to the waists, and terminated at the seam of the shoulder, trimmed with lace. Hat of yellow satin, long at the cheeks, and rounded, ornamented with a bouquet of white flowers resting on the side, and a puf of tulle on the inside.

Riche Toilette d'Interieur.—Dress of blue cashmere, ornamented with a row of silver buttons down the front of the skirts; corsage plain, with buttons, and terminating in two small points; sleeves rather short, and under ones of three rows of lace: neck-dress of lace. Cap also of lace, resting flat upon the front of the head, and forming folds behind, trimmed with bows of ribbon, of rose-colored taffeta, below the lace to the depth of the strings.

Erratum.—In the article on Stoke Church and Churchyard, page 77, 12th line from bottom of 2d column, "1779" should read 1799.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1848. No. 3.

THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

BY FRANK BYRNE.

CHAPTER I.

In which the reader is introduced to several of the dramatis personæ.

On the evening of the 25th of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the ship Gentile, of Boston, lay at anchor in the harbor of Valetta.

It is quite proper, gentle reader, that, as it is with this ship and her crew that you will chiefly have to do in the following yarn, they should be severally *and* particularly introduced to your notice.

To begin, then. Imagine yourself standing on the parapet of St. Elmo, about thirty minutes past five o'clock on the evening above mentioned; the Gentile lies but little more than a cable's length from the shore, so that you can almost look down upon her decks. You perceive that she is a handsome craft of some six or seven hundred tons burthen, standing *high* out of water, in ballast trim, with a black hull, bright waist, and wales painted white. Her bows are very much, and are sharp and symmetrical; the cut-water stretches, with a graceful curve, far out beyond them toward the long sweeping martingal, *and is* surmounted by a gilt scroll, or, as the sailors call it, a fiddle-head. The black stern is ornamented by a group of white figures in bas relief, which give a lively air to the otherwise sombre and vacant expression, and beneath the cabin-windows is painted the *name* of the ship, and her port of register. The lower masts of this vessel are short and stout, the topmasts are of great height, the extreme points of the fore and mizzen-royal poles, are adorned with gilt balls, and over all, at the truck of the main sky-sail pole, floats a handsome red burgee, upon which a large G is visible. There are no yards across but the lower and topsail-yards, which are very long and heavy, precisely squared, and to which the sails are furled in an exceeding neat and seaman-like manner. The rigging is universally taut and trim; and it is easy to perceive that the officers of the Gentile understand their business. The swinging-boom is rigged out, and fastened thereto, by their painters, a pair of boats, a yawl and gig, float lovingly side by side; and instead of the usual ladder at the side, a handy flight of accommodation steps lead from the water-line to the gangway.

Now, dear reader, leaving the battlements of St. Elmo, you alight upon the deck of our ship, which you find to be white and clean, and, as seamen say, sheer—that is to say, without break, poop, or hurricane-house—forming on each side of the line of masts a smooth, unencumbered plane the entire length of the deck, inclining with a gentle curve from the bow and stern toward the waist. The bulwarks are high, and are surmounted by a paneled monkey-rail; the belaying-pins in the plank-shear are of lignum-vitæ and mahogany, and upon them the rigging is laid up in accurate and graceful coils. The balustrade around the cabin companion-way and sky-light is made of polished brass, the wheel is inlaid with brass, and the capstan-head, the gangway-stanchions, and bucket-hoops are of the same glittering metal. Forward of the main hatchway the long-boat stands in its chocks, covered over with a roof, and a good-natured looking cow, whose stable is thus contrived, protrudes her head from a window, chews her cud with as much composure as if standing under the lee of a Yankee barn-yard wall, and watches, apparently, a group of sailors, who, seated in the forward waist around their kids and pans, are enjoying their coarse but plentiful and wholesome evening meal. A huge Newfoundland dog sits upon his haunches near this circle, his eyes eagerly watching for a morsel to be thrown him, the which, when happening, his jaws close with a sudden snap, and are instantly agape for more. A green and gold parrot also wanders about this knot of men, sometimes nibbling the crumbs offered it, and anon breaking forth into expressions which, from their tone, evince no great respect for some of the commandments in the Decalogue. Between the long-boat and the fore-hatch is the galley, where the "Doctor" (as the cook is universally called in them erchant service) is busily employed in dishing up a steaming supper, prepared for the cabin mess; the steward, a genteel-looking mulatto, dressed in a white apron, stands waiting at the galley-door, ready to receive the aforementioned supper, whensoever it may be ready, and to convey it to the cabin.

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Turning aft, you perceive a young man pacing the quarter-deck, and whistling, as he walks, a lively air from La Bayadere. He is dressed neatly in a blue pilot-cloth pea-jacket, well-shaped trowsers, neat-fitting boots, and a Mahon cap, with gilt buttons. This gentleman is Mr. Langley. His father is a messenger in the Atlas Bank, of Boston, and Mr. Langley, jr. invariably directs his communications to his parent with the name of that corporation somewhere very legibly inscribed on the back of the letter. He is an apprentice to the ship, but being a smart, handy fellow, and a tolerable seaman, he was deemed worthy of promotion, and as his owner could find no second mate's berth vacant in any of his vessels, the Gentile has rejoiced for the last twelve months in the possession of a third mate in the person of Mr. Langley. He is about twenty years of age, and would be a sensible fellow, were it not for a great taste for mischief, romance, theatres, cheap jewelry, and tight boots. He quotes poetry on the weather yard-arm, to the great dissatisfaction of Mr. Brewster, (to whom you will shortly be introduced,) who often confidentially assures the skipper that the third mate would have turned out a natural fool if his parents had not providentially sent him to sea.

But while you have been making the acquaintance of Mr. Langley, the steward has brought aft the dishes containing the cabin supper. A savory smell issues from the open sky-light, through which also ascends a ruddy gleam of light, the sound of cheerful voices, and the clatter of dishes. After the lapse of a few minutes the turns of Mr. Langley in pacing the deck grow shorter, and at last, ceasing to whistle and beginning to mutter, he walks up to the sky-light and looks down into the cabin below. Gentle reader, place yourself by his side, and now attend as closely as the favored student did to Asmodeus.

The fine-looking seaman reclining upon the cushioned transom, picking his teeth while he scans the columns of a late number of the Liverpool Mercury, is Captain Smith, the skipper, a regular-built, true-blue, Yankee ship-master. Though his short black curls are thickly sprinkled with gray, he has not yet seen forty years; but the winds and suns of every zone have left their indelible traces upon him. He is an intelligent, well-informed man, though self-taught, well versed in the science of trade, and is a very energetic and efficient officer.

The tall gentleman, just folding his doily, is the mate of the ship, Mr. Stewart. You would hardly suppose him to be a sailor at the first glance; and yet he is a perfect specimen of what an officer in the merchant service should be; notwithstanding his fashionably-cut broadcloth coat, white vest, black gaiter-pants, and jeweled fingers. He is dressed for the theatre. Mr. Stewart is a graduate of Harvard, and at first went to sea to recover the health which had been somewhat impaired by hard study; but becoming charmed with the profession, he has followed it ever since, and says that it is the most manly vocation in the world. He is a great favorite with the owner of the ship; and when he is at Boston, always resides with him. He will command a ship himself after this voyage. His age is twenty-eight. Mr. Stewart is a handsome man, a polite gentleman, an accomplished scholar, a thorough seamen, a strict but kind officer, a most companionable shipmate, and, in one word—a fine fellow.

Next comes Mr. Brewster, the second mate. That is he devouring those huge slices of cold beef with so much gusto, while Langley mutters, "Will he never have done!" He with the blue jacket, bedizzened so plentifully with small pearl buttons, the calico shirt, and fancifully-knotted black silk cravat around his brawny neck.

Mr. Micah Brewster hails from Truro, Cape Cod, and, like all Capemen, is a Yankee sailor, every inch of him. He commenced going to sea when only twelve years old, by shipping for a four months' trip in a banker; and in the space of fourteen years, which have since elapsed, he has not been on shore as many months. He is complete in every particular of seamanship, and is, besides, a tolerably scientific navigator. He knows the color and taste of the water all along shore from Cape Farewell to the Horn, and can tell the latitude and longitude of any place on the chart without consulting it. Bowditch's Epitome, and Blunt's Coast Pilot, seem to him the only books in the world worth consulting, though I should, perhaps, except Marryatt's novels and Tom Cringle's Log. But of matters connected with the shore Mr. Brewster is as ignorant as a child unborn. He holds all landsmen but ship-builders, owners, and riggers, in supreme contempt, and can hardly conceive of the existence of happiness, in places so far inland that the sea breeze does not blow. A severe and exacting officer is he, but yet a favorite with the men—for he is always first in any emergency or danger, his lion-like voice sounding loud above the roar of the elements, cheering the crew to their duty, and setting the example with his own hands. He is rather inclined to be irritable toward those who have gained the quarter-deck by the way of the cabin-windows, but, on the whole, I shall set him down in the list of good fellows.

That swarthy, curl-pated youngster, in full gala dress for the theatre, drawing on his gloves, and hurrying Mr. Stewart, is, dear reader, your most humble, devoted, and obedient servant, Frank Byrne, *alias*, myself, *alias*, the ship's cousin, *alias*, the son of the ship's owner. Supposing, of course, that you believe in Mesmerism and clairvoyance, I shall not stop to explain how I have been able to point out the Gentile to you, while you were standing on the bastion of St. Elmo, and I all the while in the cabin of the good ship, dressing for the theatre, and eating my supper, but shall immediately proceed to inform you how I came there, to welcome you on board, and to wish you a pleasant cruise with us.

About two years ago, (I am speaking of the 27th of March, A. D. 1839, in the present tense,) I succeeded in persuading my father to gratify my predilection for the sea, by putting me on board of the Gentile, under the particular care of Captain Smith, to try one voyage—so I became the ship's cousin. Contrary to

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the predictions of my friends, I returned determined to go again, and to become a sailor. Now a ship's cousin's berth is not always an enviable one, notwithstanding the consanguinity of its occupant to the planks beneath him, for he, usually feeling the importance of the relationship, is hated by officers and men, who annoy him in every possible way. But my case was an exception to the general rule. Although at the first I was intimately acquainted with each of the officers, I never presumed upon it, but always did my duty cheerfully and respectfully, and tried hard to learn to be a good seaman. As my father allowed me plenty of spending money, I could well afford to be open-handed and generous to my shipmates, fore and aft; and this good quality, in a seaman's estimation, will cover a multitude of faults, and endears its possessor to his heart. In fine, I became an immense favorite with all hands; and even Mr. Brewster, who at first looked upon my advent on board with an unfavorable eye, was forced to acknowledge that I no more resembled a ship's cousin than a Methodist class-leader does a midshipman.

Mr. Stewart and myself had always been great friends before I went to sea. When I first came on board, Mr. Langley, who had been my school-mate and crony, was, though one of the cabin mess, only an apprentice, and had not yet received his brevet rank as third mate—Mr. Stewart, of course, stood his own watch, and chose Langley and myself as part of it. The mate generally kept us upon the quarter-deck with him, and many were the cozy confabs we used to hold, many the choice cigars we used to smoke upon that handy loading-place, the booby-hatch, many the pleasant yarns we used to spin while pacing up and down the deck, or leaning against the rail of the companion. As I have said, Mr. Stewart was a delightful watch-mate—and Bill Langley and I used to love him dearly, and none the worse that he made us toe the line of our duty. He always, however, appeared to prefer me to Langley, and to admit me to more of his confidence. Since Bill's promotion we had not seen so much of the mate, but still, during our late tedious voyage from Calcutta, he had often come upon deck in our watch, and hundreds of long miles of the Indian Ocean had been shortened in the old way.

Gentle reader, you are as much acquainted with the Gentile, and the quint who compose her cabin mess, as you could hope to be at one interview.

CHAPTER II.

News from Home.

Mr. Langley had just commenced his supper with a ravenous appetite, stimulated by the tantalizing view of our previous gastronomic performances, which he had had through the sky-light, the mate and myself were on the point of going on deck to go ashore, the captain had just lighted a second cigar, when Mr. Brewster, who had relieved poor Langley in the charge of the deck, made his appearance at the cabin door, bearing in his hands a large packet.

"She 's in, sir!" he shouted, "she came to anchor in front of the Lazaretto while we were at supper, and Bill here did n't see her. The quarantine fellows brought this along. Bill, you must be a bloody fool, to let a ship come right under our stern, and sail across the bay, and not know nothing about it."

Langley, whose regards for the supper-table had drawn his attention from the arrival of a ship which had been expected by us for more than a week, and by whom we had anticipated the receipt of the packet the skipper now held in his hands, Langley, I say, blushed, but said nothing, and turned toward the captain, who, with trembling hands, was cutting the twine which bound the precious bundle together.

Now our last letters from Boston had been written more than a year before, had been read at Calcutta, since then we had sailed fifteen thousand miles from Calcutta to Trieste, and from Trieste to Valetta, and here we had been pulling at our anchor for three weeks, waiting orders from my father by the ship which had just arrived; it is not wonderful, therefore, that the group which surrounded Capt. Smith were very pale, eager, anxious-looking men. How much we were to learn in ten minutes time; what bitter tidings might be in store for us in that little packet.

At last it is open, and newspapers and letters in rich profusion meet our gaze; with a quick sleight the captain distributes them, sends a half dozen to their owners in the forecastle by the steward, and then ensues a silence broken only by the snapping of seals, and the rattling of paper. Suddenly Mr. Stewart uttered an exclamation of surprise, and looking up from my letter, I noticed the quick exchange of significant glances between the captain and mate.

"You 've found it out, then," said the skipper.

The mate nodded in reply, and gathering up his letters, retired precipitately to his state-room.

At this juncture, Mr. Brewster, who had just finished the perusal of a very square, stiff-looking epistle, gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

"Beats thunder, I swear!" said he, "if the old woman hain't got spliced again—and she 's every month of fifty-six years old."

"That 's nothing," cried Langley, "only think, father has left the Atlas Bank, and is now Mr. Byrnes' book-keeper; and they talk of shutting up the Tremont theatre, and Bob here says that Fanny Elsler is—"

"Avast there!" interrupted the skipper, "clap a stopper over all that, and stand by to hear where we are bound to-morrow, or next day. Have any of you found out yet?"

"No, sir," cried Langley and I in a breath. "Home, I hope."

"Not so soon," replied Captain Smith, "as soon as maybe we sail for Matanzas de Cuba, to take aboard a sugar freight for the Baltic—either Stockholm or Cronstadt; so that when we make Boston-light it will be November, certain. How does that suit ye, gentlemen?"

I was forced to muster all my stoicism to refrain from whimpering; Mr. Langley gave utterance to a

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wish, which, if ever fulfilled, will consign the cities of Cronstadt, Stockholm, and Matanzas to the same fate which has rendered Sodom, Gomorrah, and Euphemia so celebrated. Mr. Brewster alone seemed indifferent. That worthy gentleman snapped his fingers, and averred that he did n't care a d—n where he went to.

"Besides," said he, "a trip up the Baltic is a beautiful summer's work, and we shall get home in time for thanksgiving, if the governor do n't have it earlier than common."

"Matanzas!" inquired Langley; "is n't there where Mr. Stowe moved to, captain?"

"Yes," replied the skipper, "he is Mr. Byrnes' correspondent there—"

"Egad, then, Frank, we shall see the girls, eh, old fellow!" and Mr. Langley began to recover his serenity of mind.

"Beside all this," added the skipper, "Frank has a cousin in Matanzas—a nun in the Ursuline Convent."

"So I have just found out," said I; "father bids me to be sure and see her, if possible, and says that I must ask you about it. It is very odd I never have heard of this before. By the bye, Bill, my boy, look at this here!" and I displayed a draft on Mr. Stowe for $200.

At this moment Mr. Stewart's state-room door opened, and he appeared. It was evident that he had heard bad news. His face was very grave, and his manner forced.

"Frank," said he, "you must excuse my company to-night. Langley will be glad to go with you; and as we sail so soon, I have a good deal to do—"

"But," said I, hesitating, "may I inquire whether you have received bad news from home?"

"On the contrary, very good—but don't ask any questions, Frank; be off, it is very late to go now."

"Langley," said I, as we were supping at a *café*, after the closing of the theatre, "is n't it odd about that new cousin of mine?"

"Ay," replied my companion, "and it is odd about Stewart's actions to-night; and it will be odd if I do n't kiss Mary Stowe; and it will be odd if you do n't kiss Ellen; and it will be odd if I ar n't made second mate after we get home from this thundering long voyage; and, finally, it will be most especially odd if we find all our boat's crew sober when we get down to the quay."

Nothing so odd as that was the case; but after some little difficulty we got on board, and Langly and myself retired to the state-room which we held as tenants in common.

CHAPTER III.

In which four thousand miles are gained.

We laid almost a week longer wind-bound. At last the skipper waxed impatient, and one fine morning we got out our boats, and with the help of the Pharsalia's boats and crew, we were slowly towed to sea. Here we took a fine southwesterly breeze, and squared away before it. Toward night we had the coast of Sicily close under our lee, and as far away as the eye could reach, the snow-capped summit of Ætna, ruddy in the light of the setting sun, rose against the clear blue of the northern sky.

. . . . . .

We had as fine a run to Gibralter as any seaman could wish; but after passing the pillars of Hercules there was no more good weather beyond for us until we crossed the tropic, which we did the 10th of May, in longitude about sixty degrees, having experienced a constant succession of strong southerly and westerly gales. But having passed the tropic, we took a gentle breeze from the eastward, and with the finest weather in the world, glided slowly along toward our destined port.

I shall never forget the evening and night after the 15th of May. We were then in the neighborhood of Turks Island, heading for the Caycos Pass, and keeping a bright look-out for land. It was a most lovely night, one, as Willis says, astray from Paradise; the moon was shining down as it only does shine between the tropics, the sky clear and cloudless, the mild breeze, just enough to fill our sails, pushing us gently through the water, the sea as glassy as a mountain-lake, and motionless, save the long, slight swell, scarcely perceptible to those who for long weeks have been tossed by the tempestuous waves of the stormy Atlantic. The sails of a distant ship were seen, far away to the north, making the lovely scene less solitary; the only sounds heard were the rippling at the bows, the low sough of the zephyr through the rigging, the cheeping of blocks, as the sleepy helmsman allowed the ship to vary in her course, the occasional splash of a dolphin, and the flutter of a flying-fish in the air, as he winged his short and glittering flight. The air was warm, fragrant, and delicious, and the larboard watch of the tired crew of the Gentile, after a boisterous passage of forty days from Gibralter, yielded to its somnolent influence, and lay stretched about the forecastle and waists, enjoying the voluptuous languor which overcomes men suddenly emerging from a cold into a tropical climate.

Mr. Langley, myself, and the skipper's dog, reclined upon the booby-hatch. The first having the responsibility of the deck contrived to maintain a half upright position, and to keep one eye open, but the other two, prostrate by each others' side, slumbered outright.

"What 's the time, Bill?" I asked, at length, rousing myself, and shaking off the embrace of Rover, who was loth to lose his bedfellow.

"'We take no note of time,'" spouted the third mate, drawing his watch from his pocket. "For'ard, there! strike four bells, and relieve the wheel. Keep your eye peeled, look-out; and mind, no caulking."

"Ay ay, sir," was the lazy response, and in a moment more the *ting-ting, ting-ting*, of the ship's bell rang out on the silent air, and proclaimed that the middle watch was half over, or, in landsmen's lingo, that it was two o'clock, A. M.

"Lay along, Rover," I muttered, preparing for another snooze.

"Oh! avast that Frank; come, keep awake, and let 's talk."

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"Talk!" said I, "about what, pray?"

"Oh! I don't know," replied Bill. "I tell you what, Frank, if it was n't for being cock of the roost myself, I should wish that Stewart headed this watch now. What fine times we used to have, eh?—but he has altered as well as the times—how odd he has acted by spells ever since we got that packet at Malta. I'm d—d if I don't believe he got news of the loss of his sweetheart."

"He never had any that I know of," I rejoined, "but he certainly did hear something, for he has changed in his manner, and the skipper and he have long talks by themselves, and I heard Stewart tell him one day that after all it would have been better to have left the ship at Gibralter, and not gone the voyage."

"Did he, though!" cried Langley; "in that case I should have been second mate—however, I'm glad he did n't quit."

"Thank you, Bill," said a voice behind us; and turning in some confusion we beheld Mr. Stewart standing in the companion. "How is her head?" he continued, asking the usual question, to allow us to recover from our embarrassment.

"About west, sir," replied Langley.

"Well, as the wind freshens a little and is getting rather to the nor'ard, you'd better give your larboard braces a pull or two, and then put your course rather north of west to hit the Pass."

"Ay ay, sir," said the third mate. "For'ard, there, come aft here, and round in on the larboard braces. Keep her up, Jack, about west nor'west."

After the crew had complied with the orders of the officer they retired forward, and we of the quarter-deck seated ourselves on the booby-hatch.

"We were talking about you when you came on deck, sir," said I, after a short silence.

"Ah! indeed," replied the mate smiling.

"Yes," said Langley, "we thought it was rather odd you had n't been on deck lately, to see whether we boys were not running away with the ship in your watch. It has been deuced lonesome these dark blowy nights along back. If you had been on deck to spin us a yarn it would have been capital."

"Boys," said the mate, taking out his cigar-case, "I've a great mind to spin you a yarn now."

"Oh! do, by all means," cried the third mate and the ship's cousin together.

We lighted our cigars; the mate took a few puffs to get fairly under way, and then began.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mate's Yarn.

"I've told you about a great many days' works, boys, but there is one leaf in my log-book of which you as yet know nothing. It is now about six years since I was in this part of the world, for the first and only time. I was then twenty-two, and was second mate, Frank, of your father's ship, the John Cabot. Old Captain Hopkin's was master, and our present skipper was mate. One fine July afternoon we let go our anchor alongside of the Castle of San Severino, in Matanzas harbor. A few days after our arrival I was in a billiard-room ashore, quietly reading a newspaper, when one of the losing players, a Spaniard of a most peculiarly unpleasant physiognomy, turned suddenly around with an oath, and declared the rustling of the paper disturbed him. As several gentlemen were reading in different parts of the room I did not appropriate the remark to myself, though I thought he had intended it for me. I paid no attention to him, however, until, just as I was turning the sheet inside out, the Spaniard, irritated by another stroke of ill luck, advanced to me, and demanded that I should either lay the newspaper aside or quit the room. I very promptly declined to do either, when he snatched the paper from my hands, and instantly drew his sword. I was unarmed, with the exception of a good sized whalebone cane, but my anger was so great that I at once sprung at the scamp, who at the instant made a pass at me. I warded the thrust as well as I could, but did not avoid getting nicely pricked in the left shoulder; but, before my antagonist could recover himself, I gave him such a wipe with my cane on his sword-arm that his wrist snapped, and his sword dropped to the ground. Enraged at the sight of my own blood, which now covered my clothes in front, I was not satisfied with this, but applying my foot to his counter, two or three vigorous kicks sufficed to send him sprawling into the street. Captain Hopkins arrived just as the fracas was over, and instantly sent for a surgeon, and in the meantime I received the congratulations of all present on my victory. I learned that my man was a certain Don Carlos Alvarez, a broken down hidalgo, who had formerly been the master of a piratical schooner, at the time when Matanzas was the head-quarters of pirates, before Commodore Porter in the Enterprise broke up the haunt. When the surgeon arrived he pronounced my wound very slight, and a slip of sticking-plaster and my arm in a sling was thought to be all that was necessary. After Captain Hopkins and myself got on board that night, he told me a story, the repetition of which may somewhat surprise you, Frank. Do you remember of ever hearing that a sister of your father married a Cubanos merchant, some thirty odd years ago?"

"I remember hearing of it when a child," I replied, "and father in his last letter says that I have a cousin now in the nunnery at Matanzas. I suppose she is a daughter of that sister."

"You are right," resumed the mate, sighing slightly. "Your grandfather had only two children. When your father was but a small boy, the whole family spent the winter in Havana, to recruit your grandmother's health, while your grandfather collected some debts which were due him. While there, a young Creole merchant, heavily concerned in the slave-trade, became deeply enamored with your aunt, and solicited her hand. The young lady herself was nothing loth, but the elders disliked and opposed the match; the consequence was an elopement and private marriage, at which your grandfather was so exceedingly incensed that he disowned his daugh-

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ter, and never afterward held any communication with her. Your aunt had two children, and died some fifteen years ago. Your father shortly after received this intelligence by means of a letter from the son, and the correspondence thus begun was continued in a very friendly manner. Señor Garcia, your uncle by marriage, became concerned, in a private way, like many other Cubanos merchants, in fitting out piratical craft, and one of his confidential captains was this same Alvarez whom I so summarily ejected from the billiard-room. Garcia died in 1830, leaving a large property to his children, and consigning the guardianship of the younger, a girl, to his friend Don Carlos Alvarez. The will provided that in case she should marry any person, but an American, without her guardian's consent, her fortune should revert to her guardian; and in the choice of an American husband her brother's wishes were not to be contravened. The reservation in favor of Americans was made at the entreaty of the brother, who urged the memory of his mother as an inducement. Now it so turned out that Don Carlos, though forty years old, and as ugly as a sculpin, became enamored with the beauty and fortune of his ward, and, hoping to win her, kept her rigidly secluded from the society of every gentleman, but especially that of the American residents. Pedro Garcia, the brother, whom Captain Hopkins represented to be a fine, manly fellow, was, however, much opposed to such a plan, and ardently desired that his sister should marry an American, being convinced that this was the only way for her to get a husband and save her fortune. 'If,' said Captain Hopkins, in conclusion, 'some smart young Yankee could carry the girl off, it would be no bad speculation. Ben, you had better try yourself, you could n't please Mr. Byrne better.'

"'Much obliged,' I replied, 'but Yankee girls suit my taste tolerably well, much better than pirates' daughters, and I hope that I can please my owner well enough by doing my duty aboard ship.'

"'Pshaw! she is not a pirate's daughter exactly; she 's Mr. Byrne's niece.'

"'For all that,' I answered, 'I should expect to find my throat cut some fine morning.'

"'Well, well,' said the old skipper, 'I only wish that I was a young man, for the girl is said to be as handsome as a mermaid, and as for money, I s'pose she 's worth devilish nigh upon two hundred thousand dollars.'

"The next day but one was Sunday, so after dressing myself in my go-ashore toggery, I went with the skipper to take another stroll in the city. We dined at a *café*, and then hearing the cathedral bells tolling for vespers, I concluded to leave the skipper to smoke and snooze alone, and go and hear the performances. It was rather a warm walk up the hill, and, upon arriving at the cathedral, I stopped awhile in the cool airy porch to rest, brush the dust from my boots, arrange my hair and neckcloth, and adjust my wounded arm in its sling in the most interesting manner. Just as I had finished these nice little preliminaries, a volante drove up to the door, which contained, why, to be sure, only a woman, but yet the loveliest woman I have ever seen in any part of the world. Yes, Bill, your little dancer at Valetta ought not to be thought of the same day.

"Well, boys, I fell in love incontinently at first sight, and was taken all aback, but inspired by a stiff glass of eau-de-vie which I had taken with my pine-apple after dinner, I forged alongside, before the negro postillion, eased to his hips in jack-boots, could dismount, and offered my hand to assist the lady to alight from the carriage. She at first gave me a haughty stare, but finally putting one of the two fairest hands in the world into my brown paw, she reached terra firma safely.

"'Thank you, señor,' said she, with a low courtesy, after I had led her into the church.

"'Entirely welcome, ma'am,' I replied, as my mother had taught me to do upon like occasions, 'and the more welcome, as I perceive you speak English so fluently, that you must be either an English woman or my own countrywoman.'

"'I am a Cubanos, señor,' said the lady, with a smile, 'but my mother was an American, and I learned the language in the nursery—but, señor, again I thank you for your gallantry, and so *adios*.' She dipped her finger in the holy-water vase, crossed herself, and then looking at me from under her dark fringed eyelids with a most bewildering glance, and a smile which displayed two dazzling rows of pearls between her ruby lips, she glided into the church.

"'Who is your mistress?' cried I, turning to the negro postillion, but that sable worthy could not understand my question. The most expressive pantomimes were as unavailable as words, and so in despair I turned again into the porch, and stood in a reverie. I was clearly a fathom deep in love, and as my extreme height is but five feet eleven and a half, that is equivalent to saying that I was over head and ears in love with the strange lady. I began to talk to myself. 'By Venus!' said I, aloud, 'but she is an angel, regular built, and if I only could find out her name and—'

"A smothered laugh behind me reminded me that so public a place was hardly appropriate for soliloquizing about angels. I turned in some vexation and encountered the laughing glance of a well dressed young man, apparently about twenty-five, who had probably been edified by my unconscious enthusiasm.

"'You are mistaken, señor,' said he in English, and looking quizzical; 'these images in the niches are said to represent saints and not angels, though I must own they are admirably calculated to deceive strangers. As you said you wished to know their names, I will tell them to you—that is San Pablo, and that is San Pedro, and that is—'

"'You are kind, sir,' said I, interrupting him angrily, 'but I've heard of the twelve apostles before.'

"'I want to know, as your countrymen say,' retorted the stranger, with a good-natured mocking laugh.

"I fired up on this. 'Señor,' said I, 'if my countrymen are not so polished in their speech as the Castilians and their descendants, they never insult

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strangers needlessly. I have been insulted once before in your city within a few days, and allow me to add for your consideration, that the rascal got well kicked—'

"'You are very kind to give me such fair warning,' replied the stranger, bowing, 'but allow me to ask whether the name of this person you punished is Alvarez?'

"'I have heard so, and if he is a connection of yours I am—'

"'Stay, señor, do n't get into a passion; believe me, that I thank you most heartily for the good service you performed on the occasion to which we allude. I only wish that I can be of use to you in return.'

"'Well, then, señor,' I replied, much mollified, and intent upon finding out my fair incognito, 'a lady just now passed through into the church, and if you can only tell me who she is, I will promise to flog you all the bullies in Cuba.'

"'Ah, that would be a long job, dear señor, but if you will accept my arm into the church and point out the angel who has attracted your notice, I will tell you her name and the part of heaven in which she resides. She was very beautiful I suppose?'

"'Oh! exquisitely beautiful.'

"'Come, then, I am dying to find out which of our Matanzas belles has had the good fortune to fascinate you—this way—do you use the holy water?'

"In we went and found the organ piping like a southeast snow squall, and the whole assembly on their knees. The stranger and myself ensconced ourselves near a large pillar, and I stood by to keep a bright look out for the lady.

"At last I discovered her among a group of other women, kneeling at the foot of an opposite pillar.

"'There she is,' I whispered to my companion, who had knelt upon his pocket-handkerchief.

"'Well, in a moment,' he replied. 'I'm in the middle of a crooked Latin prayer just now, and have to tell you so in a parenthesis.'

"A turn came to the ceremonies, and all hands arose.

"'*Sæcula sæculorum*,' muttered my companion, rising. 'Amen! now where 's your lady?'

"'Yonder, by the pillar,' I whispered, in a fit of ecstasy, for my beautiful unknown in rising had recognized me, and given me another thrilling glance from her dark eyes.

"'But there are a score of pillars all around us,' urged the stranger, 'point her out, señor.'

"'Well, then,' said I, extending my arm, 'there she is; you can't see her face to be sure, but there can be only one such form in the world. Is n't it splendid?'

"'There are so many ladies by the pillar that I cannot tell to a certainty which one you mean,' whispered my would-be informant. Stooping and glancing along my arm with the precision of a Kentucky rifleman, I brought my finger to bear directly upon the head of the unknown, who, as the devil would have it, at this critical juncture turned her head and encountered the deadly aim which we were taking at her.

"'That 's she,' said I, dropping my arm, which had been sticking out like a pump brake, 'that 's she that just now turned about and blushed so like the deuce—do you know her?'

"'Yes, but I can't tell you here,' was the laconic reply of my companion; 'come, let 's go. You are sure that is the lady,' he continued, when we had gained the street.

"'Sure! most certainly; can there be any mistake about that face; besides, did n't you notice how she blushed when she recognized me?'

"'May be,' suggested my new friend, 'she blushed to see me.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I do n't know to be sure, but I think that the emotion was on my account; but do n't keep me in suspense any longer, tell me who she is; can I get acquainted with her?'

"'Softly, softly, my friend, one question at a time. Step aboard my volante, and as we drive down the street I'll give you the information you so much desire. Will you get in?'

"I climbed aboard without hesitation, and was followed by my strange friend; the postillion whipped up and we were soon under weigh.

"'Now,' resumed my companion, 'in reply to your first and oft-repeated inquiry, I have the honor to inform you that the lady is my only sister. As to your second question—I beg you wont get out—sit still, my dear sir, I will drive you to the *café*—your second question I cannot so well answer. It would seem that my sister herself is nothing loth—sit easy, sir, the carriage is perfectly safe—but unfortunately it happens that the gentleman who has the control of her actions, her guardian, dislikes Americans extremely; and I have reason to believe that he has taken a particularly strong antipathy to you. Indeed, I have heard him swear that he'll cut your throat—pardon me, Mr. Stewart, for the expression, it is not my own.'

"Surprise overcame my confusion. 'Señor,' cried I, interrupting him, 'it seems you know my name, and—'

"'Certainly I do—Mr. Benjamin Stewart, of the ship John Cabot.'

"'Señor,' I cried, half angrily, 'since you know my address so well, will you not be so kind as to favor me with yours?'

"'Mine! oh yes, with pleasure, though I now recollect that I have omitted to state my sister's name—hers first, if you please; it is Donna Clara Garcia.'

"'And yours is Pedro Garcia.'

"'Exactly, with a *Don* before it, which my poor father left me. You perceive, Mr. Stewart, by what means I knew you after your warning about the kicking, eh? I suspected it was yourself, when I saw an American gentleman with his arm in a sling, and so I made bold to accost you in the midst of your rhapsody about angels—'

"'Ah! Don Pedro,' I stammered in confusion, when I recalled the ludicrous scene, 'how foolish I must appear to you.'

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"'For what, señor—for thinking my sister handsome? You do my taste inju-tice. I think so myself.'

"We rode on in silence a few minutes. I recalled all that Captain Hopkins had told me about my new acquaintance, his sister, and her guardian. I took heart of grace, and determined to know more of the beautiful creature whom I had now identified; but when I turned toward my companion, his stern expression, so different from the one his features had hitherto borne, almost disheartened me.

"'Don Pedro,' said I, with hesitation, 'may I ask if you are angry at the trifling manner with which I have spoken of your sister before I knew her to be such?'

"'Is it necessary for me to assure you to the contrary?' he asked, with a smile again lighting up his face.

"'But if,' I continued, 'I should say that the admiration I have manifested is sincere, that even in the short time I have seen her to-day, I have been deeply interested, and that I ardently desire her acquaintance.'

"'Why, señor, in that case, I should reply, that my sister is very highly honored by your favorable notice, and that I should do my possible to make you know each other better. If,' he continued, 'the case you have supposed be the fact, I think I can manage this matter, her old janitor to the contrary notwithstanding.'

"'I do say, then,' I replied, with enthusiasm, 'that the sight of Donna Clara has excited emotions in my bosom I have never felt before. I shall be the happiest man in the world to have the privilege of knowing her.'

"'Attend, then. Don Carlos is absent at Havana, and will probably remain so for a few days, until his wrist gets well; in the meantime, his sister acts as duenna over Donna Clara. She is quite a nice old lady, however, and allows my sister far greater liberty in her brother's absence than ordinarily, as, for instance, to-day. I will get her to permit Clara to spend a few days at my villa down the bay—Alvarez himself would not dare to refuse this request, if—' my companion stopped short, and his brow clouded. 'But I forget the best of the matter,' he continued a moment after, in a lively tone. 'Señor, you will dine with me to-morrow, and spend a day or two with me. I keep bachelor's hall, but I have an excellent cook, and some of the oldest wine in Cuba. Beside, you will see my sister. Will you honor me, Mr. Stewart?'

"I was transported. 'Señor,' I cried, 'if Capt. Hopkins—'

"'Oh! a fig for Hopkins,' shouted my volatile friend, 'he shall dine with me too. He is an ancient of mine—he dare not refuse to let you go. But there is the fine old sinner himself in the verandah of the *café*; now we can ask him.'

"We rattled up to the door, to the infinite astonishment of my worthy skipper, who was greatly surprised to see Don Pedro and his second mate on such excellent terms, and all without his intervention.

"'Hillo!' he shouted, 'how came you two sailing in company?'

"The worthy old seaman was briefly informed of my afternoon's adventures over a bowl of iced sangaree; and when Pedro made his proposition about the morrow's dinner, and a little extra liberty for me, the reply was very satisfactory.

"'Sartainly, sartainly,' said he, 'and I hope good will come of it.'

"'Well, then,' said Pedro, 'as this matter is settled, I must take my leave. I shall expect you early, gentlemen. *Adieu*—and, with a graceful bow, my new friend entered his carriage, and was driven away.

"'Now,' said the skipper, after our boat's crew had cleared their craft from the crowd at the stairs, 'now, Stewart, what do you think of the pirate's daughter, my boy? D'ye see, I never happened to sight her, though her brother and I have been fast friends these five years. Is she so handsome, Ben,'

"'Full as good-looking as the figure-head of the Cleopatra,' replied I.

"'Egad! you don't say so!' exclaimed the skipper, who thought that the aforesaid graven image on the cut-water of his old ship, far excelled the Venus de Medici in beauty of feature and form. 'She must be almighty beautiful; and then, my son, she is as rich as the Rajah of Rangoon, who owns a diamond as big as our viol-block. Did you fall in love pretty bad, Ben?'

"'Considerable,' I replied, grinning at the old gentleman's simplicity.

"'By the laws, then, if you don't cut out that sweet little craft from under that old pirate's guns, you're no seaman, that's a fact! Egad! I should like to do it, and wouldn't ask only one kiss for salvage, and you'll be for having the whole concern.'

"The next morning I packed my portmanteau and dressed myself with unusual care. About ten the skipper and myself got aboard the gig, and pushed off for Don Pedro's villa, which lay on the eastern shore of the bay, two miles from the city, and nearly opposite the barracks and hospital.

"We landed at a little pier at the foot of the garden; the house, embowered in a grove of orange and magnolia trees, was close at hand. Don Pedro met us on the verandah.

"'Welcome! welcome!' he cried; 'how do you like the appearance of my bachelor's hall? But come, let's go in; my sister has arrived, and knows that I expect Captain Hopkins and Mr. Stewart, of the Cabot, and,' he added, with a significant smile, 'nothing more, though she has been very curious to find who the gentlemen is with whom I entered the church yesterday.'

"We entered the drawing-room, and there, sure enough, was my angel of the cathedral-porch. Her eye fell upon me as I passed the doorway, and, by the half start and blush, I saw that I was plainly recognized, and with pleasure. We were formally presented by Don Pedro, and, after the old skipper had been flattered into an ecstasy of mingled admira-

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tion and self-complacency, Donna Clara turned again to me.

"'I do not know that I ought to have bid you welcome, Mr. Stewart,' she said, with an arch smile. 'you treated my poor guardian shamefully, I am told.'

"'Yes,' cried Pedro, 'and just to let you know what a truculent person he is, know that yesterday he more than insinuated that he would serve me in the same way that he did Don Carlos.'"

"Land ho!" sung out the man on the look-out.

"Where away?" shouted Langley, walking forward.

"Pretty near ahead, sir; perhaps a point on our starboard bow, sir."

"Land ho!" bellowed the man at the wheel, "just abeam, sir, to loo-ard."

"What had I better do, sir?" inquired Langley, of the mate.

"I was looking at the chart just at night, and I should reckon the land ahead might be Mayaguana, and the Little Caycos under our lee."

"Head her about west, then; but we shall have the lead going soon."

We sailed away before the wind, which had now veered again to the eastward, and in a few moments were dashing bravely on, sailing right up the moon's wake toward the Pass, the land lying on each side of us like blue clouds resting on the horizon. We settled ourselves again on the hatch, lighted fresh cigars, and the mate resumed his broken yarn.

"It is getting late, boys, almost six bells, and I must cut my story a little short. I will pass over the dinner, the invitation to stay longer, Captain Hopkins' consent, the undisguised pleasure and the repressed delight of Clara at this arrangement, and I will pass over the next two days, only saying that the memory of them haunts me yet; and that though at the time they seemed short enough, yet when I look back upon them, it is hard to realize they were not months instead of days, so much of heart experience did I acquire in the time. I found Clara to be every thing which the most exacting wife-hunter could wish—beautiful as a dream. Believe me, boys, I do not now speak with the enthusiasm of a lover, but such beauty is seldom seen on the earth. Added to this, she was intellectual, refined, accomplished, and highly educated. I went back four years in life, and with all the enthusiasm of a college student I raved of poetry and romance. We read German together, and we talked of love in French; and the musical tongue of Italy, it seemed to me, befitted her mouth better than her own sonorous native language, and when in conversation she would look me one of those dreamy glances which had at the first set my heart in agitation, it perfectly bewildered me. You needn't smile, Langley, (poor Bill's face was guilty of no such distortion,) but if your little *danseuse* should practice for years, she couldn't attain to the delicious glance which my handsome creole girl can give you. The heavily-fringed eyelid is just raised, so that you can look as if for an interminable distance into the beautiful orb beneath, and at the end of the vista, see the fiery soul which lies so far from the voluptuous exterior.

"But, though I was madly in love, I had not yet dared with my lips to say so to the lady, whatever my eyes might have revealed; but Pedro was my confident, and encouraged me to hope.

"The third day of my sojourn on shore was spent in a visit to Don Pedro's plantation in the vale, and it was dark when we arrived home. After the light refreshment which constitutes the evening meal of Cuba, Don Pedro pleaded business, and left the apartment—and for the first time that day I was alone with Clara.

"'Now,' thought I, 'now or never.'

"If upon the impulse of the moment a man proceeds to make love, he generally does it up shipshape; but if he, with malice aforethought, lays deliberate plans, he finds it the most awkward traverse to work in the world to follow them—but I did not know this. I sat by the table, and in my embarrassment kept pushing the solitary taper farther and farther from me, until at last over it went, and was extinguished upon the floor.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons!' cried I apologizing.

"'*N' importe*,' replied Clara, 'there is a fine moon, which will give us light enough.'

"She rose and drew the curtain of the large bow-window, so common in the West Indian houses, and the rich moonlight, now unvexed by the dull glare of the taper, flowed into the apartment, bathing every object it touched with silvery radiance. Clara sat in the window, in the full glow of the light, leaning forward toward the open air, and I, with a beating heart, gazed upon her superb beauty. Shall I ever forget it? Her head leaned upon a hand and arm which Venus herself might envy; the jetty curls which shaded her face fell in graceful profusion, Madonna-like, upon shoulders faultless in shape, and white as that crest of foam on yonder sea. Her face was the Spanish oval, with a low, broad feminine forehead, eyebrows exquisitely pencilled, and arching over eyes that I shall not attempt to describe. Her lovely bosom, half exposed as she leaned over, reminded me, as it heaved against the chemiset, of the bows of a beautiful ship, rising and sinking with the swell of the sea, now high in sight, and anon buried in a cloud of snowy spray. One hand, buried in curls, I have said, supported her head, the other, by her side, grasped the folds of her robe, beneath which peeped out a tiny foot in a way that was rather dangerous to my sane state of mind to observe.

"We had sat a few moments in silence, when Clara suddenly spoke.

"'Come hither, señor,' said she, 'look out upon this beautiful landscape, and tell me whether in your boasted land there can be found one as lovely. Have you such a sky, such a moon, such waters, and graceful trees, such blue mountains—and, hark! have you such music?'

"I approached to her side and looked out. The band at the barracks had just begun their nightly serenade, and the music traveled across the bay to strike upon our ears so softly, that it sounded like strains from fairy land.

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"'They are playing an ancient march of the days of Ferdinand and Isabel,' whispered Clara; 'could you not guess its stately measures were pure old Castilian? Now mark the change—that is a Moorish serenade; is it not like the fitful breathings of an Eolian harp?'

"The music ceased, but it died in cadences so soft that I stood with lips apart, half in doubt whether the spirit-sound I yet heard were the effect of imagination or not. Reluctantly I was compelled to believe myself deceived, and then turned to look upon the landscape. I never remember of seeing a lovelier night. It was now nine o'clock, and the sounds of business were hushed on the harbor, but boats, filled with gay revelers, glided over the sparkling surface of the water, whose laugh and song added interest and life to the scene. Nearly opposite to us, upon the other side of the bay, were the extensive barracks, hospital, and the long line of the Marino, their white stuccoed walls glowing in the moonlight. On our left the beautiful city rose like an amphitheatre around the head of the bay; the hum of the populace, and the rumbling of wheels sounding faintly in the distance. Behind the town the blue conical peaks of the mountains melted into the sky. On our right was the roadstead and open sea, the moon's wake thereon glittering like a street in heaven, and reaching far away to other lands. All around us grew a wilderness of palm, orange, cocoa, and magnolia trees, vocal with the thousand strange noises of a tropical night. Directly below us, but a cable length from the overhanging palms which frinzed the shore, lay a heavy English corvette in the deep shade of the land; but the arms of the sentry on her forecastle glinted in the moonbeams as he paced his lonely watch, and sung out, as the bell struck twice, his accustomed long-drawn cry of 'All's well!' Just beyond her, in saucy propinquity, lay a slaver, bound for the coast of Africa—a beautiful, graceful craft. Still farther out the crew of a clumsy French brig were chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin. Ships from every civilized country lay anchored, in picturesque groups, in all directions, and far down, her tall white spars standing in bold and graceful relief against the dark, gray walls of San Severino, I recognized my own beautiful craft, sitting like a swan in the water; and still farther, in the deep water of the roadstead, lay an American line-of-battle ship, her lofty sides flashing brightly in the moonlight, and her frowning batteries turned menacingly toward the old castle, telling a plain bold tale of our country's power and glory, and making my heart proud within me that I was an American sailor.

"'Say,' again asked Clara, in a low, hushed voice, 'saw you ever aught so lovely in your own land?'

"To tell the truth, I had forgotten my sweet companion for a moment. 'I am sorry,' said I, taking her hand, 'very sorry, that you think the United States so unenviable a place of residence. I hope, dear lady, to persuade you to make it your home.'

"The small hand I clasped trembled in mine.

"'Señora,' said I, taking a long breath, and beginning a little speech which I had composed for the occasion, while sitting at the table pushing the candlestick, 'Señora, I have your brother's permission to address you. I am—a—sure, indeed, convinced, that I love you—ahem—considerably. I have known you, to be sure, but a few days, but, as I said before—at least—at all events—I could be quite happy if you were my wife—you knew. Señora, and if you could—a—'

"I had proceeded thus far swimmingly, except that a few of the words I had previously selected seemed, when I came to pronounce them, as extravagant, and so I had substituted others in their place, not so liable to be censured for that fault; beside, a lapse of memory had once or twice occasioned temporary delay and embarrassment; but I had got along thus far, I say, as I presumed, exceedingly well, when, oh, thunder! Donna Clara disengaged her hand, curtseyed deeply, bade me good-night, and swept haughtily out of the room. Egad! I felt as if roused out of my berth by a cold sea filling it full in the middle of my watch below. 'Lord!' thought I, aloud, 'what can I have done? There I was, making love according to the chart, and before I knew it, I'm high and dry ashore. One thing is clear as a bell, she is a regular-built coquette, and all her fine looks to me are nothing but man-traps, decoys, and false lights. Yet how beautiful she is, how she has deceived me, and how much I might have loved her. Shall I try again? No, I'm d—d if I do! once is enough for me. Egad! I can take a hint without being kicked. To-morrow I'll go aboard again, and to work like a second mate as I am; that's decided. But—'

"Absorbed in very disagreeable reflections, I sat by the window, insensible to the charms without, which had before been so fascinating, when I was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door. I looked around, and saw Don Pedro. 'Where's Donna Clara?' he asked.

"'Gone,' I replied, in an exceeding bad humor.

"'What! so early? I made sure to find her here as usual.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you perceive that you were mistaken, I presume'—I was *very* cross.

"'Why, señor, something has gone wrong; you appear chagrined.'

"'Oh! no, sir; never was so good-natured in my life—ha! ha! beautiful evening, Don Pedro! remarkably fine night! How pleasant the moon shines, don't it?'

"Mr. Stewart,' said Don Pedro, gravely, 'I do not wish to press you, but you will greatly oblige me by telling me what has passed between yourself and Donna Clara this night?'

"So, rather ashamed of my petulence, I recounted my essay at love-making.

"'Carramba!' ejaculated Don Pedro, 'how d—d foolish—in her, I mean. She is a wayward girl, sir, but yet I think she loves you. I tell you frankly that I ardently desire her to marry you; pardon me, then, when I say, that if you love her, do not be discouraged, but try again.'

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"'I think not,' said I, decidedly, 'I go on board to-morrow.'

"My usually lively and mercurial friend sighed heavily, and then drawing a chair, sat down opposite me. 'Listen to me a moment, sir,' said he. 'Cast aside your mortified pride, and answer me frankly. 'Do you really love my sister? Would you wish to see her subjected to the alternative, either to become the wife of Don Carlos Alvarez, or else to be confined in a convent, perhaps be constrained or influenced to take the hateful veil? You alone can save her from this dreadful dilemma.'

"My Yankee cautiousness was awakened, but I replied, 'I do love your sister, sir, and would do any thing but marry a woman who does not love me to save her from such a fate as you represent; but still, sir, I cannot perceive how that I, till lately unknown to you, can have such an influence over you and yours. Is not your own power sufficient to prevent such undesirable results?'

"I saw by the moonlight that my companion's eyes flashed with anger, but he made a strong effort to control himself.

"'I do not wonder,' he said, a moment after, 'that you are angry, Mr. Stewart, after the conduct of my madcap sister, or indeed that you deem it strange to find yourself of so much importance suddenly,' he added, a little maliciously, 'but I will explain the last matter to you, relying upon your honor. About two years ago, I accompanied Alvarez to Havana, upon some business relative to Clara's estate. While returning late one evening to our hotel, we heard in a retired street the cries of a woman in distress. Midnight outrages were then very common in the city, and usually the inhabitants, if they were not themselves interested in the issue, paid very little attention to calls for assistance, and Alvarez, upon my suggesting to him to go with me to the aid of the lady making the outcry, advised me to consult my own safety by keeping clear of the *fracas*, but when a louder cry for help reached my ears, I could restrain myself no longer, but started for the scene of action. I soon perceived a carriage drawn up before a house which had been broken open. Two of the professional bravos were forcing a lady into this carriage, whom, by the light of the lanterns, I recognized to be an actress at the San Carlos. A gentleman in a mask stood by, apparently the commander of the expedition. I called to the ruffians to desist, but was hindered from attacking them by the gentleman, who drew his sword and kept me off, while the robbers forced the lady into the carriage and drove rapidly away. My antagonist seemed also disposed to retreat, but I was very angry and kept him engaged, until, growing angry in his turn, he seriously prepared himself to fight. He was a very expert swordsman, nevertheless in a few minutes I ran him through the body, and he instantly fell and expired. At this juncture Don Carlos stepped up, and when we removed the mask from the face of the corpse, I found to my consternation that I had killed the Count ——, an aid-de-camp of the captain-general, and a son of one of the most powerful noblemen in the mother country. Horror-struck, we fled. The next day the whole city resounded with the fame of the so-called assassination. The government offered immense rewards for the discovery of the murderer. Since that time I hold my life, for use and honor by the feeble tenure of Don Carlo's silence. His power over me is very great. I distrust him much. Unknown to but very few, I have a yacht lying at a little estate in a rocky nook at Point Yerikos, in complete order to sail at any moment. On board of her is a large amount of property in money and jewels, but still, alas! I should, in case of flight, be forced to leave behind the greater part of my patrimony, which is in real estate, which I dare not sell for fear of exciting Alvarez' suspicion. I live on red-hot coals. Clara alone detains me. It is true that she might fly with me, but she would leave her large fortune behind in the hands of her devil of a guardian. Now, with what knowledge you already have of my father's will, you can easily guess the rest. You are no stranger to me. I know your history, your family, your education, and, under the most felicitous circumstances, would be proud and happy to call you brother. Now, then, decide to try again. Clara shall not refuse you; she does not wish to do so; on the contrary, she loves you; but some of her oldness was in the ascendant to-night, and so it happened as it did. At any rate I can no longer trifle with my own safety, and have no authority or means to prevent Don Carlos from exercising unlimited power over my sister's actions. Good-night, señor, you can strike the gong when you wish for a servant and a light. I shall have your answer in the morning.'

"Don Pedro left the room in great agitation, and soon after I retired to bed. I lay a long time thinking over the events and revelations of the evening; love and pride alternately held the mastery of my determinations. I loved Clara well and truly, and sympathized with her and her brother in their unfortunate situation, but I had been virtually refused once, and my pride revolted from accepting the hand thus forced into mine by the misfortunes of its owner. At last, as the clock struck three, I fell asleep, still undecided. The sun had first risen in the morning when I started from an uneasy slumber. I dressed myself, passed through my window to the verandah, and down to the water, where I bathed, and returning through the garden entered an arbor and stretched myself on a settee, the better to collect my thoughts.

"I had been here but a very short time when I heard voices approaching me, and upon their drawing nearer, I perceived Don Pedro and his sister engaged in earnest conversation. It was now too late to retreat, for they were approaching me by the only way I could effect it, and I was upon the point of going forth to meet them, when they paused in front of the arbor, and I heard Clara pronounce my name so musically, that I hope you will not think I did wrong, when told that I drew back, determined to listen, and thereby to obtain a hint whereupon to act. Clara leaned upon her brother's arm, who had evidently been expostulating with her, for his voice was

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earnest and reproachful, and Clara's eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"'And yet you say,' continued Pedro, 'that you can love this gentleman.'

"'Can love him!' cried Clara passionately, 'oh! Pedro, if you only knew how I do love him!'

"'Why, then, in the name of all that is consistent, did you act so strangely last night? In your situation an offer from any American gentleman deserved consideration, to say the least; but Mr. Stewart, a friend and *protégé* of our uncle's, a refined, educated man, a man whom you say you love. Clara, I wonder at you! What could have been the reason?'

"'This, Pedro,' said Clara, looking at the toe of her slipper, which was drawing figures in the gravel-walk. 'You must know that I did it to punish him for making love so awkwardly. Now, instead of going down on his knees, as the saints know I could have done to him, the cold-blooded fellow went on as frigidly as if he had been buying a negro, and that too with a moon shining over him which should have crazed him, and talking to a girl whose heart was full of fiery love for him. Pedro, my heart was chilled, and so, to punish him, I—'

"'Diablo!' swore Pedro, dropping his sister's arm, and striding off in a great rage.

"'Oh! stay, brother!' sobbed poor Clara; 'indeed, I could not help it. Oh, dear!' she continued, as Pedro vanished from her sight, 'now *he's* angry. What have I done?' She buried her face in her hands, entered the arbor, threw herself on the settee, and began sobbing with convulsive grief. Here was a situation for an unsophisticated youth like myself. Egad! my heart bounced about in my breast like a shot adrift in the cook's biggest copper. I approached the lady softly, and, grown wiser by experience, knelt before I took her hand. She started, screamed faintly, and endeavored to escape.

"'Stay, stay, dearest Clara!' cried I, detaining her, 'I should not dare to again address you after the repulse of last night, had I not just now been an inadvertent, but delighted listener to your own sweet confession that you loved me. Let me say in return that I love you as wildly, tenderly, passionately, as if I, like you, had been born under a southern sun; that I cannot be happy without you. Forgive me for last night. It was not that my heart was cold, but I was fearful that unless I constrained myself I should be wild and extravagant. Dearest Clara, will you say to me that which you just now told Pedro?'

"Her head sunk upon my shoulder. 'Señor,' she murmured, 'I do love you, and with my whole heart.'

"'And will be my wife?' I asked.

"'Whenever you please.'"

Here the mate paused, and gave several very energetic puffs, and lighted a new cigar.

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart," he resumed, "and kissed her cheeks, her lips and eyes, a thousand times, and was just beginning on the eleventh hundred, when, lo, there stood mine host in the doorway, evidently very much amused, and, considering that it was his sister with whom these liberties had been taken, extremely satisfied.

"I came immediately to the conclusion, in my own mind, to defer any farther labial demonstrations, and felt rather foolish; but Clara arranged her dress and looked defiance.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons,' said Don Pedro, entering, hat in hand, and bowing low, 'but really the scene was so exquisitely fine, so much to my taste, that I could not forbear looking on awhile. Clara, dear, has Mr. Stewart discovered the way to make love *à la mode?* I understood you to say he did it oddly and coldly; but, by Venus! I think he does it in the most natural manner possible, and with some warmth and vigor, or else I'm no judge of kissing—and I make some pretensions to being a connoisseur.'

"'And an amateur also,' retorted Clara.

"'I wont deny the soft impeachment—but, my friends, breakfast is waiting for you, if Mr. Stewart can bring his appetite to relish coffee after sipping nectar from my sweet sister's lips.'

"We made a very happy trio that morning around the well-spread board of my friend Pedro. Just as we were rising, however, a servant brought in a note for his master. Don Pedro's brow darkened as he read it. 'It is from Carlos,' said he, folding it up, 'and informs me that he will be at home to-night, and will call for you, Clara—for it seems he has been informed of your visit here, and is determined that it shall be as short as possible. We must work quick then.'

"'But what is to be done?' I inquired.

"'You need do nothing at present but keep Clara company, while I go to town to see Capt. Hopkins. We will arrange some plan.'

"Clara and I passed the morning as you may imagine; it seemed but a few minutes from Pedro's departure for the city, till his return in company with my skipper.

"'Ben,' shouted the latter, seizing my hand, 'may I be d—d but you're a jewel—begging your pardon, Donna Clara, for swearing in your presence, which I did not notice before.'

"When Clara retired to dress for dinner, Capt. Hopkins divulged to me the plans which had been formed by him and Pedro. 'D'ye see, Ben, my ch'd, Don Pedro and I have arranged the matter in A No. 1 style; and if we can only work the traverse, it'll be magnificent—and I don't very well see why we can't. To day is Thursday, you know. Well, I shall hoist my last box of sugar aboard to-morrow night, and, after dark, Don Pedro is going to run a boat alongside with his plunder and valuables. Your sweetheart must go home, it appears, but before she goes you must make an arrangement with her to be at a certain window of Alvarez' house, Pedro will tell her which, at twelve o'clock Saturday night. You and her brother will be under it ready to receive her; and when you have got the lady, you will bring her aboard the ship, which shall be ready to cut and run, I tell you; up killock, sheet home, and I'll defy all the cutters in Havana to overhaul us with an

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hour's start! Those chaps in Stockholm are almighty particular about your health, if your papers show that you left Havana after the first of June, and so, to pull the wool over their eyes, and save myself a long quarantine, I was intending to stop at Boston and get a new clearance, so it'll be no trouble at all to set you all ashore, for Don Pedro and his sister will not wish to go to Sweden; and my second mate, I suppose, will want to get married and leave me. Now, Ben, my boy, that's what I call a XX plan; no scratch brand about that; superfine, and no mistake, and entitled to debenture.'

"'Excellent, indeed!' replied I.

"'Well, after dinner, we'll give you time to tell your girl all about it, and to kiss her once or twice; but you must bear a hand about it, now I tell you, because we must be out of that bloody pirate's way when he comes, and there's a sight of work to do aboard.'

"After dinner the whole matter was again talked over and approved by all, and then the skipper and myself took our leave and went aboard.

"As Captain Hopkins had arranged, we finished our freight on Friday evening, and in the night Pedro came off to us with a boat-load of baggage, pictures, heirlooms, and money. The next day we cleared at the custom-house, and in the afternoon hove short on our anchor, loosed our sails, and made every preparation for putting to sea in a hurry. A lieutenant from the castle came off with our blacks after dark, and while he was drinking a glass of wine in the cabin, Don Pedro, most unfortunately, came on board. I heard his voice and started to intercept him; but he met me in the companion, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, 'Well, Stewart, you are all ready to cut and run, I see; by this time to-morrow I hope we will be far beyond reach—'

"'Hush! hush! for God's sake!' I whispered, pointing to the companion; 'there is an officer from the castle below.'

"We walked to the sky-light and looked down.

"'Diablo!' muttered Pedro, with a start, 'do you think he heard me?'

"'No, I think not; the skipper and he did not cease conversation. The steward is so glad to get back amongst his crockery, that he was kicking up a devil of a row in the pantry; that may have drowned your voice.'

"'If he did hear me I'm ruined. He is Don Sebastian Alvarez, a nephew of Carlos', and dependent on him; he has watched me closely for three months. What is his errand?'

"'He brought off our cook and steward, who have been confined in the castle.'

"'Well, I dare say all is right; he is a lieutenant in the castle, and there is nothing strange in his being here on such business; but I'll keep out of sight.'

"The officer soon came on deck, shook hands with Captain Hopkins, wished him a pleasant voyage, and then went down into his boat, ordering the men to pull for the castle.

"'All right, I trust,' cried Pedro, emerging from the round-house, 'if he had started for the city, it would have been suspicious.'

"The skipper called the crew, who were principally Yankees, upon the quarter-deck, and in a brief speech stated the case in hand to them. 'Now, my men,' said he, 'which of you will volunteer to go with Don Pedro Garcia and Mr. Stewart?'

"Every man offered his services. We chose six lusty fellows, and supplied them with pistols and cutlasses. Don Pedro gave them a doubloon a-piece, and to each of the rest of the crew a smaller sum. At eleven o'clock we descended into the boat and pushed off for the shore. The night had set in dark and rainy, with a strong breeze, almost a gale, from the south. The men rowed in silence and with vigor, but the wind was ahead for us, and when we landed at the end of the mole, behind a row of molasses-hogsheads, it wanted but a few moments of twelve. Leaving two men for boat-keepers, Don Pedro and myself, with the other four, traversed the silent streets until we stopped in a dark lane, in the rear of a large house, which appeared to front upon a more frequented street, for even at that late hour a carriage occasionally was heard.

"'Now, hist!' whispered Pedro, 'listen for footsteps.'

"We strained our ears, but heard nothing but the clang of the deep-toned cathedral bell, striking the hour of twelve. A moment after a window above us opened, and a female form stepped out upon the balcony.

"'Pedro, whispered the musical voice of Clara, 'is that you?'

"'Yes, yes—hush! Mr. Stewart is here, and some of his men. Are you all ready?'

"'Yes,' replied Clara; 'but how am I going to descend?'

"'Catch this line, which I will throw to you,' said I, making a coil.

"The fair girl caught the line as handily as—as—a monkey, I suppose I must say.

"'Now, haul away,' I said; 'there is a ladder bent on to the other end, which you must make fast to the balustrade.'

"'What!' cried Clara, quite aloud, 'a ladder!—a real, live rope-ladder! how delightfully romantic!'

"'Hush! hush! you lunatic!' said Pedro, in a hoarse whisper.

"'Oh, Pedro!" continued his sister, "just think how droll it is to run away with one's lover, and one's brother standing by aiding and abetting! Oh, fie! I'm ashamed of you! There, now, I've fastened this delightful ladder—what next?'

"I ascended, and taking her in my arms, prepared to assist her to the ground.

"'Am I not heavy?' she asked, as she put her arms about my neck.

"My God! boys, I could have lifted twenty of her as I felt then.

"'This is the second time, señor, that you have helped me to the ground within a week; now get me on the water, and I will thank you for all at once.'

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"'In a few moments more all danger will be behind us, dearest.'

"Clara leaned upon my arm, enveloped in a boat-cloak, while we rapidly retraced our steps to the boat, which we reached in safety, but, behold, the men whom we had left were missing. Hardly had we made ourselves sure of this unwelcome fact when a file of men, headed by the same officer who had boarded us in the evening, sprang out from behind the molasses-hogsheads. In a moment more a fierce fight had begun. I seized Clara by the waist with one arm, and drew my cutlas just in time to save my head from the sabre of Carlos Alvarez, who aimed a blow at me, crying, 'Now, dog of a Yankee, it is my turn!'

"'In the name of the king! in the name of the king!' shouted the officer—but it made no difference, we fought like seamen. Clara had fainted, but I still kept my hold of her, when suddenly a ton weight seemed to have fallen on my head; my eyes seemed filled with red-hot sparks of intense brilliancy and heat; the wild scene around vanished from their sight as I sunk down stunned and insensible.

"When I came to myself, I was lying in my own berth aboard the ship. I felt weak, faint, and dizzy, and strove in vain to collect my thoughts sufficiently to remember what had happened. My state-room door was open, and I perceived that the sun's rays were shining brightly through the sky-light upon the cabin-table, at which sat Capt. Hopkins, overhauling the medicine-chest, which was open before him. I knew by the sharp heel of the vessel, her uneasy pitching, and the cool breeze which fanned my fevered cheek, that the ship was close hauled on a wind, and probably far at sea. I looked at my arms; they were wasted to half their usual size, and my head was bandaged and very sore and painful. Slowly and with difficulty I recalled the events of the few hours preceding that in which I had lost my senses—then I remembered the *mêlee* on the mole. Evidently I had been severely wounded, and while senseless been brought off to the ship. Then came the inquiry, what had been the fate of Clara and her brother. Were they safe on board, or were they captured or killed in the *fracas?* I hardly dared to ask the skipper who still sat at the table, with a most dolorous face, arranging the vials and gallipots. At last the suspense became intolerable.

"'Captain Hopkins,' said I, but in a voice so weak that it startled me. Faint as it was, however, the worthy skipper started to his feet, and was by my side in an instant.

"'Glory to God!' he shouted, snapping his fingers. 'I know by your eyes that reason has hold of your helm again. You 'll get well now! Hurrah! D—n, though I mus' n't make so much noise.'

"'But, Captain Hopkins—'

"'Can't tell you any thing now, you 're too weak to bear it; that is—you know, Ben, good news is—ahem! dreadful apt to kill sick people; and you 've been horrid sick, that 's a fact. I thought four days ago that you had shipped on a voyage to kingdom come, and was outward bound; but you 'll do well enough now, if you only keep quiet, and if you do n't you 'll slip your wind yet. Shut up your head, take a drink of this stuff, and go to sleep.'

"Capt. Hopkins left me, and, anxious as I was, I soon fell sound asleep. When I awoke I felt much better and stronger, and tenzed the skipper so much, that he at last ventured to tell me that after I had been struck down by a sabre-cut over the head, Don Pedro, also badly wounded, and Donna Clara, had been captured by the soldiers. The two boat-keepers also were missing, and one of the others left, either dead or badly wounded, on the mole. Our other three men, finding themselves overpowered, succeeded barely in gaining the boat with my insensible form, and pushed off for the ship. Capt Hopkins, upon hearing their story, had no other alternative but to cut an run, and favored by the strong southerly gale, he managed to make good his escape, though fired on by the castle before he had got out of range. In the hurry and confusion my wound was not properly attended to, and a brain fever set in, under which I had been suffering for a week; but the kind care of Capt. Hopkins and Mr. Smith, and the strength of my constitution, at last prevailed over the disease. Dismal as was this story, and the prospects it unfolded, my spirits, naturally buoyant, supported me, and I determined that when the ship should arrive in Boston I would leave her and return immediately to Cuba, to make an effort for the release of my friends. Wild as was this resolve, I grew better upon the hope of accomplishing it; and when we anchored off Long Wharf, after a tedious passage, I was nearly well.

"Notwithstanding the advice of my friends I made arrangements for an immediate return to Matanzas, but the day before my intended departure the Paragon arrived from that port; and I learned from her officers that Don Pedro was closely confined, awaiting his trial for the murder of Count ——, the result of which would be, without doubt, against him. Clara, believing the general report of my death, had entered the Ursuline Convent to begin her novitiate; and I was told that if I was to be seen in Matanzas, the *garrote*, or chain-gang, was all that I could expect. Your father then told me that if I would consent to accompany Captain Hopkins, he would sail in my place to Matanzas, and do his utmost for his nephew and niece. I could not help but see the wisdom of this arrangement, and acceded to it. We sailed from Boston to Stockholm, from thence to Rotterdam, and from thence to Batavia. A freight offering for Canton, we went to that port, and from thence came home, after an absence of two years and a half. In the meantime Don Pedro had been tried, and sentenced to death; but by the exertions of your father, who wrought faithfully in his behalf, his sentence was commuted, first to twenty, and then to twelve years in the gallies, or, as it is in Cuba, the chain-gang. His efforts to see Clara, in order to disabuse her mind of the belief of my death, was abortive; and she, after finishing her year as a novice, took the veil—and she is now a nun in the Ursuline Convent at Matanzas, while her noble brother is a slave,

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with felons, laboring with the cursed chain-gang in the same city to which we are bound. Now, boys, do you wonder that when I found myself under orders to go again to the scene of all this misery I was affected, and that a melancholy has possessed me which has increased as the voyage has progressed? I did determine at first that I would leave the ship at Gibraltar and go home, but I dreaded to part with my shipmates. I shall not go ashore while we lay at Matanzas for many reasons, though I should incur no risk, I think. Everybody who knew me in Matanzas believes me dead long since; and six years of seafaring life in every climate, changes one strangely. But the wind has veered again and freshened considerably since I began my yarn. It looks some as if we might catch a norther by way of variety. Brewster will have to shorten sail in his watch, I reckon, and maybe keep the lead going if we make much leeway. Come, Bill, it is 4 o'clock, and a little past."

"Eight bells, there, for'ard!" shouted the third mate. "Call the watch! Rouse Brewster, Frank, will you?"

The sleepy, yawning starboard watch were soon on deck, half-dressed, and snuffing the morning air very discontentedly. We of the larboard division went below to our berths.

"Langley," said I to the third mate, while we were undressing, "I've got a plan in my head to get my cousins clear from their bad fix. Will you help me work it?"

"Marry, that I will," answered Langley, throwing himself into a theatrical attitude. "Look here, Frank, this is the way I'll run that bloody Alvarez through the gizzard!"

The last sounds I heard that night were the hurried trampling of feet over my head on deck, and the shouts of the watch shortening sail. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in the *fracas* at the end of the mole. [*Conclusion in our next.*

WHITE CREEK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

[This is a picturesque little stream in Washington county, State of New York. It flows through the broad and beautiful meadows of the Hon. John Savage, late Chief Justice of the State.]

Over the stirless surface of the ground
The hot air trembles. In pale glittering haze
Wavers the sky. Along the horizon's rim,
Breaking its mist, are peaks of coppery clouds.
Keen darts of light are shot from every leaf,
And the whole landscape droops in sultriness.
With languid tread, I drag myself along
Across the wilting fields. Around my steps
Spring myriad grasshoppers, their cheerful notes
Loud in my ear. The ground bird whirs away,
Then drops again, and groups of butterflies
Sporting the path, upflicker as I come.
At length I catch the sparkles of the brook
In its deep thickets, whose refreshing green
Soothes my strained eyesight. The cool shadows fall
Like balm upon me from the boughs o'erhead.
My coming strikes a terror on the scene.
All the sweet sylvan sounds are hushed; I catch
Glimpses of vanishing wings. An azure shape
Quick darting down the vista of the brook,
Proclaims the scared kingfisher, and a plash
And turbid streak upon the streamlet's face,
Betray the water-rat's swift dive and path
Across the bottom to his burrow deep.
The moss is plump and soft, the tawny leaves
Are crisp beneath my tread, and scaly twigs
Startle my wandering eye like basking snakes.
Where this thick brush displays its emerald tent,
I stretch my wearied frame, for solitude
To steal within my heart. How hushed the scene
At first, and then, to the accustomed ear,
How full of sounds, so tuned to harmony
They seemed but silence; the monotonous purl
Of yon small water-break—the transient hum
Swung past me by the bee—the low meek burst
Of bubbles, as the trout leaps up to seize
The skipping spider—the light lashing sound
Of cattle, wading in the shady pool,
Whisking the flies away—the ceaseless chirp
Of crickets, and the tree-frog's quavering note.

Now, from the shadow where I lie concealed,
I see the birds, late banished by my form,
Appearing once more in their usual haunts
Along the stream; the silver-breasted snipe
Twitters and seesaws on the pebbly spots
Bare in the channel—the brown swallow dips
Its wings, swift darting round on every side;
And from yon nook of clustered water-plants,
The wood-duck, shaking its rich purple neck,
Skims out, displaying through the liquid glass
Its yellow feet, as if upborne in air.

Musing upon my couch, this lovely stream
I liken to the truly good man's life,
Amid the heat of passions, and the glare
Of worldly objects, flowing pure and bright,
Shunning the gaze, yet showing where it glides
By its green blessings; cheered by happy thoughts,
Contentment, and the peace that comes from Heaven.

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THE ALCHEMIST'S DAUGHTER.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GIACOMO, *the Alchemist,*
BERNARDO, *his son-in-law,*
ROSALIA, *his daughter, and Bernardo's wife.*
LORENZO, *his servant.*

SCENE I. FERRARA.

The interior of Giacomo's house. Giacomo and Lorenzo discovered together. Time, a little before daybreak.

Gia. Art sure of this?
Lor. Ay, signor, very sure.
'T is but a moment since I saw the thing—
Bernardo, who last night was sworn thy son,
Hath made a villainous barter of thine honor.
Thou may'st rely the duke is where I said.
Gia. If so—no matter—give me here the light.
[*Exit Giacomo.*

Lor. (*Alone.*) Oh, what a night! It must be all a dream!
For twenty years, since that I wore a beard,
I 've served my melancholy master here,
And never until now saw such a night!
A wedding in this silent house, forsooth,—
A festival! The very walls in mute
Amazement stared through the unnatural light!
And poor Rosalia, bless her tender heart,
Looked like her mother's sainted ghost! Ah me,
Her mother died long years ago, and took
One half the blessed sunshine from our house—
The other half was married off last night.
My master, solemn soul, he walked the halls
As if in search of something which was lost;
The groom, I liked not him, nor ever did,
Spoke such perpetual sweetness, till I thought
He wore some augured villany within:—
But then he is my master's ancient friend,
And always known the favorite of the duke,
And, as I know, our lady's treacherous lord!
Oh, Holy Mother, that to villain hawks
Our dove should fall a prey! poor gentle dear!
Now if I had their throats within my grasp—
No matter—if my master be himself,
Nor time nor place shall bind up his revenge.
He 's not a man to spend his wrath in noise,
But when his mind is made, with even pace
He walks up to the deed and does his will.
In fancy I can see him to the end—
The duke, perchance, already breathes his last,
And for Bernardo—he will join him soon;
And for Rosalia, she will take the veil,
To which she hath been heretofore inclined;
And for my master, he will take again
To alchemy—a pastime well enough,
For aught I know, and honest Christian work.
Still it was strange how my poor mistress died,
Found, as she was, within her husband's study.
The rumor went she died of suffocation;
Some cursed crucible which had been left,
By Giacomo, aburning, filled the room,
And when the lady entered took her breath.
He found her there, and since that day the place
Has been a home for darkness and for dust.
I hear him coming; by his hurried step
There 's something done, or will be very soon.

(*Enter Giacomo. He sets the light upon the table and confronts Lorenzo with a stern look.*)

Gia. Lorenzo, thou hast served me twenty years,
And faithfully; now answer me, how was 't
That thou wert in the street at such an hour?
Lor. When that the festival was o'er last night,
I went to join some comrades in their wine
To pass the time in memory of the event.
Gia. And doubtless thou wert blinded soon with drink?
Lor. Indeed, good signor, though the wine flowed free,
I could not touch it, though much urged by all—
Too great a sadness sat upon my heart—
I could do naught but sit and sigh and think
Of our Rosalia in her bridal dress.
Gia. And sober too! so much the more at fault.
But, as I said, thou 'st served me long and well,
Perchance too long—too long by just a day.
Here, take this purse, and find another master.
Lor. Oh, signor, do not drive me thus away!
If I have made mistake—
Gia. No, sirrah, no!
Thou hast not made mistake, but something worse.
Lor. Oh, pray you, what is that then I have made?
Gia. A lie!
Lor. Indeed, good master, on my knees
I swear that what I said is sainted truth.
Gia. Pshaw, pshaw, no more of this. Did I not go
Upon the instant to my daughter's room
And find Bernardo sleeping at her side?
Some villain's gold hath bribed thee unto this.
Go, go.
Lor. Well, if it must be, then it must.
But I would swear that what I said is truth,
Though all the devils from the deepest pit
Should rise to contradict me!
Gia. Prating still?
Lor. No, signor—I am going—stay—see here—
(*He draws a paper from his bosom.*)
Oh, blessed Virgin, grant some proof in this!
This paper as they changed their mantles dropt
Between them to the ground, and when they passed
I picked it up and placed it safely here.
Gia. (*Examining it.*)
Who forged the lie could fabricate this too:—
But hold, it is ingeniously done.
Get to thy duties, sir, and mark me well,
Let no word pass thy lips about the matter—
[*Exit Lorenzo.*

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Bernardo's very hand indeed is here!
Oh, compact villainous and black! conditions,
The means, the hour, the signal—every thing
To rob my honor of its holiest pearl!
Lorenzo, shallow fool—he does not guess
The mischief was all done, and that it was
The duke he saw departing—oh, brain—brain!
How shall I hold this river of my wrath!
It must not burst—no, rather it shall sweep
A noiseless maelstrom, whirling to its center
All thoughts and plans to further my revenge
And rid me of this most accursed blot!
(*He rests his forehead on his hand a few minutes, and exclaims,*)
The past returns to me again—the lore
I gladly had forgot comes like a ghost,
And points with shadowy finger to the means
Which best shall consummate my just design.
The laboratory hath been closed too long;
The door smiles welcome to me once again,
The dusky latch invites my hand—I come!
(*He unlocks the door and stands upon the threshold.*)
Oh, thou whose life was stolen from me here,
Stand not to thwart me in this great revenge;
But rather come with large propitious eyes
Smiling encouragement with ancient looks!
Ye sages whose pale, melancholy orbs
Gaze through the darkness of a thousand years,
Oh, pierce the solid blackness of to-day,
And fire anew this crucible of thought
Until my soul flames up to the result!
(*He enters and the door closes.*)

SCENE II. *Another apartment in the alchemist's house. Enter Rosalia and Bernardo.*

Ros. You tell me he has not been seen to-day?
Ber. Save by your trusty servant here, who says
He saw his master, from without, unclose
The shutters of his laboratory white
The sun was yet unrisen. It is well;
This turning to the past pursuits of youth
Argues how much the aspect of to-day
Hath driven the ancient darkness from his brain.
And now, my dear Rosalia, let thy face
And thoughts and speech be drest in summer smiles,
And naught shall make a winter in our house.
Ros. Ah, sir, I *think* that I am happy.
Ber. Happy?
Why so, indeed, dear love, I trust thou art!
But thou dost sigh and contemplate the floor
So deeply, that thy happiness seems rather
The constant sense of duty than true joy.
Ros. Nay, chide me not, good sir; the world to me
A riddle is at best—my heart has had
No tutor. From my childhood until now
My thoughts have been on simple honest things.
Ber. On *honest* things? Then let them dwell hence-[forth
On love, for nothing is more honest than
True love.
Ros. I hope so, sir—it must be so!
And if to wear thy happiness at heart
With constant watchfulness, and if to breathe
Thy welfare in my orisons, be love,
Thou never shalt have cause to question mine.
To-day I feel, and yet I know not why,
A sadness which I never knew before;
A puzzling shadow swims upon my brain,
Of something which has been or is to be.
My mother coming to me in my dream,
My father taking to that room again
Have somehow thrilled me with mysterious awe.

Ber. Nay, let not that o'ercast thy gentle mind,
For dreams are but as floating gossamer,
And should not blind or bar the steady reason.
And alchemy is innocent enough,
Save when it feeds too steadily on gold,
A crime the world not easily forgives.
But if Rosalia likes not the pursuit
Her sire engages in, my plan shall be
To lead him quietly to other things.
But see, the door uncloses and he comes.
(*Enter Giacomo in loose gown and dishevelled hair.*)
Gia. (*Not perceiving them.*)
Ha, precious villains, ye are caught at last!
Both. Good-morrow, father.
Gia. Ah, my pretty doves!
Ber. Come, father, we are jealous of the art
Which hath deprived us all the day of thee.
Gia. Are ye indeed? (*Aside.*) How smoothly to the air
Slides that word *father* from his slippery tongue.
Come hither, daughter, let me gaze on thee,
For I have dreamed that thou wert beautiful,
So beautiful our very duke did stop
To smile upon thy brightness! What say'st thou,
Bernardo, didst thou ever dream such things?
Ber. That she is beautiful I had no cause to dream.
Mine eyes have known the fact for many a day.
What villains didst thou speak of even now?
Gia. Two precious villains—Carbon and Azote—
They have perplexed me heretofore; but now
The thing is plain enough. This morning, ere
I left my chamber, all the mystery stood
Asudden in an awful revelation!
Ber. I'm glad success has crowned thy task to-day.
But do not overtoil thy brain. These themes
Are dangerous things, and they who mastered most
Have fallen at last but victims to their slaves.
Gia. It is a glorious thing to fall and die
The victim of a noble cause.
Ber. Ay, true—
The man who battles for his country's right
Hath compensation in the world's applause.
The victor when returning from the field
Is crowned with laurel, and his shining way
Is full of shouts and roses. If he fall,
His nation builds his monument of glory.
But mark the alchemist who walks the streets.
His look is down, his step infirm, his hair
And cheeks are burned to ashes by his thought,
The volumes he consumes, consume in turn;
They are but fuel to his fiery brain,
Which being fed requires the more to feed on.
The people gaze on him with curious looks,
And step aside to let him pass untouched,
Believing Satan hath him arm in arm.
Gia. Are there no wrongs but what a nation feels?
No heroes but among the martial throng?
Nay, there are patriot souls who never grasped
A sword, or heard the crowd applaud their names,
Who lived and labored, died and were forgot,
And after whom the world came out and reaped
The field, and never questioned who had sown.
Ber. I did not think of that.
Gia. Now mark ye well,
I am not one to follow phantom themes,
To waste my time in seeking for the stone,
Or chrystalizing carbon to o'erflood
The world with riches which would keep it poor;
Nor do I seek the elixir that would make
Not life alone, but misery immortal;
But something far more glorious than these.

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Ber. Pray what is that?
Gia. A cure, sir, for the heart-ache.
Come, thou shalt see. The day is on the wane—
Mark how the moon, as by some unseen arm,
Is thrusted upward, like a bloody shield!
On such an hour the experiment must begin.
Come, thou shalt be the first to witness this
Most marvelous discovery. And thou,
My pretty one, betake thee to thy bower,
And I will dream thou 'rt lovelier than ever.
Come, follow me. (*To Bernardo.*)
Ros. Nay, father, stay; I 'm sure
Thou art not well—thine eyes are strangely lit,
The task, I fear, has overworked thy brain.
Gia. Dearest Rosalia, what were eyes or brain
Compared with banishment of sorrow? Come.
Ber. (*Aside to Rosalia.*)
I will indulge awhile this curious humor;
Adieu; I shall be with thee soon again.
Gia. (*Overhearing him.*)
When Satan shall regain his wings, and sit
Approved in heaven, perchance, but not till then.
Ber. What, not till then?
Gia. Shall he be worthy deemed
To walk, as thou hast said the people thought,
Arm in arm with the high-souled philosopher:—
And yet the people sometimes are quite right,
The devil 's at our elbow oftener than
We know.
(*He gives Bernardo his arm, and they enter the laboratory.*)
Ros. (*Alone.*) He never looked so strange before;
His cheeks, asudden, are grown pale and thin;
His very hair seems whiter than it did.
Oh, surely, 't is a fearful trade that crowds
The work of years into a single day.
It may be that the sadness which I wear
Hath clothed him in its own peculiar hue.
The very sunshine of this cloudless day
Seemed but a world of broad, white desolation—
While in my ears small melancholy bells
Knolled their long, solemn and prophetic chime;—
But hark! a louder and a holier toll,
Shedding its benediction on the air,
Proclaims the vesper hour—
Ave Maria! [*Exit Rosalia.*

SCENE III. *Giacomo and Bernardo discovered in the laboratory.*

Gia. What say'st thou now, Bernardo?
Ber. Let me live
Or die in drawing this delicious breath,
I ask no more.
Gia. (*Aside.*) Mark, how with wondering eyes
He gazes on the burning crucibles,
As if to drink the rising vapor with
His every sense.
Ber. Is this the balm thou spak'st of?
Gia. Ay, sir, the same.
Ber. Oh, would that now my heart
Were torn with every grief the earth has known,
Then would this sense be sweeter by tenfold!
Where didst thou learn the secret, and from whom?
Gia. From Gebber down to Parcelsus, none
Have mentioned the discovery of this—
The need of it was parent of the thought.
Ber. How long will these small crucibles hold out?
Gia. A little while, but there are two beside,
That when thy sense is toned up to the point
May then be fired; and when thou breathest their fumes,
Repentine deeper it shall seem than that
Which Helen gave the guests of Menelaus.
But come, thou 'lt weary of this thickening air,
Let us depart.
Ber. Not for the wealth of worlds!
Gia. Nay, but thy bride awaits thee—
Ber. Go to her
And say I shall be there anon.
Gia. I will.
(*Aside.*) Now while he stands enchained within the spell
I 'll to Rosalia's room and don his cloak
And cap, and sally forth to meet the duke.
'T is now the hour, and if he come—so be it.
[*Exit Giacomo.*
Ber. (*Alone.*)
These delicate airs seem wafted from the fields
Of some celestial world. I am alone—
Then wherefore not inhale that deeper draught,
That sweet nepenthe which these other two,
When burning, shall dispense? 'T were quickly done,
And I will do it!
(*He places the two crucibles on the furnace.*)
Now, sir alchemist,
Linger as long as it may suit thy pleasure—
'T is mine to tarry here. Oh, by San John,
I 'll turn philosopher myself, and do
Some good at last in this benighted world!
Now how like demons on the ascending smoke,
Making grimaces, leaps the laughing flame,
Filling the room with a mysterious haze,
Which rolls and writhes along the shadowy air,
Taking a thousand strange, fantastic forms;
And every form is lit with burning eyes,
Which pierce me through and through like fiery arrows!
The dim walls grow unsteady, and I seem
To stand upon a reeling deck! Hold, hold!
A hundred crags are toppling overhead.
I faint, I sink—now, let me clutch that limb—
Oh, devil! It breaks to ashes in my grasp!
What ghost is that which beckons through the mist?
The duke! the duke! and bleeding at the breast!
Whose dagger struck the blow? (*Enter Giacomo.*)
Gia. Mine, villain, mine!
What! thou 'st set the other two aburning?
Impatient dog, thou cheat'st me to the last!
I should have done the deed—and yet 't is well.
Thou diest by thine own dull hardihood!
Ber. Ha! is it so? Then follow thou!
Gia. My time
Is not quite yet, this antidote shall place
A bar between us for a little while.
(*He raises a vial to his lips, drinks, and flings it aside.*)
Ber. (*Rallying.*) Come, give it me—
Gia. Ha, ha! I drained it all!
There is the broken vial.
Ber. Is there no arm
To save me from the abyss!
Gia. No, villain, sink!
And take this cursed record of thy plot,
(*He thrusts a paper into Bernardo's hand,*)
And it shall grim thee speedy entrance at
Th' infernal gate!
(*Bernardo reads, reels and falls.*)
Gia. (*Looking on the body.*) Poor miserable dust!
This body now is honest as the best,
The very best of earth, lie where it may.
This mantle must conceal the thing from sight,
For soon Rosalia, as I bade her, shall
Be here. Oh, Heaven! vouchsafe to me the power
To do this last stern act of justice. Thou
Who culled the child of Jairus from the dead.

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Assist a stricken father now to raise
His sinless daughter from the bier of shame.
And may her soul, unconscious of the deed,
Forever walk the azure fields of heaven.
(*Enter Rosalia, dressed in simple white, bearing a small golden crucifix in her hand.*)
Ros. Dear father, in obedience, I have come—
But where 's Bernardo?
Gia. Gone to watch the stars;
To see old solitary Saturn whirl
Like poor Ixion on his burning wheel—
He is our patron orb to-night, my child.
Ros. I do not know what strange experiment
Does 'bet have me see, but in my heart I feel
That He, in whose remembrance this was made
(*looking at the cross*)
Should be chief patron of our thoughts and acts.
Since vesper time—I know not how it was—
I could do nought but kneel and tell my prayers.
Gia. Ye blessed angels, hymn the word to heaven.
Come, daughter, let me hold thy hand in mine,
And gaze upon the emblem which thou bearest.
(*He looks upon the crucifix awhile and presses it to his lips.*)
Ros. Pray tell me, father, what is in the air?
Gia. See'st thou the crucibles, my child? Now mark,
I'll drop a simple essence into each.
Ros. My sense is flooded with perfume!
Gia. Again.
Ros. My soul, asodden, thrills with such delight
It seems as it had won a birth of wings!
Gia. Behold, now when I throw these jewels in,
The glories of our art!
Ros. A cloud of hues
As beautiful as morning fills the air;
And every breath I draw comes freighted with
Elysian sweets! An iris-tinted mist,
In perfumed wreathe, is rolling round the room.
The very walls are melting from my sight,
And surely, father, there 's the sky o'erhead!
And on that gentle breeze did we not hear
The song of birds and silvery waterfalls?
And walk we not on green and flowery ground?
Fetters, father, hath no ground like this,
The ducal gardens are not half so fair!
Oh, if this be the golden land of dreams,
Let us forever make our dwelling here.
Not lovelier in my earliest visions seemed
The paradise of our first parents, filled
With countless angels whose celestial light
Thrilled the sweet foliage like a gush of song.
Look how the long and level landscape gleams,
And with a gradual pace goes mellowing up
Into the blue. The very ground we tread
Seems flooded with the tender hue of heaven;
An azure lawn is all about our feet,
And sprinkled with a thousand gleaming flowers,
Like lovely lilies on a tranquil lake.
Gia. Nay, dear Rosalia, cast thy angel ken
Far down the shining pathway we have trod,
And see behind us those enormous gates
To which the world has given the name of Death;
And note the least among yon knot of lights,
And recognize your native orb, the earth!
For we are spirits threading fields of space,
Whose gleaming flowers are but the countless stars!
But now, dear love, adieu—a flush from heaven—
A sudden glory in the silent air—
A rustle as of wings, proclaim the approach
Of holier guides to take thee into keep.
Behold them gliding down the azure hill
Making the blue ambrosial with their light.
Our paths are here divided. I must go
Through other ways, by other forms attended.

LINES TO AN IDEAL.

BY ELIZABETH LYON LINSLEY.

I WANDERED on the lonely strand,
A setting sun shone brightly there,
And bathed in glory sea and land,
And streamed in beauty through the air!

A playful breeze the waters curled,
Touched their light waves and passed them by,
Then fanned a bird whose wings unfurled
Were waving on the sunset sky!

The bird had gone. The sun had set.
But beams still tipped the hills and trees,
And flung a rainbow radiance yet
On clouds reflected in the seas!

A distant boatman plied the oar,
All sparkling with its golden spray,
His voice came softened to the shore,
Then melted with the dying day!

And when the last bright lines on high
Departed as the twilight came,
A large star showed its lone, sweet eye
All margined with a cloud of flame!

The winds were hushed. Their latest breath
In soft, low murmurs died afar—
The rippling of the wave beneath
Showed dancing there that one bright star!

So fair a scene, so sweet an hour,
Were felt and passed. In stilly calm
They shed around me beauty's power,
Yet gave no peace, and brought no balm.

I was alone! I saw no eyes
With mine gaze on the twilight sea—
No heart returned my lonely sighs—
No lips breathed sympathy with me.

I was alone! I looked above.
That star seemed happy thus to lave
Its fairy light and glance of love
Deep in the bosom of the wave.

I gazed no more! The blinding tear
Rose from my heart, and dimmed my sight.
Had *one* dear voice then whispered near,
That scene how changed!—That heart how light!

My soul was swelling like the sea!
Had thine eyes gleamed there with mine own,
That soul a mirror true to thee
On ev'ry wave thyself had shown!

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MRS. PELBY SMITH'S SELECT PARTY.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"Mrs. Goldsborough's party is to-night, is it not?" said Mr. Pelby Smith to his wife; "are we going my dear?"

"*Apropos* of parties," returned she, waiving the question; "I don't see how we are to get on any longer without giving one ourselves."

"Why so, my dear? We cannot afford to give a party, and that will be an apology all-sufficient to a woman of Cousin Sabina's sense."

"Cousin Sabina!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "as if I, or any one else, ever thought of going to the trouble of a party for a plain old maid, like cousin Sabina Incledon!"

"My dear, I wish you would not speak in that way of Cousin Sabina; she is an excellent woman, of superior mind, and manners to command respect in any society."

"That may be *your* opinion, Mr. Smith," answered the lady tartly; "mine is that a quiet old maid, from somewhere far off in the country, and with an income of two or three hundred dollars a year, would not make much of a figure in *our* society. At all events, I shan't make a trial of it."

"I thought you alluded to her visit as making it incumbent on us to give a party," said Mr. Smith meekly; "there is no other reason, I believe."

"You will allow me to have some judgment in such matters, Mr. Smith. I think it is absolutely necessary that we should, that is, if we wish to go to parties for the future. We have been going to them all our lives without giving any, and people will grow tired of inviting us."

"Then, my dear, why not make up our minds to stay at home. I would rather."

"But *I* would not, Mr Smith. I shall go to parties as long as possible. My duty to my children requires it."

Mr. Smith opened his eyes as wide as his timidity would let him.

"My duty to my children, I repeat," pursued she with energy; "they will have to be introduced to society."

"Not for seven or eight years yet, any of them," interposed Mr. Smith.

"Sooner or later," continued the lady; "and how is that to be done unless I keep the footing which I have attained—with trouble enough, as I only know, and without any thanks to you, Mr. Smith. If I give up parties, I may fall at once into the obscurity for which you have such a taste. People of fortune and distinction can voluntarily withdraw for a while, and then reappear with as much success as ever, but that is not the case with persons of our position."

"It is only the expense that I object to, my dear; my business is so limited that it is impossible for us to live in any other than a plain, quiet way. The cost of a party would be a serious inconvenience to me."

"The advantages will be of greater consequence than the sacrifices," returned the lady, softening as she saw her husband yielding; "the loss will soon be made up to you through an increase of friends. Party-giving people are always popular."

Mr. Smith saw that his wife was determined to carry her point, which was nothing new. He had learned to submit, and to submit in silence, so, after sitting moodily for a few minutes, he took up his hat to go to his place of business.

"I knew, my dear," said Mrs. Smith smoothly, "that you would soon see the matter in a proper light; and now about Mrs. Goldsborough's party. I shall lay out your things for you. I can go with some satisfaction now that I have a prospect of soon being on equal terms with my entertainers."

Mrs. Smith walked round her two small and by no means elegant rooms, reassuring herself as to the capabilities of her lamps, girandoles and candlesticks, for she had mentally gone through all her arrangements long before; the act of consulting her husband being, generally, her last step toward the undertaking of any important project. She was joined by the object of some of her recent remarks, Miss Sabina Incledon, a cousin of Mr. Smith's, who, until within a few days, had been a stranger to her. She was a plainly dressed person of middle age, with an agreeable though not striking countenance, and unobtrusive, lady-like manners.

"I am sorry you are not going to Mrs. Goldsborough's to-night, Cousin Sabina," said Mrs. Smith; "I have no doubt she would have sent an invitation had she known I had a friend visiting me."

"Not improbable. I do not, however, feel much inclination just now to go to a party. Had it not been for that, I should have sent my card to Mrs. Goldsborough after my arrival. I met her at the springs last summer, and received much politeness from her."

"Mrs. Goldsborough is a very polite woman—very much disposed to be civil to every one," said Mrs. Smith; "by the bye," she added, "Pelby and I have it in contemplation to give a large party ourselves."

"Indeed? I thought you were not party-giving people; Cousin Pelby assured me so."

"And never would be if Pelby Smith had his own way. To be sure, we are not in circumstances to entertain much, conveniently, but for the sake of a firmer place in society, I am always willing to strain a point. As to Pelby, he has so little spirit that he would as soon be at the bottom of the social ladder as at the top. I can speak of it without impropriety

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to you, as you are his relation, not mine. He has been a perpetual drag and drawback upon me, but, notwithstanding, I have accomplished a great deal. Five or six years ago we were merely on speaking terms with the Goldsboroughs, and the Pendletons, and the Longacres, and the Van Pelts and that set, and now I visit most of them, and receive invitations to all their general parties. I have always felt ashamed of not having entertained them in return, and now I am resolved to do so, as a favorable opportunity offers of doing it advantageously. I mean the coming out of Julia Goldsborough, Mrs. Goldsborough's only daughter. It will be something to say that *I* have given her a party."

"Do the family expect the compliment of you?" asked Miss Incledon, looking at her in surprise; "I did not know that you were on such intimate terms."

Mrs. Smith smiled in conscious superiority. "Ah, Cousin Sabina!" said she, "you are very unsophisticated. Don't you know that a party goes off with much more *eclât* for being associated with some name of importance. Now Julia Goldsborough, from her beauty and vivacity, and the fashion and fortune of her family, is to be the belle of the season, and a party got up for her must necessarily make a sensation. All her friends, and they are at the head of society, will attend on her account, if for nothing else, and everybody else will be glad to go where they do. Then the Pendletons and the Longacres and the Van Pelts, several of them, will give her parties—so it is understood—and it will be worth an effort to make mine one of the series."

A faint expression of sarcastic humor passed over the placid countenance of Miss Incledon, but she made no comment.

Mrs. Pelby Smith entered the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Goldsborough that night with an elated spirit, seeing in herself the future hostess of the fashionable throng there assembled. Instead of standing in a corner, listening with unctuous deference or sympathy to any who chanced to come against her, as was her wont, proffering her fan, or her essence-bottle, or in some quiet way ministering to their egotism, she now stepped freely forth upon the field of action, nodding and smiling at the young men to whom she might have been at some time introduced; whispering and jesting with some marked young lady, while she made an occasion to arrange her *berthe* or her ringlets, and adding herself, as if by accident, to any trio or quartette of pre-eminent distinction. She had at length the anxiously desired opportunity to put out her feelers at Mrs. Goldsborough.

"What a lovely creature Julia has become, Mrs. Goldsborough!" she exclaimed; "it seems but a few months since she was a little fairy only *so* high, and now she is so well grown and so commanding in her figure! and her manners, they are as pronounced and *distingué* as if she were twenty-five; they appear the more remarkable for her sweet, youthful face. I have been watching her the whole evening, and seeing every one offering her their tribute, I have gotten quite into the spirit of it myself. I'm sure you will smile at me, for you well know that I am not at all in the habit of such things, but I really must give her a party. I have known her so long, almost since she could first run about, and I always loved the little creature so much! I feel as if I have almost a right to be proud of her myself. Have you any engagements for the beginning of next week? If not, unless you positively forbid it, I shall send out invitations at once."

"You are very kind, indeed, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Goldsborough, smiling cordially, for she was a fond mother, and also was full of courtesy and amiability; "it will be an unexpected compliment to Julia. She will be flattered that your partiality for her is as warm as ever. We have no engagements for the first of next week. The parties with which my friends will try to spoil Julia do not come on so soon."

Her scheme having been not unfavorably received, Mrs. Smith whispered it to one and another, until it was known to half the company before they dispersed that Miss Goldsborough was to be *fêted* next by Mrs. Pelby Smith.

Our heroine ought to have overheard the conversation which took place at the late breakfast of Mrs. Goldsborough the following morning.

"You could hardly guess whom you have charmed into party intentions toward you, Julia," said Mrs. Goldsborough; "I suppose you have not heard? Mrs. Pelby Smith."

"Defend me from Mrs. Pelby Smith!" laughed Julia; "but are you in earnest, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear; she told me last night that she intended to give you a party in the beginning of next week."

"That intolerable, toadying Mrs. Pelby Smith!" exclaimed young Frank Goldsborough; "I would not allow her to cover the iniquities of her ambition with my name, Julia, if I were you. Depend upon it, she has some sinister design in this thing."

"I agree with Frank," rejoined Miss Pendleton, Mrs. Goldsborough's sister; "such as elevating herself in society on your shoulders, Julia, or rather those of your family."

"Charity, charity! you know I don't like such remarks," interposed Mrs. Goldsborough, but with little show of severity; "we have no reason to decide that Mrs. Smith does not really mean a kindness. She always seemed very fond of Julia when a child."

"And so she would have appeared, mamma, of any other that might have happened to be a grandchild of General Pendleton and Judge Goldsborough. I had sense enough to understand her even then. She used to call me in on my way to school, to warm my hands, when they did not need it, and inquire after the health of my mother and grandmothers and grandfathers and aunts and uncles, and admire my clothes, and wish her little Jane was old enough to run to school with me, and flatter me on the beauty of my hair and eyes and complexion, in such a way that very few children would have been so stupid as not to have seen through it. Could you not have said something to discourage the new idea, ma'ma?"

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"Not without rudeness, Julia, though, I confess, I would rather it could have been done. Even presuming that she is sincere in her professions of regard, I do not like the thought of a person in her circumstances going to what to her must be serious trouble and expense on our account. The easiest way to reconcile myself to it would be by believing with you all, that she has some personal motive in it."

At that same hour Mrs. Smith was immersed in her preliminary arrangements.

"I shall have to ask you to write some of the invitations, Cousin Sabina," said she to Miss Incledon; "I am not much in the habit of writing, even notes; and Pelby, who has not time to attend to it, says that you write a very pretty hand. Here are pen and paper to make out the list—I will give you the names. In the first place, there are all the Goldsboroughs and Pendletons, and Longacres, and Van Pelts—"

"You forget," interrupted Miss Incledon, "that it is necessary to name them individually."

"True, I had forgotten—I have so many things to think about. Beginning with the Goldsboroughs—Mrs., Miss, and Mr.; then General and Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. John, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. James Pendleton;" and so Mrs. Smith kept on in continuous nomenclature for a considerable time. It was only as she came down into the lower ranks of fashion, after a regular gradation, that she hesitated for a moment—and then her pauses grew longer and longer.

"Perhaps I can assist your memory, Cousin Sarah," said Miss Incledon; "I have seen several of your acquaintances, and have heard of a good many more; there is Mrs. Wills, with whom you were talking tea the evening of my arrival."

"I have reflected upon that, and conclude that I shall not ask Mrs. Wills," replied Mrs. Smith; "she is a plain person, and seldom goes to parties, which I can make a sufficient excuse for leaving her out, though, to be sure, she would come to mine, if I invited her; and to prevent her from being offended, I shall send for her a few days after to come socially to tea, with a few others of the same set. There will, of course, be plenty of refreshments left, and it will, therefore, be no additional expense."

"Then Mrs. Salisbury and her two daughters, who called yesterday."

"I believe not; they are not decidedly and exclusively of the first circle, though, as you seemed to consider them, quite superior women—very accomplished and agreeable. They have not much fortune, however, and have no connections here. On the whole, I do not see that any thing could be gained by inviting the Salisburys."

"I have not your neighbor, Mrs. Streeter down," observed Cousin Sabina.

"No; I don't see the necessity for having Mrs. Streeter; she is a good creature—very obliging when one needs a neighbor, in cases of sickness, or the like, but would be far from ornamental. I can have an excuse for omitting her in never having received an invitation from her—she does not give parties. She will be very well satisfied, I dare say, if I send her a basket of fragments afterward. You must understand, Cousin Sabina, that as this is my first party, I mean it to be very select."

"Then you will also, I presume, leave out Mrs Brownell."

"By no means; I calculate a great deal on Mrs. Brownell. She has the greatest quantity of elegant china and cut-glass, which it will be necessary for me to borrow. My own supply is rather limited, and I must depend chiefly on my acquaintances. It was on that account that I set down the Greelys. They have the largest lot of silver forks and spoons of any family I know—owing, it is whispered, to their having, where they came from, kept a fashionable boarding-house. Also, you may put down Mrs. Crabbe."

"Mrs. Crabbe?—did I not hear you describe her as a very low person?"

"Peculiarly so in her manners—but what am I to do? I must have persons to assist me; and Mrs. Crabbe makes the most beautiful jellies and the most delicious Charlotte-Russe I ever tasted. She has a natural talent for all sorts of nice cookery, and with my little experience in it, she will be of the greatest service to me. It saves a great deal to make every thing except the confectionary at home; and I shall go at once and ask Mrs. Crabbe if she will prepare the materials for my fruit-cake, and mix it up."

"You have said nothing about your Aunt Tomkins, of whom Cousin Pelby has talked to me, and of the different members of her family—they are to have invitations, of course?" suggested Miss Incledon.

"No—that is—I shall attend to it myself—I mean you need not mind;" and Mrs. Smith hurried to the door, beginning to perceive something she would rather escape in the countenance and interrogatories of Cousin Sabina. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, turning back, "I almost forgot—and what a mistake it would have been! put down Miss Debby Coggins; I should never have been forgiven if I had neglected her. She has a great many oddities, but she is related to all the first families, and one must keep on her right side. Have you the name?—Miss Deborah Coggins."

We shall not follow Mrs. Smith into the turmoil of her preparations, which would have been much more wearisome and bewildering, from her inexperience in getting up a large entertainment, had it not been for the good judgment and quiet activity of Miss Incledon, and which the night of fruition at last terminated.

All was ready, even the lighting of the rooms, when Mrs. Smith, before commencing her own toilette, entered the apartment of her guest. Miss Incledon, who considered herself past the time of life for other than matronly decorations of the person, was laying out a handsome pelerine, and a tasteful cap, to wear with a rich, dark silk dress.

"My dear Cousin Sabina," said Mrs. Smith, "do help me out of a difficulty; I have no one to remain on duty in the supper-room, and there certainly ought to be some one to sit there and see that nothing is disturbed—for there is a great quantity of silver

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there, mostly borrowed, and with so many strange servants about, I feel uneasy to leave it a moment."

"Are you not able to get some one for that service?" asked Miss Incledon.

"No, indeed; I thought of Aunt Tomkins, but the truth is, I could not request her to do it without sending invitations to the whole family, which I concluded would not be advisable: there are so many of them, and as they would not be acquainted with the rest of the company, it seemed best not to have any of them. I thought, too, of old Mrs. Joyce, who sometimes does quilting and knitting for me, but she has a large family of grandchildren, some of whom she always drags with her when she goes to where there is any thing good to eat; and it would never do to have them poking their fingers into the refreshments. So it struck me that perhaps you might oblige me. You don't appear to care for parties, and as you would be a stranger in the room, it is not likely you would have much enjoyment. Of course, if I believed you would prefer the trouble of dressing, and taking your chance among the company, I would not ask it of you."

Nothing daunted by the glow of indignation which followed a look of astonishment on the face of Cousin Sabina, she paused for a reply. After a moment's reflection, Miss Incledon answered calmly, "I am your guest, Sarah—dispose of me as you please;" and returning her cap and white gloves to their boxes, she refastened her wrapper to enter upon the office assigned to her.

The party passed off with the crowding, crushing, talking and eating common to parties. The supper was a handsome one—for Mr. Smith wisely decided that if the thing must be done at all, it should be done well—and therefore he had hinted no restrictions to his wife as to the expense. Many "regrets" had been sent in, but still Mrs. Smith was at the post she had coveted for years—that of receiving a fashionable assemblage in her own house; and if her choicest guests courted her notice as little as they would have done any where else, she was too much elated and flustered, and overheated to think about it. One of her principal concerns was to keep her eye on her husband, who, being a shy, timid man, with very little tact, was not much calculated for playing the host on such an occasion. He had, however, been doing better than she expected, when, a little before supper, he wandered through the crowd to where she was standing, for the moment, alone, and asked, "Where is Cousin Sabina?"

"In the supper-room. It is necessary at such times to have some one behind the scenes, and I had to get her to remain in the supper-room, to watch that the ices went on properly; and, in particular, to see that none of the silver was carried off, nor the refreshments wasted after supper."

Mr. Smith looked disturbed, and exclaimed, rather too loudly, "Is it possible that you could ask a woman like Sabina Incledon to do such a thing! one of my most respectable relations, and a visiter in my house?"

"Don't speak so loudly. I left out all my own relations, and I dare say they would, any of them, have looked as creditably as Sabina Incledon. When we have established our own standing, Mr. Smith, it will be time enough for us to bring out such people as your Cousin Sabina. To be sure, if I had had any one to trust in her place, I should not have objected at all to her coming in."

Mrs. Smith was turning away, when she saw, at her elbow, Mrs. Goldsborough and Miss Pendleton, who must have overheard the conversation. To her it was the mortification of the evening.

The next morning at the breakfast-table Mrs. Smith was too much occupied in descanting upon the events of the night, describing the dresses, and detailing the commendations on different viands of the supper, to notice that Miss Incledon spoke but little, and when she did, with more dignity and gravity than usual. On rising from the table, she unlocked the sideboard, and taking from it a basket of silver, she said, "I would thank you, Cousin Sabina, to assort these forks and spoons for me. It will be something of a task, as they have to go to half a dozen different places. When you have got through I will look over them to see that all is right;" and she was hurrying off to commence some of the multifarious duties of the day.

"Excuse me, Sarah," said Miss Incledon; "I expect that a carriage will be here in a few minutes to take me into the country."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, looking disappointed and somewhat displeased; "I thought I should have your assistance in putting away things—I had no idea of your leaving us to-day."

"You may remember my telling you, Cousin Pelby," said Miss Incledon, addressing Mr. Smith, "that I would be but a few days with you. I took advantage of traveling in this direction to renew our old family intercourse; but the principal object of my journey was to visit a very particular friend, Mrs. Morgan Silsbee."

"Mrs. Morgan Silsbee!" said Mrs. Smith—"are you not mistaken, Cousin Sabina? I presume you mean Mrs. Edward Silsbee. Mrs. Morgan Silsbee lives ten or twelve miles out; their place is said to be magnificent, and I know that she and her husband drives a coach-and-four on state occasions. Mrs. Goldsborough made a splendid dinner for them a short time ago. Mrs. Edward Silsbee I have met often; I didn't know that you were acquainted with her."

"I am *not* acquainted with Mrs. Edward Silsbee," said Miss Incledon, with dignity; "I mean her sister-in-law, Mrs. Morgan Silsbee. She is an old friend of mine, and I have been under engagement to her since I met her last summer, at the Springs, to make this visit. I had a note from her last night, written from one of the hotels, saying that she would stop for me this morning at nine or ten o'clock—your party preventing her from calling in person."

Had a halo suddenly appeared around the head of Cousin Sabina, Mrs. Smith could hardly have changed her countenance and manner more markedly. "If I had only known it," she exclaimed,

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"how gratified I should have been to have had an invitation, with my card, sent to her, and to have had her at my party. But, surely, Cousin Sabina, you will soon return to us?"

"I shall certainly pass through town on my way homeward, but will stop at a boarding-house," said Miss Incledon.

The conscious Mrs. Smith reddened violently, but was relieved by the interruption of a handsome carriage, though not the coach-and-four, stopping before her house. Miss Incledon stepped to the parlor-door, to answer the footman, who inquired for her.

"Mrs. Morgan Silsbee's compliments, ma'am," said the man, "and the carriage is at your service whenever you are ready. We are to take her up at Mrs. Goldsborough's, where she got out to wait for you."

It took but a moment for Cousin Sabina to reappear bonnected and shawled, and to have her luggage put on the carriage. Then kindly bidding Mr. Smith farewell, she gave her hand to his wife, escaping the embrace in preparation for her, and was rapidly driven away.

"You see there are some persons who can appreciate Cousin Sabina," said Mr. Smith; and afraid to wait for a reply, he hastened to his place of business.

"And so Cousin Sabina is the friend of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, the friend of Mrs. Goldsborough!" said Mrs. Smith to herself, while a series of not very satisfactory reflections ran through her mind. But her attention was claimed by other things. What with putting away and distributing the fragments of the feast, washing and sending home table-furniture, gathering up candle ends, and other onerous duties, the day wore on. At last, late in the afternoon, with aching head and wearied limbs, she sat down in her rocking-chair in the dining-room to rest. A ring at the door-bell soon disturbed her. "Say I'm engaged, unless it is some person very particular," said she to the servant.

"It is Miss Debby Coggins, ma'am," said the colored girl, returning, with a grin; "I let her in, because she 's very partic'lar."

Miss Deborah Coggins, from being connected in some way or other with each of the great families of the town, and having money enough not to be dependent on any of them, was what is called a privileged character—a class of individuals hard to be endured, unless they possess the specific virtue of good-nature, to which Miss Debby had no claim. She talked without ceasing, and her motto was to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." She was of a thin figure, always dressed in rusty black silk, which must sometimes have been renewed or changed, though no one could ever tell when, and a velvet bonnet, of the same hue, with a peculiar lateral flare, which, however, was really made to look something like new once every three or four years. She wore a demi-wreath of frizzly, flaxen curls close above her shaggy eyebrows, which were of the same color; and her very long, distended nose was always filled with snuff, which assisted in giving a trombone sound to as harsh a voice as ever passed through the lips of a woman.

She had drawn up the blinds, and opened the sash of the windows when Mrs. Smith entered the front parlor. "How 're you this evening, Mrs. Smith?" said she, in answer to the bland welcome she received; "I was just telling your black girl that if you ever should happen to have a party again, she should open the rooms and have the air changed better the next day; and as you are not used to such things yourself, I thought I might as well let you know it, too. I raised the windows myself. Now," she added, "the room is too cold to sit in, and I would prefer going to your dining-room, or wherever you were when I came in."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Debby," said Mrs. Smith, marshaling the way.

"Stop!" said Miss Debby, "I want to take a look at your wall paper—I never noticed it before. I can't say I like your taste; though, no doubt, you took it for the sake of economy—ugly papers sometimes go very cheap."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you, Miss Debby," began Mrs. Smith, eagerly.

"Well, it 's of no consequence," interrupted Miss Debby, "only I heard Matilda Shipley say yesterday, that there would be no use in dressing much for Mrs. Pelby Smith's party, as her low rooms, with their dingy, dirt-colored paper, could never be lighted up to make any one look well."

Mrs. Smith cleared her throat, but said nothing, recollecting by this time that all retort or explanation was lost upon Miss Deborah Coggins. To change the subject she remarked, "How disappointed I was at your not coming last night, my dear Miss Debby—one of the friends I most wished to see."

"I have been rather sorry myself that I did not come, since I heard that the party turned out better than could have been expected. I supposed that there would have been a great many here that I did not know, and that my own set, mostly, would have stayed away, like myself, not caring much to meet them."

"What an idea, Miss Debby! there was scarcely one in the room that you did not know. My company was very select."

"So I was told to-day. Mrs. William Van Pelt said that you had invited every body that would not thank you, and, as she had been told, had left out those that had the best right to expect invitations. I should like to have had a share of the supper," continued Miss Debby. "I heard that you had worried yourself nearly to death preparing it, and that it was really good, considering that you were not used to such things. Young John Pendleton said that it made him some little amends for being forced to go to a place where he made a mistake every time he addressed his entertainers and called them Joneses."

Sorely wincing as Mrs. Smith was, she did not forget Miss Debby's notoriety for following close upon the heels of a party for a share of the good

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things left. Accordingly, she opened her sideboard, and produced a choice variety of her store.

"I suppose it is too late to get some of the ice cream?" said Miss Debby, losing no time in attacking what was set before her; "you have used it, or let the ice run out, I dare say?—though, now that I think of it, I made up my mind that I would not care to have any of it, for old Mrs. Longacre told me that what she got was bitter, from being made partly of milk, she supposed, that had been burnt in boiling."

This was more than Mrs. Smith could stand. "It is totally erroneous!" she exclaimed; "I used none but the purest cream, and that without boiling; I don't know how the old lady could have made such a mistake, unless it was that she got some of the almond, which, perhaps, had too much of the bitter-almond flavor for her taste."

"Perhaps so; and she said that she did not venture to taste the Charlotte-Russe, fearing it might turn out to be nothing but sponge-cake and custard, without jelly or whipped cream. But if it was all like this, nobody could complain of it;" and, absorbed in the gratification of her palate, Miss Debby gave her auditor a few minutes respite.

"Your party, on the whole, made something of a talk, Mrs. Smith," she resumed.

Mrs. Smith bowed and smiled, taking the observation for a compliment.

"I was out making calls the day the invitations went round. You know making calls is a business with me, when I undertake it. I commence directly after breakfast, and keep on till night, eating my dinner wherever I suppose dinner chances to be ready. Well, the first I heard of your intentions was from Mrs. Harvey, who said she wondered you could think yourself under obligations to give a party to Julia Goldsborough, though, to be sure, like some other of your devices, she supposed that was only a *ruse*; and she was surprised that the Goldsboroughs were willing to be cat's paws to help you along in society.'"

Mrs. Smith's face grew as red as the *bon bon* paper she was nervously twisting.

"That was to Mrs. Nicolas and me," pursued Miss Debby; "and Mrs. Nicolas wondered how upon earth the Pelby Smiths could afford to give a party at all. She concluded that you would have to live on bacon and potatoes for the remainder of the season, to retrieve the cost, and would have to turn that changeable silk of yours the third time."

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," observed Mrs. Smith, with a distorted smile.

"I know you don't, or, at least, that you don't resent any thing toward persons of such standing as those two, or I would not have repeated the conversation. But, is it true, that you had some trouble to get the party out of your husband?"

"Mr. Smith and I always act in concert," said Mrs. Smith, looking dutiful.

"Do you? well, that's a happy thing. I understood quite the contrary, though, that you always carried the day, from what Mrs. Joe Culpepper said. I was at her house when your invitation came in, and after she had opened it, she exclaimed, with her sly laugh, "Only think, Miss Debby, that manœuvring, pushing Mrs. Pelby Smith has at last worried her poor husband into giving a party!" and from the way she pitied Mr. Smith, I inferred she must have some reason to believe that if you did not wield a pretty high hand, he would not be quite such a man of wax as he seems."

Had Miss Debby been any thing less than a relation in common to the "Goldsboroughs, the Pendletons, the Longacres, and the Van Pelts," Mrs. Smith would have been tempted to request her to leave the house; but as it was, her policy taught her to endure whatever Miss Debby might choose to inflict. So she leaned back hopelessly in her chair, while the old lady snapped and cracked a plate of candied fruits with a vigor of which her teeth looked incapable.

"Had you any of your borrowed things broken?—for I heard that you had to borrow nearly every thing," resumed her torturer.

"Not any thing at all but two or three plates, which can easily be replaced," replied Mrs. Smith, not knowing what next to expect on that point. But Miss Debby tacked about.

"I believe," said she, "you had a visiter staying with you for a few days?"

"Yes—a cousin of Mr. Smith's—Miss Sabina Incledon—"

"That's the name," interrupted Miss Debby, nodding; "the person that went out home with Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, this morning, I presume?"

"The same," replied Mrs. Smith, feeling her consequence looking up; "Cousin Sabina is a very particular friend of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, who for a long time had been soliciting the visit."

"Then, surely, she could not have been the person you set to watching the kitchen and supper-room! Susan Goldsborough and Lydia Pendleton were talking about it, and repeating to each other what they overheard of a conversation between yourself and your husband, who seemed greatly shocked that you had done it. Susan Goldsborough remarked that if she had known that you had so little sense as to undervalue such a woman in that way, or so little feeling and good-breeding as to violate the laws of common hospitality and politeness so grossly, she would assuredly have declined the party for Julia when you proposed it to her."

Mrs. Smith had grown quite pale, and could only answer tremulously, "What a mis-construction!—dear me—it was Cousin Sabina's wish—how strange a mistake."

"It certainly is strange if they were so mistaken, and stranger still that a woman of so much dignity, and so accustomed to society as Miss Incledon, should have preferred watching your servants to taking her proper place among your guests. I thought to myself whilst they were talking, that it seemed hardly consistent with your usual way of doing things, to put upon such duty a person who in all probability would soon be Mrs. Colonel Raynor, and

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the aunt of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee. I should n't wonder if the match came off in a month."

"Cousin Sabina likely to be married in a month!—and to Colonel Raynor!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, startled out of her usual tact, and her lips growing yet bluer.

"Bless me! did n't you know the story?" said Miss Debby, in her turn looking surprised; "they met last summer at the Springs, and the colonel was so pleased with her unpretending good sense, excellent principles, and superior mental cultivation, that he proposed to her before she went away. She deferred her answer until she and his children should have become acquainted. You know he is a widower with three daughters—two of them married. She has been in correspondence ever since with Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, the colonel's niece, who has been trying to make the match, and who, that her cousins may meet her, has insisted upon the present visit. They are lovely young women, the daughters, whom she cannot fail to like, and as they know how to appreciate such a woman as Miss Incledon, there is no doubt of the marriage taking place. It will be a great thing for you, Mrs. Smith; the connection will do more for you than a dozen parties. And such a charming place as you will have to visit! The colonel lives like a prince, and at only a few hour's drive from here. You can go there in the summer with your children, and meet a constant run of company more choice than at a watering-place, and all without any expense. When your cousin comes back to town, be sure to let me know, that I may call upon her. Susan Gold-borough is fretted enough that she was not apprised of her being here, and so are some of the Longacres; they blame you with it all."

Mrs. Smith did not attempt to reply, and Miss Debby rose to go.

"It is getting late," said she, "and I must walk. If you have no objection I will take those slices of fruit and almond cake, and a paper of candied fruit and *bon bons* with me—and perhaps you can spare some more Malaga grapes—or could you send them home for me by one of your servants? I should like to stop at Susan Goldsborough's to tell her that you knew nothing about the good fortune in prospect for your cousin, and it is probable she will wish me to stay for tea."

Mrs. Smith restrained herself until she had escorted her visiter to the door, and then returning to her rocking-chair, she indulged in a fit of weeping that looked very much like hysterics. Her most prominent thought was, "If I had only given the party to Cousin Sabina!"

This she had ample opportunity to reiterate—for time proved to her that the prime object of her grand effort had failed—those who comprised her select party never including her in any of theirs. More particularly did it recur to her, when, some months afterward, Mrs. Colonel Raynor, though she sometimes stopped to exchange a few kindly words with Mr. Smith at his place of business, evaded every invitation to his dwelling, while she went the rounds of sumptuous féting among the Goldsboroughs, Pendletons, Longacres & Co.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

"Hast thou heard ever a spirit-voice,
As in morning's hour it stole
Speaking to thee from the home of its choice,
Deep in the unfathomed soul:
Telling of things that the ear hath not heard,
Neither the mind conceived;
Bringing a balm in each gentle word
Unto the heart bereaved?"

O, I have heard it in days of the spring,
When gladness and joy were rife.
'T was a voice of hope, that came whispering
Its story of strength and life.
It told me that seasons of vigor and mirth
Follow the night of pain;
And the heaven-born soul, like the flowers of earth,
Withers, to live again!

"Hast thou heard ever a spirit-voice,
At the sunny hour of noon;
Bidding the soul in its light rejoice,
For the darkness cometh soon:
Telling of blossoms that early bloom
And as early pine and fade;
And the bright hopes that must find a tomb
In the dark, approaching shade?"

Yes, I have heard it in summer's hour,
When the year was in its strength:
'T was a voice of faith, and it spoke with power
Of joys that shall come at length.
It told how the holy and beautiful gain
Fruition of peace and love;
And the blest ones, freed from this world of pain,
Flourish and ripen above.

"Hast thou heard ever a spirit-voice,
At the solemn noon of night,
When the fair visions of memory rise
Robed in their fancied light,
When the loved forms that are cold and dead
Pass in their train and and slow;
And the waking soul, from its pleasures fled,
Turns to its present wo?"

Oft have I heard it when day was o'er;
And the welcome tones I knew:
Like the voices of those who have gone before,
The Beautiful and the True.
And it turned my thoughts to that blissful time
When ceaseth cold winter's breath;
When the free spirit shall seek that clime
Where there is no more death.

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THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You Like It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(*Concluded from page* 98.)

PART XVII.

The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home, with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.
Mrs. Hemans.

It has again become necessary to advance the time; and we shall take the occasion thus offered to make a few explanations touching certain events which have been passed over without notice.

The reason why Capt. Mull did not chase the yawl of the brig in the Poughkeepsie herself, was the necessity of waiting for his own boats that were endeavoring to regain the sloop-of-war. It would not have done to abandon them, inasmuch as the men were so much exhausted by the pull to windward, that when they reached the vessel all were relieved from duty for the rest of the day. As soon, however, as the other boats were hoisted in, or run up, the ship filled away, stood out of the passage and ran down to join the cutter of Wallace, which was endeavoring to keep its position, as much as possible, by making short tacks under close-reefed luggs.

Spike had been received on board the sloop-of-war, sent into her sick bay, and put under the care of the surgeon and his assistants. From the first, these gentlemen pronounced the hurt mortal. The wounded man was insensible most of the time, until the ship had beat up and gone into Key West, where he was transferred to the regular hospital, as has already been mentioned.

The wreckers went out the moment the news of the calamity of the Swash reached their ears. Some went in quest of the doubloons of the schooner, and others to pick up any thing valuable that might be discovered in the neighborhood of the stranded brig. It may be mentioned here, that not much was ever obtained from the brigantine, with the exception of a few spars, the sails, and a little rigging; but, in the end, the schooner was raised, by means of the chain Spike had placed around her, the cabin was ransacked, and the doubloons were recovered. As there was no one to claim the money, it was quietly divided among the conscientious citizens present at its revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," making gold plenty.

The doubloons in the yawl would have been lost but for the sagacity of Mulford. He too well knew the character of Spike to believe he would quit the brig without taking the doubloons with him. Acquainted with the boat, he examined the little locker in the stern-sheets, and found the two bags, one of which was probably the lawful property of Capt. Spike, while the other, in truth, belonged to the Mexican government. The last contained the most gold, but the first amounted to a sum that our young mate knew to be very considerable. Rose had made him acquainted with the sex of Jack Tier since their own marriage; and he at once saw that the claims to the gold in question, of this uncouth wife, who was so soon to be a widow, might prove to be as good in law, as they unquestionably were in morals. On representing the facts of the case to Capt. Mull and the legal functionaries at Key West, it was determined to relinquish this money to the heirs of Spike, as, indeed, they must have done under process, there being no other claimant. These doubloons, however, did not amount to the full price of the flour and powder that composed the cargo of the Swash. The cargo had been purchased with Mexican funds; and all that Spike or his heirs could claim, was the high freight for which he had undertaken the delicate office of transporting those forbidden articles, contraband of war, to the Dry Tortugas.

Mulford by this time was high in the confidence and esteem of all on board the Poughkeepsie. He had frankly explained his whole connection with Spike, not even attempting to conceal the reluctance he had felt to betray the brig after he had fully ascertained the fact of his commander's treason. The manly gentlemen with whom he was now brought in contact entered into his feelings, and admitted that it was an office no one could desire, to turn against the craft in which he sailed. It is true, they could not and would not be traitors, but Mulford had stopped far short of this; and the distinction between such a character and that of an informer was wide enough to satisfy all their scruples.

Then Rose had the greatest success with the gentlemen of the Poughkeepsie. Her youth, beauty, and modesty, told largely in her favor; and the simple,

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womanly affection she unconsciously betrayed in behalf of Harry, touched the heart of every observer. When the intelligence of her aunt's fate reached her, the sorrow she manifested was so profound and natural, that every one sympathized with her grief. Nor would she be satisfied unless Mulford would consent to go in search of the bodies. The latter knew the hopelessness of such an excursion, but he could not refuse to comply. He was absent on that melancholy duty, therefore, at the moment of the scene related in our last chapter, and did not return until after that which we are now about to lay before the reader. Mrs. Budd, Biddy, and all of those who perished after the yawl got clear of the reef, were drowned in deep water, and no more was ever seen of any of them; or, if wreckers did pass them, they did not stop to bury the dead. It was different, however, with those who were first sacrificed to Spike's selfishness. They were drowned on the reef, and Harry did actually recover the bodies of the Señor Montefalderon, and of Josh, the steward. They had washed upon a rock that is bare at low water. He took them both to the Dry Tortugas, and had them interred along with the other dead at that place. Don Juan was placed side by side with his unfortunate countryman, the master of his equally unfortunate schooner.

While Harry was absent and thus employed, Rose wept much and prayed more. She would have felt herself almost alone in the world, but for the youth to whom she had so recently, less than a week before, plighted her faith in wedlock. That new tie, it is true, was of sufficient importance to counteract many of the ordinary feelings of her situation; and she now turned to it as the one which absorbed most of the future duties of her life. Still she missed the kindness, the solicitude, even the weaknesses of her aunt; and the terrible manner in which Mrs. Budd had perished, made her shudder with horror whenever she thought of it. Poor Biddy, too, came in for her share of the regrets. This faithful creature, who had been in the relict's service ever since Rose's infancy, had become endeared to her, in spite of her uncouth manners and confused ideas, by the warmth of her heart, and the singular truth of her feelings. Biddy, of all her family, had come alone to America, leaving behind her not only brothers and sisters, but parents living. Each year did she remit to the last a moiety of her earnings, and many a half-dollar that had come from Rose's pretty little hand, had been converted into gold, and forwarded on the same pious errand to the green island of her nativity. Ireland, unhappy country! at this moment what are not the dire necessities of thy poor! Here, from the midst of abundance, in a land that God has blessed in its productions far beyond the limits of human wants, a land in which famine was never known, do we at this moment hear thy groans, and listen to tales of suffering that to us seem almost incredible. In the midst of these chilling narratives, our eyes fall on an appeal to the English nation, that appears in what it is the fashion of some to term the first journal of Europe (!) in behalf of thy suffering people. A worthy appeal to the charity of England seldom fails; but it seems to us that one sentiment of this might have been altered, if not spared. The English are asked to be "*forgetful* of the past," and to come forward to the relief of their suffering fellow-subjects. We should have written "*mindful* of the past," in its stead. We say this in charity, as well as in truth. We come of English blood, and if we claim to share in all the ancient renown of that warlike and enlightened people, we are equally bound to share in the reproaches that original misgovernment has inflicted on thee. In this latter sense, then, thou hast a right to our sympathies, and they are not withheld.

As has been already said, we now advance the time eight-and-forty hours, and again transfer the scene to that room in the hospital which was occupied by Spike. The approaches of death, during the interval just named, had been slow but certain. The surgeons had announced that the wounded man could not possibly survive the coming night; and he himself had been made sensible that his end was near. It is scarcely necessary to add that Stephen Spike, conscious of his vigor and strength, in command of his brig, and bent on the pursuits of worldly gains, or of personal gratification, was a very different person from him who now lay stretched on his pallet in the hospital of Key West, a dying man. By the side of his bed still sat his strange nurse, less peculiar in appearance, however, than when last seen by the reader.

Rose Budd had been ministering to the ungainly externals of Jack Tier. She now wore a cap, thus concealing the short, gray bristles of hair, and lending to her countenance a little of that softness which is a requisite of female character. Some attention had also been paid to the rest of her attire; and Jack was, altogether, less repulsive in her exterior than when, unaided, she had attempted to resume the proper garb of her sex. Use and association, too, had contributed a little to revive her woman's nature, if we may so express it, and she had begun, in particular, to feel the sort of interest in her patient which we all come in time to entertain toward any object of our especial care. We do not mean that Jack had absolutely ever ceased to love her husband; strange as it may seem, such had not literally been the case; on the contrary, her interest in him and in his welfare had never ceased, even while she saw his vices and detested his crimes; but all we wish to say here is, that she was getting, in addition to the long-enduring feelings of a wife, some of the interest of a nurse.

During the whole time which had elapsed between Jack's revealing her true character, and the moment of which we are now writing, Spike had not once spoken to his wife. Often had she caught his eyes intently riveted on her, when he would turn them away, as she feared, in distaste; and once or twice he groaned deeply, more like a man who suffered mental than bodily pain. Still the patient did not speak once in all the time mentioned. We should be representing poor Jack as possessing more philosophy, or less feeling, than the truth would warrant, were we to say she was not hurt at this conduct in

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her husband. On the contrary, she felt it deeply; and more than once it had so far subdued her pride, as to cause her bitterly to weep. This shedding of tears, however, was of service to Jack in one sense, for it had the effect of renewing old impressions, and in a certain way, of reviving the nature of her sex within her—a nature which had been sadly weakened by her past life.

But the hour had at length come when this long and painful silence was to be broken. Jack and Rose were alone with the patient, when the last again spoke to his wife.

"Molly—poor Molly!" said the dying man, his voice continuing full and deep to the last, "what a sad time you must have had of it after I did you that wrong!"

"It is hard upon a woman, Stephen, to turn her out, helpless, on a cold and selfish world," answered Jack, simply, much too honest to affect reserve she did not feel.

"It was hard, indeed; may God forgive me for it, as I hope *you* do, Molly."

No answer was made to this appeal; and the invalid looked anxiously at his wife. The last sat at her work, which had now got to be less awkward to her, with her eyes bent on her needle, and her countenance rigid, and, so far as the eye could discern, her feelings unmoved.

"Your husband speaks to you, Jack Tier," said Rose, pointedly.

"May *yours* never have occasion to speak to you, Rose Budd, in the same way," was the solemn answer. "I do not flatter myself that I ever was as comely as you, or that yonder poor dying wretch was a Harry Mulford in his youth; but we were young and happy, and respected once, and loved each other; yet you see what its all come to!"

Rose was silenced, though she had too much tenderness in behalf of her own youthful and manly bridegroom to dread a fate similar to that which had overtaken poor Jack. Spike now seemed disposed to say something, and she went to the side of his bed, followed by her companion, who kept a little in the back-ground, as if unwilling to let the emotion she really felt be seen, and, perhaps, conscious that her ungainly appearance did not aid her in recovering the lost affections of her husband.

"I have been a very wicked man, I fear," said Spike, earnestly.

"There are none without sin," answered Rose. "Place your reliance on the mediation of the Son of God, and sins even far deeper than yours may be pardoned."

The captain stared at the beautiful speaker, but self-indulgence, the incessant pursuit of worldly and selfish objects for forty years, and the habits of a life into which the thought of God and the dread hereafter never entered, had encased his spiritual being in a sort of brazen armor, through which no ordinary blow of conscience could penetrate. Still he had fearful glimpses of recent events, and his soul, hanging as it was over the abyss of eternity, was troubled.

"What has become of your aunt?" half whispered Spike—"my old captain's widow. She ought to be here; and Don Wan Montezuma—where is he?"

Rose turned aside to conceal her tears—but no one answered the questions of the dying man. Then a gleaming of childhood shot into the recollection of Spike, and, clasping his hands, he tried to pray. But, like others who have lived without any communication with their Creator through long lives of apathy to his existence and laws, thinking only of the present time, and daily, hourly sacrificing principles and duty to the narrow interests of the moment, he now found how hard it is to renew communications with a being who has been so long neglected. The fault lay in himself, however, for a gracious ear was open, even over the death-bed of Stephen Spike, could that rude spirit only bring itself to ask for mercy in earnestness and truth. As his companions saw his struggles, they left him for a few minutes to his own thoughts.

"Molly," Spike at length uttered, in a faint tone, the voice of one conscious of being very near his end, "I hope you will forgive me, Molly. I know you must have had a hard, hard time of it."

"It is hard for a woman to unsex herself, Stephen; to throw off her very natur', as it might be, and to turn man."

"It has changed you sadly—even your speech is altered. Once your voice was soft and womanish—more like that of Rose Budd's than it is now."

"I speak as them speak among whom I've been forced to live. The forecastle and steward's pantry, Stephen Spike, are poor schools to send women to l'arn language in."

"Try and forget it all, poor Molly! Say to me, so that I can hear you, 'I forget and forgive, Stephen.' I am afraid God will not pardon my sins, which begin to seem dreadful to me, if my own wife refuse to forget and forgive, on my dying bed."

Jack was much mollified by this appeal. Her interest in her offending husband had never been entirely extinguished. She had remembered him, and often with woman's kindness, in all her wanderings and sufferings, as the preceding parts of our narrative must show; and though resentment had been mingled with the grief and mortification she felt at finding how much he still submitted to Rose's superior charms, in a breast as really generous and humane as that of Jack Tier's, such a feeling was not likely to endure in the midst of a scene like that she was now called to witness. The muscles of her countenance twitched, the hard-looking, tanned face began to lose its sternness, and every way she appeared like one profoundly disturbed.

"Turn to Him whose goodness and mercy may serve you, Stephen," she said, in a milder and more feminine tone than she had used now for years, making her more like herself than either her husband or Rose had seen her since the commencement of the late voyage; "my sayin' that I forget and forgive cannot help a man on his death-bed."

"It will settle my mind, Molly, and leave me freer to turn my thoughts to God."

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Jack was much affected; more by the countenance and manner of the sufferer, perhaps, than by his words. She drew nearer to the side of her husband's pallet, knelt, took his hands, and said solemnly,

"Stephen Spike, from the bottom of my heart, I *do* forgive you; and I shall pray to God that he will pardon your sins as freely and more mercifully than I now pardon all, and try to forget all that you have done to me."

Spike clasped his hands, and again he tried to pray; but the habits of a whole life are not to be thrown off at will; and he who endeavors to regain, in his extremity, the moments that have been lost, will find, in bitter reality, that he has been heaping mountains on his own soul, by the mere practice of sin, which were never laid there by the original fall of his race. Jack, however, had disburthened her spirit of a load that had long oppressed it, and, burying her face in the rug, she wept.

"I wish, Molly," said the dying man, several minutes later, "I wish I had never seen the brig Until I got that craft, no thought of wronging human being ever crossed my mind."

"It was the Father of Lies that tempts all to do evil, Stephen, and not the brig which caused the sins."

"I wish I could live a year longer—*only* one year; that is not much to ask for a man who is not yet sixty."

"It is hopeless, poor Stephen. The surgeons say you cannot live one day."

Spike groaned; for the past, blended fearfully with the future, gleamed on his conscience with a brightness that appalled him. And what is that future, which is to make us happy or miserable through an endless vista of time? Is it not composed of an existence, in which conscience, released from the delusions and weaknesses of the body, sees all in its true colors, appreciates all, and punishes all? Such an existence would make every man the keeper of the record of his own transgressions, even to the most minute exactness. It would of itself mete out perfect justice, since the sin would be seen amid its accompanying facts, every aggravating or extenuating circumstance. Each man would be strictly punished according to his talents. As no one is without sin, it makes the necessity of an atonement indispensable, and, in its most rigid interpretaion, it exhibits the truth of the scheme of salvation in the clearest colors. The soul, or conscience, that can admit the necessary degree of faith in that atonement, and in admitting, *feels* its efficacy, throws the burthen of its own transgressions away, and remains forever in the condition of its original existence, pure, and consequently happy.

We do not presume to lay down a creed on this mighty and mysterious matter, in which all have so deep an interest, and concerning which so very small a portion of the human race think much, or think with any clearness when it does become the subject of their passing thoughts at all. We too well know our own ignorance to venture on dogmas which it has probably been intended that the mind of man should not yet grapple with and comprehend. To return to our subject.

Stephen Spike was now made to feel the incubus-load, which perseverance in sin heaps on the breast of the reckless offender. What was the most grievous of all, his power to shake off this dead weight was diminished in precisely the same proportion as the burthen was increased, the moral force of every man lessening in a very just ratio to the magnitude of his delinquencies. Bitterly did this deep offender struggle with his conscience, and little did his half-unsexed wife know how to console or aid him. Jack had been superficially instructed in the dogmas of her faith, in childhood and youth, as most persons are instructed in what are termed Christian communities—had been made to learn the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed—and had been left to set up for herself on this small capital, in the great concern of human existence, on her marriage and entrance on the active business of life. When the manner in which she had passed the last twenty years is remembered, no one can be surprised to learn that Jack was of little assistance to her husband in his extremity. Rose made an effort to administer hope and consolation, but the terrible nature of the struggle she witnessed, induced her to send for the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie. This divine prayed with the dying man; but even he, in the last moments of the sufferer, was little more than a passive but shocked witness of remorse, suspended over the abyss of eternity in hopeless dread. We shall not enter into the details of the revolting scene, but simply add that curses, blasphemy, tremulous cries for mercy, agonized entreaties to be advised, and sullen defiance, were all strangely and fearfully blended. In the midst of one of these revolting paroxysms Spike breathed his last. A few hours later his body was interred in the sands of the shore. It may be well to say in this place, that the hurricane of 1846, which is known to have occurred only a few months later, swept off the frail covering and that the body was washed away to leave its bones among the wrecks and relics of the Florida Reef.

Mulford did not return from his fruitless expedition in quest of the remains of Mrs. Budd, until after the death and interment of Spike. As nothing remained to be done at Key West, he and Rose accompanied by Jack Tier, took passage for Charleston in the first convenient vessel that offered. Two days before they sailed, the Poughkeepsie went out to cruise in the gulf, agreeably to her general orders. The evening previously Capt. Mull, Wallace, and the chaplain, passed with the bridegroom and bride, when the matter of the doubloons found in the boat was discussed. It was agreed that Jack Tier should have them; and into her hands the bag was now placed. On this occasion, to oblige the officers, Jack went into a narrative of all she had seen and suffered, from the moment when abandoned by her late husband down to that when she found him again. It was a strange account, and one filled with surprising adventures. In most of the vessels in

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which she had served, Jack had acted in the steward's department, though she had frequently done duty as a fore-mast hand. In strength and skill she admitted that she had often failed; but in courage, never. Having been given reason to think her husband was reduced to serving in a vessel of war, she had shipped on board a frigate bound to the Mediterranean, and had actually made a whole cruise as a ward-room boy on that station. While thus employed she had met with two of the gentlemen present; Capt. Mull and Mr. Wallace. The former was then first lieutenant of the frigate, and the latter a passed-midshipman; and in these capacities both had been well known to her. As the name she then bore was the same as that under which she now "hailed," these officers were soon made to recollect her, though Jack was no longer the light, trim-built lad he had then appeared to be. Neither of the gentlemen named had made the whole cruise in the ship, but each had been promoted and transferred to another craft, after being Jack's shipmate rather more than a year. This information greatly facilitated the affair of the doubloons.

From Charleston the travelers came north by rail-road. Harry made several stops by the way, in order to divert the thoughts of his beautiful young bride from dwelling too much on the fate of her aunt. He knew that home would revive all these recollections painfully, and wished to put off the hour of their return, until time had a little weakened Rose's regrets. For this reason, he passed a whole week in Washington, though it was a season of the year that the place is not in much request. Still, Washington is scarce a town, at any season. It is much the fashion to deride the American capital, and to treat it as a place of very humble performance with very sounding pretensions. Certainly, Washington has very few of the peculiarities of a great European capital, but few as these are, they are more than belong to any other place in this country. We now allude to the *distinctive* characteristics of a capital, and not to a mere concentration of houses and shops within a given space. In this last respect, Washington is much behind fifty other American towns, even while it is the only place in the whole republic which possesses specimens of architecture, on a scale approaching that of the higher classes of the edifices of the old world. It is totally deficient in churches, and theatres, and markets; or those it does possess are, in an architectural sense, not at all above the level of village or country-town pretensions, but one or two of its national edifices do approach the magnificence and grandeur of the old world. The new Treasury Buildings are unquestionably, on the score of size, embellishments and finish, *the* American edifice that comes nearest to first class architecture on the other side of the Atlantic. The Capitol comes next, though it can scarce be ranked, relatively, as high. As for the White House, it is every way sufficient for its purposes and the institutions; and now that its grounds are finished, and the shrubbery and trees begin to tell, one sees about it something that is not unworthy of its high uses and origin. Those grounds, which so long lay a reproach to the national taste and liberality, are now fast becoming beautiful, are already exceedingly pretty, and give to a structure that is destined to become historical, having already associated with it the names of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Quincy Adams, together with the *ci pollot* of the later Presidents, an *entourage* that is suitable to its past recollections and its present purposes. They are not quite on a level with the parks of London, it is true; or even with the Tuileries, or Luxembourg, or the Boboli, or the Villa Reale, or fifty more grounds and gardens, of a similar nature, that might be mentioned; but, seen in the spring and early summer, they adorn the building they surround, and lend to the whole neighborhood a character of high civilization, that no other place in America can show, in precisely the same form, or to the same extent.

This much have we said on the subject of the White House and its precincts, because we took occasion, in a former work, to berate the narrow-minded parsimony which left the grounds of the White House in a condition that was discreditable to the republic. How far our philippic may have hastened the improvements which have been made, is more than we shall pretend to say, but having made the former strictures, we are happy to have an occasion to say (though nearly twenty years have intervened between the expressions of the two opinions) that they are no longer merited.

And here we will add another word, and that on a subject that is not sufficiently pressed on the attention of a people, who, by position, are unavoidably provincial. We invite those whose gorges rise at any stricture on any thing American, and who fancy it is enough to belong to the great republic to be great in itself, to place themselves in front of the State Department, as it now stands, and to examine its dimensions, material and form with critical eyes; then to look along the adjacent Treasury Buildings, to fancy them completed, by a junction with new edifices of a similar construction to contain the department of state; next to fancy similar works completed for the two opposite departments; after which, to compare the past and present with the future as thus finished, and remember how recent has been the partial improvement which even now exists. If this examination and comparison do not show, directly to the sense of sight, how much there was and is to criticise, as put in contrast with other countries, we shall give up the individuals in question, as too deeply dyed in the provincial wool ever to be whitened. The present Trinity church, New York, certainly not more than a third class European church, if as much, compared with its village-like predecessor, may supply a practical homily of the same degree of usefulness. There may be those among us, however, who fancy it patriotism to maintain that the old Treasury Buildings were quite equal to the new, and of these intense Americans we cry their mercy!

Rose felt keenly on reaching her late aunt's very neat dwelling in Fourteenth Street, New York. But

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the manly tenderness of Mulford was a great support to her, and a little time brought her to think of that weak-minded, but well-meaning and affectionate relative, with gentle regret, rather than with grief. Among the connections of her young husband, she found several females of a class in life certainly equal to her own, and somewhat superior to the latter in education and habits. As for Harry, he very gladly passed the season with his beautiful bride, though a fine ship was laid down for him, by means of Rose's fortune, now much increased by her aunt's death, and he was absent in Europe when his son was born; an event that occurred only two months since.

The Swash, and the shipment of gunpowder, were thought of no more in the good town of Manhattan. This great emporium—we beg pardon, this great *commercial* emporium—has a trick of forgetting; condensing all interests into those of the present moment. It is much addicted to believing that which never had an existence, and of overlooking that which is occurring directly *under its nose*. So marked is this tendency to forgetfulness, we should not be surprised to hear some of the Manhattanese pretend that our legend is nothing but a fiction, and deny the existence of the Molly, Capt. Spike, and even of Biddy Noon. But we know them too well to mind what they say, and shall go on and finish our narrative in our own way, just as if there were no such raven-throated commentators at all.

Jack Tier, still known by that name, lives in the family of Capt. Mulford. She is fast losing the tan on her face and hands, and every day is improving in appearance. She now habitually wears her proper attire, and is dropping gradually into the feelings and habits of her sex. She never can become what she once was, any more than the blackamoor can become white, or the leopard change his spots; but she is no longer revolting. She has left off chewing and smoking, having found a refuge in snuff. Her hair is permitted to grow, and is already turned up with a comb, though constantly concealed beneath a cap. The heart of Jack, alone, seems unaltered. The strange, tiger-like affection that she bore for Spike, during twenty years of abandonment, has disappeared in regrets for his end. It is succeeded by a most sincere attachment for Rose, in which the little boy, since his appearance on the scene, is becoming a large participator. This child Jack is beginning to love intensely; and the doubloons, well invested, placing her above the feeling of dependence, she is likely to end her life, once so errant and disturbed, in tranquillity and a home-like happiness.

THE BELLE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

She stands before the mirror—she is fair,
And soft the light within her beaming eyes,
But unshed tears are slowly gathering there,
Like passing clouds that float o'er summer skies;
Her cheek is wan, as blanched by thoughts of pain,
And on her snowy brow a shadow sleeps:
Are such surpassing gifts bestowed in vain?—
The pale, sad beauty turns aside and weeps!

Long, long in anguish flows the burning tide—
Dark storms of feeling sweep across her breast—
In loneliness there needs no mask of pride—
To nerve the soul, and veil the heart's unrest,
Amid the crowd her glances brightly beam,
Her smiles with undimmed lustre sweetly shine:
The haunting visions of life's fevered dream
The cold and careless seek not to divine.

Night after night unheeded glides away
'Mid mirth and music, flattery's whispered tone,
Her dreary penance—ever to be gay,
Yet longing, oh! how oft—to be alone;
But when all other hearts seek needful rest,
And heavy sleep the saddest eyelids close,
Her dreams are those the wretched only know,
As memory o'er her soul its shadow's throw.

Friends that had shared her girlhood's happier day,
And forms now mingling with the dust arise,
The early loved recalled with pensive tears,
Though once in pride half scorned and lightly prized;
Fair pictured scenes long vanished from her sight,
Soft tones of songs and voices loved of yore,
And words of tenderness and looks of light,
And fresh young hopes that bloom for her no more.

But this one hour has crowned in deep despair
The many sorrows of life's galling chain,
Yet mid those sighs that rend her aching soul
The heart's wild struggle is not felt in vain,
For she has turned to Him whose smile can cheer
The darkened mind and hopes lost light reveal,
And learns to feel 'mid trembling doubt and fear—
That HE whose power can wound is strong to heal.

While loftier thoughts to nobler purpose given
Than those long wasted amid fashion's glare,
And deep resolves the future shall be fraught
With holy deeds, her earnest musings share—
Though in the dance her step no more may glide,
The glittering circle miss its chosen queen,
Around the vacant place a closing tide
Will leave no record where her form was seen.

But where the widow's tear-drop may be dried,
And where the orphan wanders sad and lone,
Where poverty its grieving head may hide,
Will breathe the music of her voice's tone;
And if her face was blest with beauty rare
'Mid gilded sighs and worldly vanity,
When heavenly peace has left its impress there
Its loveliness from earthly stain is free.

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LE PETIT SOULIER.

A STORY: IN TWO PARTS.

BY IK. MARVEL.

PART I.

I HAVE said that the Abbé G—— had a room in some dark corner of a hotel in the Rue de Seine, or Rue de la Harpe—which of the two it was I really forget. At any rate, the hotel was very old, and the street out of which I used to step into its ill-paved, triangular court, was very narrow, and very dirty.

At the end of the court, farthest from the heavy gateway, was the box of the *concierge*, who was a brisk little shoemaker, forever bethwacking his lapstone. If I remember right, the hammer of the little *cordonnier* made the only sound I used to hear in the court; for though the house was full of lodgers, I never saw two of them together, and never heard them talking across the court from the upper windows, even in mid-summer.

At this distance of time, I do not think it would be possible for me to describe accurately all the windings of the corridor which led to the abbé's door. I remember that the first part was damp and low, and after it I used to mount a crazy stone staircase, and at the top passed through a passage that opened on one side upon a narrow court; then there was a little wicket of iron, which, when it turned, tinkled a bell. Sometimes the abbé would hear the bell, and open his door down at the end of the corridor; and sometimes a lodger, who occupied a room looking into the last-mentioned court, would draw, slyly, a corner of his curtain, and peep out, to see who was passing. Sometimes I would loiter myself to look down upon the lower windows in the court, or to glance up at story resting above story, and at the peaked roof, and *dot* of a loop-hole at the top.

A single small door opened into the court, and occasionally an old woman, or bustling, shabbily-dressed man would shuffle across the pavement; the faces at the windows seemed altogether sordid and every-day faces, so that I came to regard the quarters of the abbé, notwithstanding the quaint-fashioned windows and dim stairway, and suspicious quiet, a very matter of fact, and so, very uninteresting neighborhood.

As the abbé and myself passed out sometimes together through the open-sided corridor, I would point into the court, and ask who lived in the little room at the top.

"Ah, *mon cher*, I do not know," the abbé would say.

Or, "who lives in the corner, with the queer narrow window and the striped curtain?"

"I cannot tell you, *mon cher*."

Or, "whose is the little window with so many broken panes, and an old placard pinned against the frame?"

"Ah, who knows! perhaps a *chiffonier*, or a shopman, or perhaps—" and the abbé lifted his finger, and shook his head expressively, and continued,

"It is a strange world we live in, *mon ami*."

What could the abbé mean? I looked up at the window again; it was small, and the panes were set in rough metal casing; it was high up on the fourth or fifth floor. I could see nothing through but the dirty yellow placard.

"Is it in the same hotel with you?" said I.

"*Ma foi*, I do not know."

I tried to picture satisfactorily to my own mind the appearance of the chamber to which the little window belonged. Small it must be, I knew, for in that quarter few were large even upon the first floor, and looking upon the street. Dirty, too, it should surely be, and comfortless, and tenanted by misery, or poverty, or sin, or, very likely, all together. Possibly some miserly old wretch lived there, needing only a little light to count up his hoard, and caring little for any intrusive wind, if it did not blow away his treasure. I fancied I could see him running over the tale of his coin by a feeble rushlight—squat, perhaps, on the dirty tile-floor—then locking his box, and placing it carefully under the pillow of his straw pallet, then tip-toeing to the door to examine again the fastening, then carefully extinguishing the taper, and after, dropping into an anxious, fevered sleep.

I even lingered very late at the abbé's room, to see if I could detect the old man; but there was never any light to be seen.

Perhaps it was the home of some poor gentleman who had seen better days, and whom necessity obliged to deny himself the poor luxury of a centime light. Possibly it was a little shopman, as the abbé had suggested, struggling with fortune—not scrupulous in honesty, and shunning observation; or it might be (who could tell) a sleek-faced villain, stealing about in the dusk, and far into the night, making the dim chamber his home only when more honest lodgers were astir in the city.

All sorts of conjectures came thronging on me, and I cast my eyes up, day after day, at the little window, hoping some change of appearance might give plausibility to some one of my fancies.

Week after week, however, the corridor wore its old quietude; the striped curtain in the wing window, and the yellow placard in the suspicious window at the top, still kept their places with provoking tenacity; and I could never, with all my art, seduce the good-

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natured abbé into any bugbear story about the occupant of the dim chamber on the court.

I dare say I might soon have neglected to look up at all, had I not observed one day, after my glances had grown very careless, and almost involuntary, a rich lace veil hanging against the same little window where had hung the placard. There was no mistaking it—the veil was of the richest Mechlin lace. I knew very well that no lady of elegance could occupy such apartment, or, indeed, was to be found (I mean no disrespect to the abbé) in that quarter of Paris. The window plainly belonged to some thievish den, and the lace formed a portion of the spoils. I began to be distrustful of late visits to the abbé's quarters, and full of the notion of thievish eyes looking out from the strange window—I used half to tremble as I passed along the corridor. I told the abbé of the veil, and hinted my suspicions.

"It is nothing," said he, "princes have lived in worse corners."

"And yet you are not curious to know more?"

"*Mon cher*, it is dangerous to be too curious, *je suis un prêtre*."

Some days after—it was on a winter's morning, when a little snow had fallen—I chanced to glance over into the court on which the mysterious window looked, and saw the beautiful foot-mark of a lady's slipper. It was scarce longer than my hand—too narrow and delicately formed for a child's foot, least of all the foot of such children as belonged to the Rue de Seine. I could not but associate the foot-track—so small, so beautiful, and so unlooked for in such scene—with the veil I had seen at the window.

Through all of my morning's lesson—I was then reading *La Grammaire des Grammaires*—I could think of nothing but the pretty foot-track in the snow. No such foot, I was quite sure, could be seen in the dirty Rue de Seine—not even the shop-girls of the Rue de la Paix, or the tidiest Lorettes could boast of one so pretty.

I asked the abbé to walk with me; and as we passed the corridor, I threw my eye carelessly into the court, as if it were only my first observation, and said as quietly as possible, "*Mon cher abbé*, the snow tells tales this morning."

The abbé looked curiously down upon the foot-marks, ran his eye rapidly over the windows, turned to me, shook his head expressively, and said, as he glanced down again, "*C'etait un fort joli petit soulier*." (It was a very pretty little shoe.)

"Whose was it?" said I.

"*Mon cher*, I do not know."

I still kept up, day after day, my watch upon the window. It shortly supplied me with an important link in the chain of observations. I saw lying within the glass, against which the veil yet hung, nothing more nor less than the same little shoe, I thoroughly believed, which had made the delicate foot-marks on the snow in the court. Not a prettier shoe could be seen on the Boulevards, and scarce one so small. It would have been very strange to see such delicate articles of dress at any hotels of the neighborhood, and stranger still to find them in the humblest window of so dismal a court.

There was a mystery about the matter that perplexed me. Every one knows, who knows any thing about Paris, that that part of the city along the Rue de Seine, between the Rues Jacob and Bussy, and though very reputable in its way, is yet no place for delicate ladies, not even as a promenade, and much less as a residence. It is assigned over, as well by common consent as custom, to medical students, shop-men, attorneys, physicians, priests, lodging-house keepers, market-men, sub-officials, shop-women, second-class milliners, and grisettes.

Indeed a delicate lady—and such only, I was sure, could have left the foot-print in the court, and be the owner of the shoe I had seen—could hardly pass through the Rue de Seine without drawing the eyes of all the lodgers on the street. Dried up hag faces would have met the apparition with a leer; the porters would have turned to stare, and she would have had very suspicious followers.

I loitered about the outer court of the hotel, under pretence of waiting for the abbé, in hope of seeing something which would throw light upon the mysterious occupant of the chamber. But the comers and goers were all of the most unobtrusive and ordinary cast. I ventured to question the concierge concerning his lodgers. They were all *bons gens*.

"Were there any ladies?"

The little shoemaker lifted his hammer a moment while he eyed me—"But one, monsieur; the wife of the old tobacconist at the corner."

I asked about the windows in the little court, beside which I passed—did they belong to his hotel?

He did not think it.

I prevailed on him to step with me a moment into the corridor, and pointed out to him the window which had drawn so much of my attention. I asked if he knew the hotel to which it belonged?

He did not. It might be the next, or the next after, or down the little alley branching out of the Rue de Seine. I asked him of the character of the neighborhood.

It was a good neighborhood, he said—a very reputable neighborhood. He believed the lodgers of the quarter to be all *honnêtes gens*.

I took occasion to loiter about the courts of the adjoining houses, frequently passing the opposite side of the way, with my eye all the time upon the entrance gates. The lodgers seemed to be even inferior to those who passed in at the court where the abbé resided.

One individual alone had attracted my attention. He was a tall, pale man, in the decline of life, dressed in a sort of half-uniform; he walked with a stooping gait, and seemed to me (perhaps it was a mere fancy) as much weighed down by care as years. Several times I had seen him going in or coming out of the court that opened two doors above the abbé's. He was unlike most inhabitants of the neighborhood in both dress and air.

I ventured to step up to the brisk little concierge in the court one day, and ask who was the tall gentleman with the tarnished lace who had just entered?

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"It is *un Monsieur Very*," said the concierge.

"And poor Monsieur Very lives alone?" said I.

"How should I know, monsieur?"

"He always walks alone," said I.

"It is true," said the concierge.

"He has children, perhaps?" said I.

"*Très probable*," said the concierge.

He was little disposed to be communicative, yet I determined to make another trial.

"You have very pretty lodgers," said I.

"Pardon, monsieur," said he, "I do not understand you."

"Pretty—very pretty lodgers, said I.

"You are facetious, monsieur," said the concierge, smiling.

"Not at all," said I; "have I not seen (a sad lie) a very pretty face at one of the windows on the back court?"

"I do not think it, monsieur."

"And then there are no female lodgers?"

"*Pardon, monsieur*—there are several."

Here the little concierge was interrupted by a lodger, and I could ask no more.

I still, however, kept up my scrutiny of the attic window—observed closely every female foot that glanced about the neighboring courts, and remitted sadly my attention to the *Grammaire des Grammaires*, in the quiet room of my demure friend the abbé.

Sometimes, in my fancies, the object of wonder was a young maiden of the *noblesse*, who, for imputed family crimes, had hid herself in so humble a quarter. Sometimes I pictured the occupant of the chamber as the suffering daughter of some miserly parent, with trace of noble blood—filial, yet dependent in her degradation. Sometimes I imagined her the daughter of shame—the beloved of a doating, and too late repentant mother—shunning the face of a world that had seduced her with its smiles, and that now made smiles the executioners of its punishment.

In short, form what fancies I would, I could not but feel a most extraordinary interest in clearing the mystery that seemed to me to hang about the little window in the court. Unconnected with the foot-track and the slipper, the window on the court would have been nothing more than half the courts to be seen in the old quarters of Paris. Or, indeed, the delicate foot-prints, and articles of female luxury would have hardly caught attention, much less sustained it with so feverish curiosity, in any one of the courts opening upon the Rue de Rivoli, or Rue Lafitte.

The concierge next door, I was persuaded, knew more of his inmates than he cared to say. I still, as I have said, glanced my eye, each morning, along the upper angles of the court, and sidled now and then by the gate of the neighboring hotel; but the window wore its usual look—there was the veil, and the placard, and the disjointed, rattling sash; and in the neighboring court was, sometimes, the tall gentleman picking his way carefully over the stones, and sometimes the stumpy figure of a waiting woman.

Some ten days after my chat with the neighbor concierge, I reached the hotel of the abbé an hour earlier than my usual morning visit, and took the occasion to reconnoitre the adjoining courts. The concierge, my acquaintance of the week before, was busy with a bowl of coffee and a huge roll; and, just as I had sidled up to his box for a word with him, who should brush past in great apparent haste, but the pale, thin gentleman who had before attracted my observation.

I determined to step around at once into the open corridor of the abbé's hotel, and see if I could detect any movement—so slight even as the opening or shutting of a door in the chamber of the narrow window.

It was earlier by a half hour at the least than I had ever been in the corridor before. The court was quiet; my eye ran to the little window—at a glance I saw it had not its usual appearance. A light cambric handkerchief, with lace border, was pinned across it from side to side; and just at the moment that I began to scrutinize what seemed to me like a coronet stitched on the corner, a couple of delicate fingers reached over the hem, removed the fastening, first on one side, then on the other—the handkerchief was gone.

It was the work of an instant, and evidently done in haste; but I still caught a glimpse of a delicate female figure—sleeve hanging loose about the arm a short way below the elbow, hair sweeping, half curled and half carelessly over a cheek white as her dress, and an expression, so far as I could judge, of deep sadness.

I shrunk back into a shadow of the corridor, and waited; but there was no more stir at the window. The yellow placard dangled by one fastening; a bit of the veil was visible, nothing else, to tell me of the character of the inmate.

I told the abbé what I had seen.

The abbé closed his grammar, (keeping his thumb at the place,) shook his head slowly from side to side, smiled, lifted his finger in playful menace, and—went on with his lesson.

"Who can it be?" said I.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you, *mon ami*," said the abbé, laying down his book with a look of despair.

The morning after I was again in the corridor a full half hour before my usual time, but the window wore its usual air. The next day, again I was an hour beforehand, and the abbé had not put off his priest robe, in which he goes to morning mass; still there was no handkerchief at the little window—no wavy mesh of hair—no taper arm—no shadowy form moving in the dim chamber.

I had arranged to leave for the south in a few days, and was more than ever anxious for some explication of the mystery. A single further mode only occurred to me; I would go to the concierge next door, and under pretence of looking for rooms, would have him conduct me through his hotel.

It had dismal corridors, and steeper stairways than even the abbé's. I was careless about the second and the third floors; and it was not till we had mounted a half dozen crazy pair of stairs, that I began to scruti-

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nize narrowly the doors, and sometimes to ask if this or that chamber was occupied. I made my way always to the windows of the rooms shown me, in hope of seeing the little court I knew so well, and the abbé's half-open corridor, and yet in half fear, that I might, after all, be looking from the very window about which hung so perplexing mystery.

It was long before I caught sight of my old point of observation in the neighboring corridor. The room was small, and was covered with singular ancient hangings, with a concealed door, which the concierge opened into a charming little cabinet. How many more concealed doors there might have been I do not know. I put my head out the window, and looked down in search of the strange casement; it was not below. Then I looked to one side—there was the long window with a striped curtain. I looked to the other side—another long window. I looked up—there at length it was, over my left shoulder. I could see plainly the yellow placard, and heard it flapping the casement.

I asked the concierge if he had no rooms above.

"*Oui, monsieur*—a single one; but it is too high for monsieur."

"Let me see," said I—and we mounted a miserably dim staircase. There were three doors; the concierge opened the nearest to the landing.

"*La voici, monsieur.*" It was a sad little affair, and looked out by just such a loop-hole as was the object of my curiosity, upon a court I did not know.

"It will never do," said I, as I came out of the room. "But what is here?" continued I, brushing up to the next door.

The concierge caught me by the arm, and drew me back. Then he raised himself forward on tip-toe, and whispered, "*C'est le Monsieur Very.*"

"I knew from its position it must have been the little casement which looked upon the corridor. There was another door opposite; I brushed up to this, and was again drawn back by the concierge.

"Who is here?" said I.

"*La Mademoiselle Marie,*" said the concierge, and put his finger on his lip.

"Is she young?" said I, following the concierge down the stairway.

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"And pretty?"

Oui, monsieur."

"I have never seen her," said I.

"*Ma foi*, that is not strange, monsieur."

"And she has been here—?"

"A month."

"Perhaps she is rich," said I.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the concierge, turning round to look at me, "and live in such a chamber?"

"But she dresses richly," said I.

"*Eh bien!* you have seen her, then?" exclaimed briskly the little concierge.

By this time we were in the court again. My search had only stimulated my curiosity tenfold more. I half fancied the concierge began to suspect my inquiries. Yet I determined to venture a single further one. It was just as I was carelessly leaving the court—"*Mais, la mademoiselle*, is, perhaps, the daughter of Monsieur Very, eh, monsieur?"

"*Ma foi*, I cannot tell you, monsieur," said the little concierge—and he closed his door.

I told the abbé of my search. He smiled, and shook his head.

I described to him the person of Monsieur Very, and told him he must keep his eye upon him, and, if possible, clear up the strange mystery of the window in the court.

The abbé shook his finger doubtingly, yet gave me a half promise.

Three days only were left to me; I cast up anxious glances each morning of my stay, but there was nothing but the placard and a bit of the veil to be seen—the little shoe was gone. My last evening I passed with the abbé, and came away late. I stopped five minutes on the corridor, just outside the wicket; the moon was shining bright, and the stars were out, but the window at the top of the court was dark—all dark.

PART II.

Poor Clerie! but I have told his story,* so I will not tell it again. It made a sad greeting for me on the lips of the abbé, when I first came back to the city after a half year's absence; and it will not, I am sure, seem strange that seeing the abbé in his priest-robes, and hearing his sad tale of poor Clerie, I should forget entirely to ask about the little shoe, or the tall gentleman of the attic. Nevertheless I did, as I went out, throw a glance up to the window of the court—alas! there were more panes broken, the placard was gone, the veil was gone—there was nothing but a flimsy web which a bold spider had stretched across one of the corners. I felt sure that the last six months had brought its changes to other houses, as well as the house of Clerie.

I thought I would just step round to the conciergerie of the neighboring hotel, and ask after Monsieur Very; but before I had got fairly into the court I turned directly about, and walked away—I was afraid to ask about Monsieur Very. I felt saddened by the tale I had already heard; it had given, as such things will, a soft tinge of sadness to all my own thoughts, and fancies, and hopes. Everybody knows there are times in life when things joyful seem harsh; and there are times, too—Heaven knows!—when a saddened soul shrinks, fearful as a child, from any added sadness. God be blessed that they pass, like clouds over the bright sky of His Providence, and are gone

I was afraid to ask that day about Monsieur Very: so I walked home—one while perplexing myself with strange conjectures; and another while the current of my thought would disengage itself from these hindering eddies, and go glowing quick, and strong, and sad—pushed along by the memory of poor Clerie's fate.

I knew the abbé would tell me all next day—and so he did.

We dined together in the Palais Royal, at a snug

* Fresh Gleanings, pp. 132, 133.

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restaurant up-stairs, near the Theatre Français. We took a little cabinet to ourselves, and I ordered up a bottle of Chambertin.

The soup was gone, a nice dish of *filet de veau, aux epinards*, was before us, and we had drank each a couple of glasses, before I ventured to ask one word about Monsieur Very.

"*Ah, mon cher*," said the abbé—at the same time laying down his fork—"*il est mort!*"

"And mademoiselle—"

"*Attendez*," said the abbé, "and you shall hear it all."

The abbé resumed his fork; I filled up the glasses, and he commenced:

"You will remember, *mon cher*, having described to me the person of the tall pale gentleman who was our neighbor. The description was a very good one, for I recognized him the moment I saw him.

"It was a week or more after you had left for the south, and I had half forgotten—excuse me, *mon ami*—the curiosity you had felt in the little window in the court; I happened to be a half hour later than usual in returning from mass, and as I passed the hotel at the corner, I saw coming out a tall gentleman, in a cloak trimmed with a little tawny lace, and with an air so different from that of most lodgers in the neighborhood, that I was sure it must be Monsieur Very."

"The very same," said I.

"Indeed," continued the abbé, "I was so struck with his appearance—added to your interest in him—here the abbé bowed and sipped his wine) that I determined to follow him a short way down the street. He kept through the Rue de Seine, and passing under the colonnade of the Institute, crossed the Pont de Fer, continued along the quay as far as the gates of the garden—into the Rue de Rivoli, and though I thought he would have stopped at some of the *cafés* in the neighborhood, he did not, but kept steadily on, nor did I give up pursuit until he had taken his place in one of the omnibuses which pass the head of the Rue de la Paix.

"A week after, happening to see him, as I came home from Martin's, under the Odeon, I followed him again: I took a place in the same omnibus at the head of the Rue de la Paix. Opposite the Rue de Lancry he stopped. I stopped a short way above, and stepping back, soon found the poor gentleman picking his feeble paces along the dirty sideway.

"You remember, *mon cher*, wandering with me in the Rue de Lancry; you remember that it is crooked and long. The poor gentleman found it so; for before he had reached the end he leaned against the wall, apparently overcome with fatigue. I offered him assistance; at first he declined; he told me he was going only to the Hôpital St. Louis, which was now near by. I told him I was going the same way, upon which he took my arm, and we walked together to the gates. The poor gentleman seemed unable or unwilling to talk with me, and at the gates he merely pulled a slip of paper from his pocket to show the concierge, and passed in. I attended him as far as the middle hall in the court, when he kindly thanked me, and turned into one of the male wards. I took occasion presently to look in, and saw my companion half way down the hall, at the bed-side of a very feeble-looking patient of perhaps seven or eight-and-twenty.

"There seemed a degree of familiarity between them, more than would belong to patient and physician. I noticed too that the attendants treated the old gentleman with marked respect; this was, I fancy, however, owing to the old gentleman's air, for not one of them could tell me who he was.

"I left him in the hospital, more puzzled than ever as to who could be the occupant of your little chamber. He seemed to me to have seen better days; and as for your lady of the slipper, it was so long before I saw any female with Monsieur Very, that I began to think she had no existence, save in your lively imagination."

Here the abbé sipped his wine.

"You saw her at length, then?" said I,

"*Attendez*. One evening I caught a glimpse of the tall gentleman going into the court of his hotel, with a lady closely muffled in black upon his arm,"

"And she had a pretty foot?"

"Ah, *mon ami*, it was too dark to see."

"And did you see her again?"

"*Attendez*. (The abbé sipped his wine.) For a month I saw neither monsieur nor mademoiselle. I passed the court early and late; I even went up to St. Louis, but the sick man was gone. The whole matter had nearly dropped from my mind, when one night—it was late, and very dark—the little bell at the wicket rung, and presently there was a loud rap at my door. It was the concierge of the next court; a man he said was dying, and a priest was wanted.

"I hurried over, and followed the concierge up, I know not how many stairs, into a miserable little chamber. There was a yellow placard at the window—"

I filled the abbé's glass and my own.

"Poor Monsieur Very," continued the abbé, "was on the couch before me, dying!" The concierge had left the chamber, but there was still a third person present, who seemed to belong to such a place."

The abbé saw my earnestness, and provokingly sipped his wine.

"This is very good wine, monsieur," said the abbé.

"Was she pretty?" said I.

"Beautiful," said the abbé, earnestly.

I filled the abbé's glass. The garçon had taken away the *fricandeau*, and served us with *poulet roti*.

"Had she a light dress, and long, wavy ringlets?" said I.

"She was beautiful," said the abbé, "and her expression was so sweet, so gentle, so sad—ah, *mon ami—ah, pauvre—pauvre fille!*"

The abbé had laid down his fork; he held his napkin to his face.

"And so poor Very died?" said I.

"It was a sad sight," said the abbé.

"And he confessed to you?"

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"I was too late, *mon ami*; he murmured a word or two in my ear I could not understand. He confessed to God."

"And mademoiselle—"

"She sat at the foot of the couch when I went in, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the poor gentleman's face; now and then a tear rolled off her cheeks—but she did not know it.

"Presently the dying man beckoned to her. She stole softly to the head of the couch, and laid her little white hand in his withered fingers.

"'Marie,' said he, 'dear Marie, I shall be gone—soon.'

"The poor girl burst into tears, and gathered up the palsied hand of the old man in both hers, as if she would not let him go.

"'Marie,' continued he, very feebly, 'you will want a friend.'

"Again the poor girl answered by a burst of tears. She could say nothing.

"'I have seen Remy,' continued the old man, still addressing the girl, who seemed startled at the name, notwithstanding her grief. 'He has suffered like us; he has been ill, too—very ill; you may trust him now, Marie; he has promised to be kind. Marie, my child, will you trust him?'

"'Dear father, I will do what you wish,' said the girl, weeping.

"'Thank you, Marie,' said the old man, and he tried to carry the white hand to his lips, but he could not. 'And now, Marie—the little locket?'

"Marie stepped softly across the chamber, and brought a small gold locket, very richly wrought, and put it in the old man's hand; the old man raised it toward his face.

"'A little more light, dear Marie,' said he.

"Marie stepped to the window and removed the yellow placard.

"'A little more—light, Marie,' said the old man, feebly. He was getting lower and lower.

"Marie set the door ajar, and, stepping to the window, she pulled a little handkerchief from her pocket, and tried to rub some of the dust from the glass.

"'Light, Marie; dear Marie—more light!' He said it scarce above his breath, but she heard it, and looked at me. I shook my head. She saw how it was, and caught the stiffening hand of the old man.

"'Dear, dear father!' and her tears streamed over it. Her sobs roused the old man for a moment.

"'Marie,' said he, and he raised his hand with a last effort, till it rested on her head, 'Marie—God bless you!'

"I could hear nothing now but the poor girl's sobs. The hand of the old man grew heavier and heavier on her head. She sunk down till her knees touched the rough floor of the chamber, and her face rested on the couch. Gradually the hand of the old man slipped down and lay upon her white, smooth neck.

"Presently she lifted her eyes timidly till they looked on the eyes of the old man—they must have looked strangely to her.

"'Father, dear father!' said she. There was a little clock at the foot of the couch, and it ticked very—very loud.

"The poor girl gave a quick, frightened glance at me, and another hurried look into the fixed eyes of the old man. She thought how it must be; ah, *mon ami*, if you had heard her cry, '*Mon Dieu! il est mort!—il est mort!*'"

For a moment the abbé could not go on.

"She was right," continued he, presently, "the old man was dead!"

The garçon removed the chicken, and served us with a dozen or two of oysters, in the shell. For ten minutes the abbé had not touched his wine—nor had I.

"He was buried," resumed the abbé, "just within the gates of Pere la Chaise, a little to the right of the carriage way. A cypress is growing by the grave, and there is at the head a small marble tablet, very plain, inscribed simply, '*à mon pere*, 1845.'

"I was at the burial. There were very few to mourn."

"You saw mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I saw her; she was in deep black. Her face was covered with a thick black veil—not so thick, though, but I could see a white handkerchief all the time beneath; and I saw her slight figure tremble. I was not near enough to hear her sobs, when they commenced throwing down the earth upon the coffin.

"*Oui, mon ami*, I saw her walk away—not able to support herself, but clinging for very weakness to the arm of the man whose face I had seen at St. Louis. They passed slowly out of the gates; they entered a carriage together, and drove away."

"It was Remy, I suppose?" said I.

"I do not know," said the abbé.

"And when did you see her again?"

"Not for months," said the abbé; and he sipped his wine.

"Shall I go on, *mon cher*?—it is a sad story.

I nodded affirmatively, and filled the abbé's glass, and took a nut or two from the dish before us.

"I called at the hotel where monsieur had died; mademoiselle had gone, the concierge could not tell where. I went to the hospital, and made inquiries for a Monsieur Remy—no such name had been entered within a year. I sometimes threw a glance up at the little window of the court; it was bare and desolate, as you see it now. Once I went to the grave of the old man—it was after the tablet had been raised; a rose-tree had been put at the foot of the grave. I did not know, but thought who must have set it there. I gave up all hope of seeing the beautiful *Marie* again.

"You remember, *mon ami*, the pretty little houses along the Rue de Paris, at Passy, with the linden trees in front of them, and the clear marble door-steps?"

"*Très bien, mon cher abbé.*"

"It is not many months since I was passing by them, and saw at the window of one, the same sad face which I saw last at the grave. I went in, *mon ami*. I made myself known as the attendant on her

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father's death. She took my hand at this—ah, the soft white hand."

The abbé sipped his wine.

"She seemed sadly in want of friends, though there were luxuries around her. She was dressed in white, her hair twisted back, and fastened with a simple gold pin. Her sleeves were loose, and reached but a little way below the elbow; and she wore a rose on her bosom, and about her neck, by a little gold chain, a coral crucifix.

"I told her I had made numerous inquiries for her. She smiled her thanks.

"I told her I had ventured to inquire, too, for the friend, Remy, of whom her father had spoken; at this she put both hands to her face, and burst into tears.

"I begged pardon; I feared she had not found her friend."

"'*Mon Dieu!*' said she, looking at me earnestly, '*il est—il était mon mari!*'

"She burst into tears. What could I say? He is dead, too, then?"

"'*Ah, non, non, monsieur*—worse—*Mon Dieu! quel mariage!*' and she buried her face in her hands.

"What could I do, *mon cher?* The *friend* had betrayed her. They told me as much at Passy."

Again the abbé stopped.

"She talked with a strange smile of her father; she wanted to visit his grave again. She took the rose from her bosom—it was from his grave—and kissed it, and then—crushed it in her hand—'Oh, God! what should I do now with flowers?' said she.

"I never saw her again. She went to her father's grave—but not to pick roses.

"*She is there now,*" said the abbé.

There was a long pause. The abbé did not want to speak—nor did I.

At length I asked if he knew any thing of Remy.

"You may see him any day up the Champs Elysiens," said the abbé. "Ah, *mon ami*, there are many such. Poverty and shame may not come on him again; wealth may pamper him, and he may fatten on the world's smiles; but there is a time coming—it is coming, *mon cher*, when he will go away—where God judgeth, and not man."

Our dinner was ended. The abbé and myself took a *voiture* to go to Pere la Chaise. Just within the gateway, a little to the right of the carriage-track, were two tablets, side by side—one was older than the other. The lesser one was quite new; it was inscribed simply—"Marie, 1846." There were no flowers; even the grass was hardly yet rooted about the smaller grave—but I picked a rose-bud from the grave of the old man. I have it now.

Before I left Paris, I went down into the old corridor again, in the Rue de Seine. I looked up in the court at the little window at the top.

A new occupant had gone in; the broken glass was re-set, and a dirty printed curtain was hanging over the lower half. I had rather have seen it empty.

I half wished I had never seen *Le Petit Soulier*.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

MILTON.

Learned and illustrious of all Poets thou,
Whose Titan intellect sublimely bore
The weight of years unbent; thou, on whose brow
Flourish'd the blossom of all human lore—
How dost thou take us back, as 't were by vision,
To the grave learning of the Sanhedrim;
And we behold in visitings Elysian,
Where waved the white wings of the Cherubim;
But, through thy "Paradise Lost," and "Regained,"
We might, enchanted, wander evermore.
Of all the genius-gifted thou hast reigned
King of our hearts; and, till upon the shore
Of the Eternal dies the voice of Time,
Thy name shall mightiest stand—pure, brilliant, and sublime.

DRYDEN.

Not dearer to the scholar's eye than mine,
(Albeit unlearned in ancient classic lore,)
The dantie Poesie of days of yore—
The choice old English rhyme—and over thine,
Oh! "glorious John," delightedly I pore—
Keen, vigorous, chaste, and full of harmony,
Deep in the soil of our humanity
It taketh root, until the goodly tree
Of Poesy puts forth green branch and bough,
With bud and blossom sweet. Through the rich gloom
Of one embowered haunt I see thee now,
Where 'neath thy hand the "Flower and Leaflet" bloom,
That hand to dust hath mouldered long ago,
Yet its creations with immortal life still glow.

ADDISON.

Thou, too, art worthy of all praise, whose pen,
"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," did shed,
A noontide glory over Milton's head—
He, "Prince of Poets"—thou, the prince of men—
Blessings on thee, and on the honored dead.
How dost thou charm for us the touching story
Of the lost children in the gloomy wood;
Haunting dim memory with the early glory,
That in youth's golden years our hearts imbued.
From the fine world of olden Poetry,
Life-like and fresh, thou bringest forth again
The gallant heroes of an earlier reign,
And blend them in our minds with thoughts of thee,
Whose name is ever shrined in old-world memory.

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DISSOLVING VIEWS.

OR, A BELLE IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"You had better leave Harry alone about that girl," said Tom Leveredge to his sisters, who were talking very fast, and sometimes both together, in the heat and excitement of the subject under discussion. "You only make Harry angry, and you do no good. Take my advice, and say no more to him about her."

"And let him engage himself without one word of remonstrance," exclaimed Miss Leveredge, despairingly.

"You don't know that he means to engage himself," argued Tom; "and if he does, opposition wont prevent him. On the contrary, it may settle a passing fancy into a serious feeling; and if he does not mean it now, you are enough to put it into his head, with all the talk you make about it."

"*She'll* put it into his head," ejaculated Miss Leveredge, scornfully. "Leave her alone for that. She'll get him—I know she will," she continued, almost in tears at the thought. "It's too bad!"

"What do you think about it, Tom?" inquired Mrs. Castleton, earnestly. "Do you think with Emma, that it will end in his having her?"

"I should not be surprised," replied Tom, coolly.

"Then you think he is in love with her?" continued his sister, mournfully.

"There's no telling," replied Tom. "He's a good deal with her; and if he is thwarted at home, and flattered by her, I think it very possible he may fancy himself so, whether he is or not."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Castleton, "that would be melancholy, indeed—to be taken in without even being attached to her!"

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Tom. "I don't know that he is not in love with her, or that he is going to be taken in; but I do say, that Emma's course is very injudicious."

"What is that?" inquired Mrs. Castleton.

"Oh, abusing the girl so—saying she is vulgar, and—"

"I am sure I did not say any thing that is not true," said Emma, with some spirit.

"Perhaps not," replied Tom; "but it is not always wise to be forcing the truth upon people at all times, and in all tempers."

"Where on earth did Harry become acquainted with her?" asked Mrs. Castleton.

"That's more than I can tell you," replied Tom. "He told me that Jewiston introduced him."

"I never could bear that Jewiston," remarked Miss Leveredge; "I always thought him very underbred and vulgar. Why will Harry have any thing to do with him?"

"Who—Jewiston? He's a clever fellow enough," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom! how can you say so?"

"So he is," persisted the young man. "He's not very refined or elegant, I grant you—but still a very good fellow."

"And so you think, Tom," continued Mrs. Castleton, still intent on the main theme, "that in all probability Miss Dawson will be our sister-in-law?"

Emma shivered.

"I don't think it probable, but very possible," replied the young man, "particularly under the present system of family politics."

"And it would be very bad," pursued Mrs Castleton, inquiringly.

"Oh, dreadful!" ejaculated Emma.

"There's nothing very *dreadful* about it," remonstrated Tom; "it would not be pleasant, certainly—but that's all. There's no use in making the matter worse than it is."

Emma looked as if that were impossible, but said nothing, while Mrs. Castleton continued with—

"What kind of a set is she in—and what are the family?"

"Very low, vulgar people," said Emma.

"Now, Emma, there again you are exaggerating," rejoined Tom. "They are *not* a low set—vulgar, I admit."

"The same thing," persisted Emma.

"It's not the same thing, Emma," said the young man, decidedly. "They are very far from being *low* people. Her father is a highly respectable man, and, indeed, so are all the family—not fashionable, I grant you."

"Fashionable!" ejaculated Emma, with a smile full of scornful meaning.

"But I admit," continued Tom, "that it is not a connection that would altogether suit us. I should be as sorry, perhaps, as any of you to see the thing take place."

"And what is the girl in herself," pursued Mrs Castleton.

"A vulgar, forward, ugly thing," said Emma, speaking quickly, as if she could not help herself—the words must out, let Tom say what he would.

Tom said nothing, however.

"Is she?" said Mrs. Castleton, looking very much distressed, and turning to her brother.

Emma will have it that she is," he replied.

"Now, Tom, you know she is," expostulated Emma.

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"No, Emma," said Tom, "if you will permit me, I know no such thing."

"You surely don't admire her, too," said Emma, with a look of mingled alarm and disgust.

"No," said Tom, "she is as you say, vulgar, and somewhat forward—but not ugly. On the contrary, she is decidedly handsome."

"Handsome!" repeated Miss Leveredge. "Do you call her handsome, with all those hanging curls, and that *feronière*, and her hat on the very back of her head; with her short petticoats and big feet—and such bright colors, and quantity of tawdry jewelry as she wears, too."

"You women never can separate a girl from her dress," said Tom, laughing. "Miss Dawson dresses execrably, I grant you; but give her one half of the advantages of the girls that you see around you in society, and she would be not only pretty, but beautiful."

"Then she may be improved," said Mrs. Castleton, hopefully.

"Not much of that," said Tom. "She is very well satisfied with herself, I imagine."

"Oh, it 's evident she 's a public belle and beauty in her own set," said Emma. "She 's full of airs and graces."

Mrs. Castleton sighed.

"It 's a bad business, I am afraid," she said, mournfully.

"No," said Tom, stoutly, "it 's not pleasant, and that 's all. The girl may make a very good wife, though she does dress badly. She looks amiable, and I dare say has sense enough."

"It 's not her dress only," persisted Emma, "but her manners are so bad."

"Well, many a flirty girl has settled into a very respectable married woman," continued Tom.

"Where have you seen her, Emma?" asked Mrs. Castleton.

"Tom pointed her out to me one night at the theatre; and I have since seen her in the street frequently."

"Then you do not know her at all?" continued Mrs. Castleton, with some surprise in her tone. "How, then, do you know any thing about her manners, Emma?"

"It 's not necessary to know her to know what her manners are," replied Emma. "One glance across the theatre is enough for that. She had two or three beaux with her—indeed, I believe she was there only with them—"

"Her mother was with her, Emma," interposed Tom, decidedly.

"Well," continued Emma, a little provoked at being set right, "she ought to have made her behave herself, then."

"But how did she behave, Emma?" pursued Mrs. Castleton, who had been absent from the city during the rise and progress of this flirtation, and was now anxious for as much information as could be obtained on the subject.

"Oh, laughing, and flirting, and shaking her long curls back, and looking up to their faces—perfectly disgusting!"

Mrs. Castleton looked at her brother in the hopes of some amendment here on his part; but he only smiled, and shook his head, and said,

"Pretty much so, Emma."

"And then, dressed—oh, you never saw a girl so bedizzened!"

"Strange!" said Mrs. Castleton, "that Harry should admire such a girl. He is generally rather critical—hates particularly to see you at all over-dressed, Emma. He never would admire Fanny Lewis, you know, because she had something of that manner. I wonder he should admire this girl."

"Oh, it all depends very much upon the *clique* in which a man sees a girl how she strikes him," said Tom. "Miss Dawson's manners are very much those of the girls around her, quite as good, if not better; then she is really handsome—moreover, very much admired, the belle of the set; and 'Harry's vanity is rather flattered, I suppose, by the preference she shows him."

"You think, then, she likes him?" said Mrs. Castleton.

"I know nothing more about it than you do," replied Tom. "I suppose she must, for she certainly could marry richer men than Harry if she wanted to. She has the merit, at least, of disinterestedness."

"Harry would be a great match for her," said Emma, indignantly—"and she knows it. She might get more money, perhaps, but think of the difference of position."

"Yes, I suppose that has something to do with it," replied Tom. "You women all think so much of such things."

"Strange!" repeated Mrs. Castleton, "I don't know how Harry can fancy such a girl."

"Don't you know all objects vary according to the light they are in," said Tom. "If Harry saw Miss Dawson among young ladies of a different style and stamp, the changes of the 'dissolving views' would not be greater. The present picture would fade away, and a new, and in all probability a very different one, would take its place."

"That 's a good idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Castleton, suddenly, and clapping her hands joyfully. "I 'll call and ask her to my party for the bride."

Emma looked at her for a moment aghast, as if she thought she had suddenly gone crazy.

"What do you mean, Laura?" she exclaimed.

"Why, to follow out Tom's idea," she said. "It 's excellent! I 'm going to give Mrs. Flemming a party. I 'll make it very select, and not large; invite all the prettiest and most elegant girls, and then play amiable to Harry, by telling him I 'll call upon his Miss Dawson and invite her."

Emma looked very dubious, and said,

"I don't like our countenancing the thing in this way."

"You need have nothing to do with it," returned her sister. "As it seems you and Harry have had words about it, you had better not; but *I* 'll call—I 'll have her. And it shall be such an elegant, select little

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affair that it will show her off to charming advantage," she continued, with much animation, delighted with her own cleverness in the scheme. "He can't help but be ashamed of her. Don't you think so, Tom?"

The young man laughed.

"Now, Tom," said she, a little disappointed, "don't you think so?"

"There's a good chance of it, certainly," he replied. "You can but try it."

"Then why do you laugh," she continued, still dissatisfied.

"Only to see what spiteful creatures you women are," he continued, smiling. "To see the pains you'll take to put down a girl you don't happen to fancy."

"Surely, you yourself, Tom," commenced Mrs. Castleton, seriously, and "I am sure, Tom," chimed in Emma, in the same breath, "you have always said—" and then they both poured forth such a torrent of reminiscences and good reasons for wishing to prevent the match, that he was glad to cry for mercy, and ended by saying seriously,

"I am sure I hope you may succeed."

CHAPTER II.

"Harry," said Mrs. Castleton, in her prettiest and most winning manner, "I am going to call on your friend, Miss Dawson, and invite her for Thursday evening."

Harry looked up very much astonished, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or not, and said,

"What put that in your head?"

"I want to know her," continued Mrs. Castleton. "They tell me you admire her, Harry; and if she is to be my future sister, as people say—"

"People say a great deal more than they know," said Harry, hastily.

"Well," rejoined his sister, playfully, "be that as it may, Harry, I should like to see the young lady; and beside, I want as many pretty girls as I can get, they always make a party brilliant—and you say she is pretty, don't you, Harry?"

"Beautiful," he replied, with an earnestness that startled Mrs. Castleton. "You'll have no prettier girl here, I promise you that, Laura," he added, presently, more quietly. "But what will Emma say," he continued, bitterly. "She'll never give her consent, depend upon it, to your calling."

"It's not necessary that she should," said Mrs. Castleton, good humoredly; "so perhaps I had better not ask her."

"Emma gives herself airs," continued Harry, angrily. "She thinks that all the world are just confined to her one little *clique*; that there's neither beauty, nor sense, nor any thing else out of her particular set. Now I can tell her that there's more beauty among those who don't give themselves half the airs, and who she looks down upon, than there is to be found among her 'fashionables.' But Emma is perfectly ridiculous with her 'exclusive' nonsense," he continued, with much feeling, evidently showing how deeply he resented his sister's reflections upon the style and stamp of his present admiration, Miss Dawson.

"Oh," said Mrs. Castleton, soothingly, "it's a mistake all very young girls make, Harry. They know nothing out of one circle. Of course, they disparage all others."

But Harry was not to be quieted so easily. He was not satisfied until he had poured forth all his complaints against Emma; and Mrs. Castleton found it best not to take her part, but trust to the result of her experiment of the next week with putting him in good humor with her again.

"Will you call with me?" she continued, presently. "I have ordered the carriage at one."

He looked pleased, and said he would. But after a little while he seemed to grow nervous and fidgetty—walked about the room—asked a good many questions, without seeming to attend much to the answers, and at last said, hurriedly,

"Well, Laura, it's rather late, and I have an engagement down town—do you care about my calling with you? You know it's only necessary for you to leave your card. You need not go in even, if you don't care about it."

"Oh, certainly," she replied. "No, don't wait for me."

And he took his hat and darted off like light, as if he had made an escape from he hardly knew what.

Mrs. Castleton could not but laugh as she heard him shut the hall-door, almost before she was aware he had left the room, well pleased with this indication of susceptibility on his part, which she took as a good omen of the future, fully believing that "future events cast their shadows before." "If Harry were nervous already, what would he be on Thursday evening."

The call was made. Miss Dawson was out. A card was left, with an invitation, which, in due time was accepted.

"Are you going to ask the Hazletons," inquired Emma.

"No," said Mrs. Castleton; "I don't want to have too large a party. I want just enough to fill my rooms prettily, so that you can see everybody, and how they are dressed—just one of those small, select, pretty parties, where everybody is noticed. I have hardly asked a person—I don't know one—who is not in some way distinguished for either dress, manner, air, or beauty. I have taken pains to call the most choice of my acquaintance. The rooms will be beautifully lighted—and I expect it to be a brilliant affair."

"If it were not for that Miss Dawson to spoil all," said Emma, dejectedly—for she had never liked the scheme, though she did not oppose it. "I declare, Laura, I wonder at your moral courage in having her. I don't think *I* could introduce her among such a set, even to be sure of breaking it off. You will be terribly ashamed of her. You don't know, I think, what you have undertaken."

Mrs. Castleton could not but laugh at the earnestness, not to say solemnity, of Emma's manner.

"Not I, Emma—why should I be ashamed of her

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If she were Harry's wife, or if even he were engaged to her, the case would be different—I should blush for her then, if she is vulgar. But merely as a guest, how can her dress or manners affect *me*. My position is not to be altered by my happening to visit a girl who dresses vilely, and flirts *à discretion*.

But still Emma looked very dubious, and only said, "Well, do n't introduce me."

"Do n't be alarmed," replied her sister. "I don't mean to. Come, come, Emma," she continued, laughing, "I see you are nervous about it, but I think you may trust me for carrying it off well," to which her sister replied,

"Well, Laura, if any one *can* get out of such a scrape gracefully, you will."

Mrs. Castleton laughed, and the subject dropped.

What Emma had said was true. There was an airy grace, a high-bred ease about Mrs. Castleton, that could carry her through any thing she chose to undertake.

Thursday evening arrived at last. Mrs. Castleton's rooms were lighted to perfection, and she herself dressed with exquisite taste, looking the fitting priestess of the elegant shrine over which she presided. Emma, with her brothers, came early—and one glance satisfied Mrs. Castleton. The simplicity and elegance of Emma's *toilette* were not to be outdone even by her own. Tom looked at them both with great pride; and, certainly, two prettier or more elegant specimens of humanity are not often to be met with.

He made some playful observation to his sister, expressive of his admiration of her taste, and looking about, said,

"Your rooms are very well lighted. There 's nothing like wax, after all."

"They are too hot," said Harry, pettishly.

"Bless you, man," replied Tom, "how can you say so. I am downright chilly; but as there is to be dancing, it is better it should be so."

"If you find this room warm, Harry," said Mrs. Castleton, "you had better go in the dancing-room—there is not a spark of fire there."

Harry walked off, and Emma said,

"I do n't know what is the matter with him—he 's so cross. He has been so irritable all day that I have hardly dared to speak to him."

Tom only laughed.

Mrs. Castleton gave him a quick look of intelligence, but before she had time to speak, she was called upon to receive her guests, who began to come.

At every fresh arrival Harry's face was to be seen peeping in anxiously from the dancing-room, and it wore something of a look of relief as he turned off each time to resume his restless wanderings in the still empty apartment.

Miss Dawson, meaning to be very fashionable, came late. The bride for whom the party was ostensibly given had arrived; and Mrs. Castleton was about giving orders to have the dancing-room thrown open, and just at the pause that frequently precedes such a movement in a small party, the door was thrown open, and Miss Dawson entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman whom she introduced as Mr. Hardwicks. Now this Mr. Hardwicks was something more than Mrs. Castleton had bargained for; and Harry hastened forward with a look of some embarrassment and vexation as he perceived the mistake his fair friend had made in taking such a liberty with his high-bred sister. Miss Dawson had often taken *him* to parties with her, and somehow it had not struck him then as strange. Perhaps it was because he saw it was the style among those around him. But these were not the "customs of Branksome Hall;" and Harry was evidently annoyed. Moreover, this Mr. Hardwicks was a forward, underbred looking individual, with a quantity of black whisker, and brass buttons to his claret-colored coat, altogether a very different looking person from the black-coated, gentlemanly-looking set that Mrs. Castleton had invited. She received him with a graceful but distant bow, somewhat annoyed, it is true; but as she never allowed trifles to disturb her, she turned calmly away, and never gave him a second thought during the evening.

Miss Dawson she received with *empressement*. She was dressed to her heart's delight, with a profusion of mock pearl and tinsel; her hair in a shower of long curls in front, with any quantity of bows and braids behind, and a wreath!—that required all Mrs. Castleton's self-possession to look at without laughing. Her entrance excited no little sensation—for she was a striking-looking girl, being tall, and full formed, with a very brilliant complexion. Simply and quietly dressed, and she would have been decidedly handsome; but as it was, she was intensely *showy* and vulgar.

"Harry, the music is just beginning; you will find a place for Miss Dawson in the dancing-room," and so, whether he would or no, he had to ask her to dance. Probably he would have done so if his sister had let him alone; but as it was, he felt as if he *had* to.

She danced very badly. Harry had not been aware of it before; but she jumped up and down—and if the truth must be told, with an air and spirit of enjoyment not just then the fashionable style.

"How in earnest your fair friend dances," said a young man, with a smile, to Harry, as they passed in the dance.

Harry colored.

"Who on earth have you there, Harry?" asked another, with rather a quizzical look. "Introduce me, wont you?" But Harry affected not to hear the request.

"Who is the young lady your brother is dancing with, Mrs. Castleton?" he heard asked several times; to which his sister answered in her sweetest and most winning manner, "Miss Dawson—a friend of Harry's;" and to some of her brother's particular friends, he heard her say, "Oh, that 's Harry's *belle*. Do n't you know Miss Dawson—let me introduce you."

Harry felt quite provoked, he did not know why, at hearing his sister couple *him* always with Miss

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Dawson; and if he thought the room hot at the beginning of the dance, he did not feel it any cooler before it was over.

Mrs. Castleton introduced a gentleman just as the dance finished, who asked her for the next, when Harry said quickly,

"You are fatigued, are you not? Perhaps you had better go with me and get an ice."

"Do you go and bring Miss Dawson one," said his sister. "I hope," she continued, "you are not fatigued already?"

"Oh, no," replied the young lady, with an animation and energy that proclaimed she had a dancing power within not to be readily exhausted. "Oh, no, indeed; I could dance all night."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Castleton, graciously, as if she felt her dancing a personal compliment. And before the dance was over she had introduced half a dozen young men to her.

Feeling herself a decided belle, Miss Dawson was in high spirits (that trying test to an unrefined woman.) She considered Mrs. Castleton's visit and invitation as a marked compliment, (as she had every right to do,) and her attentions now, and the admiration she received, excited her to even more than her ordinary animation, which was always, to say the least of it, sufficient. She laughed, and she talked, and shook her long curls about, and flirted in a style that made the ladies look, and the gentlemen smile. Moreover, Mr. Hardwicks, who knew no one else, (for Mrs. Castleton had no idea of forcing *him* on any of her friends.) never left her side; and the easy manner in which he spoke to her, and took her fan from her hand while she was talking, and even touched her sleeve to call her attention when her head was turned away, all of which she seemed to think quite natural, made Harry color, and bite his lip more than once with mortification and vexation.

"You are not going to waltz?" he said, justly distrusting the waltzing of a lady who danced so.

"Yes," she said, "with Mr. Hardwicks;" and in a moment they were whirling round in a style quite peculiar, and altogether new to the accomplished waltzers then and there assembled.

People looked, and some smiled—and then couple after couple paused in the dance to gaze on the strangers who had just taken the floor—and soon they had it all to themselves, and on they whirled like mad ones. Harry could not stand it—he left the room.

Presently some of his young friends followed him, who seemed excessively amused, and one of them exclaimed,

"Harry, where on earth did you pick up those extraordinary waltzers. Mrs. Castleton tells me they are friends of yours?"

Harry muttered something, and said,

"Hardwicks should not ask any woman to waltz. He did not know how; no man should, if he could not waltz himself."

"Are you dancing, Francis?" asked another, of a fashionable looking young man standing near.

"No," he replied, languidly, "I am exhausted. I danced with Harry's fair friend the last dance, and it requires no small degree of physical power to keep pace with her efforts."

Harry was excessively annoyed. He heartily wished he had never seen her; and was quite angry with Mrs. Castleton for having invited her. And just then, irritated and cross as he was, Mrs. Castleton met him with,

"Harry, Miss Dawson says you have carried off her bouquet."

"I have not got her bouquet," he answered, angrily.

"Well, go and make your own apology," and before he had time to know what she was about, she had her arm in his, and had taken him up to Miss Dawson, saying,

"Here is the culprit, Miss Dawson—but he pleads not guilty;" whereupon the young lady tapped him with her fan, and declared he was a "sad fellow," and shook her curls back, and looked up in his face, and flirted, as she thought, bewitchingly, while he with pleasure could have boxed her ears.

"Your carriage is at the door," Mrs. Castleton heard him say soon after.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed his sister, looking almost shocked at his evident desire to hurry away her guest. "You surely don't think of going yet, Miss Dawson?" said she, in her most persuasive manner. "You will dance this polka."

A polka! Harry was in despair. He would have preferred dancing on hot ploughshares himself.

"The scheme works to admiration," said Mrs. Castleton to Emma, as they met for a moment in the crowd.

"But it has spoiled your party," replied the other.

"Not at all," she answered, laughing, "what it has withdrawn in elegance, it has made up in spirit. The joke seems to take wonderfully."

But Emma did not like such "jokes." Mrs. Castleton's *hauteur* was of a more flexible kind. To spoil a match she was willing to spoil her party.

"Was I right?" she said to Tom, toward the close of the evening.

He nodded and laughed, and said, "I congratulate you."

Harry had in vain attempted to persuade Miss Dawson that she was heated and tired, and had better not polka; but the young lady thought him over-careful, and chose to dance.

"A willful thing!" muttered Harry, as he turned off. "Trifles show the temper—preserve me from an unamiable woman."

Now Miss Dawson was not unamiable, but Harry was cross. If he were ashamed of her, she was hardly to be expected to know that. At any rate he walked off and left her to take care of herself. Mr. Hardwicks took her home as he had brought her—and Harry hardly looked at her again.

He was thoroughly out of humor. Mrs. Castleton had discretion enough not to follow up her victory. She saw she was successful, and so left things to their own course.

Never was a "dissolving view" more perfect. Harry had really imagined Miss Dawson not only

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very beautiful, but thought she would grace any drawing-room in Europe. He now saw her hoydenish, flirty, and ungraceful, with beauty of a very unrefined style—in fact, a different person. Such is the power of contrast, and the effect of a "new light."

The spell was broken—for when a lover is mortified, ashamed of his choice, the danger is over.

Fortunately, his honor was no deeper pledged than his heart. Miss Dawson had not flirted more with him than with two or three others; and though she would have preferred him, one of the others would do.

—

"What did Harry say of my party last night?" asked Mrs. Castleton of her sister.

"He merely said 'it was a great bore, this going out,' and seemed quite cross, and took his light and walked off to his room immediately; and, in fact, it seemed such a delicate point with him, that I did not dare to make any allusion to it this morning."

"Poor fellow! I don't wonder," said Mrs. Castleton, laughing. "How she did look beside the Claverings and Lesters."

"Like a peony among moss rose-buds," said Emma.

—

"Laura," said Harry, a few days after, "I am going to New Orleans for the rest of the winter."

"Are you?" she said, in surprise.

"Yes. My father is anxious about that business of his, and I am going for him."

"I thought you had declined, and that he was going to send Tom," she said.

"I've changed my mind," he replied. "In fact it is very dull here, and as Tom don't want to go, I think I shall like the trip."

"I've no doubt you will find it very pleasant," she said, cheerfully, amused at his proposing himself the very thing they had all been so anxious to have him do, and which he had negatived so decidedly some weeks back.

—

"Ah, Tom," said Mrs. Castleton, laughing, "that was a bright idea of yours. There's nothing like a new light for bringing out new colors. I think that party of mine finished Miss Dawson."

"You need not crow too much, Laura," replied Tom, "for, in all probability, if you had left Harry alone in the beginning, the party never would have been required. You women never learn not to thwart and oppose a man until it is too late. *Then*, you'll move heaven and earth to undo your own work. If you would only govern that 'unruly member' in the beginning, you would have required no 'dissolving views, in the end."

THE VOICE OF THE FIRE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

They sat by the hearth-stone, broad and bright,
Whose burning brands threw a cheerful light
On the frosty calm of the winter's night.

Her radiant features wore the gleam
Which childhood learns from an angel-dream,
And her bright hair stirred in the flickering beam.

Those tresses soft to his lips were pressed,
Her head was leaned on his happy breast,
And the throb of the bosom his soul expressed;

And ever a gentle murmur came
From the clear, bright heart of the wavering flame,
Like the faltering thrill of a worshiped name.

He kissed her on the warm, white brow,
And told her in fonder words, the vow
He whispered under the moonlit bough;

And o'er them a steady radiance came
From the shining heart of the mounting flame,
Like a love that burns through life the same.

The maiden smiled through her joy-dimmed eyes,
As he led her spirit to sunnier skies,
Whose cloudless light on the future lies—

And a moment paused the laughing flame,
And it listened awhile, and then there came
A cheery burst from its sparkling frame.

He visioned a home by pure love blest,
Clasping their souls in a calmer rest,
Like woodland birds in their leafy nest

There slept, foreshadowed, the bliss to be,
When a tenderer life that home should see,
In the wingless cherub that climbed his knee.

And the flame went on with its flickering song,
And beckoned and laughed to the lovers long,
Who sat in its radiance, red and strong.

Then broke and fell a glimmering brand
To the cold, dead ashes it fed and fanned,
And its last gleam leaped like an infant's hand.

A sudden dread to the maiden stole,
For the gloom of a sorrow seemed to roll
O'er the sunny landscape within her soul.

But, hovering over its smouldering bed,
Its ruddy pinions the flame outspread,
And again through the chamber its glory shed;

And ever its chorus seemed to be
The mingled voices of household glee,
Like a gush of winds in a mountain tree.

The night went on in its silent flow,
While through the waving and wreathed glow
They watched the years of the Future go.

Their happy spirits learned the chime
Of its laughing voice and murmured rhyme—
A joyous music for aftertime.

They felt a flame as glorious start,
Where, side by side, they dwelt apart,
In the quiet homestead of the heart.

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MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

One of the happiest examples, in a small way, of the carrying-one's-self-in-a-hand-basket logic, is to be found in a London weekly paper called "The Popular Record of Modern Science; a Journal of Philosophy and General Information." This work has a vast circulation, and is respected by eminent men. Sometime in November, 1845, it copied from the "Columbian Magazine" of New York, a rather adventurous article of mine, called "Mesmeric Revelation." It had the impudence, also, to spoil the title by improving it to "The Last Conversation of a Somnambule"—a phrase that is nothing at all to the purpose, since the person who "converses" is *not* a somnambule. He is a sleep-waker—*not* a sleep-walker; but I presume that "The Record" thought it was only the difference of an *l*. What I chiefly complain of, however, is that the London editor prefaced my paper with these words:—"The following is an article communicated to the Columbian Magazine, a journal of respectability and influence in the United States, by Mr. Edgar A. Poe. *It bears internal evidence of authenticity.*"!

There is no subject under heaven about which funnier ideas are, in general, entertained than about this subject of internal evidence. It is by "internal evidence," observe, that we decide upon the mind.

But to "The Record:"—On the issue of my "Valdemar Case," this journal copies it, as a matter of course, and (also as a matter of course) improves the title, as in the previous instance. But the editorial comments may as well be called profound. Here they are:

"The following narrative appears in a recent number of *The American Magazine*, a respectable periodical in the United States. It comes, it will be observed, from the narrator of the 'Last Conversation of a Somnambule,' published in The Record of the 29th of November. In extracting this case the *Morning Post* of Monday last, takes what it considers the safe side, by remarking—'For our own parts we do not believe it; and there are several statements made, more especially with regard to the disease of which the patient died, which at once prove the case to be either a fabrication, or the work of one little acquainted with consumption. The story, however, is wonderful, and we therefore give it.' The editor, however, does not point out the especial statements which are inconsistent with what we know of the progress of consumption, and as few scientific persons would be willing to take their pathology any more than their logic from the *Morning Post*, his caution, it is to be feared, will not have much weight. The reason assigned by the Post for publishing the account is quaint, and would apply equally to an adventure from Baron Munchausen:—'it is wonderful and we therefore give it.' . . . . The above case is obviously one that cannot be received except on the strongest testimony, and it is equally clear that the testimony by which it is at present accompanied, is not of that character. The most favorable circumstances in support of it, consist in the fact that credence is understood to be given to it at New York, within a few miles of which city the affair took place, and where consequently the most ready means must be found for its authentication or disproval. The initials of the medical men and of the young medical student must be sufficient in the immediate locality, to establish their identity, especially as M. Valdemar was well known, and had been so long ill as to render it out of the question that there should be any difficulty in ascertaining the names of the physicians by whom he had been attended. In the same way the nurses and servants under whose cognizance the case must have come during the seven months which it occupied, are of course accessible to all sorts of inquiries. It will, therefore, appear that there must have been too many parties concerned to render prolonged deception practicable. The angry excitement and various rumors which have at length rendered a public statement necessary, are also sufficient to show that *something* extraordinary must have taken place. On the other hand there is no strong point for disbelief. The circumstances are, as the Post says, 'wonderful;' but so are all circumstances that come to our knowledge for the first time—and in Mesmerism every thing is new. An objection may be made that the article has rather a Magazinish air; Mr. Poe having evidently written with a view to effect, and so as to excite rather than to subdue the vague appetite for the mysterious and the horrible which such a case, under any circumstances, is sure to awaken—but apart from this there is nothing to deter a philosophic mind from further inquiries regarding it. It is a matter entirely for testimony. [So it is.] Under this view we shall take steps to procure from some of the most intelligent and influential citizens of New York all the evidence that can be had upon the subject. No steamer will leave England for America till the 3d of February, but within a few weeks of that time we doubt not it will be possible to lay before the readers of the *Record* information which will enable them to come to a pretty accurate conclusion."

Yes; and no doubt they came to one accurate enough, in the end. But all this rigmarole is what people call testing a thing by "internal evidence." The *Record* insists upon the truth of the story because of certain facts—because "the initials of the young men *must* be sufficient to establish their identity"—because "the nurses *must* be accessible to all sorts of inquiries"—and because the "angry excitement and various rumors which at length rendered a public statement necessary, are sufficient to show that *something* extraordinary *must* have taken place."

To be sure! The story is proved by these facts—the facts about the students, the nurses, the excitement, the credence given the tale at New York. And now all we have to do is to prove these facts. Ah!—*they* are proved *by the story*.

As for the *Morning Post*, it evinces more weakness in its disbelief than the *Record* in its credulity. What the former says about doubting on account of inaccuracy in the detail of the phthisical symptoms, is a mere *fetch*, as the Cockneys have it, in order to make a very few little children believe that it, the Post, is not quite so stupid as a post proverbially is.

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It knows nearly as much about pathology as it does about English grammar—and I really hope it will not feel called upon to blush at the compliment. I represented the symptoms of M. Valdemar as "severe," to be sure. I put an extreme case; for it was necessary that I should leave on the reader's mind no doubt as to the certainty of death without the aid of the Mesmerist—but such symptoms *might* have appeared—the identical symptoms *have appeared*, and will be presented again and again. Had the Post been only half as honest as ignorant, it would have owned that it disbelieved for no reason more profound than that which influences all dunces in disbelieving—it would have owned that it doubted the thing merely because the thing was a "wonderful" thing, and had never yet been printed in a book.

LETHE.

BY HENRY S. HIRST.

Agressi sunt mare tenebrarum id in eo exploraturi esset. NUBIAN GEOGRAPHER.

Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not for the world awake. "*The Sleepers.*" POE.

Titan is a lake whose lilies lie
Like maidens in the lap of death,
So pale, so cold, so motionless
Its Stygian breast they press;
They breathe, and toward the purple sky
The pallid perfumes of their breath
Ascend in spiral shapes, for there
No wind disturbs the voiceless air—
No murmur breaks the oblivious mood
Of that tenebrean solitude—
No Djinn, no Ghoul, no Afrit laves
His giant limbs within its waves
Beneath the wan Saturnian light
That swoons in the omnipresent night;
But only funeral forms arise,
With arms uplifted to the skies,
And gaze, with blank, envenomed eyes
In whose dull glare no Future lies,—
The shadows of the dead—the Dead
Of whom no mortal soul hath read,
No record come, in prose or rhyme,
Down from the dim Primeval Time!
A moment gazing—they are gone—
Without a sob—without a groan—
Without a sigh—without a moan—
And the lake again is left alone—
Left to that undisturbed repose
Which in an ebon vapor flows
Among the cypresses that stand
A stone-cast from the sombre strand—
Among the trees whose shadows wake,
But not to life, within the lake,
That stand, like statues of the Past,
And will, while that ebony lake shall last.

But when the more than Stygian night
Descends with slow and owl-like flight,
Silent as Death (who comes—we know—
Unheard, unknown of all below;)
Above that dark and desolate wave,
The reflex of the eternal grave—
Gigantic birds with flaming eyes
Sweep upward, onward through the skies,
Or stalk, without a wish to fly,
Where the reposing lilies lie;
While, stirring neither twig nor grass,
Among the trees, in silence, pass
Titanic animals whose race
Existed, but has left no trace
Of name, or size, or shape, or hue—
Whom ancient Adam never knew.

At midnight, still without a sound,
Approaching through the black Profound,
Shadows, in shrouds of pallid hue,
Come slowly, slowly, two by two,
In double line, with funeral march,
Through groves of cypress, yew and larch,
Descending in those waves that part,
Then close, above each silent heart;
While, in the distance, far ahead,
The shadows of the Earlier Dead
Arise, with speculating eyes,
Forgetful of their destinies,
And gaze, and gaze, and gaze again
Upon the long funereal train,
Undreaming their Descendants come
To make that ebony lake their home—
To vanish, and become at last
A parcel of the awful Past—
The hideous, unremembered Past
Which Time, in utter scorn, has cast
Behind him, as with unblenched eye,
He travels toward Eternity—
That Lethe, in whose sinless wave
Even he, himself, must find a grave!

EPITAPH ON A RESTLESS LADY.

The gates were unbarred—the home of the blest
Freely opened to welcome Miss C——;
But hearing the chorus that "Heaven is Rest,"
She turned from the angels to flee,
Saying, "Rest is no Heaven to me!"

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MY LADY-HELP.

OR AUNT LINA'S VISIT.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"You are in want of an efficient person to assist you in taking charge of your domestic affairs, Enna," said a maiden aunt of mine to me one evening. I pulled my little sewing-table toward me with a slight degree of impatience, and began very earnestly to examine the contents of my work-box, that I might not express aloud my weariness of my aunt's favorite subject. I had been in want of just such an article as an "efficient person" ever since I had taken charge of my father's *ménage;* and after undergoing almost martyrdom with slip-shod, thriftless, good-for-nothing "*help*," as we Americans, with such delicate consideration, term our serving maids, I had come to the conclusion that indifferent "*help*" was an unavoidable evil, and that the best must be made of the poor, miserable instruments of assistance vouchsafed unto the race of tried, vexed housekeepers.

"I have just thought," continued my aunt, "of a very excellent person that will suit you in every way. Lizzie Hall, the one I was thinking of, has never been accustomed to living out. Her father is a farmer in our place, but having made a second marriage, and with a young family coming up around him, Lizzie very properly wishes to do something for herself. I remember having heard her express such a desire; and I have no doubt I could persuade her to come to you. She is not very young—about eight-and-twenty, or thereabouts."

I listened to my Aunt Lina's talk with, it must be confessed, indifference, mingled with a little sullenness, and quieted my impatience by inward ejaculations—a vast deal of good do those inward conversations produce, such mollifiers of the temper are they. "So, so," said I to myself, "my Aunt Lina's paragon is a '*lady-help*.' Of all kinds 'of help' the very one I have endeavored most to avoid; it is such a nondescript kind of creature that lady-help;" and as I soliloquized, recollections of specimens of the kind I had been afflicted with, came in sad array before my memory—maids with slip-shod French kid slippers, that had never been large enough for their feet—love-locks on either side of their cheeks, twirled up during the day in brown curl-papers—faded lawn dresses, with dangling flounces and tattered edging; then such sentimental entreaties that I should not make them answer the door-bell if Ike, the black boy, might happen to be away on some errand, or expose them to the rude gaze of the multitude in the market-house; and I groaned in spirit as I thought what a troublesome creature the "lady-help" was to manage. During this sympathizing colloquy with myself, my aunt went on expatiating most eloquently on the merits of her *protégé*, Lizzie Hall. Some pause occurring—for want of breath, I really believe, on my aunt's side—good-breeding seemed to require a remark from me, and I faltered out some objection as to the accommodations a city household afforded for a person of Lizzie Hall's condition.

"Of course," said my aunt, "she will not wish to sit at the same table with the black servants you may happen to have; but Lizzie will not cause you any trouble on the score of accommodations, I'll answer for it, Enna; she is too sensible a person not to fully understand the difference between town and country habits—and if you say so, I will engage her for you when I return to Rockland."

My father, who had been dozing over his paper, gradually aroused himself as this conversation progressed, and as my aunt made the last proposition, he entered into it most cordially, and begged she would endeavor to procure the young woman, and send her by the earliest opportunity. I remained quiet—for I could not say any thing heartily, seeing nothing but vexation and annoyance in the whole affair for me. The young woman was evidently a favorite with my Aunt Lina; and should she not prove a very useful or agreeable maid to me, I would receive but little sympathy from my immediate family. My father is as ignorant as a child of what we poor housekeepers require in a domestic; and my Aunt Lina, though kind-hearted and well-wishing, is in equally as blissful a state. A very indifferent servant, who happened to please her fancy, she would magnify into a very excellent one; then, being rather opinionative and "set," as maiden ladies are apt to be when they pass the fatal threshold of forty, I despaired of ever convincing her to the contrary. "However," said I to myself, "I will not anticipate trouble."

I had just recovered from a dangerous fit of illness, through which my kind, well-meaning aunt had patiently nursed me. At the first news of my sickness she had, unsummoned, left her comfortable home in Rockland, in mid-winter, and had crossed the mountains to watch beside the feverish pillow of her motherless niece. Careful and kind was her nursing; and even the physicians owned that to her patient watchfulness I owed my life. How grateful was I; and with what looks of love did I gaze on her trim, spinster figure, as she moved earnestly and pains-taking around my chamber; but, alas! the kitchen told a different story when I was well enough to make my appearance there. Biddy, a raw, bewildered-looking Irish girl, with huge red arms and

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stamping feet, had quite lost her confused, stupid expression of countenance, and was most eloquent in telling me, with all the volubility of our sex, of the "quare ways of the ould maid."

"Sure, and if the ould sowl could only have had a husband and a parcel of childthers to mind, she would n't have been half so stiff and concated," exclaimed Biddy.

Even poor little roguish Ike, with mischief enough in his composition to derange a dozen well-ordered houses, looked wise and quiet when my prim, demure aunt came in sight. Complaints met me on all sides, however, for my Aunt Lina was quite as dissatisfied as the rest.

"I found them all wrong, my dear," she said, "no order, no regulation, every thing at sixes and sevens; and as for the woman Biddy, she is quite, quite incorrigible. I showed her a new way of preparing her clothes for the wash, by which she could save a deal of labor; but all in vain, she persisted most obstinately to follow the old troublesome way. Then she confuses her work altogether in such a manner that I never can tell at which stage of labor she has arrived; and when I put them all *en traine*, and leave them a few instants, I find on my return every thing as tangled as ever. Method is the soul of housekeeping, Enna. You will never succeed without order. I fear you are too easy and indulgent; although I have never kept a house, I know exactly how it should be done. A place for every thing—every thing in its place, as your grandpapa used to say. If you insist upon your servants doing every *thing* at a certain hour, and in a certain way, your affairs will go on like clock-work."

I could not but assent to all these truisms—for I felt conscience-stricken. I knew I had always depended in all my housekeeping emergencies too much on my "talent for improvising," as Kate Wilson merrily entitles my readiness in a domestic tangle and stand-still. I had been in the habit of letting things go on as easily as possible, scrupulously avoiding domestic tempests, because they deranged my nervous system; and if I found a servant would not do a thing in my way, I would let her accomplish it in her own manner, and at her own time—so that it was done, that was all I required. I felt almost disheartened as the remarks of my precise aunt proved to me how remiss I had been, and resolved in a very humble mood to reform. But when Aunt Lina continued her conversations about the mismanagement before my father, then I felt the "old Adam" stir within me. There she surely was wrong. I could not bear he should have his eyes opened; he had always fancied me a little queen in my domestic arrangements—why should he think differently—what good did it do? If he found his dinner nicely cooked and served, his tea and toast snugly arranged in the library, in the evening, when he returned wearied from his office, with his dressing-gown and slippers most temptingly spread out; then awakened in the morning in a clean, well-ordered bed-room, with Ike at his elbow to wait his orders, and a warm, cozy breakfast to strengthen him ere he started out on his daily labors—if all this was carefully and quietly provided for him, what need of his knowing how it was done, or what straits I might be driven to sometimes, from my own thoughtlessness or forgetfulness to accomplish these comforts for him. I had always scrupulously avoided talking of my household affairs before him; but when Aunt Lina discoursed so eloquently and learnedly in his presence, slipping in once in a while such high-sounding words as "domestic economy," "well-ordered household," "proper distribution of time and labor," &c., &c., he began to prick up his ears, and fancy his thrifty little daughter Enna was not quite so excellent in her management as he had blindly dreamed. Poor man! his former ignorance had surely been bliss, for his unfortunate knowledge only made him look vexed and full of care whenever he entered the house. He even noted the door-handles, as to their brightness, rated poor Ike about the table appointments, and pointed out when and how work should be done—told how he managed in his business, and how we should manage in ours. I was almost distraught with annoyance; and, kind as my aunt had been, I wished for the time of her departure silently, but as earnestly as did my servants. Heaven pardon me for my inhospitality and ingratitude.

"Now, Lina," said my father, the morning she left, "do n't forget the woman you were speaking of. Enna needs some experienced person to keep things in order. We shall have to break up housekeeping if affairs go on in this disordered state. I do not know how we have stood it thus long."

I opened my eyes but said not a word. Three months before and my father had been the happiest, free-from-care man in the city; now the little insight he had gained into domestic affairs—the peep behind the curtain given him by my mistaken maiden aunt, had served to embitter his existence, surrounding his path with those nettles of life, household trifles, vulgar cares and petty annoyances. I almost echoed Biddy's ejaculation as the carriage drove from the door with my aunt and her numberless boxes, each one arranged on a new, orderly, time-saving plan.

"Sure, and its glad I am, that the ould creythur is fairly off—for divil a bit of comfort did she give the laste of us with her time-saving orderly ways. And it 's not an ould maid ye must ever be, darlint Miss Enna, or ye 'll favor the troublesome aunty with her tabby notions."

Ike shouted with glee, and turned somersets all the way through the hall into the back entry, regardless of all I could say; and the merriment and light heartedness that pervaded the whole house was most cheering. Biddy stamped and put her work in a greater confusion than ever; and Ike dusted the blinds from the top to the bottom in a "wholesale way," as he called it, and cleaned the knives on the wrong side of the Bath-brick to his heart's content. Every one, even the dumb animals, seemed conscious of Aunt Lina's departure. My little pet kitten, Norah, resumed her place by the side of the heater in the library, starting once in a while in her dreams and springing up as though she heard the

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rustle of Aunt Lina's gown, or the sharp, clear notes of her voice—but coiled herself down with a consoling "pur," as she saw only "little me" laughing at her fears—and my little darling spaniel Flirt laid in my lap, nestled on the foot of my bed, and romped all over the house to his perfect satisfaction. I should have been as happy as the rest also, if it had not been for the anticipation that weighed down on me, of the expected pattern-card—my lady-help.

Soon after my aunt's return home I received a letter from her, announcing with great gratification her success. The letter was filled with a long *preachment* on household management, which my father read very seriously, pronouncing his sister Lina a most excellent, sensible woman, possessing more mind and judgment than did most of her sex. My aunt wound up her letter, saying—

"But you will have little order and regulation about your house so long as you keep that thriftless Biddy in it. Take my advice and tramp her off bag and baggage before Lizzie comes, for, from my account of her, Lizzie is not very favorably disposed toward her."

Here was a pretty state of affairs to be sure, not very agreeable to a young housekeeper who had hitherto been her own mistress—my new maid was to dictate to me even my own domestic arrangements. My father was earnest in wishing to dispose of Biddy—but on that point, though quiet, I was resolute in opposition. Poor warm-hearted Biddy, with all her stupid thriftless ways, I could not find in my heart to turn away, and as my chambermaid wanted to go to her relations in the "back states," as she called the great West, I proposed to Biddy to take her place, so soon as the new woman should make her appearance.

"If she 's like the aunty of ye," said Biddy when we concluded this arrangement and were talking of the expected new comer, "I'll wish her all the bad luck in the world, for it 's hot wather she 'll kape us in all the time with her painstakings."

Not in a very pleasant frame of mind I awaited the arrival of my new domestic. Poor girl, there was no one to welcome her when she at last came, and she stepped into the kitchen without one kind feeling advancing to greet her. Biddy's warm Irish heart was completely closed against her, and Ike, the saucy rogue, pursed up his thick lips in a most comical manner when she appeared. But how my heart smote me when I first looked at the pale, care-worn, sad-looking creature. She was not pretty—her face bore the marks of early care and trial. She might have been well-favored in girlhood, but if so, those good looks had completely vanished. Her eyes were dim, her cheek hollow, and her brow was marked with lines stamped by endurance; her whole person thin and spare, with hard, toil-worn hands, and large feet, showed that labor and sorrow had been her constant companions. And how unjust had been our hasty judgment of her—for so far from proving to be the troublesome, fault-finding, airs-taking, lady-help I had fearfully anticipated, I found her amiable, yielding and patiently industrious. She had no regular set ways about her, but worked unceasingly from morning till night in every department in the house. Not a week passed before I heard Biddy, with her Irish enthusiasm, calling on Heaven to bless the "darlint." She was always ready to excuse Biddy's thriftlessness and Ike's mischief, helping them on in their duties constantly. Good Lizzie Hall! every one in the house loved her. Yes, indeed, my dear housekeeping reader, all doubtful as you look, I had at last obtained that paragon, so seldom met with—a good, efficient servant. Lizzie lived with me many years, and when I parted with her, as I had to at last, I felt certain, I had had my share of good "help"—that her place would never be supplied.

Lizzie grew very fond of me, and ere she had lived with us many months told me her whole history. Poor girl, without beauty, without mental attractions, of an humble station, and slender abilities, her life-woof had in it the glittering thread of romance—humble romance, but romance still it was. Lizzie's father was a farmer, owning a small farm in the part of the country where my Aunt Lina resided His first wife, Lizzie's mother, was an heiress according to her station, bringing her husband on her marriage some hundreds of dollars, which enabled him to purchase his little farm, and stock it. They labored morning, noon, and night, unceasingly. Lizzie's mother was a thrifty, careful body; but, unfortunately, she had more industry than constitution; and when Lizzie was seventeen, her mother was fast sinking into the grave, a worn-out creature, borne down by hard labor and sickness. Nine children had she, and of them Lizzie was the eldest and only girl. What sorrow for a dying mother! Before her mother's last sickness, Lizzie was "wooed and won" by the best match in the place. James Foster, her lover, was a young farmer, an orphan, but well off in life. He owned a handsome, well-stocked farm, and was a good-looking, excellent young man. Both father and mother cheerfully gave their consent, but insisted that their engagement should last a year or so, until Lizzie might be older. As Mrs. Hall felt death approaching, she looked around on the little family she was to leave motherless behind her; and with moving, heart-rending entreaties, besought of Lizzie not to leave them.

"Stay with your father, my child," she urged; "James, if he loves you, will wait for you. Don't marry until the boys are all old enough to be out of trouble. Think, Lizzie, of the misery a step-mother might cause with your brother Jack's impetuous temper, and Sam's hopeless, despairing disposition—each one would be hard for a step-mother to guide. Be a mother to them, my girl; down on your knees, and to make your mother's heart easy, promise before God that you will guide them, and watch over them as long as you are needed. Stay with your father, and Heaven will bless you, as does your dying mother."

Willingly did the almost heart-broken girl give the required promise—and James Foster loved her all the better for it. She wept bitter, heart-aching tears

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over her dear mother's grave, but turned steadily to the hard path traced out before her; but she was young and beloved, and a bright star beamed before her—the star of love—to gild her toilsome path; and a mother's smile seemed blended with its bright rays. A year or two rolled around—years of hard labor, which made Lizzie, who toiled untiringly, as her mother had done, old before her time. She was noted, however, all over the village for a thrifty, industrious, excellent girl. James Foster was a pattern for lovers; every spare moment he gave to her. What few amusements she had time to enjoy he procured for her; and as the village people said, they went as steadily together as old married people.

Lizzie's father was a narrow-minded, selfish man, caring very little for any one's comfort but his own, and at times was exceedingly cross and testy. Unfortunately, he took great interest in politics, and was quite an oracle in the village bar-room. He was bigoted and "set" in his opinions, considering all who differed from him as enemies to their country, and called them rascals and hypocrites freely. His wife had been dead about two years, when a presidential election came on. James Foster, unluckily, had been brought up with different political opinions from Mr. Hall; but, being very quiet and retiring in his disposition, he never had rendered himself obnoxious. Of course, Mr. Hall took great interest in the approaching election. He became very ambitious of his township giving a large vote on the side to which he belonged—and he used every means to obtain votes. Elated with fancied success, he swore one day in the tavern bar-room, that he would make James Foster abandon his party, and vote to please him. Some, who knew Foster's quiet but resolute disposition, bantered and teased Hall, which wrought him to such a pitch of excitement that, on meeting James Foster a little while after in front of the tavern, he made the demand of him. Foster at first treated it as a jest; then, when he found Hall was in earnest, decidedly, but civilly, refused; and in such a manner as to put at rest all further conversation. Enraged, Hall instantly turned, swearing to the laughing politicians that surrounded the tavern steps, and who had witnessed his discomfiture, that he would punish Foster's impudent obstinacy. Accordingly, full of ill, revengeful feelings, he returned home, and forbade his daughter ever permitting Foster to step over the threshold of the door—commanding her instantly to break the engagement. She used every entreaty, expostulated, temporized—all was of no avail; indeed, her entreaties seemed but to heighten her father's anger; and at last, with a fearful oath, he declared, if she did not break the engagement with the purse-proud, hypocritical rascal, she should leave his house instantly. She looked on the terrified children, the youngest only five years old, and who clung weeping to her knees, as her father threatened to turn her out of doors, never to see them again; and she thought of her mother's last words—her decision was made; and with a heavy heart she performed the self-sacrifice.

"Do n't say you will never marry me, Lizzie," urged her lover; "I can wait ten years for you, darling."

But Lizzie was conscientious; her father had expressly stipulated there should be no "half-way work—no putting off;" all hope must be given up, she never could be his—and forever she bid him farewell. James tried to argue with and persuade her father; but the selfish, obstinate old man would listen to nothing from him. Poor James, finding both immovable, at last sold off his farm, and all his property, and moved away into a distant state; he could not, he said, live near Lizzie, and feel that she never would be his wife. Men are so soon despairing in love affairs, while women hope on, even to death. Poor Lizzie, how her heart sunk when the sight of her lover was denied to her; and she felt even more wretched than she did at the moment of her mother's death. Nothing now remained to her in life but the performance of stern, rigid duty. Two or three years passed by, and one by one her charges departed from her. One brother was placed with a farmer, and the others were apprenticed to good trades. The little white-headed Willie, who at his mother's death was a tiny, roly-poly prattler, only two years old, was becoming a slender, tall youth. Lizzie felt proud as she looked at her crowd of tall boys, when once or twice a year they would assemble at home; and on a Sunday's afternoon, at twilight, on her way to the evening meeting, she would steal down into the quiet church-yard, and kneeling beside her mother's grave, ask, with streaming eyes, if she had not done well. Such moments were fraught with bitter anguish; but a heavenly peace would descend on her, and she said her trials, after the agony was over, seemed lighter to bear.

"But I was blessed in one thing, dear Miss Enna," she would exclaim, "not one of those darling boys was taken from me, and all bid fair to turn out well. God surely smiled on the motherless, and gave me strength to perform my labor of love."

At last there moved to the village a woman of the name of Pierce; she opened a little milliner's shop, and soon made herself busy with the affairs of others, as well as her own, becoming quite a considerable person amongst the villagers. She was a widow with two or three children—a girl or two, and a boy—little things. She was a stout, healthy, good-looking woman, "rising forty," with a clear, shrill voice, and good, bright black eyes in her head. She soon steadied these bonnie eyes at the widower. Lizzie's father, and not in vain; for after hailing him industriously, as he passed the door of her shop, with questions about the weather, or the crops, he at last managed to stop without the hailing; and after a short courtship brought her and her children to his own home. How Lizzie rejoiced that her brothers were now all out of the way. Her last pet, Willie, had, a few months previous to the new marriage, been sent to a printer in the neighboring city. She never thought of herself, but commenced with redoubled industry to assist in taking care of the new family. But her constant industry and thrifty habits were a silent reproach to the step-mother, I fancy, for she left

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no stone unturned to rid herself of the troublesome grown up daughter. She tried every means, threw out hints, until at last Lizzie perceived her drift. Even her father seemed restrained and annoyed by her presence; and when she proposed to him that she should do something now for herself, in the way of support, he made no opposition; on the contrary, seemed relieved, saying the times were hard, and he had always had an expensive family. At this time my dear Aunt Lina obtained her for me. Blessed Aunt Lina! how we all loved her for this good act; even Biddy said,

"Well, the owld toad was'n't so bad, afther all. She had some good in her, for she sent the angel to our door—good luck to her forever."

And what parted Lizzie from us? Ah, there is the romance of my story—the darling little bit of sentiment so dear to my woman's heart. Lizzie lived with me five years. In the meantime her father had died; the thriftless wife had broken his heart by her extravagant habits, and Lizzie and her brothers never received a penny of their mother's little fortune. One evening, my father, on handing me the letters and papers, said, "Amongst those, Enna, you will find a letter for Lizzie, which has come from the far West, clear beyond St. Louis—what relations has she there?"

I could not tell him, but gave the letter to Ike, now grown into quite a dandy waiter, to take to her. I did not feel much curiosity about the letter, thinking it might be from some cousin of hers; but when I retired to bed that evening, she came into my room, and throwing herself down on the soft rug beside my bed, by the dim light of my night-lamp, told me all her happiness. The letter was from James Foster—he still loved her as dearly as ever. He had heard by chance of her father's death, and her situation, and said if she was ready to marry him, he was still waiting. He wrote of his handsome farm he had cleared with his own hands, and the beautiful wild country he lived in, telling her he hoped her future life would be free from all care. All this, and even more, dear reader, he told her—in plain, homely words, it is true; but love's language is always sweet, be it in courtly tongue or homely phrase.

And James Foster came for her; and in our house was she married. My father presented the soft mull dress to the bride, which Kate Wilson and I made, and assisted in dressing her, and stood as her bridemaids. Aunt Lina, Biddy, the stamping, good-hearted Biddy, and dandy Ike, were all there, rejoicing in her happiness. Her husband was a stout, strong, hard-featured, but kind-hearted man, and looked upon his poor, care-worn, slender Lizzie as if she were an angel. We all liked him; and her whole troop of brothers, who were present at the ceremony, greeted him with hearty words of friendship. Three he persuaded to accompany them out to the "new home"—the farmer, the shoemaker, and the little white-headed Willie, Lizzie's pet—declaring all the time that his house and heart, like the wide western valley where he lived, was large enough to hold them all. They all went out one after another; and when I last heard from Lizzie, she was very happy, surrounded by all her brothers; and she told me of a little darling girl, whom she had named after her dear Miss Enna. My father and I often talk during the winter evenings, when sitting very cozily together in the warm library, of taking a summer's jaunt to Lizzie's western home. I wish we could, that I might see my lady-help as mistress of her own household; and what is still better, a happy wife, mother, and sister.

LINES

Addressed to a friend who asked "How would you be remembered when you die?"

How would I be remembered?—not forever,
As those of yore.
Not as the warrior, whose bright glories quiver
O'er fields of gore;
Nor e'en as they whose song down life's dark river
Is heard no more.

No! in my veins a gentler stream is flowing
In silent bliss.
No! in my breast a woman's heart is glowing,
It seeks not this.
I would not, as down life's dark vale I 'm going
My true path miss.

I do not hope to lay a wreath undying
On glory's shrine,
Where coronets from mighty brows are lying
In dazzling shine;
Only let love, among the tomb-stones sighing,
Weep over mine.

Oh! when the green grass softly waves above me
In some low glen,
Say, will the hearts that now so truly love me
Think of me then;
And, with fond tones that never more can move me,
Call me again?

Say, when the fond smiles in our happy home
Their soft light shed,
When round the hearth at quiet eve they come,
And mine has fled,
Will any gentle voice then ask for room—
Room for the dead?

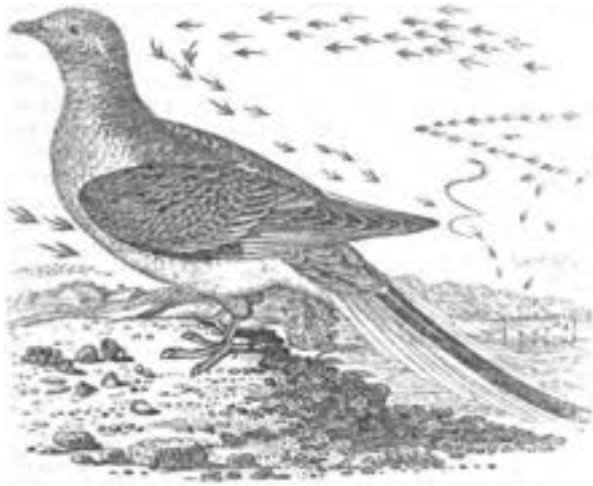
Oh! will they say, as rosy day is dying,
And shadows fall,
"Come, let us speak of her now lowly lying,
She loved us all!"
And will a gentle tear-drop, then replying,
From some eye fall?

Give me, oh! give me not the echo ringing
From trump of fame;
Be mine, be mine the pearls from fond eyes springing,
This, would I claim.
Oh! may I think such memories *will* be clinging
Around my name.

GRETTA.

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GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. IX.



PASSENGER PIGEON.

This bird, the marvel of the whole Pigeon race, is beautiful in its colors, graceful in its form, and far more a child of wild nature than any other of the pigeons. The chief wonder, however, is in its multitudes; multitudes which no man can number; and when Alexander Wilson lays the mighty wand of the enchanter upon the Valley of the Mississippi, and conjures it up to the understanding and the feeling of the reader, with far more certain and more concentrated and striking effect than if it were painted on canvas, or modeled in wax, these pigeons form a feature in it which no one who knows can by possibility forget. It is probable that the multitudes may not be more numerous than those of the petrels in Bass's Strait, of which Captain Flinders—who also was a kind of Wilson in his way—gives a graphic description. But vast as the multitude of these was, it was only as a passing cloud to the captain; he was unable to follow it up; and even though he had, the flight of birds over the surface of the sea is tame and storyless, as compared with the movements of the unnumbered myriads of these pigeons in the great central valley of our continent. None of the names which have been bestowed upon this species are sufficiently, or at all, descriptive of it. Passenger, the English expression, and *Migratoria*, the Latin name, fall equally short, inasmuch as every known pigeon is to a greater or less extent migratory as well as this one. The "swarm" pigeon, the "flood" pigeon, or even the "deluge" pigeon would be a more appropriate appellation; for the weight of their numbers breaks down the forest with scarcely less havoc than if the stream of the Mississippi were poured upon it.

Birds so numerous demand both a wide pasture and powerful means of migration, and the Passengers are not stinted in either of those respects. In latitude, their pasture extends from the thirtieth to the sixtieth degree, which is upward of two thousand miles; and the extensive breadth in longitude cannot be estimated at less than fifteen hundred. Three millions of square miles is thus the extent of territory of which the Passenger pigeon has command; and that territory has its dimensions so situated as that the largest one is the line upon which the birds migrate.

In Canada their numbers are so great, and the ravages which they commit upon the cultivated ground so extensive, that instances are recorded in which the bishop has been seriously and earnestly implored to exorcise them "by bell, book, and candle"—to cast them out of the land by the same means used in days of yore against spirits troublesome to other individuals, men and women. But as the Passengers were material and not spiritual, the bishop had the good sense not to try the experiment upon them. At least, La Houton, who records the matter, is perfectly silent as to the success or failure of the proposition.

Both sexes are beautiful birds; but their value, in an economical point of view, is not, however, in any way equal to their numbers or their beauty. The flesh of the old ones is dark, dry, hard and unpalatable, as is very generally the case with birds which are much on the wing; but the young, or *squabs*, as they are called, are remarkably fat; and as in the places where the birds congregate, they may be obtained without much difficulty, this fat is obtained by melting them, and is used instead of lard. As they nestle in vast multitudes at the same place, their resting-places have many attractions for the birds of prey, which indiscriminately seize upon both

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the old and the young. The eggs, like those of most of the pigeon tribe, are usually two in number; but the number of birds at one nesting-place is so great that the young, when they begin to branch and feed, literally drive along the woods like a torrent. They feed upon the fruits which at this time they procure at the middle heights of the forests, and do not venture upon the open grounds. The nests are far more closely packed together than in any rookery, and are built one above another, from the height of twenty feet to the top of the tallest trees.

Wilson says that as soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery, near Shelbyville, Kentucky, forty miles long, and several miles in breadth. The noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber, for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees which seemed to be most crowded with nests, and seemed to fell them in such a manner that, in their descent, they might bring down several others, by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upward of one hundred nests were found. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves. This is a scene to which we are aware of no parallel in the nesting-places of the feathered tribes. In the select places where the birds only roost for the night, the congregating, though not permanent, is often as great and destructive to the forest. The native Indians rejoice in a breeding or a roosting-place of the migratory pigeon, as one which shall supply them with an unbounded quantity of provisions, in the quality of which they are not particularly chary. Nor are these roosting-places attractive to the Indians only, for the settlers near them also pay them nocturnal visits. They come with guns, clubs, pots of suffocating materials, and every other means of destruction that can well be imagined to be within their command, and procure immense quantities of the birds in a very short time. These they stuff into sacks and carry home on their horses.

The flocks being less abundant in the Atlantic States, the gun, decoy and net are brought into operation against them, and very considerable numbers of them are taken. In some seasons they may be purchased in our markets for one dollar a hundred, and flocks have been known to occupy two hours in passing, in New Jersey and the adjoining States. Many thousands are drowned on the edges of the ponds to which they descend to drink while on their aerial passage; those in the rear alighting on the backs of those who touched the ground first, in the same manner as the domestic pigeon, and pressing them beneath the surface of the water. Nuttall estimates the rapidity of their flight at about a mile a minute, and states among other data for this result, that there have been wild pigeons shot near New York, whose crops were filled with rice that must have been collected in the plantations of Georgia, and to digest which would not require more than twelve hours.



SHORE LARK.

Usually fat, much esteemed as food, and not uncommon in our markets, this beautiful bird may be seen in different seasons ranging from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, and from New England to the Rocky Mountains. They arrive in the Northern and Middle States late in the fall, and many remain through-

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out the winter. As the weather grows colder in the north, however, they become quite common in South Carolina and Georgia, frequenting the plains, commons and dry ground, keeping constantly upon the ground, and roving about in families under the guidance of the old birds, whose patriarchal care extends over all, to warn them by a plaintive call of the approach of danger, and instruct them by example how to avoid it. They roost somewhat in the same manner as partridges, in a close ring or circle, keeping each other warm, and abiding with indifference the frost and the storm. They migrate only when driven by want of food; this appears to consist of small round compressed black seeds, oats, buckwheat, &c., with a large proportion of gravel. Shore Lark and Sky Lark are the names by which they are usually known. They are said to sing well, rising in the air and warbling as they ascend, after the manner of the sky-lark of Europe.

TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

From palace, cot and cave
Streamed forth a nation, in the olden time,
To crown with flowers the brave,
Flushed with the conquest of some far-off clime,
And, louder than the roar of meeting seas,
Applauding thunder rolled upon the breeze.
Memorial columns rose
Decked with the spoils of conquered foes,
And bards of high renown their stormy pæans sung,
While Sculpture touched the marble white,
And, woke by his transforming might,
To life the statue sprung.
The vassal to his task was chained—
The coffers of the state were drained
In rearing arches, bright with wasted gold,
That after generations might be told
A thing of dust once reigned.

Tombs, hallowed by long years of toil,
Were built to shrine heroic clay,
Too proud to rest in vulgar soil,
And moulder silently way;
Though treasure lavished on the dead
The wretched might have clothed and fed—
Dragged merit from obscuring shade,
And debts of gratitude have paid;
From want relieved neglected sage,
Or veteran in battle tried;
Smoothed the rough path of weary age,
And the sad tears of orphanage have dried.

Though green the laurel round the brow
Of wasting and triumphant War,
Peace, with her sacred olive bough,
Can boast of conquests nobler far:
Beneath her gentle sway
Earth blossoms like a rose—
The wide old woods recede away,
Through realms, unknown but yesterday,
The tide of Empire flows.
Woke by her voice rise battlement and tower,
Art builds a home, and Learning finds a bower—
Triumphant Labor for the conflict girds,
Speaks in great works instead of empty words;
Bends stubborn matter to his iron will,
Drains the foul marsh, and rends in twain the hill—
A hanging bridge across the torrent flings,
And gives the car of fire resistless wings.
Light kindles up the forest to its heart,
And happy thousands throng the new-born mart;
Fleet ships of steam, deriding tide and blast,
On the blue bounding waters hurry past;
Adventure, eager for the task, explores
Primeval wilds, and lone, sequestered shores—
Braves every peril, and a beacon lights
To guide the nations on untrodden heights.

EXPECTATION.

BY LOUISA M. GREEN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Why comes he not? He should have come ere this:
The promised hour is past: he is not here!
I love him—yes, my maiden heart is his;
I sigh—I languish when he is not near.
The truant! Wherefore tarries he? His love,
Were it like mine, would woo him to my side—
Or does he—dares he—merely seek to prove
The doubted passion of his promised bride?

Do I not love him? But does he love me?
He swore so yester-eve, when last we met
Down in the dell by our old trysting-tree:
Can he be false? If so, my sun is set!
No; he will come—I feel—I know he will;
And he shall never dream that once I sighed;
I hear his step—behold his form: be still,
Warm heart; he comes—to clasp his bride.
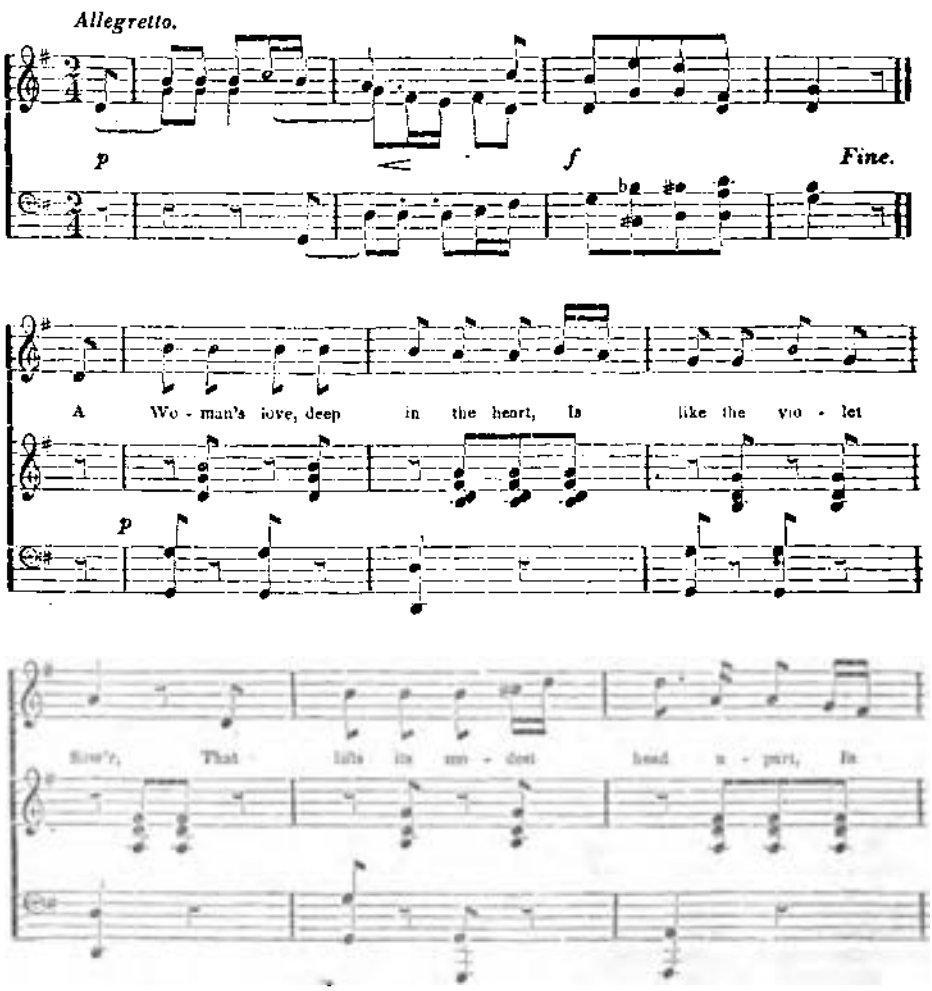
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WOMAN'S LOVE.
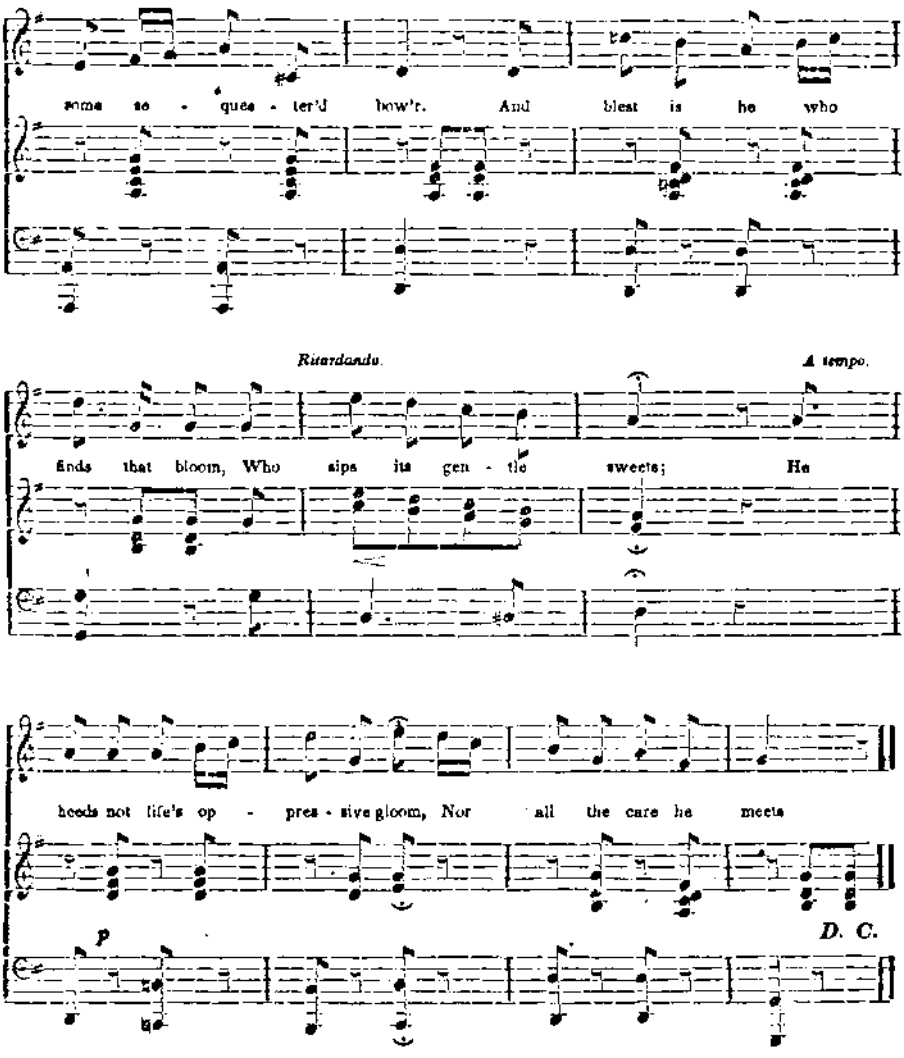
POETRY BY ANON.

MUSIC BY MATHIAS KELLER.

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SECOND VERSE.

A woman's love is like the spring
Amid the wild alone;
A burning wild o'er which the wing
Of cloud is seldom thrown;
And blest is he who meets that fount,
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should his spirit mount,
How pleasant be his way.

THIRD VERSE.

A woman's love is like the rock,
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves;
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given—
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

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YEARS AGO.—A BALLAD.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MRS. C. E. HORN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

On the banks of that sweet river
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know,
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that truly love forget not—
They 're the same in weal or wo—
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

TO MY WIFE.

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

When that chaste blush suffused thy cheek and brow,
Whitened anon with a pale maiden fear,
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to hear:
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.
Years and their snows have come and gone, and graves,
Of thine and mine, have opened; and the sod
Is thick above the wealth we gave to God;
Over my brightest hopes the nightshade waves;
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched world,
Gray hairs, and saddened hours, and thoughts of gloom,
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been my doom;
And to the earth each hope-reared turret hurled!
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and brow,
'T was dear, how dear! then—but 't is dearer now.

ISOLA.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

I dreamed that thou a lily wast,
Within a lowly valley blest;
A winged cherub flying past,
Plucked thee, and placed within his breast,
And there by guardian angel nurst,
Thou took'st a shape of human grace,
Until, a lowly flower at first,
Thou grew'st the first of mortal race.

Alas! if I who still was blessed
When thou wast but a lowly flower—
To pluck thy image from my breast,
Though thus thou will'st it, have no power;
Thou still to me, though lifted high
In hope and heart above the glen,
Where first thou won my idol eye,
Must spell my worship just as then.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY JANE R. DANA.

[ILLUSTRATING AN ENGRAVING.]

Strange! that a tear-drop should o'erfill the eye
Of loveliness that looks on all it loves!
Yet are there moods, when the soul's wells are high
With crystal waters which a strange fear moves,
To doubt if what it joys in, be a joy;
Fear not, thou fond and gentle one! though life
Be but a checkered scene, where wrong and right,
Struggle forever; there is not a strife
Can reach thy bower: the future, purely bright,
Is round about thee, like a summer sky.
And there are those, brave hearts and true, to guard
Thy walks forever; and to make each hour
Of coming time, by fond and faithful ward,
Happy as happiest known within thy bridal bower.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Practical Physiology: for the use of Schools and Families. By Edward Jarvis. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

The popular and practical study of physiology is too much neglected in this country, and we rejoice to see this effort to commend its important truths to public attention. Perhaps no people existing are in greater need of a heedful regard to the lessons of this work than the over-fed, overworked, and over-anxious people of the United States. The pursuit of wealth, honor, and power, the absorbing and health-sacrificing devotion to advancement, impels our people from the moment they first enter the schoolhouse until they are snatched from the scene of their overwrought strugglings. At the school, the child is treated as a man. The fresh air, the blue sky, the bright and happy hilarity of boyhood are too often proscribed indulgences. And this is called, not murder, but education. Those who survive it, having been taught that an American youth should never be satisfied with the present, that *excelsior* should be the only motto, and that all pleasure should be denied, health sacrificed, and time unremittingly devoted to win the eminence struggled for, rush into the business of life before their time. They win wrinkles before they attain manhood, and graves before the wild ambition thus kindled and inflamed can receive its first chaplet. All our literature teaches this unquiet and discontented spirit as to the present, and this rush and impatient determination to achieve immediate success. Now, this is a peculiarity of our country, the land of all others which should cherish a disposition to be gratefully contented with the unequalled blessings with which it is endowed. There is no necessity for this forcing system to expend properly and in due time the real energies of our people. The truly great in every walk of science and literature have been generally patient students, and have lived, in tranquillity, to a good old age. The impatient ambition which scourges our people on to the farthest stretch of their energies in any adopted pursuit, is inconsistent with the permanent and healthful character of a race. It made Rome great; but it left her people, as a race, so physically exhausted that the weakest tribes of the North dictated to her the terms of her degradation. The physical character of a nation moulds its intellectual nature, and shapes its destinies. The study of health is here: for the great study, and it will be found in all things accordant with those loftier truths taught by the Great Physician. Strangers of intelligence often remark that, with unbounded means of happiness, affluence for every reasonable want, security against every danger, and the high prerogatives of conscious and elevated freedom, we are as the most unhappy of the sons of Adam. They assert that we grow old before our time; are restless, excitable, and ever worrying for an attainment, in reference to some rising passion beyond our reach. Comfort, health, calmness, and content, are sacrificed to grasp at something more. Our cheeks grow pale, our brows wrinkled, our hearts clouded, from a settled, tangible, established habit of discontent with any position that is not the highest. There is much of truth in all this, as every one who reads our crowded marts and finds each man, however prosperous, rankered with the thought that he is not prosperous enough, will admit. All this constitutes American energy; all this renders our country great in the world's eye; but does it constitute happiness? It may be gravely doubted. The study of health is essentially the study of happiness. Late is with our people, as a general rule, a thing of little value. Those who think, in a better spirit, and remember its duties and its ends, will come to a different conclusion, and regard the conservation of the even and steady physical energies of the body as superior in importance to any result to be gained by the forced and unnatural efforts from which more is attained than nature sanctions.

A work like the one before us is calculated to be of great service, and especially so if it be placed in the hands of children. It claims, and certainly deserves, no praise as an original work of science; but it has this merit—no ordinary one—that it communicates the most important truths of physiology in language which any intelligent child can understand; and does so in a manner that every moralist will commend.

The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America. By A. J. Downing. Published by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

This work has been known to every scientific horticulturist and pomologist for many years. Its author has devoted a vigorous and enlightened intellect to this purest and noblest of pursuits; and has won a reputation of which this work will form the coronal wreath. The past editions of this work, and they have been many, have elicited the strongest praise here and abroad. The classic poets of every land have valued the praise which rewarded their dedication of the first triumphs of the muse to subjects connected with the cultivation of the soil, to the arts that rendered the breast of our common mother lovely, and wedded the labors which sustain life with the arts that render it happy. The work before us has an established reputation. It is written by one whose labors upon this subject are known as well abroad as here, and who has won the applause of all who regard pomology as worthy of an earnest support. He is the Prose Virgil of our country. This work contains eighty-four colored engravings of apples, pears, cherries, apricots, peaches, plums, raspberries, and strawberries. These plates have been, at great expense, executed at Paris, and are worthy of all commendation. Among those that seem to us worthy of especial commendation are, in the plums, the Columbia, the Coe's Golden Drop, and the Jefferson; among the pears, the Bartlett, the Bosc, the Flemish Beauty, the Frederick of Wurtemburg; among the apples, the Gravenstein, the Yellow Belle Fleur, the Dutch Mignonne, Ladies' Sweet, and Red Astrachan. All the plates are, however, good; and the work is, to all who love nature, invaluable.

The leading horticultural societies of this country have recently endeavored to counteract the confusion which has heretofore prevailed in pomological nomenclature, by adopting this work as the American standard; and we learn that it has been so recognized and adopted, in reference to this country, in London. Horticulture is greatly indebted for the advances it has made within the last few years to the author of this work. He is well known to all those who cherish the science of the soil, as the popular editor of the Horticulturist, and as one of the ablest, most scientific and enthusiastic horticulturists and pomologists in the country.

Tristram Shandy.—Original or not, Sterne gave to the literature of this language that which must last and should

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last. This edition, published by Grigg, Elliott & Co., is cheap, and should be cheap, for it is got up for universal distribution. It is well illustrated by Darley.

The Medical Companion, or Family Physician, Treating of the Diseases of the United States, &c. By James Ewell.

This is a work long and well known to the nation; and the edition before us, being the tenth, is an enlargement and improvement on those which have heretofore appeared. Dr. Chapman has pronounced it to be indisputably the most useful popular treatise on medicine with which he is acquainted; and a large number of the most celebrated professors of the country, as Caldwell, Shippen, Barton, Woodhouse, and others, have very emphatically commended it to the confidence of the public. The edition before us is a great improvement upon those which have preceded it, having, in addition to corrections resulting from the advance of the science, a treatise on Hydropathy, Homœopathy, and the Chronothermal system. It is published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia, and does, in general appearance and character, great credit to those enterprizing publishers.

General Scott and his Staff. Comprising Memoirs of Generals Twiggs, Smith, Quitman, Shields, Pillow, Lane, Cadwallader, Patterson, and Pierce, and Colonels Childs, Riley, Harney and Butler, and Other Distinguished Officers Attached to General Scott's Army; Together with Notices of Gen. Kearney, Col. Doniphan, Fremont, and Others. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co.

This work embodies the floating intelligence which has reached us in relation to the present Mexican war, and is illustrated by wood-cuts worthy of the text. We can say no more. This book is not inferior to others which the curiosity of the community has invited, and will doubtless sell, as they have sold, well.

General Taylor and his Staff. Comprising Memoirs of Generals Taylor, Worth, Wool, and Butler, Cols. May, Cross, Clay, Hardin, Yell, Hays, and Other Distinguished Officers Attached to Gen. Taylor's Army. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co.

This volume seems to be as picturesque and as veritable as other works of a like character, and is as well written and as well printed as the best. Perhaps this is not saying much; but can we say more?

Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings. By Carlo Matteucci, Professor in the University of Pisa. Translated by Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

This work has passed through two editions in Italy, and one in France. A hasty examination of the volume has excited a degree of curiosity and admiration which a more careful perusal than we can now give it will enable us hereafter to do justice to.

Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This beautiful volume is dedicated to the readers of the Lady's Book, (why not to its amiable proprietor?) of which she has long been an able and successful editor. We have not found time to examine the volume page by page—that is a happiness reserved to us, and we feel, in so much, the richer in our capital of future enjoyment; but we know that Mrs. Hale is one of the purest, most powerful, truthful, and tasteful of our writers; and we are certain that the volume before us is worthy of more than praise.

Evangeline.—This beautiful poem has been beautifully complimented by an artist-poet whose contributions enrich our pages, Thomas Buchanan Read, or, as he has been aptly characterized by a contemporary, "the Doric Read." The painting is worthy the subject, the artist, and the poet; and is one of the richest productions of American art.

A Campaign in Mexico, or a Glimpse at Life in Camp. By one who has seen the Elephant. Phila.: Grigg & Elliott.

This work, though, perhaps, beneath the dignity of a formal review, is still good reading, and we have gone through its pages with pleasure.

Principles of Physics and Meteorology. By J. Müller. First American edition, Revised and Illustrated with 528 engravings on wood, and two colored plates. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

This treatise on Physics, by Professor Müller, is the first of a series of works, on the different branches of science, now passing through the press of Baillière, in London. The American editor has made many additions and improvements; and the work, as presented to the public, is worthy of all praise and all patronage.

The Primary School Reader—Parts First, Second, and Third. By Wm. D. Swan, Principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

These volumes have been prepared to supply the want of a system for teaching reading in Primary Schools. The task has been well performed, and the series will be found of value both to the teacher and the taught.

Greene's Analysis. A Treatise on the Structure of the English Language, or the Analysis and Classification of Sentences and their Component Parts. With Illustrations and Exercises adapted to the use of schools. By Samuel J. Greene, A. M., Principal of the Phillip's Grammar School, Boston. Published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

The title of this volume sufficiently indicates its purpose and character. It is a work calculated to contribute, in a considerable degree, to improve the methods of teaching the English language.

The Grammar School Reader, consisting of Selections in Prose and Poetry, with Exercises in Articulation. By William D. Swan. Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. Philadelphia.

This work is well designed to correct prevailing vices of articulation. There is much room for reform in this branch of education, even our best public speakers being guilty of provincial errors, and faulty enunciation. The rules are lucidly explained, and the selections made with taste.

Swan's District School Reader. Same Publishers.

This is a more advanced and more valuable branch of the same series of class books, and is designed for the highest classes of public and private schools.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This admirable periodical maintains and advances its enviable reputation. With Morris & Willis as its editors, it needs no endorsement from its contemporaries. It must be, with such genius, tact and experience, all that a weekly periodical can be. We invite attention to the advertisement upon the cover of this number of the Magazine. Those who know the Journal will complain that the advertisers have not told half its merits.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1848. No. 4.

JACOB JONES.

OR THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET ALONG IN THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

JACOB JONES was clerk in a commission store at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He was just twenty-two, and had been receiving this salary for two years. Jacob had no one to care for but himself; but, somehow or other, it happened that he did not lay up any money, but, instead, usually had from fifty to one hundred dollars standing against him on the books of his tailors.

"How much money have you laid by, Jacob?" said one day the merchant who employed him. This question came upon Jacob rather suddenly; and coming from the source that it did, was not an agreeable one—for the merchant was a very careful and economical man.

"I have'n't laid by any thing yet," replied Jacob, with a slight air of embarrassment.

"You have'n't!" said the merchant, in surprise. "Why what have you done with your money?"

"I've spent it, somehow or other."

"It must have been somehow or other, I should think, or somehow else," returned the employer, half seriously, and half playfully. "But really, Jacob, you are a very thoughtless young man to waste your money."

"I don't think I *waste* my money," said Jacob.

"What, then, have you done with it?" asked the merchant.

"It costs me the whole amount of my salary to live."

The merchant shook his head.

"Then you live extravagantly for a young man of your age and condition. How much do you pay for boarding?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Too much by from fifty cents to a dollar. But, even paying that sum, four more dollars per week ought to meet fully all your other expenses, and leave you what would amount to nearly one hundred dollars per annum to lay by. I saved nearly two hundred dollars a year on a salary no larger than you receive."

"I should like very much to know how you did it. I can't save a cent; in fact, I hardly ever have ten dollars in my pocket."

"Where does your money go, Jacob? In what way do you spend a hundred dollars a year more than is necessary?"

"They are spent, I know; and that is pretty much all I can tell about it," replied Jacob.

"You can certainly tell by your private account book."

"I don't keep any private account, sir."

"You don't?" in surprise.

"No, sir. What's the use? My salary is five hundred dollars a year, and wouldn't be any more nor less if I kept an account of every half cent of it."

"Humph!"

The merchant said no more. His mind was made up about his clerk. The fact that he spent five five hundred dollars a year, and kept no private account, was enough for him.

"He'll never be any good to himself nor anybody else. Spend his whole salary—humph! Keep no private account—humph!"

This was the opinion held of Jacob Jones by his employer from that day. The reason why he had inquired as to how much money he had saved, was this. He had a nephew, a poor young man, who, like Jacob, was a clerk, and showed a good deal of ability for business. His salary was rather more than what Jacob received, and, like Jacob, he spent it all; but not on himself. He supported, mainly, his mother and a younger brother and sister. A good chance for a small, but safe beginning, was seen by the uncle, which would require only about a thousand dollars as an investment. In his opinion

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it would be just the thing for Jacob and the nephew. Supposing that Jacob had four or five hundred dollars laid by, it was his intention, if he approved of the thing, to furnish his nephew with a like sum, in order to join him and enter into business. But the acknowledgment of Jacob that he had not saved a dollar, and that he kept no private account, settled the matter in the merchant's mind, as far as he was concerned.

About a month afterward, Jacob met his employer's nephew, who said,

"I am going into business."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Open a commission store."

"Ah! Can you get any good consignments?"

"I am to have the agency for a new mill, which has just commenced operations, beside consignments of goods from several small concerns at the East."

"You will have to make advances."

"To no great extent. My uncle has secured the agency of the new mill here without any advance being required, and eight hundred or a thousand dollars will be as much as I shall need to secure as many goods as I can sell from the other establishments of which I speak."

"But where will the eight hundred or a thousand come from?"

"My uncle has placed a thousand dollars at my disposal. Indeed, the whole thing is the result of his recommendation."

"Your uncle! You are a lucky dog. I wish I had a rich uncle. But there is no such good fortune for me."

This was the conclusion of Jacob Jones, who made himself quite unhappy for some weeks, brooding over the matter. He never once dreamed of the real cause of his not having had an equal share in his young friend's good fortune. He had not the most distant idea that his employer felt nearly as much regard for him as for his nephew, and would have promoted his interests as quickly, if he had felt justified in doing so.

"It's my luck, I suppose," was the final conclusion of his mind; "and it's no use to cry about it. Any how, it is n't every man with a rich uncle, and a thousand dollars advanced, who succeeds in business, nor every man who starts without capital that is unsuccessful. I understand as much about business as the old man's nephew, any day; and can get consignments as well as he can."

Three or four months after this, Jacob notified the merchant that he was going to start for himself, and asked his interest as far as he could give it, without interfering with his own business. His employer did not speak very encouragingly about the matter, which offended Jacob.

"He's afraid I'll injure his nephew," he said to himself. "But he need n't be uneasy—the world is wide enough for us all, the old hunks!"

Jacob borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, took a store at five hundred dollars a year rent, and employed a clerk and porter. He then sent his circulars to a number of manufactories at the East, announcing the fact of his having opened a new commission house, and soliciting consignments. His next move was, to leave his boarding-house, where he had been paying four dollars a week, and take lodgings at a hotel at seven dollars a week.

Notwithstanding Jacob went regularly to the post office twice every day, few letters came to hand, and but few of them contained bills of lading and invoices. The result of the first year's business was an income from commission on sales of seven hundred dollars. Against this were the items of one thousand dollars for personal expenses, five hundred dollars for store-rent, seven hundred dollars for clerk and porter, and for petty and contingent expenses, two hundred dollars; leaving the uncomfortable deficit of seventeen hundred dollars, which stood against him in the form of bills payable for sales effected, and small notes of accommodation borrowed from his friends.

The result of the first year's business of his old employer's nephew was very different. The gross profits were three thousand dollars, and the expenses as follows: personal expense, seven hundred dollars—just what the young man's salary had previously been, and out of which he supported his mother and her family—store-rent, three hundred dollars; porter, two hundred and fifty, petty expenses one hundred dollars—in all, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, leaving a net profit of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. It will be seen that he did not go to the expense of a clerk during the first year. He preferred working a little harder, and keeping his own books, by which an important saving was effected.

At the end of the second year, notwithstanding Jacob Jones' business more than doubled itself, he was compelled to wind up, and found himself twenty-five hundred dollars worse than nothing. Several of his unpaid bills to eastern houses were placed in suit, and as he lived in a state where imprisonment for debt still existed, he was compelled to go through the forms required by the insolvent laws, to keep clear of durance vile.

At the very period when he was driven under by adverse gales, his young friend, who had gone into business about the same time, found himself under the necessity of employing a clerk. He offered Jones a salary of four hundred dollars, the most he believed himself yet justified in paying. This was accepted, and Jacob found himself once more standing upon *terra firma*, although the portion upon which his feet rested was very small, still it was *terra firma*—and that was something.

The real causes of his ill success never for a moment occurred to the mind of Jacob. He considered himself an "unlucky dog."

"Every thing that some people touch turns to money," he would sometimes say. "But I was n't born under a lucky star."

Instead of rigidly bringing down his expenses, as he ought to have done, to four hundred dollars, if he had had to live in a garret and cook his own food, Jacob went back to his old boarding-house, and paid

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four dollars a week. All his other expenses required at least eight dollars more to meet them. He was perfectly aware that he was living beyond his income—the exact excess he did not stop to ascertain—but he expected an increase of salary before long, as a matter of course, either in his present situation or in a new one. But no increase took place for two years, and then he was between three and four hundred dollars in debt to tailors, boot-makers, his landlady, and to sundry friends, to whom he applied for small sums of money in cases of emergency.

One day about this time, two men were conversing together quite earnestly, as they walked leisurely along one of the principal streets of the city where Jacob resided. One was past the prime of life, and the other about twenty-two. They were father and son, and the subject of conversation related to the wish of the latter to enter into business. The father did not think the young man was possessed of sufficient knowledge of business, or experience, and was, therefore, desirous of associating some one with him who could make up these deficiencies. If he could find just the person that pleased him, he was ready to advance capital and credit to an amount somewhere within the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. For some months he had been thinking of Jacob, who was a first-rate salesman, had a good address, and was believed by him to possess business habits eminently conducive to success. The fact that he had once failed, was something of a drawback in his mind, but he had asked Jacob the reason of his ill-success, which was so plausibly explained, that he considered the young man as simply unfortunate in not having capital, and nothing else.

"I think Mr. Jones just the right man for you," the father said, as they walked along.

"I don't know of any one with whom I had rather form a business connection. He is a man of good address, business habits, and, as far as I know, good principles."

"Suppose you mention the subject to him this afternoon."

This was agreed to. The two men then entered the shop of a fashionable tailor, for the purpose of ordering some clothes. While there, a man, having the appearance of a collector, came in, and drew the tailor aside. Their conversation was brief but earnest, and concluded by the tailor's saying, so loud that he could be heard by all who were standing near.

"It's no use to waste your time with him any longer. Just hand over the account to Simpson, and let him take care of it."

The collector turned away, and the tailor came back to his customers.

"It is too bad," he said, "the way some of these young fellows do serve us. I have now several thousand dollars on my books against clerks who receive salaries large enough to support them handsomely, and I can't collect a dollar of it. There is Jacob Jones, whose account I have just ordered to be placed in the hands of a lawyer, he owes me nearly two hundred dollars, and I can't get a cent out of him. I call him little better than a scamp."

The father and son exchanged glances of significance, but said nothing. The fate of Jacob Jones was sealed.

"If that is the case," said the father, as they stepped into the street, "the less we have to do with him the better."

To this the son assented. Another more prudent young man was selected, whose fortune was made.

When Jacob received lawyer Simpson's note, threatening a suit if the tailor's bill were not paid, he was greatly disturbed.

"Am I not the most unfortunate man in the world?" he said to himself, by way of consolation. "After having paid him so much money, to be served like this. It is too bad. But this is the way of the world. Let a poor devil once get a little under the weather, and every one must have a kick at him."

In this dilemma poor Jacob had to call upon the tailor and beg him for further time. This was humiliating, especially as the tailor was considerably out of humor, and disposed to be hard with him. A threat to apply for the benefit of the insolvent law again, if a suit was pressed to an issue, finally induced the tailor to waive legal proceedings for the present, and Jacob had the immediate terrors of the law taken from before his eyes.

This event set Jacob to thinking and calculating, what he had never before deemed necessary in his private affairs. The result did not make him feel any happier. To his astonishment he ascertained that he owed more than the whole of his next year's salary would pay, while that was not in itself sufficient to meet his current expenses.

For some weeks after this discovery of the real state of his affairs, Jacob was very unhappy. He applied for an increase of salary, and obtained the addition of one hundred dollars per annum. This was something, which was about all that could be said. If he could live on four hundred dollars a year, which he had never yet been able to do, the addition to his salary would not pay his tailor's bill within two years; and what was he to do with boot-maker, landlady, and others?"

It happened about this time that a clerk in the bank where his old employer was a director, died. His salary had been one thousand dollars. For the vacant place Jacob made immediate application, and was so fortunate as to secure it.

Under other circumstances, Jacob would have refused a salary of fifteen hundred dollars in a bank against five hundred in a counting-room, and for the reason that a bank, or office clerk, has little or no hope beyond his salary all his life, while a counting-house clerk, if he have any aptness for trade, stands a fair chance of getting into business sooner or later, and making his fortune as a merchant. But a debt of four hundred dollars hanging over his head, was an argument in favor of a clerkship in the bank, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, not to be resisted.

"I'll keep it until I get even with the world

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again," he consoled himself by saying, "and then I'll go back into a counting-room. I've an ambition above being a bank clerk all my life."

Painful experience had made Jacob a little wiser. For the first time in his life he commenced keeping an account of his personal expenses. This acted as a salutary check upon his bad habit of spending money for every little thing that happened to strike his fancy, and enabled him to clear off his whole debt within the first year. Unwisely, however, he had, during this time, promised to pay some old debts, from which the law had released him. The persons holding these claims, finding him in the receipt of a higher salary, made an appeal to his honor, which, like an honest, but not a prudent man, he responded to by a promise of payment as soon as it was in his power. But little time elapsed after these promises were made, before he found himself in the hands of constables and magistrates, and was only saved from imprisonment by getting friends to go his bail for six and nine months. In order to secure them, he had to give an order in advance for his salary. To get these burdens off of his shoulders, it took twelve months longer, and then he was nearly thirty years of age.

"Thirty years old!" he said, to himself on his thirtieth birth-day. "Can it be possible? Long before this I ought to have been doing a flourishing business, and here I am, nothing but a bank clerk, with the prospect of never rising a step higher as long as I live. I don't know how it is that some people get along so well in the world. I am sure I am as industrious, and can do business as well as any man; but here I am still at the point from which I started twenty years ago. I can't understand it. I'm afraid there's more in luck than I'm willing to believe."

From this time Jacob set himself to work to obtain a situation in some store or counting-room, and finally, after looking about for nearly a year, was fortunate enough to obtain a good place, as book-keeper and salesman, with a wholesale grocer and commission merchant. Seven hundred dollars was to be his salary. His friends called him a fool for giving up an easy place at one thousand a year, for a hard one at seven hundred. But the act was a much wiser one than many others of his life.

Instead of saving money during the third year of his receipt of one thousand dollars, he spent the whole of his salary, without paying off a single old debt. His private account-keeping had continued through a year and a half. After that it was abandoned. Had it been continued, it might have saved him three or four hundred dollars, which were now all gone, and nothing to show for them. Poor Jacob! experience did not make him much wiser.

Two years passed, and at least half a dozen young men here and there around our friend Jacob, went into business, either as partners in some old houses, or under the auspices of relatives or interested friends. But there appeared no opening for him. He did not know, that many times during that period, he had been the subject of conversation between parties, one or both of which were looking out for a man of thorough business qualifications against which capital would be placed; nor the fact, that either his first failure, his improvidence, or something else personal to himself, had caused him to be set aside for some other one not near so capable.

He was lamenting his ill-luck one day, when a young man with whom he was very well acquainted, and who was clerk in a neighboring store, called in and said that he wanted to have some talk with him about a matter of interest to both.

"First of all, Mr. Jones," said the young man, after they were alone, "how much capital could you raise by a strong effort?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Jacob, not in a very cheerful tone. "I never was lucky in having friends ready to assist me."

"Well! perhaps there will be no need of that. You have had a good salary for four or five years—how much have you saved? Enough, probably, to answer every purpose—that is, if you are willing to join me in taking advantage of one of the best openings for business that has offered for a long time. I have a thousand dollars in the savings bank. You have as much, or more, I presume?"

"I am sorry to say I have not," was poor Jacob's reply, in a desponding voice. "I was unfortunate in business some years ago, and my old debts have drained away from me every dollar I could earn."

"Indeed! that is very unfortunate. I was in hopes you could furnish a thousand dollars."

"I might borrow it, perhaps, if the chance is a very good one."

"Well, if you could do that, it would be as well, I suppose," returned the young man. "But you must see about it immediately. If you cannot join me at once, I must find some one who will, for the chance is too good to be lost."

Jacob got a full statement of the business proposed, its nature and prospects, and then laid the matter before the three merchants with whom he had at different times lived in the capacity of clerk, and begged them to advance him the required capital. The subject was taken up by them and seriously considered. They all liked Jacob, and felt willing to promote his interests, but had little or no confidence in his ultimate success, on account of his want of economy in personal matters. It was very justly remarked by one of them, that this want of economy, and the judicious use of money in personal matters, would go with him in business, and mar all his prospects. Still, as they had great confidence in the other man, they agreed to advance, jointly, the sum needed.

In the meantime, the young man who had made the proposition to Jacob, when he learned that he had once failed in business, was still in debt, and liable to have claims pushed against him, (this he inferred from Jacob's having stretched the truth, by saying that his old debts drained away from him every dollar, when the fact was he was freed from them by the provisions of the insolvent law of the state,)

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came to the conclusion that a business connection with him was a thing to be avoided rather than sought after. He accordingly turned his thoughts in another quarter, and when Jones called to inform him that he had raised the capital needed, he was coolly told that it was too late, he having an hour before closed a partnership arrangement with another person, under the belief that Jones could not advance the money required.

This was a bitter disappointment, and soured the mind of Jacob against his fellow man, and against the fates also, which he alledged were all combined against him. His own share in the matter was a thing undreamed of. He believed himself far better qualified for business than the one who had been preferred before him, and he had the thousand dollars to advance. It must be his luck that was against him, nothing else; he could come to no other conclusion. Other people could get along in the world, but he could n't. That was the great mystery of his life.

For two years Jacob had been waiting to get married. He had not wished to take this step before entering into business, and having a fair prospect before him. But years were creeping on him apace, and the fair object of his affections seemed weary of delay.

"It is no use to wait any longer," he said, after this dashing of his cup to the earth. "Luck is against me. I shall never be any thing but a poor devil of a clerk. If Clara is willing to share my humble lot, we might as well be married first as last."

Clara was not unwilling, and Jacob Jones entered into the estate connubial, and took upon him the cares of a family, with a salary of seven hundred dollars a year to sustain the new relation. Instead of taking cheap boarding, or renting a couple of rooms, and commencing housekeeping in a small way, Jacob saw but one course before him, and that was to rent a genteel house, go in debt for genteel furniture, and keep two servants. Two years was the longest that he could bear up under this state of things, when he was sold out by the sheriff, and forced "to go through the mill again," as taking the benefit of the insolvent law was facetiously called.

"Poor fellow! he has a hard time of it. I wonder why it is that he gets along so badly. He is an industrious man, and regular in his habits. It is strange. But some men seem born to ill-luck."

So said some of his pitying friends. Others understood the matter better.

Ten years have passed, and Jacob is still a clerk, but not in a store. Hopeless of getting into business, he applied for a vacancy that occurred in an insurance company, and received the appointment, which he still holds, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. After being sold out three times by the sheriff, and having the deep mortification of seeing her husband brought down to the humiliating necessity of applying as often for the benefit of the insolvent law, Mrs. Jones took affairs, by consent of her husband, into her own hands, and managed them with such prudence and economy that, notwithstanding they have five children, the expenses, all told, are not over eight hundred dollars a year, and half of the surplus, four hundred dollars, is appropriated to the liquidation of debts contracted since their marriage, and the other half deposited in the savings' bank, as a fund for the education of their children in the higher branches, when they reach a more advanced age.

To this day it is a matter of wonder to Jacob Jones why he could never get along in the world like some people; and he has come to the settled conviction that it is his "luck."

THE DARLING.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

When first we saw her face, so dimpled o'er
With smiles of sweetest charm, we said within
Our inmost heart, that ne'er on earth before
Had so much passing beauty ever been:
So full of sweetest grace, so fair to see—
This treasure bright our babe in infancy.

Like blush of roses was the tint of health
O'erspread her lovely cheeks; and they might vie
In beauty with the fairest flower—nor wealth,
Though told in countless millions, e'er could buy
The radiance of this gem, than aught more bright
Which lies in hidden mine, or saw the light.

The dawn of life was fair; so was its morn;
For with each day new beauties met our view,
And well we deemed that she, the dear first-born,
Might early fade, like flowers that earth bestrew
With all their cherished beauty, leaving naught
But faded leaves where once their forms were sought.

She smiled upon us, and her spirit fled
To taste the pleasures of that fairer land,
Where angels ever dwell—she is not dead;
But there with them her beauteous form doth stand,
Arrayed in flowing light, before the throne
Of Him whose name is Love—the Holy One.

She was our choicest bud, our precious flower;
But now she blooms in that celestial place,
Where naught can spoil the pleasure of an hour,
Nor from its beauty one bright line efface—
Where all is one perpetual scene of bliss,
Unmixed with sin; all perfect happiness.

The darling then is safe, secure from ill;
Why should we mourn that she hath left this earth,
When in that brighter land she bloometh still,
A flower more perfect, of celestial birth?
Let us submit, and own His righteous care
Who doeth well; striving to meet her there.

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BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston, South Carolina rose in commotion. The provincial Congress, which had adjourned, immediately re-assembled. Two regiments of foot and one of horse were ordered to be raised; measures were taken to procure powder; and every preparation made for the war which was now seen to be inevitable. A danger of a vital character speedily threatened the colony. This was its invasion by the British; a project which had long been entertained by the royal generals. To provide in time for defeating it, Congress had dispatched General Lee to the South. It was not until the beginning of the summer of 1776, however, that the enemy's armament set sail from New York, consisting of a large fleet of transports with a competent land force, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, and attended by a squadron of nine men-of-war, led by Sir Peter Parker. On the arrival of this expedition off the coast, all was terror and confusion among the South Carolinians. Energetic measures were, however, adopted to repel the attack.

To defend their capital the inhabitants constructed on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of their harbor, and about four miles from the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs, the command of which was given to Col. Moultrie. Never, perhaps, was a more inartificial defence relied on in so great an emergency. The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; it was built of logs based on each other in parallel rows, at a distance of sixteen feet. Other logs were bound together at frequent intervals with timber dove-tailed and bolted into them. The spaces between were filled up with sand. The merlons were faced with palmetto logs. All the industry of the Carolinians, however, was insufficient to complete the fort in time; and when the British fleet entered the harbor, the defences were little more than a single front facing the water. The whole force of Col. Moultrie was four hundred and thirty-five, rank and file; his armament consisted of nine French twenty-sixes, fourteen English eighteens, nine twelve and seven nine pounders. Finding the fort could be easily enfiladed, Gen. Lee advised abandoning it; but the governor refused, telling Moultrie to keep his post, until he himself ordered the retreat. Moultrie, on his part, required no urging to adopt this more heroic course. A spectator happening to say, that in half an hour the enemy would knock the fort to pieces, "Then," replied Moultrie, undauntedly, "we will lie behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing." Lee with many fears left the island, and repairing to his camp on the main land, prepared to cover the retreat of the garrison, which he considered inevitable.

There was, perhaps, more of bravado than of sound military policy in attacking this fort at all, since the English fleet might easily have run the gauntlet of it, as was done a few years later. But Fort Moultrie was destined to be to the navy what Bunker Hill had been to the army. It was in consequence of excess of scorn for his enemy, that Sir Peter Parker, disdaining to leave such a place in his rear, resolved on its total demolition. He had no doubt but that, in an hour at the utmost, he could make the unpractised Carolinians glad to sue for peace on any terms. Accordingly on the 28th of June, 1776, he entered the harbor, in all the parade of his proud ships, nine in number, and drawing up abreast the fort, let go his anchors with springs upon his cables, and began a furious cannonade. Meanwhile terror reigned in Charleston. As the sound of the first gun went booming over the waters toward the town, the trembling inhabitants who had been crowding the wharves and lining the house-tops since early morning, turned pale with ominous forebodings. Nor were the feelings of the defenders of the fort less anxious. Looking off over the low island intervening between them and the city, they could see the gleaming walls of their distant homes; and their imaginations conjured up the picture of those dear habitations given to the flames, as another Charlestown had been, a twelve-month before, and the still dearer wives that inhabited them, cast homeless upon the world. As they turned from this spectacle, and watched the haughty approach of the enemy, at every motion betraying confidence of success, their eyes kindled with indignant feelings, and they silently swore to make good the words of their leader, by perishing, if need were, under the ruins of the fort.

One by one the British men-of-war gallantly approached the stations assigned them, Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol, leading the van. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, came close after, and both dropped their anchors in succession directly abreast the fort. The other frigates followed, and ranged themselves as supports. The remaining vessels were still working up to their stations, when the first gun was fired, and instantly the battle began. The quantity of powder on the island being small, five thousand pounds in all, there was an absolute necessity that there should be no waste. Accordingly, the field-officers pointed the pieces in person, and the words "look to the commodore—look to the two-deckers" passed along the line. The conflict soon grew terrific. The balls whistled above the

* From a work now in press, and shortly to be published, entitled "*The Military Heroes of the United States. By C. J. Peterson.* 2 vols. 8vo. 500 pp."

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heads of the defenders, and bombs fell thick and fast within the fort; yet, in the excitement of the moment, the men seemed totally unconscious of danger. Occasionally a shot from one of their cannon, striking the hull of the flag-ship, would send the splinters flying into the air; and then a loud huzza would burst from those who worked the guns; but, except in instances like this, the patriots fought in stern and solemn silence. Once, when it was seen that the three men-of-war working up to join the conflict, had become entangled among the shoals, and would not probably be enabled to join in the fight, a general and prolonged cheer went down the line, and taken up a second and third time, rose, like an exulting strain, over all the uproar of the strife.

The incessant cannonade soon darkened the prospect, the smoke lying packed along the surface of the water; while a thousand fiery tongues, as from some hundred-headed monster, shot out incessantly, and licking the air a moment, were gone forever. Occasionally this thick, cloudy veil concealed all but the spars of the enemy from sight, and then the tall masts seemed rising, by some potent spell, out of nothing: occasionally the terrific explosions would rend and tear asunder the curtain, and, for an instant, the black hulls would loom out threateningly, and then disappear. The roar of three hundred guns shook the island and fort unremittingly: the water that washed the sand-beach, gasped with a quick ebb and flow, under the concussions. Higher and higher, the sun mounted to the zenith, yet still the battle continued. The heat was excessive; but casting aside their coats, the men breathed themselves a minute, and returned to the fight. The city was now hidden from view, by low banks of smoke, which extending right and left along the water, bounded the horizon on two sides. Yet the defenders of the fort still thought of the thousands anxiously watching them from Charleston, or of the wives and mothers, trembling at every explosion for the lives of those they loved. One of their number soon fell mortally wounded. Gasping and in agony, he was carried by. "Do not give up," he had still strength to say; "you are fighting for liberty and country." Who that heard these words could think of surrender?

Noon came and went, yet still the awful struggle continued. Suddenly a shot struck the flag-staff, and the banner, which had waved in that lurid atmosphere all day, fell on the beach outside the fort. For a moment there was a pause, as if at a presage of disaster. Then a grenadier, the brave and immortal Sergeant Jasper, sprang upon the parapet, leaped down to the beach, and passing along nearly the whole front of the fort, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, deliberately cut off the bunting from the shattered mast, called for a sponge staff to be thrown to him, and tying the flag to this, clambered up the ramparts and replaced the banner, amid the cheers of his companions. Far away, in the city, there had been those who saw, through their telescopes, the fall of that flag; and, as the news went around, a cry of horror froze every heart, for it was thought the place had surrendered. But soon a slight staff was seen uplifted at one of the angles: it bore, clinging to it, something like bunting: the breeze struck it, the bundle unrolled, it was the flag of America! Hope danced again through every heart. Some burst into tears; some laughed hysterically; some gave way to outcries and huzzas of delight. As the hours wore on, however, new causes for apprehension arose. The fire of the fort was perceived to slacken. Could it be that its brave defenders, after such a glorious struggle, had at last given in? Again hope yielded to doubt, almost to despair; the feeling was the more terrible from the late exhilaration. Already, in fancy, the enemy was seen approaching the city. Wives began trembling for their husbands, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on the patriotic side: mothers clasped their infants, whose sires, they thought, had perished in the fight, and, in silent agony, prayed God to protect the fatherless. Thus passed an hour of the wildest anxiety and alarm. At last intelligence was brought that the fire had slackened only for want of powder; that a supply had since been secured; and that the cannonade would soon be resumed. In a short time these predictions were verified, and the air again shook with distant concussions. Thus the afternoon passed. Sunset approached, yet the fight raged. Slowly the great luminary of day sank in the west, and twilight, cold and calm, threw its shadows across the waters; yet still the fight raged. The stars came out, twinkling sharp and clear, in that half tropical sky: yet still the fight raged. The hum of the day had now subsided, and the cicada was heard trilling its note on the night-air: all was quiet and serene in the city: yet still the fight raged. The dull, heavy reports of the distant artillery boomed louder across the water, and the dark curtain of smoke that nearly concealed the ships and fort, grew luminous with incessant flashes. The fight still raged. At last the frequency of the discharges perceptibly lessened, and gradually, toward ten o'clock, ceased altogether. The ships of the enemy were now seen moving from their position, and making their way slowly, as if crippled and weary, out of the harbor: and, at that sight, most of the population, losing their anxiety, returned to their dwellings; though crowds still lined some of the wharves, waiting for authentic messengers from the fight, and peering into the gathering gloom, to detect the approach of the first boat.

The loss of the enemy had been excessive. The flag-ship, the Bristol, had forty-four men killed, and thirty wounded: the Experiment, another fifty gun ship, fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. All the ships were much cut up: the two-deckers terribly so; and one of the frigates, the Acteon, running aground, was burnt. The last shot fired from the fort entered the cabin of Sir Peter Parker's ship, cut down two young officers who were drinking there, and passing forward, killed three sailors on the main-deck, then passed out and buried itself in the sea. The loss on the American side was inconsiderable: twelve killed, and about twenty-five wounded. During the battle, the earnest zeal of the men was occasionally relieved by moments of merriment. A coat,

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having been thrown on the top of one of the merlons, was caught by a shot, and lodged in a tree, at which sight a general peal of laughter was heard. Moultrie sat coolly smoking his pipe during the conflict, occasionally taking it from his mouth to issue an order. Once, while the battle was in progress, General Lee came off to the island, but, finding every thing so prosperous, soon returned to his camp. The supply of powder which was obtained during the battle, and which enabled the patriots to resume the fight, was procured, part from a schooner in the harbor, part from the city. Unbounded enthusiasm, on the side of the inhabitants, hailed the gallant defenders of the fort after the victory: Moultrie received the thanks of Congress, was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, and was honored by having the post he had defended called after his name. A stand of colors was presented, by Mrs. Elliott, to the men of his regiment, with the belief, she said, "that they would stand by them, as long as they could wave in the air of liberty." It was in guarding these colors, and perhaps in the recollection of her words, that the brave Serjeant Jasper lost his life, subsequently, at the siege of Savannah.

THE POET'S LOVE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

[THE POET COMMUNETH WITH HIS SOUL.]

"Thou hast a heart," my spirit said;
"Seek out a kindred one, and wed:
So passes grief, comes joy instead."

"True, Soul, I have," I quick replied;
"But in this weary world and wide
That other hath my search defied."

"Poet, thou hast an eye to see;
Thou knowest all things as they be;
The spheres are open books to thee.

"Thou art a missioned creature, sent
To preach of beauty—teach content:
In life's Sahara pitch thy tent!

"It is not good to be alone—
Not fit for any living one—
There's nothing single save the sun.

"Beasts, fishes, birds—yea, atoms mate,
Acknowledging an ordered fate;
What dost thou in a single state?"

"O, Soul!" I bitterly replied,
For I was full of haughty pride,
"Would in my birth that I had died!

"I feel what thou hast said is truth;
But I am past the bloom of youth,
And Beauty's eye has lost its ruth.

"I languish for some gentle heart
To throb with mine, devoid of art,
Perfect and pure in every part—

"Some innocent heart whose pulse's tone
Should beat in echo of mine own,
Where I might reign and reign alone."

"All this, and more, thy love might win,"
My spirit urged, "poor Child of Sin,
That sickenest in this rude world's din.

"Love is a way-side plant: go forth
And pluck—love has no thorns for worth—
The blossom from its place of birth.

"Perchance, on thee may Beauty's queen,
And Fortune's, look, with smiling mien—
With eyes, whose lids hold love between."

"Spirit, I am of little worth,"
Said I—"an erring child of earth:
Yet fain would own a happy hearth.

"Mere beauty, though it drowns my soul
With sunshine, may not be my goal;
And love despises gold's control.

"Better the riches of the mind—
A spirit toward the spheres inclined—
A heart that veers not with the wind.

"She might be beautiful, and gold
Might clasp her in its ruddy fold—
Have lands and tenements to hold:

"She might be poor—it were the same
If lofty, or of lowly name,
If famous, or unknown to fame:

"But she must feel the brotherhood
I feel for man—the love of good;—
Life is at best an interlude,

"And we must act our parts so here,
That, when we reach a loftier sphere,
Our memories shall not shed a tear.

"With such a one, if fair or brown—
Gracing a cottage, or a throne—
Soul, I could live and love unknown!

"Yes, gazing upward in her eye,
Seen what was passing in its sky,
And swoon, and dream, and, dreaming, die."

"There is none such," my spirit sighed.
"Seek glory: woo her for thy bride.
And perish, and be deified!"

"Why, Soul," I said, "the thought of fame,
Of winning an exalted name,
Might woo me, but my heart would blame

"The coldness that compelled me forth.
No: somewhere on this lower earth
The angel that I seek has birth.

"If not, I will so worship here
Her type, that I shall joy, not *fear*—
To meet her in her holier sphere."

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MARY WARNER.

OR THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

"What a happy girl is Mary Warner," said an elderly lady, as a bright laughing girl turned into another room.

"And so exceedingly lively and cheerful, for one of her years," rejoined another.

"Years! How old is she?"

"About twenty-four," said a third, who had hitherto been silent, "and yet no one, to see her, would think it."

So thought the world, who in their most scrutinizing glance could detect no indication of care or gloom, in this, the object of their observations, who was one of those bright, intelligent beings, ever ready for conversation, and whose sallies of wit, never failed to excite the attention of those around her. "Little did they know of my aching heart," said Mary, that evening, to one in whom she had confided much of her former history; for years had passed since she had left the grave of her mother, and her native home, on "New England's rocky shore," to wander forth with her father to the western wilds. "Little did they know of the bitterness of soul I felt while making merriment for them."

"How can you so control your feelings, while endeavoring to conceal them, with such an excess of gayety?" eagerly inquired Ella.

"Ah! that is the work of time and necessity. Time has schooled my heart to hide behind the covering I might think best to wear. Were my history known, my name would be the theme of every tongue, the derision of the stoical, the pity of the simple, and exposed to the ridicule of a heartless and unfeeling world. The head must dictate and govern my actions, all else submitting. Yet nothing can equal the wretchedness of trying to conceal with smiles the bitter struggles of a wounded spirit, whose every hope hath perished. Eye may not pierce through the laughing cover, or ear catch the breathing of a sigh. Even sympathy seems like those cold blasts of a November night, seeking the hidden recess only to chill its peace forever."

"But do you not," said Ella, "enjoy something of that mirth which you inspire in others?"

"Sometimes the excitement is sufficient to make me forget, for a moment, the past, but then it is followed by such a depression that the feeble clay well nigh sinks beneath it. Misery pays her tribute to all my revelry."

"Then never will I again wish for Mary Warner's light and joyous air," said Ella, her cheek flushed with agitation, for being one of those sober ones, whose words were ever the thoughts of her heart, she had often wished for Mary's power to charm.

Weeks and months had rolled away, until they had numbered years. The friends had parted. Ella's calm face still cheered the domestic fireside, and Mary was gliding in crowded halls, the gayest of the gay. No voice more musical than hers, or tones more sprightly; she moved as a creature of enchantment, her image fastening upon the minds and memories of all. But Ella was not forgotten or neglected; they often corresponded. Mary's letters told but too truly how much those scenes were enjoyed by her. In answer to an invitation to come and spend the summer in the retirement of Ella's home, she says, "Even in this giddy place my heart is full to bursting; should I allow myself more time for meditation it would surely break, and pour forth its lava streams on the thirsty dust of human pride. In the dark, cheerless hour of midnight, my burning, throbbing brain still keeps its restless beating, scarce bestowing the poor refreshment of a feverish dream to strengthen the earthly tenement. My health is failing; there will soon be nothing left for me but the drifts of thought and memory, which gather around a weary past and blighted future."

It was in vain that Ella tried to place on parchment words of soothing and consolation—to draw her thoughts from lingering around the ruined wreck of her affections, and direct them to the "hope set before" her, of obtaining through the merits of the Savior a home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Every letter she received came burthened with its own weight of wo.

The summer passed—its roses bloomed and died. Another autumn came and whistled by; but ere the winter's snow had melted, there were anxious thoughts concerning Mary Warner. Never before had so long a time elapsed without a letter from her to Ella. The first crocuses of spring had just begun to smile when a letter came, written by a stranger's hand! It told of Mary's being sick even unto death, and begged of Ella, as she loved her friend, to come and remain with her while yet life's taper burned. It was a fearful summons thus to break the suspending spell. That evening saw Ella sitting in the cabin of one of those large steamers which ply the western waters, anxiously wending her way to a retired yet pleasant village near the Ohio, for Mary's sadly declining health could no more mingle in the excitement of the city, and she had retreated to this lonely place to lay down her shattered frame in peace. The night of the second day brought Ella to the place of destination. She entered the house where Mary was, almost unconscious of the manner in which

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she introduced herself as Mary Warner's friend. That was enough; an elderly lady clasped her hand and bade her welcome. "Oh!" said she, "'tis a strange sight to be in her sick room. Poor thing! she is nearly gone, and still so lively; and, too, this morning when I went in, I know she had been weeping."

"Did she ever mention me?" said Ella.

"Last night she said if you would come, that she could die contented."

"Then lead me to her quickly."

They silently bent their steps to the sick chamber, and coming to the door, both made an involuntary pause.

"She is sleeping," said the old lady, softly; but Ella was too much struck to make reply. She was thinking of the dreadful changes which had come over that frail being since last they met. Worn down to a skeleton, her lips compressed, as if in agony, her dark hair thrown back upon her shoulders, while her cheeks were pale as the marble so soon to be raised in her memory, which, with the glimmering of the lights, served to make it a too dismal scene. Staggering forward to a chair, she sat down quickly, but in the agitation there was a slight noise—it awakened the sleeper; a moment passed—they were in each others arms. When the first wild burst of joy had passed away, Mary spoke.

"Sit down here, Ella—I want to be alone with you; I feared that I might die before you came;" a convulsive shuddering passing over her, as she spoke of death. "I want to give you my history. 'Tis a dark picture, and yet it has all been mine."

"But are you not too weak and agitated?" asked the warm-hearted friend.

"Oh, no! that sweet, quiet sleep has so refreshed me, that I feel almost like another being—and I shall be very brief. But to my story. You recollect my having often told you that I never set my heart on an earthly object but I was doomed to bear a bitter disappointment. That wary, stubborn rock, encircled by the whirl of youthful and enthusiastic feeling, which, in life's earlier years, drew within its circled waves my frail bark of love and hope, then cast it forth—a wreck forever.

"In the village in which I was raised, lived one who shared with me the sports of childhood; and as we grew older, partook of the recreations and amusements of the young together. There was a strange similarity in our tastes and dispositions; and we consequently spent much of our time in each others society. There were those who sometimes smiled to see a young and sunny-haired youth so constantly with the sensitive, shrinking Mary Warner; but then they knew we were playmates from childhood, and thought no more. Mother was dead, and I was under the guidance of my remaining parent, an only child—an idolized and favored one; and in my sixteenth year, claimed as the bride of Samuel Wayland. Parental judgment frowned, and called it folly. What could I do? Our faith had long been plighted, but filial respect demanded that should be laid aside; yet what was I to find in the future, that would ever repay for the love so vainly wasted. It was all a blank. I nerved my heart for our last meeting—but the strings were fibrous, and they broke

"'I shall go to the West, and then you must forget me,' said I, when we came to part.

"'Never, Mary, will you, can you be forgotten!'

"We parted there, forever. He is still living, a lone wanderer on the earth; we have never had any communications; but there is a unity of feeling, a oneness of spirit, that at times make me feel as if we were scarcely separated. I enjoy a pleasure in thinking of his memory, a confidence that would trust him any where in this wide world; and I now believe that wherever he is, his heart is still true to me. As for me, I have hurried through life like a 'storm-stricken bird,' no rest from the busy scenes in which I mingled. Since then, there have been proposals in which honor, wealth, and distinction were connected; and once I had well nigh sold myself for interest, and to please my father. We were promised, and I was congratulated on my happy prospects; but, alas! alas, for me; the more memory reverted to the past, my feelings revolted from the present. I sometimes used to stand where I could see him pass in the street, and exclaim 'oh, heaven! can I marry that man! can I stand before God's altar, and promise to love and honor him, when I abhor his presence.' Time was hasting; one night I went down into the study; father was sitting there.

"'Well, Mary,' said he, 'I suppose you will leave us soon.'

"That was enough for my pent-up feelings to break forth. 'I suppose so,' said I, 'but, oh! father, I would rather see my grave open to-morrow, than to think of uniting my destiny with that man. My very soul detests him."

"Mary, sit down now, and write a letter to Mr M——, that you cannot keep your promise, and the reason why. Far would it be from me to place in the hands of my only daughter, the cup of misery unmixed. My judgment and your feelings differ.'

"It was late that night when I sealed the fated letter for M——; but I retired and slept easy, there was a burden removed which had well-nigh crushed me. What I have experienced since, words may never tell; the young have deemed me impenetrable to the natural susceptibilities of our natures, while the old have called me trifling. But, Ella, depend upon it, a heart once truly given, can never be bestowed again. I have erred in trying to conceal my history in the manner I have. Instead of placing my dependance on the goodness of the Most High, and seeking for that balm which heals the wounded spirit, and acquiring a calmness of mind which would render me in a measure happy, I plunged into the vortex of worldly pleasure. But it is all over now; they say I have the consumption, and pity me, to think one so joyous should have to die. To-day has been spent mostly in meditation; and I have tried to pray that my Savior would give me grace for a dying hour; and, Ella, will you kneel at my bed-side and pray as you used to, when a young, trembling girl?"

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"Yes, I will pray for you again," said Ella; "but take this cordial to revive your exhausted frame."

As the friend raised the refreshing draught, she marked such a change in Mary's countenance, that her heart quailed at the thought of the terrible vigil she was keeping, in the silence of night, alone. She kneeled by the sick, and offered up her prayer with an energy unknown to her before, such a one as a heart strong in faith, and nerved by love and fear alone could dictate; a pleading, borne on high by the angel of might, for the strengthening of the immortal soul in prison-clay before her. There was a sigh and a groan; she rose hastily and bent over the couch—there was a gasping for breath, and all was still. Ella's desolate shriek of anguish first told the tale, that Mary was dead.

Thus passed again to the Giver, a mind entrusted with high powers, and uncontrolled affections, who, in the waywardness of youth, cast unreservedly at the shrine of idolatrous love, her all of earthly hopes, then wandered forth with naught but their ashes, in the treasured urn of past remembrance, seeking to cover that with the mantle of the world's glittering folly.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

BY MISS HARRIET B. WINSLOW.

Leave us not so dark uncertain! lift again the fallen curtain!
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore—
Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visiter nocturnal!
Earnestly we long to learn all that befell that bird of yore:
Oh, then, tell us something more!

Doth his shade thy floor still darken? dost thou still, despairing, hearken
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
Is the same place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting when he answers "Nevermore!"
Tell me truly, I implore!

Knows he not the littlenesses of our nature—its distresses?
Knows he never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating—drinking? Is he never caught in winking
When his demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?
Tell me this, if nothing more!

Is he, after all, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil?"
Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friend's meaning bore?
When thy sad tones were revealing all the loneness o'er thee stealing,
Did he not, with fellow-feeling, vow to leave thee nevermore?
Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He, too, may be inly praying—vainly, earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate, beloved yet lost for evermore.
He hath donned a suit of mourning, and, all earthly comfort scorning,
Broods alone from night till morning. By thy memories Lenore,
Oh, renounce him nevermore.

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another!
Ah, perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless hue he wore,
No such narrow prejudices can *he* know whom Love possesses—
Whom one spark of Freedom blesses. Do not spurn him from thy door
Lest Love enter nevermore!

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he brings some message
From that much-mourned matchless maiden—from that loved and lost Lenore.
In a pilgrim's garb disguised, angels are but seldom prized:
Of this fact at length advised, were it strange if he forswore
The false world for evermore?

Oh, thou ill-starred midnight ranger! dark, forlorn, mysterious stranger!
Wildered wanderer from the eternal lightning on Time's stormy shore!
Tell us of that world of wonder—of that famed unfading "Yonder!"
Rend—oh rend the veil asunder! Let our doubts and fears be o'er!
Doth he answer—"Nevermore?

SONG OF THE ELVES.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

When the moon is high o'er the ruined tower,
When the night-bird sings in her lonely bower,
When beetle and cricket and bat are awake,
And the will-o'-the-wisp is at play in the brake,
Oh then do we gather, all frolic and glee,
We gay little elfins, beneath the old tree!

And brightly we hover on silvery wing,
And dip our small cups in the whispering spring,
While the night-wind lifts lightly our shining hair,
And music and fragrance are on the air!
Oh who is so merry, so happy as we,
We gay little elfins, beneath the old tree?

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THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flushed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

SONG FOR A SABBATH MORNING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Arise ye nations, with rejoicing rise,
And tell your gladness to the listening skies;
Come out forgetful of the week's turmoil,
From halls of mirth and iron gates of toil;
Come forth, come forth, and let your joy increase
Till one loud paean hails the day of peace.
Sing trembling age, ye youths and maidens sing;
Ring ye sweet chimes, from every belfry ring;
Pour the grand anthem till it soars and swells
And heaven seems full of great celestial bells!

Behold the Morn from orient chambers glide,
With shining footsteps, like a radiant bride;
The gladdened brooks proclaim her on the hills
And every grove with choral welcome thrills.
Rise ye sweet maidens, strew her path with flowers,
With sacred lilies from your virgin bowers;
Go youths and meet her with your olive boughs,
Go age and greet her with your holiest vows;—
See where she comes, her hands upon her breast
The sainted Sabbath comes, smiling the world to rest.

CITY LIFE.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

Forgive me, Lord, that I so long have dwelt
In noisome cities, whence Thy sacred works
Are ever banished from my sight; where lurks
Each baleful passion man has ever felt.
Here human skill is shown in shutting out
All sight and thought of things that God hath made;
Lest He should share the constant homage paid
To Mammon, in the hearts of men devout.

O, it was fit that he* upon whose head
Weighed his own brother's blood, and God's dread curse,
Should build a city, when he trembling fled
Far from his Maker's face. And which was worse,
The murder—or departing far from Thee?
Great God! impute not either sin to me!

* Cain.—Genesis iv. 17.

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THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

BY FRANK BYRNE.

(*Concluded from page* 147.)

CHAPTER V.

In which there is a Storm, a Wreck, and a Mutiny.

When I came on deck the next morning, I found that the mate's prediction had proved true. A norther, as it is called in the Gulf, was blowing great guns, and the ship, heading westward, was rolling in the trough of the tremendous sea almost yard-arm under, with only close-reefed top-sails and storm fore-topmast-staysail set. We wallowed along in this manner all day, for we were lying our course, and the skipper was in a hurry to bring our protracted voyage to an end. We made much more leeway than we reckoned, however, for just at sunset the high mountains of Cuba were to be seen faintly looming up on the southern horizon.

"Brace up, there," ordered Captain Smith, when this fact was announced. "Luff, my man, luff, and keep her as near it as you may."

The old ship came up on the wind, presenting her front most gallantly to the angry waves, which came on as high as the fore-yard, threatening to engulf her in the watery abyss. We took in all our top-sails but the main, and with that, a reefed fore-sail and foretopmast-staysail set, the old ship shook her feathers, and prepared herself for an all-night job of clawing off an iron-bound lee-shore.

The hatches were battened down, the fore-scuttle and companion closed, and all the crew collected sit on deck and lashed themselves to some substantial object, to save themselves from being washed overboard by the immense seas which constantly broke over our bows, and deluged our decks. The night closed down darker than pitch, and the wind increased in violence. I have scarcely ever seen so dismal a night. Except when at intervals a blinding flash of lightning illumined the whole heavens and the broad expanse of raging ocean, we could distinguish nothing at a yard's distance, save the glimmer of the phosphorescent binacle light, and the gleam which flashed from the culmination of the huge seas ahead of us, resembling an extended cloud of dull fire suspended in the air, and blown toward us, till, with a noise like thunder, as it dashed against the bows, it vanished, and another misty fire was to be seen as if rising out of some dark gulf. At midnight it blew a hurricane; the wind cut off the tops of the waves, and the air was full of spray and salt, driving like sleet or snow before the wintry storm. I had ensconced myself under the lee of the bulwarks, among a knot of select weather-beaten tars, and notwithstanding the danger we were in, I could not help being somewhat amused at their conversation.

"Jack," said Teddy, an Irish sailor, to the ship's oracle, old Jack Reeves, "do you think the sticks will howld?"

"If they don't," growled Jack, "you'll be in h—l before morning."

"Och, Jasus!" was the only reply to this consolatory remark—and there was an uneasy nestling throughout the whole circle.

"Well, Frank," said old Jack to me, after a most terrific gust, during which every man held his breath to listen whether there might not be a snapping of the spars, "well, Frank, what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think I never saw it blow so hard before," I replied. "'Tis n't a very comfortable berth, this of ours, with a lee-shore not thirty miles off, and a hurricane blowing."

"No danger at all, Frank, if them spars only stay by us—and I guess they will. They 're good sticks, and Mr. Brewster is too good a boatswain not to have 'em well supported. The old Gentile is a dreadful critter for eatin' to windward in any weather that God ever sent; but I hope you do n't call this blowin' hard, do you? Why, I've seen it blow so that two men, one on each side of the skipper, could n't keep his hair on his head, and they had to get the cabin-boy to tail on to the cue behind, and take a turn round a belaying-pin."

"An' that nothin' to a time I had in a brig off Hatteras," observed Teddy, who had somewhat recovered his composure; "we had to cut away both masts, you persave, and to scud under a scupper nail driv into the deck, wid a man ready to drive it further as the wind freshened."

"Was n't that the time, Teddy," asked another, "When that big sea washed off the buttons on your jacket?"

"Faix, you may well say that; and a nigger we had on board turned white by reason of the scare he was in."

"Wal, now," interposed Jehabod Green, "Teddy, that 's a lie; it 's agin all reason."

"Pooh! you green-horn!" said Jack Reeves," "that 's nothing to a yarn I can spin. You see that when I was quite a boy, I was in a Dutch man-o'-war for a year and thirteen months; and one day in the Indian Ocean, it came on to blow like blazes. It blowed for three days and nights, and the skipper called a council of officers to know what to do. So, when they 'd smoked up all their bacey, they concluded to shorten sail, and the bo'sn came down to rouse out the crew. He undertook to whistle, but it made such an unnateral screech, that the chaplain thought old Davy had come aboard; and he told the skipper he guessed he 'd take his trick at prayin'.

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'Why,' says the skipper, 'we 've got on well enough without, ever since we left the Hague, had n't we better omit it now?' 'T'aint possible,' says the parson. Now you all know you can't larn seamanship to a parson or passenger—and the bloody fool knelt down with his face to wind'ard. 'Hillo!' says the skipper, 'you 'd better fill away, and come round afore the wind, had n't you?' 'Mynheer captain,' says the parson, 'you 're a dreadful good seaman, but you don't know no more about religious matters than a horse.' 'That 's *true*,' answered the skipper; so suit yourself, and let fly as soon as you feel the spirit move, bekase that main-sail wants reefin' awfully.' Well, the parson shuts his eyes, takes the pipe out of his mouth, and gets underweigh; but, onluckily, the first word of the prayer was a Dutch one, as long as the maintop-bowline, and as crooked as a monkey's tail, and the wind ketchen in the kinks of it, rams it straight back into his throat, and kills him as dead as a herrin'. 'Blixem!' says the skipper, 'there 'll be brandy enough for the voyage now.' "

"Sail, ho-o-o!" shouted a dozen voices, as a vivid flash of lightning showed us the form of a small schooner riding upon the crest of a wave, not two cables length ahead.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted the skipper. "My God! make her luff, or we shall be into them."

Slowly the ship obeyed her helm, and came up on the wind, trembling to her keel, as the canvas, relieved from the strain, fluttered and thrashed against the mast with immense violence, and a noise more deafening than thunder, while the great seas dashed against the bows, now in full front toward them, with the force and shock of huge rocks projected from a catapult, and the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging as if the spirits of the deep were rejoicing over our dreadful situation.

Again the fiery flash shot suddenly athwart the sky.

Good God! the schooner, her deck and lower rigging black with human beings, lay broadside to, scarcely ten rods from before our bows. A cry of horror mingled with the rattling thunder and the howl of the storm. I felt my blood curdle in my veins, and an oppression like the nightmare obstructed my voice.

The schooner sunk in the trough, and, as the lightning paled, disappeared from sight. The next moment our huge ship, with a headlong pitch, was precipitated upon her. One crash of riven timbers, and a yell of despairing agony, and all was over; the ship fell off from the wind, and we were again driving madly forward into the almost palpable darkness, tearing through the mountain seas.

"Rig the pumps and try them," cried Captain Smith, in a hoarse voice, "we may have started a plank by the shock."

To the great joy of all, the ship was found to make no more water than usual. All hands soon settled down quietly again, wondering what the run-down schooner could have been, and pitying her unfortunate crew, when a faint shout from the forecastle was heard in a lull of the storm.

"Lord save us! what can that be?" exclaimed a dozen of the crew in a breath.

"*In nomine Pathris*—" began Teddy, crossing himself in a fright.

"Silence there!" cried the skipper; "Mr. Stewart, can it be one of the schooner's crew, who has saved himself by the bowsprit rigging?"

"Plaze yer honor," said Teddy, "it 's more likely it 's one of their ghosts."

"Silence, I tell you! who gave you liberty to tell your opinion. Mr. Brewster, hail 'em, whoever they be."

"Folk'stle, ahoy!" sung out the second mate; "who 's there?"

"Help! help! for God's sake!" faintly answered the mysterious voice.

"Go forward, there, two hands," ordered the captain; "'t is one of the schooner's crew."

After a moment's hesitation, the second mate and Jack Reeves started on this mission of mercy, and were soon followed by nearly all the crew. Upon reaching the forecastle we found the body of a man lying across the heel of the bowsprit, jammed against the windlass pawl. The insensible form was lifted from its resting place, and, by the captain's order, finally deposited in the cabin on the transom. The skipper, steward, and myself, remained below to try and resuscitate the apparently lifeless body. The means we used were effectual; and the wrecked seaman opened his eyes, and finally sat up.

"I must go on deck now," said the captain. "Stay below, Frank, and help the steward undress him, and put him into a berth."

Our benevolent darky had by this time concocted a glass of brandy *grog*, very stiff, but, alas! not hot, which I handed to the object of our care, who, after drinking it, seemed much better; and we then proceeded to help him strip. I noticed that his clothes were very coarse, and parti-colored; there were also marks of fetters on his ancles, and his back was scarred by the lash. I conjectured from these circumstances that our new shipmate was not of the most immaculate purity of character, and after I had got him into a berth, between two warm woollen blankets, I made free to ask him a few questions, not only about himself, but also about his vessel. I could get no reply but in Spanish, as I took his lingo to be, though, from his hailing for help in English, I knew that he must understand that language. When I went upon deck I reported myself to the officers, who concluded to defer any examination until morning. The gale began to abate about midnight, and at nine o'clock in the morning it had so far subsided that the cabin mess, leaving Mr. Brewster in charge of the deck, went below to get breakfast.

"The swell is tremendous," said the skipper, as we were endeavoring to get seated around the table. "I think I never saw a much heavier sea in any part of the world. Look out, there!"

But the caution was given too late; the ship had risen on an enormous wave as the skipper had spoken, and when she plunged, the steward pitched headlong over the cabin table, closely followed by

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the third mate, who had grasped his camp-stool for support, and still clung pertinaciously to it. The ship righted, leaving Langley's corpus extended at full length among a wreck of broken crockery.

"Well, Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "I hope you enjoy your breakfast."

"Bill," added the mate, as Langley gathered himself up, "as you've got through your breakfast so expeditiously, had n't you better go on deck and let Mr. Brewster come down?"

"Beg your pardon, sir; but don't you see I'm laid on the table—there can be no action about me at present."

"Well, sit down and try to preserve your gravity. I hope to see no more such flights of nonsense at this table."

"Steward," asked the skipper, after we had nearly finished our meal, "how is your patient this morning?"

"It 's enough to make any body out of patience, sar, to fall ober de cabin table. So tan't werry first rate."

"No, so I perceive; but I mean, how 's the man who came on board us last night?"

"Oh, dat 's him—excuse me, sar. Well, sar, he 's quite smart dis mornin'."

"Fetch him out here, I wish to ask him some questions; give him a shirt and trowsers of mine, and fetch him out."

The steward soon made his appearance again, in company with the stranger, who, now dressed clean, looked to be a stout, powerful man, apparently about thirty-five; but his long, tangled, black hair and whiskers so concealed his features, that their expression could not be discerned. He bowed as he entered the cabin, and in good English thanked the captain for his care.

"Sit down upon the stool yonder," said the skipper, "and tell us the name and nation of your vessel, and by what miracle you escaped; and afterward you shall have some breakfast."

"The name of the vessel, señor, was the San Diego, the *guarda-costa* upon this station. I was on deck when your ship was first seen, and I climbed half way up the main shrouds to look out for you, by the captain's order. When you struck us, I found myself entangled in your jib-boom rigging, and held on, though much bruised, and half-drowned by the seas which ducked me every minute, until I succeeded in laying in upon your forecastle. I had had time to notice your rig, and know you to be an American."

"How many were your crew?" asked the mate.

The sailor started, and for a moment eyed the querist closely. "Oh! señor, only about fifty souls in all."

"Good God!" cried the captain, "fifty lives lost—fifty souls sent into eternity with scarcely a moment's warning!"

"Don't regret it, captain," said the sailor, bitterly, "many of them were only convicts; the government will be much obliged to you."

"Were you a convict?" asked the mate.

"I was, señor, as my dress and appearance would have told you, even if I had been disposed to lie. I was drafted from the Matanzas chain-gang to the guarda-costa some six month ago."

"The Matanzas chain-gang!" cried the mate, eagerly, "pray, my good fellow, do you know a convict by the name of Pedro Garcia?"

The man rose to his feet—"Why, señor, do you?" he inquired.

"I do, indeed," answered Mr. Stewart, impatiently; "but tell me—answer my question, sir."

The convict brushed back his long hair. "I was once called Don Pedro Garcia," said he; "tell me," he added, as all four of us rose involuntarily at this startling announcement, "with whom do I speak?"

"Good God!" cried the mate, making one jump for the convict felon, and throwing his arms around him, "I'm Ben Stewart, alive and well."

Very unluckily, at this moment the ship gave a violent lurch, and the two fell, and, locked in each others embrace, rolled over to leeward; the skipper, who was unguarded in his astonishment, followed Langley's former wake over the table, which, yielding to the impulse, fetched away, capsized, and with the captain, also rolled away to leeward; the steward, as in duty bound, ran to his superior's help.

At this juncture, Brewster, hearing the unusual row, poked his head through the skylight slide, and demanded—"What 's the matter? Mutiny! by G—d!" he shouted, catching sight of the prostrate forms of his fellow officers, struggling, as he thought, in the respective grasps of the rescued convict and the steward. Off went the scuttle, and down came the valiant Brewster square in the midst of the crockery, followed by three or four of his watch, stumbling over the bodies of the overthrown quartette. Langley and myself climbed into a berth and looked on.

"It 's the steward," shouted the mischievous third mate, whose love of fun could not be controled by fear of consequences; "he tried to stab the captain with the carving-knife."

The scene now became exciting; the cry of mutiny was heard all over the vessel; and the skipper and mate hearing it, very naturally concluding that the mutineers were those who had so unceremoniously invaded the cabin, turned furiously upon them, and called loudly for assistance to us in the berth; but we were enjoying the fun too much to even speak and explain.

"Are ye kilt, cap'n?" asked Teddy, who had pushed his way to his beloved commander.

"No, you d—d mutinous scoundrel!" replied the enraged skipper, planting a tremendous blow between the eyes of the anxious interrogator; "take that!" and the Irishman rolled upon deck. In the meantime, Mr. Brewster, who had taken an especial spite against the convict, grabbed him by the throat. Pedro returned the compliment by a blow in the stomach, and Stewart aided the defeat of his colleague by taking him by the shoulders and dragging him off. Transported beyond reason by the pain of the blow he had received, and what he supposed to be the black ingratitude of Mr. Stewart, Brewster

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gave a scream of rage and clinched in with the mate with all his force.

It was fast getting to be past a joke.

"Come, Langley," said I, "let's put a stop to this—somebody will be killed."

"Sure enough! but how are we going to do it? Oh! here are the mate's pistols; draw the charges, Frank, and you take one and I the other, and we'll soon proclaim peace."

"They're not loaded," said I, after trying them with the ramrod.

"All right, then—follow me."

We jumped down from our roost, leveled our pistols at the crowd, and threatened to fire if hostilities should not instantly cease on both sides.

"Langley, hand me those pistols," cried the frenzied skipper, who was the more angry because nobody would fight with him.

"Please, sir, I can't; I daren't trust myself without 'em. "Disperse, ye rebels! lay down your arms and disperse—die, base and perjured villain," shouted Langley, holding the muzzle of his pistol to Brewster's ear, while I, by poking my shooting-iron in everybody's face, obtained partial order. After a deal of difficulty the mutiny was explained; and the crestfallen Brewster withdrew his forces, followed by the mate, who conciliated his irate colleague, and gave him an inkling as to the real name and character of the rescued convict.

After the steward had cleared away the wreck of the breakfast things, a conclave of the cabin-mess was called, to which the black steward was *ex officio* and *ex necessitate* admitted; and it was determined, after much debate, that the voyage should be continued, and that during our stay in Matanzas my cousin Pedro should remain hidden on board. The next mooted point was whether to conceal the matter from the crew, and decided in the negative; so the men were called aft, and the truth briefly stated to them. One and all swore to be faithful and discreet—and so they proved. With one or two exceptions our crew were Yankees, and of a far higher grade than the crews of merchantmen generally.

During these proceedings the gale had rapidly abated, and at noon we found ourselves rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, the sun shining brightly over our heads, and not a breath of air stirring. The skipper, mate, and Cousin Pedro were closeted together in the cabin during the afternoon, while the second and third mates, and ship's cousin, compared notes sitting under the awning on the booby-hatch. I enlightened Brewster more fully as to Mr. Stewart's former adventures in Cuba; and we finally concluded that our running down the Spanish guarda-costa was the most lucky thing in the world.

"Half my plan is now accomplished to hand," said I; "we must now get my Cousin Clara out of the nunnery."

"You had n't better try that, Frank," interposed Mr. Brewster, "because, for two reasons; in the first place, them Catholics are poor benighted heathen, and she would n't get out if she could—for she is a veiled nun; and the next place you 'd get your neck into a certain machine called a *garrote*, or else make your cousin's place good in the chain-gang."

"Nevertheless, I shall try; and if she only is willing to run away, there can some plan be contrived, I know."

"And my part shall be to run old Alvarez through the body, if the devil has n't taken him already," added Mr. William Langley.

"Boys will be boys, that 's a fact, call 'em what you 're a mind to," observed Mr. Brewster, very sapiently stroking his big red whiskers.

The calm continued, and by evening the swell had in a great degree gone down. In the first dog-watch, my Cousin Pedro, sitting upon the companion, gave us an account of his long imprisonment. He had, as the reader already knows, been sentenced for the murder of the Count ——, and had toiled and slaved in the streets of Matanzas, till drafted, with many others, on board of the guarda-costa. He knew of Clara's fate, and had been undeceived by my father in the belief of Mr. Stewart's death.

Langley and I stood the middle watch again that night. An easterly breeze, gentle, but steady, blew most of the night; and when we went below, and eight bells struck, the moon was silvering the lofty peak of the Pan of Matanzas, which lay far away on our larboard bow.

CHAPTER VI.

The Gentile arrives at Matanzas.

I was waked in the morning by Mr. Stewart, who shook me by the shoulders, crying, "Come, Frank, turn out; it 's seven bells, so rouse and bite; breakfast is almost ready, and a glorious prospect from deck."

I turned out incontinently at this summons, slipped on my trowsers, ran up the companion-way, dipped my head in a bucket of water, by way of performing my morning ablutions, and then made my way aft again to join the circle on the quarter-deck. The watch had just finished washing down the decks, and were engaged in laying up the rigging on the belaying-pins; the boys were stowing away the detested-holy stone under the chocks of the long-boat; the watch below were performing their brief morning ablutions upon the forecastle; the steward was bringing aft the cabin breakfast, sadly incommoded by the mischievous Rover, who, wet as a sponge, capered about the deck, shaking himself against everybody who came in his way, and now seemed fully determined to dive between the lower spars of the unfortunate darkey; the officers were standing by my side, breathing the cool morning air, looking out upon the beautiful scene around us, and getting an appetite for breakfast.

The ship lay about a league from the land, almost abreast the entrance of Matanzas bay; the land wind blew gently, bearing to us the delicious perfumes of orange and coffee-blossoms, and crowds of vessels were coming from the bay, taking advantage of it to gain an offing before the setting in of the sea-breeze.

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Half a mile from us a brig lay motionless upon the water, her yards swarming with men loosing the sails, which in a moment fell together with a precision that would have plainly told a sailor that the brig was a man-of-war, even without taking notice of the delicate white ribbon painted upon her side, pierced by a half-dozen ports, from which protruded as many saucy-looking guns, their red tompions contrasting prettily with the aforesaid white line and the black sides of the vessel. A flag hung negligently down from her gaff end, and, as a puff of wind stronger than the rest blew out its crimson folds, we saw emblazoned thereon the cross of St. George and merry England. The brig was the British cruiser on this station. To the northward stretched the broad blue expanse of the sea we had so recently sailed on, looking to be as quiet and peaceful as if there were no such things as hurricanes and angry waves, and dotted here and there by the glistening sails of inward bound vessels. Far away to the westward a long black wreath of smoke, following in the wake of a small speck on the water, announced the approach of the Havana steam packet; and close in, hugging the shore, glided a solitary American barque, apparently bound to Havana to finish her freight, her white sails gleaming in the sun. The land seemed strangely beautiful to our sea-going eyes; and we were never tired with gazing at the tall, graceful palms, sheltering with their grateful shade white villas, situate in the midst of fertile fields of sugar-cane, and surrounded by little hamlets of white-washed slave huts. The overhanging haze of the distant city could be seen rising beyond the intervening hills, and the back-ground of the picture was formed by a range of blue conical peaks, amidst which towered in majesty the flat summit of the celebrated Pun of Matanzas.

"And I am once more in the West Indies!" murmured Mr. Stewart, half unconsciously. "How much has happened since my eyes first looked upon this land-cape!"

"True enough!" added Pedro, sighing.

"Breakfas' gettin' cold, Cap'n Smith," cried the steward, petulently, poking his head up the companion.

"Ay, ay," returned the skipper; "come, gentlemen, don't get into the dumps this fine morning; you ought to be rejoiced that you have found each other. Let 's go below and take breakfast, and after that, Don Pedro, we must stow you in the run until after the officers have boarded us."

Breakfast being dispatched, all hands went busily to work preparing the ship for port. Our lends had been blacked in the two days of fair weather we had had off the Bahamas; and as our ship was a large, handsome, packet-built craft of seven hundred tons, we reckoned upon cutting a great swell among the brigs, barques, and small ships usually engaged in the sugar-freighting business. The brass of the capstan, wheel and ladder stanchions, were brightly polished by the steward and boys; fair leaders, scoreinen and chafing-gear taken off; ensign, signal and burgee-halyards rove; the accommodation-ladder got over the side; the anchor got ready, and the chain roused up from the locker. At ten o'clock we took the sea breeze and a pilot, passed Point Yerikos, and cracked gallantly up the bay with ensign, numbers, and private signal flying. Another point was turned, and the beautiful city came in view at the distance of a league, more than half the intervening space of water covered by ships of every nation, size, and rig, lying at anchor, from the huge British line-of-battle ship down to the graceful native felucca with latteen sails.

"Pilot," said Captain Smith, "if you will give us a first-rate berth, as near to the town as a ship of our size can load, I 'll give you five dollars beside your fee."

"You shall have de ver fine berth, señor el capitaine. I will anchor you under de castle yonder; ver deep water, tree, four fathoms, and only one mile and more from the end of the mole."

The skipper exchanged glances with his mate.

"Their old berth," whispered Langley, sticking his elbow into my side.

We rapidly approached the castle, and the busy fleet at its foot; sail after sail was clewed up—the pilot's orders grew frequent and loud—the jib came fluttering down the stay—the anchor plunged into the water—the chain rattled swiftly through the hawsehole—we swung round with the tide, broadside to the fort, and "The voyage of the ship Gentile, Captain James Smith, commander, from Valetta toward Matanzas," as inscribed in the mate's log-book, was at an end.

The pilot was dismissed—our sails furled—the royal and topgallant-yards sent down—the lower and topsail-yards squared with nautical and mathematical precision—our fair-weather lofty poles, surmounted by gilt balls, sent up—awnings were spread completely over the deck—our crack accommodation-stairs got over the side—the swinging-boom rigged out—the boats lowered and fastened thereto—the decks swept clean, and the rigging laid up—and, by the time the custom-house boat boarded us, we were in complete harbor-trim, ship-shape and Bristol fashion; and the Spanish officers complimented the fine appearance of the vessel until the worthy skipper was greatly pleased.

An account was given of the running down of the San Diego, and of the miraculous escape of one of her crew, who, the skipper said, died the next day of his bruises. A name for this unfortunate man had been furnished by Pedro; and in our excess of caution, this was given to the officers as the name rendered by the survivor. The officers looked grave for a moment, but finally said that it was the act of God, and inevitable; and that as the crew had been principally convicts, it was not so much matter; and after drinking two or three bottles of wine, and taking bonds of the captain for the good behavior of our darkies, they departed.

CHAPTER VII.

Third Mate and Ship's Cousin go ashore on liberty

Many shipmasters and owners will remember

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how very dull were freights for Europe, at Cuba, in the spring and summer of 1839; and Captain Smith had been in Matanzas but a day or two when he became convinced of the unwelcome truth. We lay day after day sweltering in the sun, until nearly a week had passed, and there was as yet no freight engaged. As our orders were to lay four weeks waiting, unless we should be loaded and ready to sail before that time had elapsed, Langley and I determined that, as I had plenty of money, we would beg a week's liberty of the skipper in this time of idleness, and take a cruise ashore; and we had secretly resolved that in some manner, not yet discovered, we would effect the escape of my Cousin Clara—Langley also, in full intention to take the life of Don Carlos Alvarez, should he run athwart his hawse. Mr. Stowe had been on board during the first day or two after our arrival, and had given us both pressing invitations to spend a week at his house, and to renew our acquaintance with the girls. So the Saturday night after our arrival, Langley and I preferred our petition to the skipper at the supper-table.

"Why, boys," said our good-natured captain, "if I thought you would n't get into some confounded scrape, I 'd as lief spare you awhile as not; we 've nothing to do aboard ship, so—"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Smith," interrupted Mr. Brewster, who had been on bad terms with my friend William for a day or two; "I beg your pardon, sir, but there can be plenty of work to do. It's a slick time to refit the rigging."

"Why, Mr. Brewster," said the captain, "our rigging was thoroughly refitted at Valetta."

"Yes, sir, I know that, sir," persisted Brewster, "but we had a rough trip from there, sir; that last blow we had gin' our standin' riggin' a devil of a strainin', sir."

"Oh! well, Mr. Brewster," replied the skipper, "it 'll take but a day or two to set up our shrouds, and I 'm afraid we shall have plenty of time for that."

"Very well, Captain Smith," resumed the second mate, "it is nothing to me, sir. I 'd as lief they 'd be ashore all the time, sir, but before you give Mr. Langley leave, I 'd just wish to enter a complaint against him, sir. I should n't thought of saying nothin' about it, only to see him coming and asking for liberty so bloody bold, just as if he reckoned he deserved it, makes me feel a leetle riley, sir. He was guilty of using disrespectable language to his superior officer, to me, sir, and upon the quarter-deck, too, sir, d—n him. You see, that night afore last, in his anchor-watch, it was rather warm in my stateroom, so I went between decks to walk and cool off a little, and I heard Bill sitting on the booby-hatch and a spoutin' poetry to hisself. Well, I just walks up the ladder, pokes my head through the slide and hails him; but instead of answering me in a proper manner, what does he do but jumps off the hatch and square off in this manner, as if he was agoin' to claw me in the face, and he sings out—'Are you a goose or a gobbler, d—n you?' I did n't want to pick a fuss before the rest of the watch, or by the holy Paul I 'd a taught him the difference between his officer and a barn-yard fowl in a series of one lesson—blast his eternal picter!"

"Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "what have you to say for yourself? Such language upon the quarter-deck to your superior officer is very impertinent."

"If you 'll allow me," replied the accused, "I think I can give a version of the story which will sound a little different. You see, the second mate wears a night-cap, to keep the cockroaches or bugs out of his ears—"

"That 's a lie," roared Brewster. "I wears it because I 've got a catarrh, which I ketched by doing my duty in all weathers, long afore you ever dipped your fingers in pitch, you lazy son of a gun."

"Silence!" cried Captain Smith, suppressing a laugh. "Mr. Langley, never mind the night-cap, but go on with your story."

"Well," resumed the third mate, "he does wear one, any how, and night before last I sat on the hatch, as he says, reading Shakspeare in the moonlight, and when the second mate's night-capped head rose through the slide, he looked so very spectral that I could n't forbear hailing him with—'Art thou a ghost or goblin damned?' which he persists in rendering his own fashion. I 'm sure I did n't intend to liken him to a barn-yard fowl of any kind; I should rather have gone into the stable in search of comparisons."

To the great chagrin and astonishment of Mr. Brewster, all hands of us burst into a roar of laughter; but Langley, by the skipper's advice, finally begged pardon, and peace and amity were restored. Brewster withdrew his objections, and the skipper granted us a week's liberty.

The next day, after dinner, the yawl was brought to the side and manned, and my chum and I prepared for our departure.

"Remember," quoth my cousin Pedro, as I bade him good-bye, in the mate's state-room, where, from extreme caution, he generally lay *perdu*, "remember to see Clara; tell her who you are, and bring us word from her."

"Yes," added the mate, "tell her of Pedro's escape, but do not undeceive her as to the belief of my death—that 's too late now. God bless the dear girl!" and the voice of the usually stout-hearted seaman trembled as he spoke.

"Good-bye, Frank; good-bye, Bill," said Mr. Brewster, as we came on deck again, and shaking hands with us; "kiss all the girls for me, and bring off some good cigars the first time you come on board. These d—d bumboatmen do n't have the best quality."

"Keep out of all manner of scrapes," added the captain, by way of climax. "However, I shall see you or hear of you every day, either at the house or counting-room."

"Ay, ay; yes, sir; oh! certainly; of course, sir; good-bye, shipmates; good-bye, sir;" shouted we, right and left, in reply to the divers charges, injunctions and parting salutations, as the boat pushed off.

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"Now let fall, my men, give way," continued Bill. "By lightning! Frank, *perhaps* we wont have a spree!"

The ship's cousin replied only by an expressive pantomime.

Two Bowery clerks, driving a fast trotting-horse up the Third Avenue, may, in a measure, realize the feeling of intense pleasure which we experienced at this time.

Away we went in crack style, till, as we neared the mole, Langley gave the order "unrow;" six oar-blades instantly glittered in the sun, the bow-man seized his boat-hook, and our stout crew forced our way through the jam of ship and shore-boats to the landing stairs, saluted by a volley of oaths and interjections, selected with no great care from the vocabularies of almost every European and African language.

There is no place in the world which will seem, at first sight, more strange and foreign to a home-bred New Englander than the mole at Matanzas. It attracted even our eyes, which had last looked upon the picturesque groups in the streets and upon the quay of Valetta. Sunday is a holiday in Cuba, and a motley crowd had assembled under the cover of the immense shed which is built on the mole. Upon a pile of sugar-boxes near us were seated a group of Dutch sailors, gravely smoking, and sagely keeping silent, in striking contrast with a knot of Frenchmen, who were all talking at once and gesticulating like madmen. Here stalked a grave Austrian from Trieste, and yonder a laughing, lively Greek promenaded arm-in-arm with a Maltese. Hamburghers and Danes, Swedes and Russians, John Bulls by scores, Paddies without number, Neapolitans, Sicilians and Mexicans, all were there, each with fellows and some one to talk to. A group of emigrants, just landed from the Canary Islands, were keeping watch over their goods, and were looking with great interest and many earnest remarks upon this first appearance of their new home. Not far from them a collection of newly imported African negroes, naked, save a strip of cloth about their loins, were rivaling in volubility and extravagance of gesture even the Frenchmen. Native islanders, from the mountains, in picturesque, brigand-like dresses, with long knives stuck jauntily in their girdles, gazed with stupid wonder at the crowd of foreigners. Soldiers from the barracks, with most ferocious looking whiskers and mustaches, very humbly offered for sale little bunches of paper cigaritos. Black fruit women, whose whole dress consisted of a single petticoat of most laconic Fanny Ellslerish brevity, invited the passer by, in terms of the most affectionate endearment, to purchase their oranges, melons, and bananas. Young Spanish bloods, with shirt-bosoms bellying out like a maintop-sail in a gale, stalked along with great consequence, quizzing the strangers. Children, even of ten years of age, and of both sexes and all colors, naked as Job when he came into the world, excited the attention of no one but greenhorns like myself. Down East molasses drogher skippers, who, notwithstanding the climate, clothed themselves in their go-ashore long-napped black beaver hats, stiff, coarse broadcloth coats, thick, high bombazine stocks and cowhide boots, landed from their two-oared unpainted yawls, and ascended the stairs with the air of an admiral of the blue. Uniforms of Spanish, American, French and English navy officers were thickly scattered amidst the crowd, and here and there, making for itself a clear channel wherever it went, rolled the stalwart form of the Yankee tar.

"This is a regular-built tower of Babel," said Langley, at last, "but come, let's work out of 'em."

After some difficulty we gained the street, and our first move was to a *pulperia*, where I treated our boat's crew, and bought as many bananas, oranges and cigars as they could take down to the boat, to send to my shipmates aboard. The second was to charter a volante, in which we got under weigh for Mr. Stowe's house, which was situated about a half a mile from the mole, in a retired street running parallel with the Cubanas river, surrounded by a large garden, at the foot of which was a summer-house, overhanging the river, to which led a flight of steps. Upon our arrival we alighted from our vehicle, paid our driver and rang the gate-bell. A gray-headed negro gave us admission and conducted us to the house, where we were met by our host.

"Ah! my dear boys," he cried, "I am delighted to see you, and so will be Mrs. Stowe and the girls. They associate with the natives but very little, and old friends like you will be a godsend."

Half an hour afterward Langley and I were as much at home as could be, laughing and chatting with Mary and Ellen Stowe. Mary was a tall, handsome brunette of eighteen, and my chum had always preferred her to her sister, but my predilections were in favor of the gentle Ellen. While we were children the elders often predicted that when we grew up there would be a wedding some day, but her father had carried her with him when he moved from Boston to the West Indies, and there seemed an end to our intimacy. She was two years younger than I, and consequently, at the time I saw her in Matanzas, about sixteen. I wish I could describe her—perhaps I may be able to give you some idea of her. She was of the middle height, and bade fair to be exquisitely formed; her face was intellectual, a tolerably high forehead, straight nose, a small mouth with pretty rosy lips, white, even teeth, small and thorough bred hands and feet, and her eyes, which I have purposely left to the last, are, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's encomiastic account of the dark orbs of the Creole girls, I think, the most beautiful in the world; they are large, dark-blue and loving, and when she looks up at you, even if you are the most wicked man in the world, it will calm your thoughts and make you still and quiet. Dear reader, imagine Ellen very beautiful, and take my word for it that your fancy will not deceive you. Ellen and I resumed our former friendship almost immediately, and after dinner we walked into the garden to talk over auld lang syne.

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"Do you remember, Ellen," said I, "how we both cried when I bade you good-bye?"

"Did *I*?" asked Ellen, mischievously.

"Yes, you little sinner, much more than I did, because I was fourteen and had the dignity of manhood to support."

"Well," said Ellen, "I think I do remember something about it."

"Is it possible! and does your memory serve you still further; you said that if I would ever come to see you, you would never refuse to kiss me again."

"Why, Frank Byrne, what a fertile invention you have got."

"Not so," I replied, "only an excellent memory, come, now, own the truth, did n't you promise me so?"

"But, Frank, I was a little girl then, and my contracts were not valid you know; however, if—"

"If what?" demanded I, perceiving that she blushed and hesitated.

"Why, if *you* wish to kiss *me*, I don't know that I should object a great deal."

Of course I did no such thing.

"Why, Ellen," I said in a few moments, "you've grown very prudish; where did you learn to be?"

"Oh! I don't know," she replied, "unless it was among the nuns."

"The nuns!" I repeated, my thought taking a new turn."

"Ay, the nuns, my lad, the nuns," cried Ellen, laughing immoderately at my abstracted look.

"At what convent?" I asked.

"The Ursuline. I went to school there immediately after our arrival, and, Frank, only think! my particular preceptress, Sister Agatha, father says is your own cousin. She understood English so much better than any of the rest that I was put under her immediate care."

I was peculiarly interested in this piece of information, as the reader may suppose. I questioned Ellen closely, and finally told her the story of the loves and misfortunes of Mr. Stewart and Clara. The tears stood in the beautiful eyes of my auditor as I finished. "Langley and I have a plan for her escape," I added.

"Oh! Frank, she would not escape; she has taken the veil; she will not break her vow."

"Yes she will, when she hears that her brother is free and Stewart is alive."

"Well," said Ellen, "I know what I would do in her place, but what is your plan? In case she is willing to escape how do you propose to manage?"

"That 's the difficulty; don't the nuns ever come out of the convent?"

"Never alone; always by twos. Sister Agatha is a great saint, and has a deal of liberty, but she is always in company."

"Well, well," said I, "we shall have to scale the walls then."

"Pooh! you are as romantic as William."

"Well, Miss Wisdom, wont you suggest something?"

"Certainly, Frank," replied Ellen. "Sister Agatha always took quite a liking for me, because I was her scholar I suppose, and an American, and she and the Superior, who is a very good-natured person, came immediately to see me, when I was sick last summer, and afterward called very often. Now, if papa is willing, when your ship is ready to sail I 'll fall sick again and send for Sister Agatha, who will be sure to come with some one else, but she can slip out through the court after awhile, and down the garden-walk here to the river, and go into your boat, which shall be waiting, and then you can take her off to the ship."

"That is a capital plan, dear Ellen," said I, "but there is one grand objection to it."

"What is that, Frank?"

"You would get into trouble by it."

"Oh, no! I think not; but yonder comes papa with mother, and William is saying fine things to Mary, behind them."

"Ah, Frank!" cried Mr. Stowe, as we made our appearance, "we were looking for you. I did not know but that you had run away with Ellen."

"No," said I, "not yet; but we were contriving the best plan to run away with a nun."

"Hush! you fool!" whispered Langley, pinching my arm.

"Go to thunder!" was the reply, "I know what I 'm about." I then related to Mr. Stowe the story the reader well knows, and which I found Mr. Stowe knew very well also, and finally disclosed Ellen's very excellent plan for the deliverance of my cousin.

"If," said Mr. Stowe, in reply, when I had finished, "if you can get sister Agatha's consent to elope at the proper time, Ellen may fall sick if she pleases. I may be suspected in having a hand in the matter; but if the affair is properly managed, they can do no more than suspect, and that I care nothing about, as I'm going to move back to Boston in the spring. But the grand difficulty you will find to be in persuading Sister Agatha to break her vow."

"Let me alone for that," replied I, "if I can only have an interview with her."

"That is easily done," said Mary Stowe, "the nuns are allowed to see their friends at the grate."

"And I will go with you to the convent tomorrow, and engage the superior's attention while you talk with your cousin," added her father.

In the evening Langley and I held a council of war, wherein it was decided, *nem. con.*, that our plot was in a fair way to be accomplished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Visit at the Convent.

The next day Mr. Stowe and myself set out for the convent in that gentleman's carriage. Upon our arriving there we were shown into a spacious parlor, at one end of which was a large grated window, opening into a smaller room. In a few moments the Lady Superior entered. She was a tall, handsome woman, and surprised my Protestant prejudices by receiving us very cordially, and immediately engaging with Mr. Stowe in a very lively,

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animated conversation in Spanish. Suddenly she turned toward me,

"My good friend, Señor Stowe, says that you wish to see Sister Agatha, who was your cousin."

"Yes, señora."

"Well, the señor and myself are going to the school-room, and I will send her to you; but you must not make love to your cousin—she is very pretty, and you Americans have very sad morals;" and so saying, the lively superior led the way to the school-room, followed by Mr. Stowe.

After they had retired I went up to the grate, and waited several minutes, until at last a door of the inner room opened, and a nun entered. Her face bore the traces of deep melancholy; but notwithstanding that, and the unbecoming dress which half concealed her form, I thought I had never seen a woman so lovely, so completely beautiful. I stood in mute wonder and admiration.

"Did you wish to see me, señor?" asked the nun, in a low, soft voice.

"I did, madam," I replied. "If you are Clara Garcia, allow me to introduce myself as your cousin, Frank Byrne."

"*Madre di Dios!*" cried the nun, her face lighting up with a smile of astonished delight, "can it be possible! How did you come here?"

"In one of my father's ships," I replied. "I am a seaman on board of her."

"What, the Cabot?" asked Sister Agatha, suddenly, with a color in her cheeks.

"No, a new ship—the Gentile."

The nun made many inquiries about my father and mother, and her cousins in Boston; and we chatted away quite merrily for some minutes.

"You seem to take an interest in the world, after all," said I, striving to lead the conversation so that I might introduce the matter which was my business.

"Not much, generally," sighed Sister Agatha. "I sometimes think of past times with regret, but I am for the most part very happy."

This was a stumper. I determined to see if all this composure was real.

"Can any one hear us?" I whispered.

"No," answered the nun, opening her great eyes.

"Well, then, I've a great deal to tell you. Let me ask you, in the first place, if you know where your brother Pedro is."

I was frightened at the expression which my cousin's face assumed. "Yes!" she said, in a hoarse voice, "he is in the *Guarda-Costa*. My God! Frank! I saw him a year ago in the streets, toiling as a scavenger."

I saw that there was yet deep feeling under the cold, melancholy exterior. I had but little time to work, and hastened to proceed.

"Cousin Clara," I resumed, "you are mistaken; your brother has escaped from confinement, and is now on board my ship, the Gentile."

"Thank God!" cried the nun, clasping her hands, "now am I willing to die.'

"And further," said I, immediately continuing my revelations, "can you repress your feelings?"

"What more can you have to tell me?" whispered Sister Agatha. "Go on, I am not so nearly stone as I thought myself; but I can bear without any dangerous outbreak of emotion whatever you have to say."

"Well," I resumed, "you were mistaken about Mr. Stewart's death—"

I had been too abrupt. The nun turned deadly pale, and clung to the bars of the grate for support; but the emotion was momentary. "Go on," said she, in a hoarse whisper.

"Can you bear it?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes, no matter what it may be"

"Command yourself, then; Mr. Stewart is not only alive, but well; he loves you yet most ardently, but without hope; he is now on board of the Gentile, he and Pedro—not three miles from you."

While thus by piecemeal I doled out my information, I watched the effect on my auditor. There was no more fainting. Her lips parted, and displayed her white teeth firmly set against each other, and her little hands grasped the bars of the grate convulsively.

Quickly and concisely I stated my plan for her escape; but still she maintained the same attitude; she did not even seem to hear me.

"Clara, do you consent?" I cried, in despair, for I heard the steps of the Superior and Mr. Stowe.

Suddenly she extended her hand through the grate and grasped mine. "I do," she said, "if I'm damned for it."

"Right, then; you shall be warned in time. Go now, for your features are any thing but calm."

The nun vanished as the Superior entered.

"I have been taking advantage of your confidence, señora," said I; "I have been trying to persuade my cousin that she is discontented and unhappy, but without success."

"Ah! no fear of that, señor," cried the lady, with a smile, while Mr. Stowe stood aghast; "girls who have been disappointed in love make good nuns."

"Then you will dare to trust me to see her again. I promised that I would call once more before I sail, with your permission.

"*Si, Señor*, whenever you please."

After partaking of some very fine fruit and wine, we took our leave with many thanks.

"Well, Frank, how you startled me," said Mr. Stowe, as we drove off. You told the truth, I suppose; but the truth is not to be told at all times."

"Oh!" said I, "I only told half the truth—"

"Is it possible that Sister Agatha consents to escape?"

"She has promised to do so," I replied.

Mr. Stowe expressed so much surprise that I found that he had had no faith in my success—but the good gentleman was now overjoyed. "Capital, Frank!" said he, "you would make a splendid diplomatist. Now what do you say to going directly aboard ship and telling your tidings to the officers and Pedro? We will take a boat at the mole and get aboard in time for dinner."

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"Agreed; how happy we shall make Mr. Stewart and Don Pedro."

Mr. Stowe prophesied correctly. The officers of the Gentile were at dinner in the cabin when we suddenly burst upon them. I need not say that all hands were no less surprised than delighted at the intelligence we had to communicate. I thought my hands would be wrung off, so severely were they shaken.

After dinner Mr. Stowe and myself returned on shore, and in a family conclave there also stated the result of our visit to the convent.

CHAPTER IX.

Yellow Fever and Love-making.

The succeeding three days passed most happily with me. I grew more and more in love with Ellen. We visited all the places of note in the neighborhood of the town, and were even projecting an excursion to Havana in the steamboat, when an event occurred that came very near sending me on a much longer voyage. One afternoon, while waiting for Captain Smith with Langley at the United States Café, I was suddenly taken with a distracting pain through my temples, though just previously I had felt as well as ever in my life. The agony increased, and Langley, to whom I complained, began to be frightened, when luckily Captain Smith arrived, who, upon looking at me, and hearing Langley's account of the matter, immediately called a volante, put me aboard, and drove to Mr. Stowe's house. During the ride I grew worse and worse every moment; the jolting of the carriage almost killed me, and by the time we had arrived at our destination I was nearly crazy. I just remember of being lifted out of the volante, and of seeing the pale, anxious face of Ellen somewhere—and I knew no more of the matter until some sixty hours afterward, one fine morning, when I all at once opened my eyes, and found myself flat on my back, weak as a cat, and my head done up in plaintain-leaves and wet towels. I heard low conversation and the rattle of dice, and casting my eyes toward the verandah, from whence the noise proceeded, I perceived Langley and Mary Stowe very composedly engaged in a game of backgammon. Ellen sat by the jalousie, just within the room, looking very pale, and with a book in her hand, which I judged by the appearance to be a prayer-book. I felt very weak, but perfectly happy, and not being disposed to talk, lay entirely still, enjoying the delicious languor which I felt, and the cool breeze which entered freely from the blinded windows, and listened to the conversation of my friends.

"Come, come, Ellen," said Mary, looking up from the board, "don't look so wobegone—'t is your throw, William—Frank is doing well enough now. The doctor says that when he wakes he will be entirely out of danger, and free from pain. Psha! Will, you take me up. I don't see, my dear, why you should take so much more interest than any one else—is it not ridiculous, William?"

"Perfectly so," replied Langley—"double sixes, by the Lord!—two of 'em, three, four. Now Frank is my shipmate, and, in the main, a tolerable decent fellow; but he is n't worth shedding so many tears about."

"Why, William!" exclaimed Ellen, "you know that you cried like a baby yourself night before last, when he was so very sick."

"Ahem! so I did; but I was so vexed to see our pleasant party to Havana was broken up. Frank was very ill-natured to fall sick just at that time—I 'll fix him for it when he gets well."

"You can't do it, Bill Langley," cried I, as loudly as possible, for the first time taking a part in the conversation.

The trio started to their feet at this unexpected display of my colloquial powers; down went backgammon-board, men, dice, prayer-book, and all upon the floor.

"Hillo! Frank!" cried Langley, ranging alongside the bed, "how do you find yourself by this time, my little dear?"

"Perfectly well, only very weak."

"Does your head ache now, Frank?" asked Mary, laying her soft hand upon my forehead.

"Not a bit, only I've got most confounded sore hair."

"Eh! my lad, they talked of leaving you no hair at all," cried Bill, "they thought one spell of shaving your head. Egad! you'd have looked like a bald eagle!"

"Why, what has been the matter with me?" I asked.

"Matter with you! why, man, you have had the yellowest kind of a fever. Touch and go, it was; but you 're worth ten dead men this morning."

Ellen during this conversation had left the room, and now returned with her father and the physician, who had called with Captain Smith. I was pronounced in a fair way of speedy recovery. Everybody was very glad, but I noticed that Ellen said nothing; indeed, instead of being overjoyed like my good skipper or Langley, she had to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Frank," said Langley, when I was finally left alone with that worthy gentleman, "how little Nell did pipe her eye the other night, when we were all so fearful you were going to slip your wind; and just between you and I and the main-mast, I 'm walking into her sister's young affections just as the monkey went up the back-stay, hand over hand. *Perhaps* she aint a darling. I've been writing a piece of poetry about her, don't you want to hear it?"

"Oh! be off with your nonsense—I wish to go to sleep."

"Well, go to sleep, and be— cured, you unfeeling wretch;" and Mr. Langley, in a huff, walked out on the verandah, and began to smoke.

Under the kind care of my good friends I grew rapidly better, and at the end of a week was entirely well; but still I enjoyed the society of Ellen so much, that whenever the skipper called upon me, I feigned myself too weak to go to my duty, and pleaded that Langley might stay ashore to take care of me.

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Captain Smith, though not deceived by this artifice, granted us liberty from day to day; and Bill and I were the two happiest fellows in the world. But there is an end to every thing. One day while sitting in the back verandah with Ellen, her father and mother, in rushed the skipper, in great glee, rubbing his hands.

"Good morning, all hands!" cried he. "How are you, Frank?"

"Oh! I'm not quite so well this morning," I replied, telling a bouncer.

"Well, sir, I've got some news that 'll do you as much good as the whole stock in trade of an apothecary taken at one dose. Let 's see, to-day is Wednesday, and Friday evening, if good weather for our little plans to work, we shall sail for Boston."

"For Boston!" cried everybody.

"Yes, for Boston! You see, Stowe, Mr. Byrne has heard how dull freights are here, and I have just got a letter from him by Gilding's, of the Duxbury, just arrived, in which he says—or I'll read that part—hum—let 's see—oh—'if you have not already engaged a freight, you will immediately sail for Boston. I have an excellent opportunity to charter the Gentile for a China voyage; and I suppose you had as lief go to India again as to Russia.' Bless me if I had n't! So, my dear fellow, if any of those higgling shippers apply to you, tell 'em to go to the devil with their ha'penny freights. Come, ride down street with me; Gidding's has some letters for you. Good morning, Miss Ellen! Morning, Frank! get well mighty fast, for we must use you a little, you know; and see Langley, and tell him to go aboard immediately after dinner."

"Ay, ay, sir. Come, Ellen, let 's walk into the garden and find William and Mary."

We were very soon in the garden, sauntering along a little alley shaded by orange trees.

"It seems to me," said Ellen, half pouting, "that you are mightily pleased about sailing next Friday, instead of staying in Matanzas a week longer."

"Why, yes," I replied, "I must say that I am glad to go home, after an absence of eighteen months."

"I wish I was going to dear old Boston," added Ellen, sighing.

"You are to go this fall, you know."

"Maybe so; but then, Frank, you will not be there, will you?"

"Why, no," I replied, "not if I go with the ship to India; but what difference will that make?"

Ellen made no answer, and I began to feel rather queer, and marvelously inclined to make love. I had always liked Ellen very much, and lately better than ever, but, being a novice in such matters, I was in doubt whether my predilection was really *love* or not; it didn't seem like the love I had read about in novels; and yet I felt very miserable at the idea of Ellen's loving anybody else. I was in a desperate quandary.

"Well," said Ellen, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, "pray what can be the subject of your thoughts?"

I am frank by nature as well as by name; and so, turning to my fair inquisitor, I said, "you know, Ellen, that I am very young yet."

"Yes, Frank."

"And that people at my age very often do not know their own minds."

"Yes, Frank."

"Well, Ellen, I think *now* that I love you very dearly; and if I were five years older, and felt as I now do, and you were willing, I would marry you right away; but I am young, and may be deceived, and so may deceive you. Now, Ellen, if I should ask you if you loved me, would you tell me?"

"Yes, Frank," said Ellen, very faintly.

"And do you?" I asked; and, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

"Yes, Frank, I like you very much."

"Is that all? *Like*, is a very cold word. Do you love me?"

"Yes, Frank," whispered Ellen, leaning her forehead against my shoulder. "I *think* I do; *you* wouldn't say any more than that."

"That is all I wish you to say, my dear little girl," I replied, kissing her white neck and shoulders; "now then, listen. I shall return from India in about two years time, if then we are both of the same mind as now, we will begin to talk about the wedding-day. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, dear Frank."

"Thank you, dearest; now look up one minute."

The reader, if he pleases, may supply in this place a few interjectional kisses from his imagination.

With my arm around Ellen's slender waist, we walked down the shady alleys of the garden in search of Langley and Mary, but for a while were unsuccessful; at last I caught a sight of Mary's white dress in a distant arbor. We approached the bower unperceived by its occupants, and were upon the point of entering, but we luckily discovered in time that we should be altogether *de trop*. Langley was on his knees before the coquettish Mary, making love in his most grandiloquent style.

"Most adorable creature," quoth my romantic shipmate, thumping his right side, you lacerate my heart by your obdurate cruelty!"

"Get up off your knees, you foolish boy," answered the mischievous girl; "you will certainly stain the knees of your white trowsers."

"Oh! divine goddess! hear me!" persisted my chum, magnanimously disregarding the welfare of his unwhisperables in the present crisis.

"You idolatrous sailor remember the first commandment."

"The devil fly away with the first commandment!" cried poor Langley, sorely vexed. "Most lovely of human beings," he continued with a deep groan, which he intended to be a pathetic sigh, "my heart is on fire."

"May be you've got the fever, William," suggested Mary; "are you in *much* pain?"

"Yes, great pain," said Bill, with another heart-rending groan.

"Well, then, rise, I insist—Lord! if anybody should catch us in this predicament!"

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"Had n't we better go away?" whispered Ellen, blushing for her sister's sake.

"No, no," I replied, "let 's stay and see the fun."

"Not till I persuade you to relent," replied Langley to Mary's oft-repeated request.

"Yes you will. Get up off your knees immediately, or I vow I 'll box your ears."

"Strike!" cried Langley, with a theatrical air and tone, at the same time unbuttoning his vest, "strike! and wound the heart which beats for you alone!"

Slap—came Mary's delicate hand across the cheek of her disconsolate lover, with a force which brought an involuntary "ouch!" from his lips. "Get up, I say!" *Whack—slap*—came two more blows, first on one side of his head and then on the other.

"By G—d! madam!" sputtered Langley, rising in a rage, "I wish you were a man for half a minute."

"Why," said Mary, "in that case you could n't make love to me with any sort of propriety. Hold, hold, Willy, dear! do n't go off angry; sit down here, I insist; nay, now, I 'll box your ears again if you do n't obey me; there, you 'll feel perfectly cool in a moment. For shame! Bill, to get angry at a love-tap from a lady!"

"Love-tap, indeed" muttered Langley, rubbing his cheek. "See where your confounded ring scratched my face."

"Did it? Oh! I 'm so sorry!" said Mary. "Hold here, while I kiss the place to make it well; there now, do n't it feel much better? See! I 've got my lips all blood, hav n't I? Shall I wipe it off with my handkerchief, or—"

Langley took the hint and kissed the rich ripe lips of his lovely companion, red with nothing but her own warm blood.

"By Jupiter!" cried my shipmate, "Mary, you are the strangest girl I ever saw. One minute I think you love me, the next that you care nothing at all for me; one minute the most teasing little devil, and the next the dearest creature in all the world."

"What am I now?" asked Mary.

"You are the most angelic, adorable—

"Take care, sir," cried Mary, shaking her finger; "do n't have a relapse, or you 'll catch it again."

"Well, what shall I say then?" demanded poor Bill, in despair; "you are as hard to please as the skipper of a mud-scow."

"Talk sensibly if you wish, but do n't indulge in such lofty flights, unless you have a mind to soar out of hearing. Now, then, Will, what were you about to say?"

"This," said my shipmate, taking the hand of his charming companion, and speaking like a frank, manly fellow, as he really was, "this, dear Mary, that I love you heartily and truly, and have loved you ever since we were children. At present I am a poor seaman, but I hope in a few years to rise in my profession, till I am able to support a wife in the style to which you have been accustomed, if then you will give me your hand I shall be more happy than I can express. Now, do n't tease me any longer, but tell me if I have any chance."

Mary's coquettish air was gone. While Langley had been speaking her face became suffused with a charming blush, which extended even to her heaving bosom, and when he finished she raised her eyes, bright and tearful, to his. "William," said she, "you have spoken candidly, without doubt, and deserve a candid answer. If when you become the mate of a ship you are willing to be burthened with me for a wife, dear Will, you can doubtless have me by asking papa."

"Come, Ellen," said I, "let 's go now."

CHAPTER X.

The Gentile loses her fore-topsail.

The hours flew like lightning until Friday arrived. I went to the convent in the morning, and in an interview with Sister Agatha informed her that in the evening she would probably be called to the sick bed of Ellen. Mr. Stowe bade us good-bye and sailed in the Havana steam-boat at noon, that his presence at the catastrophe might not seem suspicious. At sunset I bade farewell to dear little Ellen, who was indeed as pale as death, and in an hour afterward was on board the ship, where I found every thing in readiness for a hasty departure, the top-sails, jib and spanker were loosed, the anchor at the bows, and its place supplied by a small kedge, attached to the ship by a hawser, easily cut in case of need; the awnings were struck, and the decks covered with rigging and sails. The boat's crew who were to go on the expedition of the evening had already been selected, and were in high spirits at the probable danger, romance and novelty of the affair.

"By thunder! Frank," said Jack Reeves, shaking my hand furiously when I appeared on the forecastle, "you 're a trump and no mistake."

"Arrah! now, Masther Frank, how yaller it is ye 're lookin'; but it 's you that 's the boy to get the weather gage of Yaller Jack, let alone the nuns; wont we have a thumping time this night?"

"Why, Teddy, are you going with us? You are the last man I should have thought to enlist in an expedition of this kind!"

"Ay, ay, Masther Frank, its rather agen my conscience, to be sure; but it 's the skipper's orders, and I alwus goes by that maxum, 'obey orders if you break owners.'"

"Then the skipper has ordered you to go—"

"Of coorse; in the first place he says that he 'll send no man into danger widout tellin' him of it, the jewel, and then he just stated the case, and sez he, 'which of yees will go, b'ys?' an' wid that us all stipt for'ard. 'What,' sez the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, I thought you was a Catholic!' 'Faix! an' I am that, yer honor,' sez I, makin' a big sign of the cross, 'long life to the Pope and the clargy!' 'It 's a nun we 're goin' to abductionize to-night,' sez he, 'I thought you understood that.' 'I know that, yer honor,' sez I, 'but if you will jist plaze to order me to go, I can't help meself, and so your own sowl will be damned, beggin' yer honor's pardon,' sez I, 'and not mine.' The officers all laughed, and the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, you 're quite ingenuous!'

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'Thank yer honor,' sez I, 'but I 'll cotton to Ichabod Green in that line, since he invinted the new spun-yarn mill.'"

Soon after sundown the land wind from the south set in smartly, and by eight o'clock we were not a little fearful lest our kedge might drag. The captain's gig was brought to the stairs, and the party chosen for the expedition took their places, the first mate and ship's cousin and six stout seamen, well armed. Stewart was very nervous and silent; the only remark he made after we left the ship was when we swept by the end of the mole.

It was just nine o'clock when we hauled into the shade of the summer-house and its vines at the foot of Mr. Stowe's garden. I was commissioned to go to the house while the rest staid by the boat. On the stairs of the back verandah I met Mary Stowe.

"Is it you, Frank?" she asked.

"Ay, ay; is Cousin Clara here?"

"Oh, yes! in Ellen's room, and the Superior is in the parlor with mother. Ellen has been terribly sick, but she was well enough to whisper just now, 'Give Frank my best love.'"

"Here, Mary," said I, "give her this kiss a thousand times."

"Oh, heavens! what a pretty one! But I must go and send Sister Agatha to you; we've got a hard part to act when her flight is discovered. I say, Frank, give Langley my love; don't wonder at it now, adieu! I'll see you in two years."

"I waited impatiently for two minutes, which seemed two hours; at last I heard a light step on the stairs, and in a moment more held the runaway nun in my arms.

"Courage!" said I, "you are safe."

Throwing a cloak over her, we hastily ran down the orange-walk. I could not suppress a sigh as I passed the place where Ellen had told me that she thought she loved me. In a moment we reached the boat; Stewart stood upon the shore to receive us, caught the fainting form of Cousin Clara in his arms, and bore her apparently lifeless to the stern-sheets; the men shipped their oars, and I seized the rudder-lines, and gave the word of command.

"Push off—let fall—give way—and now pull for your lives."

The boat shot like lightning down the narrow river to its mouth, then across the broad bay, glittering in the first rays of the just risen moon. The band was playing as we rapidly shot past the barracks.

I sat near the lovers in the stern-sheets, and heard Stewart whisper, "Dearest, do you remember that old Castil an air?" The answer was inaudible, but from the long kiss that Stewart pressed upon the lips which replied to him, I judged that the reply was in the affirmative. At last the ship was reached, and the passengers of the boat were safely transferred to the broad, firm deck of the old Gentile.

The reader will excuse my describing the scene which ensued, for, as I have before said, and as the reader has probably assented, description is not my forte; beside, I am in a devil of a hurry to get the ship under weigh, or all will be lost.

The hawser was cut, and we wore round under our jib; the top-sails were hoisted and filled out before the breeze, and we began our voyage toward home. Sail after sail was set, and the noble old ship danced merrily and swiftly along, leaving the scene of my cousin's suffering far astern; and, alas! every moment adding to the distance between Ellen and me. The lights of the distant city, shining through the misty rigging of the shipping before it, grew dimmer and more faint, and finally, entirely disappeared; the wide ocean was before us.

The next morning we were seventy miles from the nearest land of Cuba; and ten days afterward the marine lists of the Boston papers announced the arrival of the ship Gentile, Smith, from Matanzas.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the fullness of the Gentiles is accomplished.

Great was the joy of my father and mother, and good little sisters, at the unexpected appearance of Cousins Pedro and Clara. The money of the former, it may be recollected, had been brought to Boston in the Cabot, and placed in my father's hands, and though Pedro could not be called a rich man, still the sum now paid him by his uncle was very handsome. This, by advice, was invested in an India venture to send by the Gentile; and my Cousin Pedro, in consequence of this and my father's recommendation, was appointed supercargo of that ship by Mr. Selden, the merchant who had chartered her.

Captain Smith was removed to a new and larger vessel; and the Gentile's list of officers, when she cleared for Canton, stood thus, Benjamin Stewart, master; Pedro Garcia, supercargo; Micah Brewster, 1st officer; William Langley, 2nd do.; Frank Byrne, 3rd do. Jack Reeves was also in the forecastle, but Teddy staid by his old skipper.

It was a very pleasant day when we sailed from the end of Long Wharf; but we had got nearly under weigh before Captain Stewart came on board.

"That 's always the way with these new married skippers," growled the pilot, as he gave orders to hoist the maintop-sail."

. . . . . .

About a month ago, the senior partner of the firm of Byrne & Co. was heard to say, that he had in his employ three sea captains who had each one wooed his wife in broad daylight, in a garden of the city of Matanzas.

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ILENOVAR.

FROM A STORY OF PALENQUE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

WRANT, but now no longer girt by foes,
He darkly stood beside that sullen wave,
Watching the sluggish waters, whose repose
Imaged the gloomy shadows in his heart;
Vultures, that, in the greed of appetite,
Still eating blind their passionate delight,
Lose all the wing for flight,
And, brooding deadly o'er the prey they tear,
Hear never the low voice that cries, "depart,
Lest with your surfeit you partake the snare!"
Thus fixed by brooding and repairless thought,
Stood the dark chieftain by the gloomy stream,
When, suddenly, his ear
A far off murmur caught,
Low, deep, impending, as of trooping winds,
Up from his father's grave,
That ever still some fearful echoes gave,
Such as had lately warned him in his dream,
Of all that he had lost—of all he still might save!
Well knew he of the sacrilege that made
That sacred vault, where thrice two hundred kings
Were in their royal pomp and purple laid,
Refuge for meanest things;—
Well knew he of the horrid midnight rite,
And the foul orgies, and the treacherous spell,
By those dread magians nightly practiced there;
And who the destined victim of their art;—
But, as he feels the sacred amulet
That clips his neck and trembles at his breast—
As once did she who gave it—he hath set
His resolute spirit to its work, and well
His great soul answers to the threatning dread,
Those voices from the mansions of the dead!
Upon the earth, like stone,
He crouched in silence; and his keen ear, prone,
Kissed the cold ground in watchfulness, not fear!
But soon he rose in fright,
For, as the sounds grew near,
He feels the accents never were of earth:
They have a wilder birth
Than in the council of his enemies,
And he, the man, who, having but one life,
Hath risked a thousand in unequal strife,
Now, in the night and silence, sudden finds
A terror, at whose touch his manhood flies.
The blood grows cold and freezes in his veins,
His heart sinks, and upon his lips the breath
Curdles, as if in death!
Vainly he strives in flight,
His trembling knees deny—his strength is gone!
As one who, in the depth of the dark night,
Groping through chambered ruins, lays his hands
On cold and clammy bones, and glutinous brains,
The murdered man's remains—
Thus rooted to the dread spot stood the chief,
When, from the tomb of ages, came the sound,
As of a strong man's grief;
His heart denied its blood—his brain spun round—
He sank upon the ground!

'T was but an instant to the dust he clung;
The murmurs grew about him like a cloud—
He breathed an atmosphere of spirit-voices,
Most sighing sad, but with a sound between,
As of one born to hope that still rejoices,
In a sweet foreign tongue,
That seemed exulting, starting from its shroud,
To a new rapture for the first time seen!
This better voice, as with a crowning spell,
On the chief's spirit fell;
Up starting from the earth, he cried aloud:
"Ah! thou art there, and well!
I thank thee, thou sweet life, that unto me
Art life no longer—thou hast brought me life,
Such as shall make thy murderers dread the strife.
But for thy ear a gentler speech be mine,
And I will wait until the terrible hour
Hath past, and I may wholly then be thine!
Now am I sworn unto a wilder power,
But none so dear, or precious, sweetest flower,
That ever, when Palenque possessed her tower
And white-robed priesthood, wert of all thy race
Most queenly, and the soul of truth and grace;—
Blossom of beauty, that I could not keep,
And know not to resign—
I would, but cannot weep!
These are not tears, my father, but hot blood
That fills the warrior's eyes;
For every drop that falls, a mighty flood
Our foemen's hearts shall yield us, when the dawn
Begins of that last day
Whose red light ushers in the fatal fray,
Such as shall bring us back old victories,
Or of the empire, evermore withdrawn,
Shall make a realm of silence and of gloom,
Where all may read the doom,
But none shall dream the horrid history!
I do not weep—I do not shrink—I cry
For the fierce strife and vengeance! Taught by thee,
No other thought I see!
My hope is strong within, my limbs are free.
My arms would strike the foe—my feet would fly,
Where now he rides triumphant in his sway—
And though within my soul a sorrow deep
Makes thought a horror haunting memory,
I do not, will not weep!"

Then swore he—and he called the tree whose growth
Of past and solemn centuries made it wear
An ancient, god-like air,
To register his deep and passionate oath.
Hate to the last he swore—a wild revenge,

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Such as no chance can change,
Vowed he before those during witnesses,
Rocks, waters and old trees.
And, in that midnight hour,
No sound from nature broke,
No sound save that he spoke,
No sound from spirits hushed and listening nigh!
His was an oath of power—
A prince's pledge for vengeance to his race—
To twice two hundred years of royalty—
That still the unbroken sceptre should have sway,
While yet one subject warrior might obey,
Or one great soul avenge a realm's disgrace!
It was the pledge of vengeance, for long years,
Borne by his trampled people as a dower
Of bitterness and tears;—
Homes rifled, hopes defeated, feelings torn
By a fierce conqueror's scorn;
The national gods o'erthrown—treasure and blood,
Once boundless as the flood,
That 'neath his fixed and unforgiving eye
Crept onward silently;
Scattered and squandered wantonly, by bands,
Leagued in shame, the scum of foreign lands,
Sent forth to lengthen out their infamy,
With the wild banquet of a pampered mood.

Even as he swore, his eye
Grew kindled with a fierce and flaming blight,
Red-lowering like the sky,
When, heralding the tempest in his might,
The muttering clouds march forth and form on high,
With sable banners and grim majesty.
Beneath his frowning brow a shaft of fire,
That told the lurking ire,
Shot ever forth, outflashing through the gloom
It could not well illume,
Making the swarthy cheeks on which it fell
Seem trenched with scarred lines of hate and hell.
Then heaved his breast with all the deep delight
The warrior finds in promise of the fight,
Who seeks for vengeance in his victory.
For, in the sudden silence in the air,
He knew how gracious was the audience there:
He heard the wings unfolding at the close,
And the soft voice that cheered him once before
Now into utterance rose:
One whispered word,
One parting tone,
And then a fragrant flight of wings was heard
And she was gone, was gone—
Yet was he not alone! not all alone!

Thus, having sworn—the old and witnessing tree
Bent down, and in his branches registered
Each dark and passionate word;
And on the rocks, trenched in their shapeless sides,
The terrible oath abides;
And the dark waters, muttering to their waves,
Bore to their secret mansions and dim caves
The vow of death they heard.
Thus were the dead appeased—the listening dead—
For, as the warrior paused, a cold breath came,
Wrapping with ice his frame,
A cold hand pressing on his heart and head;
Entranced and motionless,
Upon the earth he lies,
While a dread picture of the land's distress
Rose up before his eyes.
First came old Hiliauh's shadow, with the ring
About his brow, the sceptre in his hand,
Ensigns of glorious and supreme command,
Proofs of the conqueror, honored in the king.
"Ilenovar! Ilenovar!" he cried;
Vainly the chief replied;—
He strove to rise for homage, but in vain—
The deathlike spell was on him like a chain,
And his clogged tongue, that still he strove to teach,
Denied all answering speech!
The monarch bade him mark
The clotted blood that, dark,
Distained his royal bosom, and that found
Its way, still issuing, from a mortal wound,
Ghastly and gaping wide, upon his throat!
The shadow passed—another took his place,
Of the same royal race;
The noble Yamuri, the only son
Of the old monarch, heir to his high throne,
Cut off by cunning in his youthful pride;
There was the murderer's gash, and the red tide
Still pouring from his side;
And round his neck the mark of bloody hands,
That strangled the brave sufferer while he strove
Against their clashing brands.
Not with unmoistened eyes did the chief note
His noble cousin, precious to his love,
Brother of one more precious to his thought,
With whom and her, three happy hearts in one,
He grew together in their joys and fears—
And not till sundered knew the taste of tears;
Salt, bitter tears, but shed by one alone,
Him the survivor, the avenger—he
Who vainly shades his eyes that still must see!
Long troops came after of his slaughtered race,
Each in his habit, even as he died;
The big sweat trickled down the warrior's face,
Yet could he move no limb, in that deep trance,
Nor turn away his glance!

They melt again to cloud—at last they fade;
He breathes, that sad spectator,—they are gone;
He sighs with sweet relief; but lo! anon,
A deeper spell enfolds him, as a maid,
Graceful as evening light, and with an eye
Intelligent with beauty, like the sky,
And wooing as the shade,
Bends o'er him silently!
With one sweet hand she lifts the streaming hair,
That o'er her shoulders droops so gracefully,
While with the other she directs his gaze,
All desperate with amaze,
Yet with a strange delight, through all his fear!
What sees he there?
Buried within her bosom doth his eye
The deadly steel descry;
The blood stream clotted round it—the sweet life
Shed by the cruel knife!—
The keen blade guided to the pure white breast,
By its own kindred hand, declares the rest!
Smiling upon the deed, she smiles on him,
And in that smile the lovely shape grows dim.

His trance is gone—his heart
Hath no more fear! in one wild start
He bursts the spell that bound him, with a cry
That rings in the far sky;
He does not fear to rouse his enemy!
The hollow rocks reply;
He shouts, and wildly, with a desperate voice,
As if he did rejoice
That death had done his worst;
And in his very desperation blessed,

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He felt that life could never more be cursed;
And from its gross remains he still might wrest
A something, not a joy, but needful to his breast!
His hope is in the thought that he shall gain
Sweet vengeance for the slain—
For her, the sole, the one
More dear to him than daylight or the sun,
That perished to be pure! No more! no more!
Hath that stern mourner language! But the vow,
Late breathed before those spectre witnesses,
His secret spirit mutters o'er and o'er.
As 't were the very life of him and his—
Dear to his memory, needful to him now!
A moment and his right hand grasped his brow—
Then, bending to the waters, his canoe,
Like some etherial thing that mocks the view,
Glides silent from the shore.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

'T was to a dark and solitary glen,
Amid New England's scenery wild and bold,
A lonely spot scarce visited by men,
Where high the frowning hills their summits hold,
And stand, the storm-beat battlements of old—
Returned at evening from the fruitless chase,
Weary and sad, and pierced with autumn's cold
And laid him mournful in his rocky place,
The grief-worn warrior chief—last of his once proud race.

He wrapt his mantle round his manly form,
And sighed as on his cavern floor he lay;
His bosom heaved with passion's varying storm,
While he to melancholy thoughts gave way,
And mused on deeds of many a by-gone day.
Scenes of the past before his vision rose—
The fearless clans o'er whom he once held sway,
The bloody battle-field and vanquished foes,
His wide extended rule, which few had dared oppose.

He sees again his glad and peaceful home,
His warlike sons and cherished daughters dear;
Together o'er his hunting-grounds they roam,
Together they their honored sire revere;
But trickles down his cheek the burning tear,
As fades the spectral vision from his eye:
Low at his shrine he bows with listening ear,
And up to the Great Spirit sends a cry,
To bear him to his rest, and bid his sorrows die.

Tired of the lonely world he longs to go
And join his kindred and the warrior band,
Where fruits for him in rich luxuriance grow,
Nor comes the pale-face to that spirit-land:
Ere he departs for aye, he fain would stand
Again upon his favorite rock and gaze
O'er the wide realm where once he held command,
Where oft he hunted in his younger days,
Where, in the joyful dance, he sung victorious lays.

Up the bold height with trembling step he passed,
And gained the fearful eminence he sought;
As on surrounding scenes his eye was cast,
His troubled spirit racked with frenzied thought,
And urged by ruin on his empire brought,
He uttered curses on the pale-faced throng,
With whom in vain his scattered warriors fought
And on the sighing breeze that swept along,
He poured the fiery words that filled his vengeful song.

Fair home of the red man! my lingering gaze
On thy ruin how rests, like the sun's fading rays;
'T is the last that I give—like the dim orb of day,
My life shall go down, and my spirit away.

Loved home of the red man! I leave thee with pain,
The place where my kindred, my brothers were slain;
The graves of my fathers, whose wigwams were here;
The land where I hunted the swift-bounding deer.

No longer these hills and these valleys I roam,
No more are these mountains and forests my home,
No more, on the face of the beautiful tide,
Shall the red man's canoe in tranquility glide.

The pale-face hath conquered—we faded away,
Like mist on the hills in the sun's burning ray,
Like the leaves of the forest our warriors have perished;
Our homes have been sucked by the stranger we cherished.

May the Great Spirit come in his terrible might,
And pour on the white man his mildew and blight
May his fruits be destroyed by the tempest and hail,
And the fire-bolts of heaven his dwellings assail.

May the beasts of the mountain his children devour,
And the pestilence seize him with death-dealing power;
May his warriors all perish, and he in his gloom,
Like the hosts of the red men, be swept to the tomb.

Scarce had the wild notes of the chieftain's song
Died mournful on the evening breeze away,
Ere down the precipice he plunged along
Mid rugged cliffs that in his passage lay:
All torn and mangled by the fearful fray,
Naught save the echo of his fall arose.
The winds that still around that summit play,
The sporting rill that far beneath it flows,
Chant, where the Indian fell, their requiem o'er his woes.

DECAY AND ROME.

METHINKS I see, within yon wasted hall,
O'erhung with tapestry of ivy green,
The grim old king Decay, who rules the scene,
Throned on a crumbling column by the wall,
Beneath a ruined arch of ancient fame,
Mocking the desolation round about,
Blotting with his effacing fingers out
The inscription, razing off its hero's name—
And lo! the ancient mistress of the globe,
With clasped hands, a statue of despair,
Sits abject at his feet, in fetters bound—
A thousand reins in her imperial robe,
Swordless and sceptreless, her golden hair
Dishevelled in the dust, for ages gathering round! S. D. P.

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THE LITTLE CAP-MAKER.

OR LOVE'S MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

PART I.

Fair Ursula sits alone in an apartment which seems fitted up for the reception of some goddess. She is not weeping, but her dark eyes are humid with tears. An air of melancholy rests on her young face, like a shadow on a rose-leaf, while her little hands are folded despairingly on her lap. The hem of her snowy robe sweeps the rich surface of the carpet, from out which one dainty little foot, in its fairy slipper of black satin, peeps forth, wantonly crushing the beautiful bouquet which has fallen from the hands of the unhappy fair one.

Every thing in this inviting apartment is arranged with the most exquisite taste and elegance. On tables of unique pattern are scattered the most costly gems of art and *virtu*—choice paintings adorn the walls—flowers, rare and beautiful, lift their heads proudly above the works of art which surround them, and in splendid Chinese cages, birds of gorgeous plumage have learned to caress the rosy lips of their young mistress, or perch triumphantly on her snowy finger. Here are books, too, and music—a harp—a piano—while through a half open door leading from a little recess over which a *multaflora* is taught to twine its graceful tendrils, a glimpse may be caught of rosy silken hangings shading the couch where the queen of this little realm nightly sinks to her innocent slumbers.

Eighteen summers have scarce kissed the brow of the fair maid, and already the canker worm of sorrow is preying upon her heart-strings. Poor thing, so young and yet so sad! What can have caused this sadness! Perhaps she loves one whose heart throbs not with answering kindness—perhaps loves one faithless to her beauty, or loves where cruel fate has interposed the barrier of a parent's frown!

No—her heart is as free and unfettered as the wind.

Ah! then perhaps her bosom friend, the chosen companion of her girlhood has proved unkind—some delightful project of pleasure perhaps frustrated, or, I dare say she has found herself eclipsed at Madame Raynor's *soirée* by some more brilliant belle—no, no, none of these surmises are true, plausible as they appear! Then what is it? Perhaps—but you will never guess, and you will laugh incredulously when I tell you that poor, poor dear darling Ursula weeps because—because—

She is an heiress!

That is it—yes, weeps because she is the uncontrolled mistress of one hundred thousand dollars in houses, lands and gold, bright gold!

Poor little dear—looking upon fortune as a serious mis-fortune, and even envying those whose daily toil can alone bring them the necessaries of life; for, have they friends—they are true friends—there is no selfishness in the bond which unites them—while she, unhappy child that she is, owes to her rank and riches her thousand friends and the crowd of satellites worshiping before her! What a foolish notion to enter her little head! True, it is foolish. Lovers, too, in plenty sigh at her feet, and in the soft moonlight the air is tremulous with sighs and music, as from beneath her window steals the soft serenade. But Ursula curls her lip disdainfully, and orders her maid to shut out the sweet sounds. Ever that hateful gold comes between her and her lovers, and then she wishes her lot was humble, that she might be loved for herself alone!

Do you wish a portrait of the unhappy little heiress? Behold her then:

A perfect little sylph, resting on the tiniest of feet, with hands so charming that you would feel an almost irresistible desire to fold them caressingly within your own—the rich complexion of a brunette with the bloom of Hebe on her cheek—her hair like burnished jet—eyes large, lustrous and black—but (alas that there should be a *but!*) poor Ursula had an unfortunate cast in her left eye—in others words she squinted—yes, absolutely squinted!

Dear, dear what a pity!

Yet stop, don't judge the little heiress too hastily, for after all it was not a bad squint—indeed, if you knew her, you would say it was really a becoming squint, such a roguish, knowing look did it give her! Nevertheless, it was a squint, and poor Ursula, notwithstanding the bewitching form and features her mirror threw back, fancied this a deformity which cast aside all her graces. And here again the *gold* jaundiced her imagination and whispered, "were it not for *me* what a horrible squint you would have in the straight forward eyes of the world!

When her parents died Ursula Lovel was but an infant, yet as tender and affectionate as parents had been the good uncle and aunt to whose love and guardianship she was bequeathed. They had no children, and gladly took the little orphan to their bosoms with pity and love—and Ursula required all their watchful care, for she was ever a feeble child, giving no indications of that sprightly beauty and perfect health she now exhibited. Then indeed the squint was truly a deformity, for her thin, sallow countenance only made it far more conspicuous.

People should be more guarded what they say before children. One good old lady by a careless re-

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mark instilled into the mind of little Ursula a jealousy and distrust, which, but for the good sense maturer years brought to bear against such early impressions, would have rendered her unhappy for life. Propped up by pillows, she sat at a small table amusing herself by building little card houses, and then seeing them tumble down with all the kings and queens of her little city, when she heard her name mentioned in accents of pity by an old lady who had come to pay her aunt a morning visit.

"She is very plain—is not she? What a great misfortune that her father should have left her so much money! Poor thing, it will only prove a curse to her, for if she lives she will doubtless become the prey of some fortune-hunter."

Now what was meant by "fortune-hunter"—whether some giant or horrid ogress—the little girl could not tell, but that it was some dreadful thing waiting to devour her because she had money, haunted her mind continually. She was a child of fine capacity, and at school generally ranked the highest in her class—how many times her envious mates would say: "Well, well, it is a fine thing to be rich—it is your money, Miss Lovel, makes you so much favored—our teachers are both deaf and blind to your foibles!" What wonder, then, poor Ursula began to distrust herself, and to impugn the kindness of her teachers and friends, who really loved her for her sweet disposition, and were proud of her scholarship.

But don't think that she has been hugging such unhappy thoughts to her bosom ever since, because you have just found her lamenting that she is an heiress!

You shall hear. As childhood passed, health bloomed on her cheek, and shed its invigorating influence over the mind, and it was only when something occurred to arouse the suspicion of early childhood that she indulged in such feelings. She was intelligent and accomplished. Sang like a bird, painted to nature, and danced like a fairy. But there was something more than all this which contributed to her happiness—it was the power of doing good—a power which she possessed, and, through the judgment of her aunt, practiced. This excellent woman had taught her that money was not given her to be all lavished on self—that it was her duty, and ought to be her delight, to loose her purse-strings to the cries of the poor, and to scatter its glittering contents through the homes of the needy. And this did Ursula do—and was rewarded by the blessing of those she had relieved, and the happy consciousness of having mitigated the sorrows of her fellow mortals.

But now this particular evening when you have seen little Ursula drooping under the weight of gold which Fortune it appears has so thanklessly showered upon her, she has met with an adventure which brings before her with all its tenacity the impression so early engendered. And now, as she sits there so sad and sorrowful, she is sighing to be loved for herself alone, and wishes her lot had been humble, that she might trust to professions, and not be forever reminded of that wealth which she fears will always mark the sincerity of those around her.

Silly little girl! She would even exchange all the elegancies and luxuries of life to feed on love and roses!

This unlucky evening she had shone as the most brilliant belle in the crowded assemblage of the fair and fashionable whom Madam Raynor had gathered into her splendid rooms. Tired at length with the gay scene around her, she had strolled off alone into the conservatory, and leaning against a pillar watched from a distance the giddy whirl of the waltz—the waving of feathers, the flashing of jewels, and the flitting of airy forms through those magnificent apartments. A few moments before she left the crowd, she had observed a stranger of very dashing air attentively regarding her, and then joining a friend of hers appeared to request an introduction. But young Allan was just about to join the dance, and ere it was finished Ursula had stolen away.

While engaged as before described, she observed the same gentleman leaning on the arm of Allan strolling toward the conservatory. Concealed by the shadow of a large orange-tree, they passed her unobserved—they then paused in their walk, when Ursula suddenly heard her own name mentioned, and then the following conversation unavoidably fell on her ear:

"Why she squints, Allan!"

"Well, what of that—those that know her best never think of it."

"Pardon me, I consider it a very great defect, and slight as this blemish appears in Miss Lovel, her money could never blind me to the fact if I knew her ever so well."

"I do not mean to inquire," answered Allan, "that being an heiress renders the blemish imperceptible—no, it is her truly amiable disposition, her goodness, and engaging manners which makes her so beautiful to her friends."

"O, a pattern woman!" cried the other, "worse yet!"

"What do you mean by a pattern woman?"

"Why, one of those shockingly amiable, running round into dark alleys, charity-dispensing beings—patting white-headed beggar boys, and kissing dirt-begrimed babies—who speak in soft, lisping tones of duty and benevolence—read the Bible to sick paupers, go to sewing meetings and work on flannel—and—"

"There, that will do, Fifield," interrupted Allan, "making some allowance, you have drawn Miss Lovel's character to the life. Shall I introduce you?"

"O certainly, a cool hundred thousand outweighs all my objections against pattern women—I could swallow a sermon every morning with the best grace in the world, and even were she as ugly as Hecate, I could worship at her feet, and wear the yoke for the sake of the golden trappings!"

The young men now passed on, leaving poor Ursula wounded to the quick by the heartless remarks of the fortune-hunter. She did not join the gay assembly again, but requesting a servant to call her carriage, immediately returned home. Now can you wonder at the cloud on her brow?

But see, even while we are looking at her, it is

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clearing away—like a sunbeam, out peeps a smile from each corner of her rosy mouth, and hark! you may almost hear her merry laugh as clapping her hands she exclaims—

"Yes, yes, I'll do it! What a capital idea—excellent, excellent!" Then rising and bounding lightly to the inner door she threw it wide, saying—

"Here, Hetty, I have something to tell you—come quick."

And at the summons a pretty young girl, seemingly about her own age, made her appearance from the chamber.

"There, Hetty, I am better now," said Ursula, "how silly I am to let the remarks of such a person have power to move me! But I have such a grand project to tell you—come, while you are platting my hair, and, in the words of that same amiable youth, taking off all these *trappings*, I will let you into my secret."

Hetty took the comb and thridded it through the long tresses of her young lady, which, released from the silver arrow so gracefully looping them on the top of her head, now fell around her nearly to the floor.

"Hetty," exclaimed Ursula, suddenly throwing back her head and looking archly at the girl, "Hetty, do you want to see your mother?"

"O, Miss Ursula," cried Hetty, the tears springing to her eyes, "indeed, indeed I do!"

"Very well, I promise you then that in less than a week you shall be in her arms."

"O, my dear Miss Ursula, do you really mean so?" said Hetty, bending over and kissing the glowing cheek of her mistress.

"Yes, I really mean so—but dear, dear, you have run that hair-pin almost into my brain—never mind—only be quiet now—there, sit down, and I will tell you all about it." There was a roguish expression on Ursula's face as she continued: "Yes, you shall go home, and what's more, Hetty, I am going with you, and mean to live with you all summer, perhaps longer."

"Why, Miss Ursula!"

"Yes I do. And now you must assist me—you must promise me not to reveal to any one, not even to your mother, that I am the rich lady with whom you live. Remember I am a poor girl—poor as yourself—a friend of yours come into the country for—for her health—ha, ha, ha, Hetty, look at me—you must contrive to make me look paler, or shall this be a *hectic?*"

"But, Miss Ursula—it will never do—you who have always had every thing so beautiful around you—you can never live in our humble way!"

"Try me, try me, Hetty—for I am determined to test my own individual merits, and see how far they may gain me the love and esteem of others when unsupported by the claims of wealth. Let me see, Hetty, I must have some employment aside from helping you to milk the cows and feed the pigs. Ah, I have it!" she cried, springing up and turning a pirouette—"listen—I will be a *milliner!* you know, aunt thinks I have a great knack at cap-making—O excellent idea—I will turn milliner for all the farmer's wives and daughters far and near." And catching up her embroidered mouchoir she began folding it into a turban, and then placing it gracefully on her little head, she turned to the laughing girl: "See there now—is not it exquisite—why my caps and turbans will turn the heads of all the swains in the village. You shall have one first, Hetty—you shall set *your* cap, and heigh-ho for a husband!"

"But your uncle and aunt, Miss Ursula?"

"O, I shall tell them candidly my project. They will laugh at me, I know, and try, perhaps, to dissuade me; but, after all, they will let me do as I please."

Twelve! chimed a beautiful Cupid running off with Time, which, exquisitely wrought in gold and pearl, stood on the dressing-table.

In a few moments Hetty had drawn the rose-colored curtains around the couch of her young mistress, and left her to dreams as rosy.

PART II.

And now will you follow me to another scene—an apartment more spacious, and even more elegant, than the one we have just left, save that it savors more of the "sterner sex." For instance, we may see a brace of pistols, superbly mounted, crossed over the mantel-piece—a flute upon the table—a rifle leaning against the wall, and, I declare, fishing-tackle thrown carelessly down, all among those delicate knackeries so beautifully arranged on yonder marble slab—just like the men!

Reclining upon a sofa of crimson satin, wrought with gold thread, wrapped in an elegant dressing-robe, with his feet thrust into embroidered slippers, is a young man of very pleasing exterior, whom we should judge to be about five-and-twenty. The long, slender fingers of one hand are half buried in the rich mass of dark-brown hair which waves over his temples, the other, hanging over the back of the sofa, seems to partake of the disturbance of its master, for it beats and thrums the silken covering most unmercifully. See how he knits his fine brow, and now waves his arm menacingly in the air—what can be the matter!

Ah! you will laugh again when I tell you here is another discontented heir of wealth.

There! now he suddenly starts up as if distracted. "*Yelp, yelp!*" Ah! poor Fido! although your master seems evidently out of humor, he would not have kicked your beautiful spotted coat had he seen you! There, he caresses you—so fold back your long ears, and wag your tail complacently, while we hear what this impatient youth has to say, as he strides so rapidly hither and thither.

"Well, no doubt wealth is a very fine thing, if the world would let one enjoy it peaceably; but to be thus forever dined, and teased, and courted, and flattered, and smiled at, and bowed at, and winked at, when, if it were not for my fortune, I very much doubt whether one of these, my exceeding good friends, would give me a dinner to save me from starvation. Why I had rather be the veriest boor that holds a plough, or a cobbler at his last, than to be, as Shakspeare says, "the thing I am." I am heartily

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sick of it, and could almost turn my back upon the world, and lead a hermit's life. To be always a mark for managing mothers, with great grown-up daughters; aimed at, like a target, by scores of black, grey, and blue eyes; to be forever forced to waltz with this one, and sing with another—and, ere I know it, find myself entrapped into a close *tête-à-tête* with a third. I wish I *was* married; then one-half at least of my troubles would be over—for I should shake off this swarm of female fortune-hunters! *Married!* ah! I wish I was! But where can I find one who will love me for myself alone, and not for the standing my wealth would give her? *Married!* ah! how delightful to come home and find a dear little wife waiting with open arms to welcome me, and the rosiest and sweetest of lips coaxingly pressed to mine; all my cares forgotten, all my vexations subdued by her soothing caresses and tender words. And then how enchanting as she warbles like a linnet for my ear alone; how enchanting to lean her bewitching little head on my shoulder, and inhale the balmy fragrance of her breath. O! I wish I was married!"

And now, so enraptured does this reasonable youth seem with the picture he has sketched, that not having any thing else, you see, to hug, he throws his arms most lovingly around himself. There, now he frowns again, and—hark what more he has to say.

"In fact, I am not sure I have a real friend in the world, for, gold a fool or a monkey, and mark what a troop of flatterers fawn around and follow admiringly at his heels! And as for choosing a wife, why, were I toothless, one-eyed, or deaf as a post, the magic of gold would transform me into an Adonis!"

Now stopping before a full-length mirror, he appears to console himself for such suppositions, by very complacently regarding his truly elegant figure and classic countenance.

A tap at the door, and an arch face, already shaded by the night-coif, peeps in.

"What, not yet gone to bed, brother—why what are you studying, to be up so late?"

"Studying human nature, Helen—a book with great pretensions to excellence, but—"

"Hush, hush, Frank! not a word more," exclaimed Helen, placing her little hand over his mouth, "not a word more—you read with defective vision! I proclaim the book of human nature to be charming, every page teeming with interest, every line traced by the hand divine, a lesson for a lifetime. Ah! Frank, remove the film of distrust from your eyes, and read this book as it ought to be read, therein you will find truth, goodness, and beauty!"

"Would I could think as you do, Helen. I tell you candidly, I am sick of the world as I find it, and would gladly give all my wealth and expectations to be sure there was one heart that truly loved me—loved me for myself alone."

"A very pretty theory, indeed! Well, you must get married, Frank; I see no other way to cure you—then you will have a dear little book of your own to study—a choice edition of human nature, traced by the feather of Cupid."

"Ah! the very thing I was thinking of; but tell me, Helen, where can I find that same beautiful work?"

"Where you please, brother—there is no danger that you can sue in vain; there is sweet Anna De Kay, roguish little Laura C——, the pensive Sarah—"

"O! don't mention them—pray don't name any more of these city belles!"

"Well, Frank, human nature is most lovely in the simplicity of country life—you must seek some village maid to grace the name of Leland."

"Helen," says Frank, taking her hand, and looking into the large blue eyes sparkling so mirthfully, "Helen, I tell you if I could find an amiable girl, brought up in all the beautiful simplicity of the country, no matter how unskillful in the world's ways—one who, ignorant of my wealth and standing, would unite her fate to mine for better or for worse—then, Helen, I could fall at her feet, and worship her as the star of my life and love."

"Pray, remember, my sentimental brother, ere you squeeze my hand so devoutly, that I am not your artless country maid," exclaimed Helen, laughing; then, after a moment's pause, she cries, gayly, "ah! I have it, Frank; you must masquerade a little, that's all—win your bride under false colors, as a sailor would say."

"Helen, you witch, you darling sister," says Frank, kissing her, "I will do it—yes, to-morrow I will set forth, like Cœlebs, in search of a wife! Now you must help me further with your lively imagination: you must choose me a profession to masquerade under. I must, of course, for the attainment of my object, sport the character of a poor gentleman, struggling with honest poverty to gain a livelihood. Come, what shall I be—school-master—singing-master—drawing-master—or—"

"O, the last, by all means!" interrupted Helen. "You will have such a fine opportunity of developing the tastes of your fair scholars—ha! ha! ha! Frank, methinks I already see thee helping some blushing milk-maid, with her pail, or, perhaps, leaning against a rail-fence, sketching her, as with bare feet and scanty skirt, she trips through the morning dew to feed her feathery brood."

"Well, you may laugh as much as you please," replies Frank, nothing daunted, "I am firm in my determination."

"And when, most romantic Cœlebs, do you set forth?"

"To-morrow, or next day at furthest. We will talk this over again in the morning, it is too late now—so good night, dear Helen, and pleasant dreams!"

"Good night, Frank!" and gayly kissing her hand, Helen trips out of the room.

Frank Leland laid his head upon his pillow within the walls of a large brick mansion, where the hum of city life penetrated, even through the thick plate-glass and rich window-hangings. But a miracle; no sooner did soft sleep seal his eye-lids, than he found himself in Arcadian scenes—shepherdesses tripped gracefully before him with their flocks; beautiful maidens led him through flowery fields and shady

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groves; and the little birds *up* in the trees, and the little romantic fishes *down* in the brooks, all sang of love and happiness.

PART III.

Sit down with me under this spreading tree, and let us view the charming scene which surrounds us. O, never mind the cows, this is their pasture-ground; and see, mid-leg the brook yonder, just released from plough, stands the patient ox. Ah! the ducks and geese seem to dispute his right. Observe how they shake their wings, as if in defiance, and dip their beautiful crests within the sparkling ripples; now, how proudly they plume their feathers, and float with head erect so gracefully down the silver stream. Do you see yonder old farm-house, so old that it seems bending under the weight of years? Look at its low, brown eaves, its little narrow windows, half-hidden by ivy and honey-suckle; see the old-fashioned double door, and the porch, with its well-worn seats. Do you see the swallows skimming around the chimney; and don't you hear the hum of the bees—there, under that old elm you may see their hives, filled, too, with luscious honey. There is the well, with its old sweep, and the "moss-covered bucket," too; and look at the corn-crib, and the old barn—and what a noisy set of fowls around it, cackling, clucking and crowing, as if they owned the soil; and how the pigs are scampering through the clover-field; ah! the little wretches, they have stolen a march, or rather a caper; at them, old Jowler, at them, my fine fellow, you will soon turn them back to their pen, obstinate as they are.

Do you not admire those venerable trees which seem to shelter the old house from the rude assaults of the tempest, and to keep out the glare of the sunbeams from its chambers. Through what a thicket of currant-bushes, and rose-bushes, and lilacs, and snow-balls, the path winds from the porch to the little gate—is it not a most charming spot? Now look over the brow of the hill—there, you can see the spire of the village church; and if you will walk a few paces further to yonder green knoll, you will see a cluster of pretty dwellings, and comfortable farm-houses, scattered through the valley.

"Hark! don't you hear a merry laugh? so merry and joyous that it can only proceed, I am sure, from a happy heart. Keep still—for here comes two laughing country-girls—no, as I live, one of them is—no, it can't be—yes, it is, the rich young heiress, Ursula Lovel! quick, draw behind the tree, and let us hear what she says.

"And so, Hetty, your mother thinks I am the most awkward child she ever saw, and wonders where I was brought up, not to know how to knead bread, and churn, and milk;" and again that merry laugh goes ringing through the air.

"Yes, Miss Ursula; and she wishes—I declare I can hardly keep from laughing—she wishes you would stick to your cap-making, and not attempt to bake again, for you burned up three loaves."

"Yes, and burned my fingers, too. Well, it is too bad; let me see, yesterday I let a pan of milk fall on the old cat, and fed the hens with beans, and old Jowler with meal and water; then, this morning I beat the eggs and put them into the bread, and the yeast into the pumpkin-pies. Too bad! too bad! Why at this rate, Hetty, I shall cost your good old parents a fortune!"

"Never mind, Miss Ursula, for mother says, and so does father, that you are the dearest, prettiest, and best girl they ever knew; and they already love you almost as well as they do me—only they feel sorry for you; and mother says if you could not make caps, she don't know what *would* become of you, you are so dreadful shiftless."

Ursula clapped her hands and fairly danced with mirth.

"After all, Hetty, your good mother is right. Let my fortune take wings, and with all my accomplishments to aid me, I feel I should be ill prepared for the reverse. Now if your mother would only have patience to instruct me a little—suffer me to spoil several batches of bread—(the pigs would like it, you know,)—burn up a few pounds of cake, and waste a quart or two of her rich cream, I declare, I think I should learn to be a nice little farmer's maid. What pleases you, Hetty—what are you smiling at?"

"Nothing, only farmer Smith's oldest son is coming to see you—*a courting*, Miss Ursula; and Esquire Tompkins told father he hoped to see you before long the mistress of his beautiful new house; for he did not think he should disgrace himself by marrying such a girl as you, even if you was only a milliner."

"Why the dear old soul! Come, my false impressions begin to wear away. I find I can be loved without the glitter of gold about me. Now let us go back to the house, for I have that cap to finish for Mrs. Jones; and mind, Hetty, you don't call me *Miss* Ursula again, in the presence of your mother; and don't look so distressed when she chides me—it is all for my good, you know."

Now, there they go into the old farm-house, and at the window you may see the demure face of Ursula, listening to the good dame, who, with snowy cap, and spectacles, seems to be giving her a lecture, while the hands of the little milliner are busily trimming a cap placed on the block before her.

Over the brow of the hill, and down into the gentle sloping meadow, a youth comes walking leisurely. He has a portfolio under his arm, and a slight walking-stick in his hand, while the cool linen blouse and large straw hat shading him from the sun, bespeak an air of comfort really quite refreshing this warm summer day.

What! don't you know him! Ah, yes—I see you recollect Frank Leland, our modern Corlebs.

He seems struck by the appearance of the old farm-house; its repose is, no doubt, delightful to him; and now, choosing a favorable position within the shade of a fine old tree, opens his portfolio, and commences to sketch the charmingly rural scene. And, indeed, so intent is he upon his task that the sun has already sunk behind the trees, and gentle twilight steals on with her starry train ere he rests from his employment. Then the old farmer comes out on the

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porch to take his evening pipe; and the good dame sits by his side with her knitting, and the sweet voice of Ursula warbles a simple ballad to please the ears of the aged pair. The young man bares his brow to the delicious breath of evening, and carefully placing his sketch within the portfolio, saunters on toward the little gate. And now Ursula hushes her song, and the old man advances with friendly greeting,

"Walk in, stranger—walk in. I should think you might be the young man I heard tell of to-day in the village—a teacher of something—I forget the name."

"A teacher of drawing," said Leland, smiling, as he took a seat on the bench by the side of the old man.

"Drawing, *eh!* And what may that be, young sir—some new-fangled notion, I'll be bound."

"This may, perhaps, explain better than I can tell you," replied Leland, placing the sketch he had just taken in the hand of the old man.

"Why, wife—why, bless my soul! why, if I should not think this was our old house! Why, stranger, if ever I see any thing so like in my born days!"

"Goody gracious preserve me, if it an't, sure enough!" said the dame, putting on her spectacles, and eagerly looking over the old man's shoulder. "My stars and garters, Hetty, look here—for all the world just like it—did you ever!"

The more practiced eye of Ursula detected at once a master-hand in the sketch before her; and looking admiringly upon it, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "How beautiful!" while Hetty gazed with silent wonder upon the stranger who by the magic of his pencil thus portrayed the home of her childhood.

The contents of the portfolio were now spread out upon the grass, and our masquerading *millionaire* was greatly amused at the *naiveté* the old people displayed, and not a little flattered by the pleasure with which *one* at least of the young girls appeared to look over his collection.

"Am I mistaken," said he, at length, "in thinking I heard singing, as I came over the meadow?"

"Well, I reckon not," said the old lady, "come, 'Sula, child, go on with your song—maybe the young man would like to hear you; it was Old Robin Gray she was singing."

Ursula was at length prevailed on to repeat the ballad, which she did in a style so simple and unaffected, that, ere she had finished, the young artist had made up his mind, that listening to a sweet voice by moonlight, beneath a wide-spreading elm, with the stars peeping down between the dancing leaves, and the soft evening breeze fanning his temples, was far more delightful, than to recline in his soft-cushioned box at the Opera, listening even to the delicious notes of a Pico, with bright jewels, and still brighter eyes flashing around him, and his cheek kissed by the inconstant air wafted from the coquettish fan in the hands of smiling beauty. And, moreover, that the book of human nature, to be studied in the country, certainly opened very beautifully.

The evening passed off pleasantly. Leland confided to the old man his poverty, and desire to obtain scholars in his art sufficient to enable him to pay his board while in the village; that he had been employed by several gentlemen to sketch scenes from nature, and that having heard much of the beautiful views in the neighborhood, he had been induced to visit the village.

But the old man thought he had much better turn farmer, and offered to hire him for eight dollars a month, as he needed a hand in haying time. This offer, however, the young man could not accept, being, as he said, already engaged to complete the drawings. Then the old man told how his fathers had lived there before him, and how by hard labor he had been able to keep the old homestead his own; and that his daughter, Hetty, had been living with a great heiress, who was very fond of her, and who had given her leave to spend the summer at home; and how she had come, and brought a poor girl with her, who made caps, and such gum-cracks, and that (in a whisper) his old woman thought she had never had any bringing-up, poor thing!"

When Leland returned to his lodgings, in the village, he thought over his evening adventure with great pleasure. The simplicity of the old people charmed him; Hetty he thought a modest, pretty girl; but it was the little cap-maker who somehow or other dwelt most forcibly in his mind.

"She is certainly quite handsome, notwithstanding she is a little, a very little, cross-eyed—it is a pity!" And Leland leaned out the window, and whistled "Auld Robin Gray." "How pathetically she warbled the line,

> But she looked in my face 'til my heart was like to break;"

and Leland threw off one slipper, and stopped to hum it over again. "Her voice only wants a little cultivation"—off goes the other slipper, and out goes the head into the moonlight, and in it comes again. "Well, I must teach her to draw—her own patterns, at any rate. Pleasant old couple; the idea of hiring *me* for eight dollars a month—capital!" and in a fit of laughter he threw himself upon the bed. "What a roguish pair of eyes, after all, the little cap-maker has!"

Again the dreams of our hero were all Arcadian, and every shepherdess was a little cross-eyed, and warbled "Auld Robin Gray."

In the bright moonlight, which, glancing through the flickering leaves, streams across the chamber-floor, filling it with her softened radiance, sits Ursula. But why so pensive; is it the influence of the hour, I wonder—has the gentle moon thus power to sadden her, or—

"Hetty, he has a very fine countenance."

There, you see her pensiveness has found a voice.

"Who, Miss Ursula?"

"Why, this young stranger. He has a fine figure, too; and his manners are certainly quite refined."

"Yes, and what pretty pictures he makes."

"True, Hetty, very pretty; he certainly has a genius for the art." A long silence. "What a pity he is poor."

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"What 's a pity, Miss Ursula?" cries Hetty, half asleep.

"O, nothing, nothing—go to sleep, Hetty."

But Ursula still sits in the moonlight, and thinks of the handsome young artist. Her generous little heart has already smoothed his path to eminence. Yes, she resolves if, upon acquaintance, he proves as worthy as he appears—and does she doubt it—not she—that neither money nor patronage shall be wanting to his success. Generous little cap-maker! And when at length she sought her couch, young Love, under the harmless guise of honest Benevolence, perched himself at her pillow.

PART IV.

And now, every morning sees Leland taking his way to the farm-house; and the villagers, good people, have made up their minds that there must be some very pretty scenes in that neighborhood.

And so there are, very fine scenes; for, reclining under the shady trees, the young artist may be seen, with crayons in hand, the little cap-maker in his eye, as, seated on a little bench, she busily plies her needle, and sings for his entertainment, meanwhile, some rustic ballad. Sometimes, forgetting herself, she executes a brilliant *roulade;* and when Leland starts, astonished, and expresses his delight, she blushes deeply, and says she *once* went to the theatre.

And the old dame wonders what on earth they can find to talk about day after day, "a sittin' under trees," and tells Hetty to mind her work, and not take up any such silly ways. And the old man thinks a hale, hearty fellow like that, had better lend a hand to the plough, and not sit there spoiling so much white paper; and Hetty roguishly watches her young mistress, and smiles slily, and thinks there will be a wedding before long.

"Ah! happy, satisfied Leland!

For he has won the heart of the charming little cap-maker. He, the poor, unpretending artist, he has won her away from the rich Esquire who came rolling down in his carriage to woo her; and from the pale young doctor, who knelt tremblingly before her; and from the honest farmer, who swore he loved her better than his cattle. He, without fortune, without friends, has won her. She loves him, and through poverty and hardship will share his fate. And then, when bearing her off a happy bride, he thought how she would blush and tremble with surprise and sweet timidity when he should reveal his rank, and place her in that sphere she was born to grace—what rapturous visions danced through his brain!

And no less rapturous were the thoughts of Ursula. She was now beloved, truly loved for herself alone—she, a poor, friendless girl. No money had shed its enticements around her—there was nothing to gain but an innocent heart, and a portionless hand; and yet the gifted, but poor artist, who might, by the rank of genius, have aspired to the favor of any high-born lady; he has chosen her to share his fate and fortunes. How her heart throbs, when she thinks of the wealth her hand will confer upon him—of the pride with which she shall see him adorning that station for which he is so eminently qualified.

Ah! after all, what happiness to be an heiress!

Three months flew by, and brings us to the night before the wedding. The lovers are alone, and, for lovers, extremely taciturn—for their thoughts are doubtless far into the bright future, o'er which no cloud is floating. The countenance of Ursula beams with happiness, yet her manner is somewhat abstracted—she is evidently agitated. At length Leland speaks,

"Dearest Ursula, it seems to me that no wealth could contribute to our happiness; we have youth, health, strength, and loving hearts to bear us on our life-journey, as hand-in-hand we meet its pains and pleasures. Ah! I can already fancy our pleasant fire-side. No one's caps will find so ready a sale as yours, dear Ursula; and my pencil, too, will be inspired to greater effort by your praise." And Leland turned aside to conceal the smile which played round his mouth at the deception he was practicing. "But what is the matter, Ursula—what agitates you thus; you surely do not repent your promise, beloved one!"

"O, no, no, dear Frank! but I have something to tell you, which, perhaps, may forfeit me your love."

"Good heavens, Ursula! what mean you! tears, too—speak, speak, what is it! is not your heart mine, or have you loved another more truly!"

"No! O, no! and yet, Frank, I am not what I seem—I have deceived you. You think me but a poor, friendless girl, dependent upon my needle for my maintenance, when, in fact, O, Frank, how shall I say it, I am—

"Speak, dearest!"

"I am an heiress."

Frank sprang to his feet in amazement.

"You—you—dear, artless girl that you are—you an heiress! It can't be—it is impossible! and—what a pity!" he adds, aside, as one half his airy castle fell to the ground.

"Now, sit down, Frank, and when you have heard my story, and my motives for doing as I have done, you will, I trust, pardon the duplicity I have been guilty of toward you."

And before she had finished her recital Frank's plans were formed; so, falling at her feet, he poured out his acknowledgments for her condescension in honoring with her hand one so far beneath her, and had the satisfaction—cunning dog—of having a pair of white arms thrown around his neck, and a sweet kiss, from sweeter lips, pressed upon his brow, as the generous girl assured him that were her fortune ten thousand times doubled, she should consider all as dross compared with his love.

"Well, I am fairly caught," quoth Frank, in the privacy of his apartment, "for I swore I never would marry an heiress. That was a rash oath—let it pass. But what a pity dear Ursula has money. I wish to my soul her father had not left her a cent—why could not he have endowed a hospital. She is a dear, noble girl, willing to bestow it all upon one

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whom she believes struggling with poverty; never mind, I shall get the laugh on her yet."

At an early hour the following morning the venerable village pastor pronounced the nuptial benediction; and with the hearty good wishes of the old farmer and the dame, and followed by the loving eyes of Henry, the new married pair bade farewell to the spot consecrated to so many happy hours.

A ride of a few miles brought them to the steamboat; and just as the rays of the setting sun gilded the spires and roofs of the city, the boat touched the wharf.

And now Frank's heart beat almost audibly, as he thought how rapidly the moment was approaching when, throwing off all disguise, he should lead his lovely bride to his own princely dwelling.

And Ursula, too, had never looked so beautiful—had never felt so proud and happy; proud to present her husband to her good uncle and aunt, who were waiting to welcome them; happy that her beloved Frank would no longer have to plod on life's dull round in poverty and loneliness.

It certainly was happiness to be an heiress.

"Ursula," said Frank, as the carriage rolled rapidly over the pavements, "will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly, dear Frank—what is it?"

"My sister, poor girl," replied Leland, in some embarrassment, "resides on the route to *your* residence; will you alight there just for one moment, that I may have the happiness of bringing together the two dearest objects of my heart?"

"Order the carriage to stop when you please, Frank—I, too, am impatient to embrace your sister," replied the blushing Ursula.

The carriage soon turned into a fashionable street, even at that early hour brilliant with gas lights. Elegant equipages rolled past; already lights streamed, and music sounded from many splendid dwellings. Soon the carriage drew up before one even more splendid—the steps were let down—the door thrown wide by a servant in livery, and, with mingled pride and tenderness irradiating his fine countenance, and meeting with a smile her perplexed and wondering glance, Frank led his fair bride into a spacious and beautiful apartment, taste and elegance pervading all its arrangements. A young girl sprang from the sofa, and came tripping to meet them.

"My sister Helen, dearest Ursula. Helen, embrace your sister, and welcome her to the home she is henceforth to grace."

Then leading the agitated girl to a seat, he threw himself on his knees before her, saying,

"Pardon, pardon, my dearest wife! I, too, had my secret. No poor artist sought your love—I, too, am the heir of wealth; I, too, ought to be loved for myself alone. Say that you forgive me, dear one."

Ursula could not speak, but wept her joy and happiness on his bosom.

Helen laughs merrily, yet slily wipes a tear from her eye, then kissing them both, she says,

"What think you now of the great book of human nature you went forth to study, you discontented ones? You favorites of fortune! ingrates that you have been—you foolish pair of lovers! Listen dear brother. As the rich Frank Leland you possessed the same attributes of goodness as did Frank Leland the poor artist: and you, dear sister, were no less lovely and amiable as the heiress of wealth, than as Ursula the little cap-maker. See you not, then, that true merit, whether it gilds the brow of the rich man or radiates around the poor man's path, will find its way to every pure and virtuous mind. Henceforth, you dear ones, look at human nature with more friendly eyes, and forget in the excellences of the *many*, the errors of the *few*.

NO, NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY EARLE S. GOODRICH.

For Nature gives a common lot,
To live, to love, to be forgot. COWL.

No, not forgotten; there are memories clinging
Round every breast that beats to hope and fear
In this dear world, until the death's knell, ringing,
Chimes with heart-moanings o'er the solemn bier;
Then come love's pilgrims to the sad shrine, bringing
The choicest offering of the heart—a tear.

No, not forgotten; else bowed down with anguish
Were the brave hearts that mingle in the strife.
Patriot and Christian in their toil would languish—
Truth lie down-trodden—Error, then, stalk rife
Over the body she at last could vanquish—
So fond remembrance ceased along with life.

No, not forgotten; else the faithful beating
Of heart to genial heart, that beat again,
Were turned to throbbings; and each pulse repeating
But the sad echoings of pain to pain.
And the blest rapture of the longed for meeting,
Then be unsought, or would be sought in vain.

No, not forgotten; for though fame may fail thee,
And love's fond beamings change to glance of scorn—
Though those once trusted now may harsh assail thee—
Thy friend of yesterday, thy foe this morn—
There is, who holds thee dear—do not bewail thee
If His blest Book of Life thy name adorn.

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PAULINE GREY.

OR THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

"Give her what she wants," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "How can you let the child cry so?"

"But, my dear," expostulated his wife, "I am afraid it will hurt her."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Grey, "it hurts her more to scream so. Here, my princess royal," he continued, "take that, and keep quiet, do"—but Pauline's spirit was not to be so easily appeased as the impatient father imagined, for imperiously spurning with her tiny foot the proffered gift, she screamed more indignantly than when it had first been refused.

"Hey day, Pauline," said Mr. Grey angrily.

"My darling," interrupted Mrs. Grey, hastily addressing the child, "let mamma peel it and put some sugar on it. Come Pauline," she said, as she stooped to pick up the orange.

Pauline's cries subsided for a moment, as apparently taking the matter in consideration, or else, perhaps only holding her breath for a fresh burst, while the tears hung in heavy drops on her long black lashes, and her large eyes still sparkled with excitement.

"Let mamma peel it nicely," continued Mrs. Grey. "Come, and we'll go and get some sugar."

"Yes, yes, do," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "Now go, Pauline, with your mother;" to which the little lady consented, and, tears still upon her blooming cheeks, she withdrew with her mother, leaving Mr. Grey to the quiet possession of the parlor and tranquil enjoyment of his book.

And thus it was generally with Pauline. What she was refused at first, she was coaxed to take at last, and between the indulgence of her mother and the impatience of her father, she seldom or never failed to have what she wanted.

A passionate determination to have her own way marked her character perhaps rather more strongly than that of most spoiled children, for nature had endowed her with a strong will, which education had fostered, as it almost seemed, with sedulous care. For the fact was Mrs. Grey dreaded a contest with Pauline; she screamed so, and Mr. Grey got so angry, sometimes with her, and sometimes with the child, and altogether it was such a time, that she soon began to think it was better not to thwart Pauline, which certainly was true; for every contest ended in a fresh victory on the part of Pauline, and the utter discomfiture of Mrs. Grey, and the vexation of Mr. Grey, who, more vexed at the contest than the defeat, usually said, "Pshaw! you don't know how to manage that child." Thus Pauline, an only child, beautiful, gifted and willful, idolized by both parents, soon ruled the household.

"I'll not go to that school any more," said Pauline indignantly, as she tossed her books down, the second day of her first school experience.

"Why not, my love?" asked her mother anxiously.

"I don't like that Miss Cutter," said Pauline, her large black eyes dilating as she spoke, and flashing with excitement.

"You don't like Miss Cutter," repeated Mrs. Grey. "Why don't you like Miss Cutter, Pauline?"

"She put me on a high bench and said 'chut' to me," replied Pauline. "Nobody shall say 'chut' to me, and I wont go there again."

"You'll go there if your mother says so, Pauline," said her father. But Pauline knew better than that, and so did Mr. Grey for that matter; but Mrs. Grey said, "well, we'll see about it, Pauline. Now go and be dressed for dinner."

"I wont go again," said Pauline with determination, as she left the room.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grey anxiously, as the child left the room, "that Pauline has taken a dislike to Miss Cutter. It was injudicious in her to commence her school discipline so rigorously at once."

"Just like those people," said Mr. Grey, testily; "they have no judgment—dressed in a little brief authority they make the most of it."

"Pauline is such a peculiar child," continued Mrs. Grey, (for all people think their children "peculiar," unless they have half a dozen of them, and then they know better. "Pauline is such a peculiar child that I dislike driving her against her feelings. I am very sorry for this," she added, looking much perplexed and embarrassed. "I don't know what to do."

Fortunately Pauline had a little cold the next day, or Mrs. Grey imagined she had, and so the question of school was dodged for a day or two, during which, however, Pauline continued firm in her determination of not returning.

By the time she had recovered past all possibility of thinking she was not quite as well as usual, Mrs. Grey had reasoned herself into thinking, and talked Mr. Grey into believing, that there was so much that was injurious in the present mode of school education, that upon the whole she would prefer keeping Pauline at home. A governess, under her own eye, would do her greater justice and bring her on faster; and, above all, she would escape the contamination of indiscriminate contact with children of whose tempers and characters Mrs. Grey knew nothing.

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She need not have said half as much to convince Mr. Grey, for he was tired out with the subject, and ready to yield before she was one third through; but she was talking as much to satisfy herself that what she did was the result of mature reflection, and not to gratify, or rather pacify Pauline, as to convince Mr. Grey. Whether she was able to attain this point is somewhat doubtful, although the capacity people have for self deception is amazing. And to what perfection Mrs. Grey may have reached in the happy art, we are not able exactly to say.

But the governess was engaged, (a day governess, for neither Mr. Grey nor Pauline could have borne the constant presence of even so necessary an evil,) and under her tuition Pauline made rapid progress in her studies. Miss Burton soon finding that the moral education of her little pupil was quite beyond her reach, Mrs. Grey generally evading any disputed point between them, and gently waiving what authority should have settled, very wisely confined herself to the task Mrs. Grey set before her, which was to give Pauline as much instruction and as little contradiction as could be continued.

But spite of some drawbacks Pauline made wonderful progress. She was, in fact, a child of uncommon abilities, and every thing she applied herself to, she mastered almost at once. Her understanding rapidly developed, and springing into girlhood while others are yet looked upon almost as children, she was a daughter any parents might justly be proud of. She was singularly beautiful, too, and no eye could rest upon her girlish form and speaking face, her brilliant eye and glowing cheek, other than with delight. That Mr. and Mrs. Grey watched her with looks of something hardly short of adoration, is scarce to be wondered at. She was so animated, so joyous, so radiant with youth, health and beauty. There seemed such an affluence of all life's best gifts, which she scattered so lavishly around her, that the very air seemed to grow brighter from her presence, and no one who came within the sphere of her influence, could escape the spell of her joyous power.

To say that as her mind and person developed, she quite outgrew the faults of her childhood, would be rather hazardous. 'Tis true, she no longer stamped her little foot and burst into passionate tears, as when we first made her acquaintance, but she bent her pretty dark brows, and said, "I must," in a tone that Mrs. Grey knew meant, "I will."

But then who thought of disputing her wishes? Were they not the main-spring of the whole concern? What else did father or mother live for? Were not her wishes their wishes, her pleasures their pleasures? Was not she their idol—their all?

If she would only wrap up warmer, and put thicker shoes on those little feet, Mrs. Grey would have asked nothing more. But she was slight, and coughed sometimes, and then Mr. Grey said she should not have *allowed* Pauline to go out in those thin shoes, and charged her not to permit it another time—but never interfered himself—thus throwing all the responsibility, or rather impossibility, of making Pauline mind, upon his wife, who indeed always got all Pauline's scoldings; for though Mr. Grey might find fault when Pauline was absent, one bright smile and brilliant glance from Pauline present, was sure to dispel his displeasure.

So Pauline had now reached her seventeenth year, beautiful, gifted, high-spirited and generous-hearted. And if willful—why, even that seemed to give a *prononcé* shade to her character, that rather heightened the brilliancy of its tone.

"You are going to Cecelia Howard's wedding I suppose, Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Graham.

"Of course. She is a niece of my husband's, you know."

"Yes. And Pauline is to be bridemaid, I understand," continued the lady.

"Well—I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Grey, hesitatingly.

"But *I* do," said Pauline in her pretty willful way. "I told Cecelia that she might depend on me."

Mrs. Grey looked at her daughter without speaking, though she could not but smile at her animated face, while Mrs. Graham said, "Oh yes, why not, Mrs. Grey?"

"Pauline is rather young," continued Mrs. Grey, "for such things."

"True," replied the other, "if it were not in the connection. But family gayety is quite different."

"Of course," said Mrs. Grey, "if it were not for that, I should not think of it."

"Well, but I am going, mamma," said Pauline, "So you may make up your mind to that." And Mrs. Grey felt that she might as well at once. So after a little more talk about it, and Mr. Grey's saying, "Why, certainly, I see no objection to it—and as your cousin wishes it, Pauline—if your mother is willing, I am," it was settled.

How beautiful Pauline looked when she came down stairs and presented herself before her delighted father, dressed for the wedding. It was the first time he had ever seen her in full dress; her white neck and round arms uncovered, her rich dark hair looking darker and more satiny for the wreath of pale, soft, delicate roses that bound it—even the little foot seeming more fairy-like in the small white satin slipper that inclosed it. If her father was accustomed to think her peerless in the plain, high-necked merino dress in which he usually saw her, what did he think of her now, when full dressed, or rather undressed, as she stood before him, brilliant in the glow of excitement, and fairer and fresher than even the flowers she wore?

He looked at her speechless, and when she said,

"Father, how do you like me?" could only kiss her fair forehead in silence.

There was a reception after the wedding, and the beauty of the young bridemaid excited no small degree of sensation; for Pauline, having been brought up at home, was little known by the young people of her own age, and so took society rather by surprise.

"Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, "the bride has named Thursday evening for me. You will do

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me the favor, therefore, I hope, of considering yourself and your daughter engaged for that evening."

"Not Pauline, my dear madam," said Mrs. Grey. "She does not go out this winter. She is so young that I hesitated much even letting her act as bridemaid this evening."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, much disappointed, "pray reverse your decision—surely for the bridal parties at least. I shall be so disappointed, for," with a smile, "I quite counted on the presence of your beautiful daughter for the brilliancy of my party;" and Pauline approaching just then, she said, "Pray, Miss Pauline, join your petitions to mine—I do so want you to come to my party for the bride."

"Why, mamma, of course," said Pauline. "The bridemaids must attend the bride to the parties given for her—Cecelia says so."

"But, my love," said her mother, "you know I told Cecelia when I consented to your being bridemaid, that you were not going out."

"Not generally—no; but just to the bridal parties, mamma. Oh, I must"—and there was the little ominous bend of the brows at the words "I must," when Mr. Grey coming up, her mother, glad in her turn to throw the responsibility on him, said,

"Well, ask your father; see what he says."

"What is it, Pauline?" said Mr. Grey, smiling assent before she had spoken.

"May I not, papa, attend the bridal parties with the rest of the bridemaids," she said, half pouting. "Cecelia says it will spoil the bridal cotillion if I am absent; and then—oh, papa, I must," she continued, in a tone of such earnest entreaty, entreaty that seemed to admit of no refusal, that he smiled as he said,

"Well, if you *must*, I suppose you must."

"Then I may, papa!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes dilating in their peculiar way when any thing particularly delighted or excited her. "Now, mamma!" turning triumphantly to her mother, "papa says I may. Yes, Mrs. Livingston, mamma *will* come, and I too—hey, mamma!" and Mrs. Grey smiled her assent—and she and Pauline were in for the rest of the wedding gayeties.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute. Party followed party, and Mrs. Grey forgot to ask, or Pauline to care, whether they were bridal parties or not, for Pauline was fairly launched. And what a sensation she excited—so young—so brilliant—so beautiful. Mr. Grey, too, a man of handsome fortune, and Pauline an only daughter. There 's a sort of charm in that, too, to young men's imaginations. It seems to make a girl more like a rare exotic, something of which there are few of the kind. And Pauline was a belle of the most decided stamp; and Mr. and Mrs. Grey's heads were more turned than was hers by the admiration she excited.

CHAPTER II.

People may talk about young girls' heads being turned, but for my part, I think there are no heads so easily turned as old ones. Vanity, when it is fresh, like wine, is not as strong and intoxicating as when it grows old.

Pauline enjoyed her triumphs like a girl, in all the effervescence of youthful spirits, thinking less of her beauty and more of her pleasure than her mother, who sat and followed her with her eyes, watching every movement, and absorbed almost to the exclusion of every other perception, in the surpassing loveliness of her daughter, and the admiration that flashed from every eye that turned upon her. And let not wise ones say that this was folly, and Mrs. Grey a weak woman for yielding to it, for it is human nature, which is too strong to be ruled by saws, be they ever so wise. The heart will spring to beauty, be it where it may, and no human being alive to poetry, can view God's fairest creation in its full perfection, and not feel a throb of pleasure. It is not wisdom, but an absence of ideality, of taste, of the highest of perceptions, the love of the beautiful, that can let any one look unmoved upon a young and beautiful woman. Who would not blush for themselves, and deny that they had walked through the halls of the Vatican without delight? And will the same person rave about the sculptured marble, and yet gaze coldly on the living, breathing model? No! and if it is high treason not to worship the one, it is false to human nature not to love the other; and the man, woman, or child, who affects to undervalue beauty, only proclaims the want in their own mental constitution. To be without an eye for beauty, is as to be without an ear for music, to be wanting in the refinement of the higher and more delicate organization of our nature.

Mr. Grey was not a man who usually took much pleasure in society, but his grave face lighted up as with a glance of sunshine, when he caught a glimpse of his beautiful child, as the crowd opened from time to time on the dancers in the thronged rooms, where, night after night, he was now condemned to pass his evenings; and when he approached her to tell her that the carriage was waiting, and her mother had sent to summon her to her side, he could not restrain his smiles when the young men crowded round to remind Pauline, one of a waltz, another of a polka, and pleading with Mr. Grey for more engagements than she could have fulfilled if they had staid all night; and his paternal pride had its share of gratification in the homage that even his presence could scarcely restrain.

Among the group of idlers ever hovering round Pauline, was one who scarcely left her side, a Mr. Wentworth, a young man, and rather good looking. He seemed mightily taken with Pauline, and she smiled her brightest when she turned to him—but that she did when any one spoke to her—for she was in such a gale of spirits, she smiled on all who crossed her path.

"Who is that young gentleman dancing with your daughter, Mrs. Grey?" asked a lady.

"I do n't know any thing about him but his name, which is Wentworth," replied Mrs. Grey. "Mrs. Henderson introduced him to me at her own house,

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and I introduced him to Pauline. That 's all I know about him."

"Then I should say," replied the other, smiling, "that it was time you knew something more, for he has evidently lost his heart to your daughter."

"Oh, I don't know that," replied Mrs. Grey, smiling in her turn, but carelessly, as if it was not a matter of much consequence if Pauline did break a few hearts more or less.

"There 's no doubt about his admiration," continued the lady; "so I warn you in time, Mrs. Grey."

Mrs. Grey only smiled again. She did not think the warning worth much. Mr. Wentworth might be in love with Pauline—she dared say he was—indeed, she had no doubt of it. But what then? She could not be responsible for all the young men who fell in love with Pauline. It was very natural; and, to tell the honest truth, it rather pleased Mrs. Grey to see it. Not that she had the most distant idea that Pauline could ever feel any interest in any of the young men she with such quiet complacency thought hopelessly in love with her; but poor human nature is never weaker than on such subjects, and mothers look on amused, and may be, indignant with other mothers for allowing such things, till it comes to their turn, and then maternal vanity speaks louder than worldly wisdom, or any thing else; and so Mrs. Grey saw Mr. Wentworth's devotions with a quiet smile, and never thought it worth while to ask any questions about him. "He would not do," she saw that at a glance. As to what would, or who would, she had not yet made up her mind; but as Mr. Wentworth's pretensions did not seem of any decided stamp at all, she never thought there was any possibility of his being dangerous.

"I wonder Mrs. Grey allows that young Wentworth to be so attentive to her daughter," Mrs. Benson said. "He 's a dissipated young man, they say."

"I am sorry to see that wild fellow, Wentworth, so much with that young beauty, Miss Grey," said another.

"Yes, I am surprised at her parents encouraging it," said a third, "for they must see it."

"What kind of a young man is he?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"One that I should be sorry to see attentive to a daughter of mine," replied a gentleman; but none of this reached Mrs. Grey's ears. No one told her Mr. Wentworth was wild or dissipated. He was too attentive, and they might get themselves in trouble, and be obliged to give authority, &c., for what they said—and what authority had they? a rumor—a vague report—an impression. Who knew, or ever knows, any thing more positive about a young man, except, indeed, young men—and they don't choose to tell.

And so the thing went on, and people talked, and wondered, and found fault, and everybody but Mr. and Mrs. Grey, whom it most concerned, knew a great deal; and they, though they had eyes, saw not; and ears had they, but heard not; and understandings, and heeded not—deaf and blind, as parents always are, until too late.

The thunderbolt fell at last, however. Mr. Wentworth, in form, asked Mr. Grey's consent to address Pauline, which Mr. Grey very decidedly refused, looking upon the young man as very presumptuous even to ask it; whereupon Mr. Wentworth informed the father that he was authorized by his daughter to address him on the subject, and her happiness being involved as well as his own, he trusted Mr. Grey would re-consider his proposal, and incline more favorably to his suit.

Amazement was Mr. Grey's only feeling on first hearing this announcement. He could scarcely believe his ears, much less take in the subject-matter in all its bearings.

Again, however, he refused his consent, and forbade Mr. Wentworth to think of his daughter.

He immediately communicated the conversation to his wife, who was not less surprised than himself, but who relieved him excessively by saying at once that there must be some misunderstanding on the young man's part, for Pauline, she knew, took no interest in him whatever. That is, Mrs. Grey took it for granted that Pauline must see him with her eyes, and did not hesitate to answer for the fact.

She went at once to Pauline's room, where she found her lying on the sofa, a book open in her hand, but evidently lost in a world of dreamy and pleasant revery. With very little circumlocution, for Mrs. Grey was too much excited to choose her words carefully, she repeated to Pauline her conversation with her father; whereupon Pauline rose, and sitting up, her color changing, but her eye clear and bright, said,

"Surely, mother, you knew it all."

"Knew what, Pauline?"

"That Mr. Wentworth was attached to me, and that I—I—"

"Surely, Pauline," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, hastily, "you are not interested in him."

"Yes," answered Pauline, roused by her mother's tone and manner to something of her old spirit, and looking at her fully and clearly, all diffidence having now vanished in the opposition she saw before her, "I am—I love him, love him with my whole soul."

"Pauline, my child, are you mad!" almost shrieked Mrs. Grey, shocked almost past the power of endurance by her daughter's tones and words.

"*I* am not mad, no mother," said Pauline, with an emphasis, as if she thought her mother might be. "And why do you speak thus to me? You introduced Mr. Wentworth yourself to me; you first invited him here—and why, mother, do you affect this surprise now?" and Pauline's color deepened, and her voice quivered as she thought, with a sense of her mother's inconsistency and injustice.

"*I* introduced him to you, Pauline! Yes, I believe I did—but what of that? Do you suppose—no, Pauline, you are a girl of too much sense to suppose that I must be willing you should marry every man I introduce or invite to the house."

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"What are your objections to Mr. Wentworth?" asked Pauline, firmly.

"My objections, Pauline! My child, you drive me almost mad!" said Mrs. Grey, her daughter's manner forcing on her more and more the conviction of the earnestness of her present fancy—for Mrs. Grey could not think it more. "Why, Pauline, I have every objection to him. What pretensions has he that should entitle him to dream of you, Pauline? You, my child, with your talents and beauty, and acquirements, are not surely going to throw yourself away upon this young man, who is every way inferior to you."

"Mother," said Pauline, with energy, "you don't know him."

Mrs. Grey was silenced. She did not know him. There was that in his countenance, air, and manner, although what might be called rather a handsome young man, that is unmistakable to a practiced eye—traces of a common mind, a something that had satisfied Mrs. Grey "he would not do," when she had dismissed him from her mind. But what had she to say to Pauline now?

She talked of her disappointment—of her hopes—her expectations; but Pauline said she was not ambitious, and wanted none of these things.

Mrs. Grey was in despair. Pauline grew more and more resolute. Her eye flashed, and her color rose, and the brow was bent, as when she was a child. She and her mother talked long, and even warmly; and Mrs. Grey returned to her husband, leaving Pauline in a state of great excitement.

Mr. Grey was much disturbed by what his wife told him; but still, though agitated, he was not as distressed as she was. The thing must not and should not be—there he was firm—though he was pained, exceedingly pained, that Pauline should be unhappy about it.

He looked upon her grief as of course a temporary feeling, but still, even for her temporary sorrow he grieved exceedingly.

He wrote that evening to Mr. Wentworth, desiring him to discontinue his visits, as he could not sanction his attachment, nor consent to a continuance of his attentions.

The letter was dispatched, and both parents felt better for the step. They considered the thing as finally at an end; and though Pauline might rebel a little at not having been consulted; yet it was done, and they seemed to think it could not be undone.

Much they knew about the matter. A letter from the young lover to Pauline herself, blew all these wise conclusions to the four winds of heaven.

She protested—and with some show of reason—that her father and mother had no right to dismiss Mr. Wentworth in this summary way; that they had encouraged—certainly permitted his attentions; that her mother had introduced him herself—for she harped upon that string—and she poured forth such a torrent of words and tears at the same time, that Mr. Grey finally said,

"Well, Pauline, to satisfy you, I will make inquiries relative to Mr. Wentworth's character and standing, and should the report be favorable, and your attachment lasting, I do not know that we should have any right to refuse our consent, although it 's not a match, my child, that we can like. But on the other hand, Pauline, should I find him unworthy of you, as I am inclined to believe he is, you, on your part, must submit to what is inevitable, for I never will give my consent to your marrying a man whose character is not irreproachable."

Partially appeased, Pauline retired to her room, where Mrs. Grey spent the rest of the day in trying to convince Pauline that even if Mr. Wentworth were respectable in point of character, he was not in mind, manner, or appearance, at all her equal. That, in fact, he was a very common sort of a person, which was the truth; but strange though the fact might be, and there was no more accounting for it than denying it, Pauline was desperately in love with this very same very common young man; and talk as Mrs. Grey would, she could not change her feelings, or make her see him with her eyes.

She could only wait the result of Mr. Grey's investigations; and most devoutly she hoped they might prove unfavorable. The idea of his being respectable enough for them to be forced to a consent, drove her almost wild. Was this, then, to be the end of all her visions for her beautiful Pauline!

She could only trust to his being a scamp as her only hope of escape. [*Conclusion in our next.*

THE SAILOR-LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY R. H. BACON.

When as our good ship courts the gale,
To swim once more the ocean,
The lessening land wakes in my heart
A sad but sweet emotion:
For, though I love the broad blue sea,
My heart 's still true to thee, my love,
My heart 's still true to thee!

And when, far out upon the main,
We plough the midnight billow,
I gaze upon the stars, that shine
And smile above thy pillow.
And though far out upon the sea,
My heart 's still true to thee, my love,
My heart 's still true to thee!

But when as homeward bound we speed,
The swift sea-bird outflying,
With throbbing heart I watch the land,
Its blue hills far descrying;
Impatient, now, to leave the sea,
And fold thee to my heart, my love!
My heart 's still true to thee!

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THE PORTRAIT OF GEN. SCOTT.

This plate is believed to be one of the most admirable and faithful specimens of portraiture ever presented, through the press, to the public. We know that it is derived from sources to be relied upon; and the reputation of the eminent artist who has executed it is evidence that, with such ample materials, his task could not have been illy performed.

The events connected with the present war have excited so high a degree of interest in the life and character of Gen. Scott, that the country has been flooded with biographies good, bad, and indifferent. It would not, therefore, be desirable that we should enter into a detailed account of the events of a public career long and eventful, and every result of which has been honorable to the country.

Gen. Scott was born in 1786, in Virginia. He was educated, for a time, at William and Mary College, and pursued the study of the law, until military propensities separated him from his profession. In 1808, Jefferson appointed him a captain in the army of the United States; in 1812 he received the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and took post on the Canada frontier. In October of that year he greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Queenstown Heights. His courage was manifested by the most extraordinary daring throughout the entire and unequal contest; but his small force was compelled to surrender with the honors of war. The whole affair reflected credit upon his diminutive force, and upon the young hero who led them. His imprisonment was not without dangers that afforded opportunities of displaying his lofty courage and chivalrous humanity.

Having been exchanged in May, 1813, he rejoined the army on the frontier as adjutant-general. He led the advanced guard, or forlorn hope, at the capture of Fort George, displaying extraordinary gallantry, and, though wounded, was the first to enter, and raise the American flag. His conduct upon this occasion elicited the highest praise. In July of the same year, Scott was promoted to the command of a double regiment. He was actively engaged in all the subsequent efforts of that and the following campaign, and in the intervals of service, was employed in instructing the officers in their duties, and in drilling the recruits. His eminent services secured him, in March, 1814, the rank of brigadier general—and he joined General Brown, then marching to the Niagara frontier. On the 3d of July, Scott leading the van, the Americans crossed the river, and captured Fort Erie. On the 4th he moved toward Chippewa, in advance of the army, driving the British before him. The 5th witnessed the severe and well-contested battle of Chippewa. This battle was fought within hearing of the roar of Niagara, silenced for a time, as was the earthquake at Cannæ, by the stormier passions of human conflict. It was a contest between divided brethren of the same gallant race; the advantages in the battle were all against our country; the glories in the result were all with her. Circumstances rendered, in the absence of Gen. Brown, Scott, the hero of the field; and profound has been and is the gratitude that rewards him.

The 25th of the same month witnessed the still more memorable conflict of Niagara. It is not our purpose to describe the battle; suffice it to say that it was a contest between warriors worthy of each other's steel. Each army, and the flower of the British veterans were present, struggled for many hours, and foremost in every daring was found Gen. Scott. We need not tell the American reader that we triumphed; but Scott, though upon the field throughout the fight, and then, as always, in advance, had two horses killed under him, was wounded in the side, and at length disabled by a musket-ball through the shoulder. After a doubtful and tedious illness he recovered. He received from Congress, from the state legislatures, and from the people, the amplest evidences of gratitude and admiration.

After the close of the war, Gen. Scott visited Europe, by order of government, upon public business; and on his return took command of the seaboard. From this time till the Black Hawk War nothing of public interest occurred to demand his services. He embarked with a thousand troops to participate in that war, in July of 1832; but his operations were checked by the cholera. The pestilence smote his army, and he did not reach the field before the war was closed. During the prevalence of the pestilence he performed in his army every duty among the sick that could be expected from a brave, humane, and good man, winning, and worthy the title, of the warrior of humanity. He afterward acted prominently in effecting the pacification of the warring tribes of the North West, and received the official commendation of Secretary Cass.

Gen. Scott was ordered the same year to the Southern Department; and during the nullification excitement, is said to have acted, under his orders, with great energy and prudence. In 1836 he was ordered to Florida, to command the army engaged against the Creeks and Seminoles. He spared no effort, and manifested much of enterprise and energy: but circumstances, which no skill could have surmounted, rendered his exertions ineffectual. His failure was made the subject of inquiry by court martial, and he was by the court not merely acquitted, but applauded. In 1837, he was ordered to the northern frontier, to meet and avert the evil effects of the Canadian rebellion. It is admitted, that his efforts were vigorous, wise, and successful, and manifested great energy and prudence. In 1838, Gen. Scott was intrusted by the government with the removal to the West of the Cherokees. This duty was performed with great humanity and ability, and elicited strong expressions of gratitude from them, and of praise from the country.

From this duty, completed, he was called to the northern frontier. His course there was conciliatory

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and wise; and doubtless had some effect to prevent a conflict with Great Britain.

On the commencement of the Mexican war, circumstances prevented General Scott from assuming the immediate command of the invading force. He was subsequently ordered to the seat of the war; and after a series of operations, admitted to be the most brilliant in point of science known to modern warfare, he won what were supposed to be impregnable, the castle and the town of Vera Cruz. This triumph was announced on the 29th of March. The siege occupied fifteen days, and was attended with little loss on the side of the Americans. On the 17th of April, Scott, advancing upon Mexico, issued an order for the attack of Cerro Gordo—in which every event that was ordered and foreseen seems now to be prophecy; and on the next day he carried that Thermopylæ of Mexico. The battle was one of the most brilliant in the American annals. The orders of Scott, previously given, secure the glory of the triumph for himself and his army.

On the 19th, Jalapa was occupied, and on the 22d Perote. In these triumphs the army acquired great quantities of munitions. The city of Puebla was occupied on the 15th of May: Ten thousand prisoners, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of arms, and thirty thousand shells and shot were, in the course of these operations, the fruits of American skill and valor. But even these achievements were thrown into the shade by the glorious triumphs in the vicinity of Mexico. The bloody contests at the intrenchments of Contreras, the fortifications of Cherubusco and the castle of Chapultepec, and finally the capture of Mexico, are of so recent occurrence, and so familiar in all their details to the public, that we do not deem it necessary to narrate them. Cut off for fifty days from all communications with Vera Cruz, the veteran Scott won, with his feeble and greatly diminished force, and against defenses deemed impregnable, triumphs that have thrown immortal glory around the arms of his country.

Thus segregated, shut out from the hope of home as completely as were the soldiers of Cortez when he burned his ships, this little band advanced to dangers such as were never before encountered and overcome. Science guided and protected the daring invasion; and true American hearts, at every bristling danger, supported it, with an ardent courage and a calm fortitude scarcely equaled in the wars of nations. On the 15th of August, General Scott, by a masterly movement, turned the strong works of the Penon and Mexicalzingo, on which the enemy had labored and relied. On the 17th the spires of Mexico were in sight. The attack upon Contreras took place. It was one of the most brilliant achievements of the American arms. San Antonio was also carried; and San Pablo assailed, and, after a contest of two hours, won. In this battle the general added another to his former scars, being wounded in the leg. The terrible conflict of Cherubusco succeeded; and again American valor proved invincible. This placed our force at the gates of Mexico. The contest was one against four, the four having every advantage that military science and superiority of position could confer. Having overcome every enemy that dared to dispute his path, he spared the city of Mexico. The entire campaign is most honorable to the American character and to the reputation of him who led it. The impetuosity of his campaigns in the war of 1812 seemed mingled with and subdued by the results of a profound study of the science of war, in this contest. He dared boldly, and executed cautiously, courageously and successfully. Erring in nothing, and failing in nothing, he encountered dangers, and passed through scenes that belong to romance, but which his iron intellect rendered a substantial reality.

O, SCORN NOT THY BROTHER.

BY E. CURTISS HINE.

O, scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be,
He 's bound to another
And bright world with thee.
Should sorrow assail him,
Give heed to his sighs,
Should strength ever fail him,
O, help him to rise!

The pathway we 're roaming,
Mid flowrets may lie,
But soon will life's gloaming,
Come dark'ning our sky.
Then seek not to smother
Kind feelings in thee,
And scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

Go, cheer those who languish
Their dead hopes among,
In whose hearts stern anguish
The harp hath unstrung:
They 'll soon in another
Bright land roam with thee,
So scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

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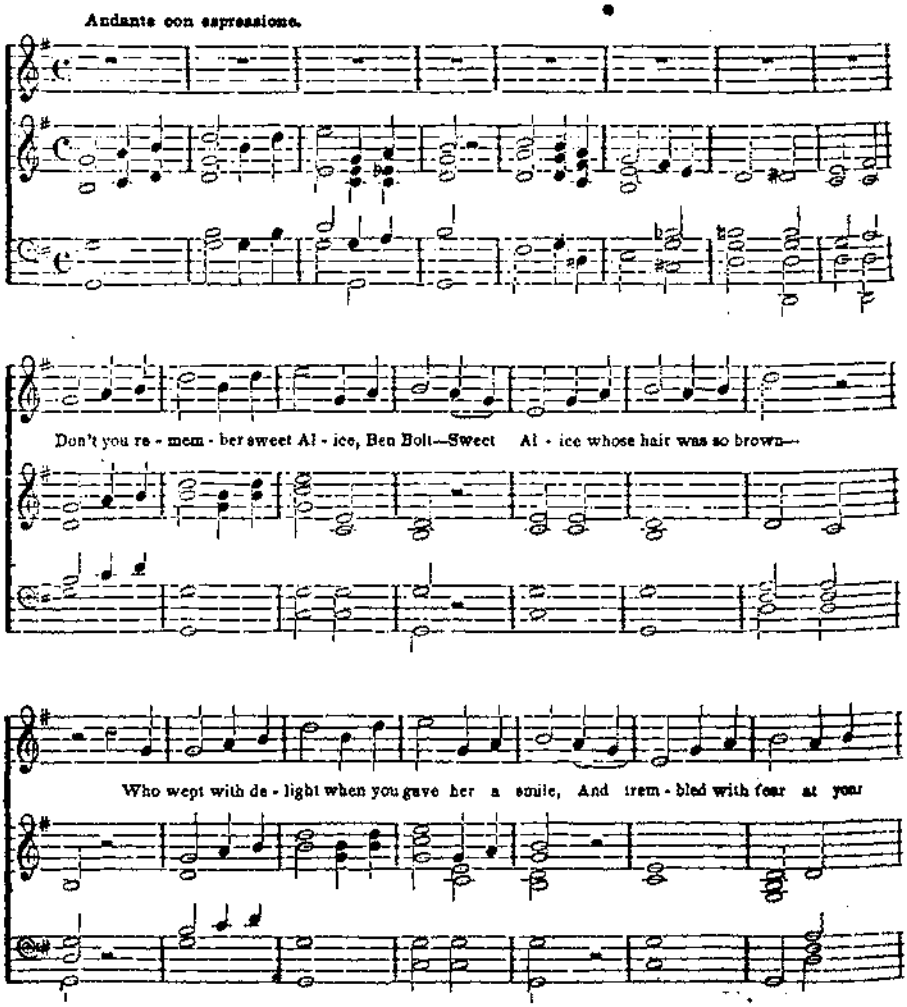
BEN BOLT.

THE WORDS AND MELODY BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.
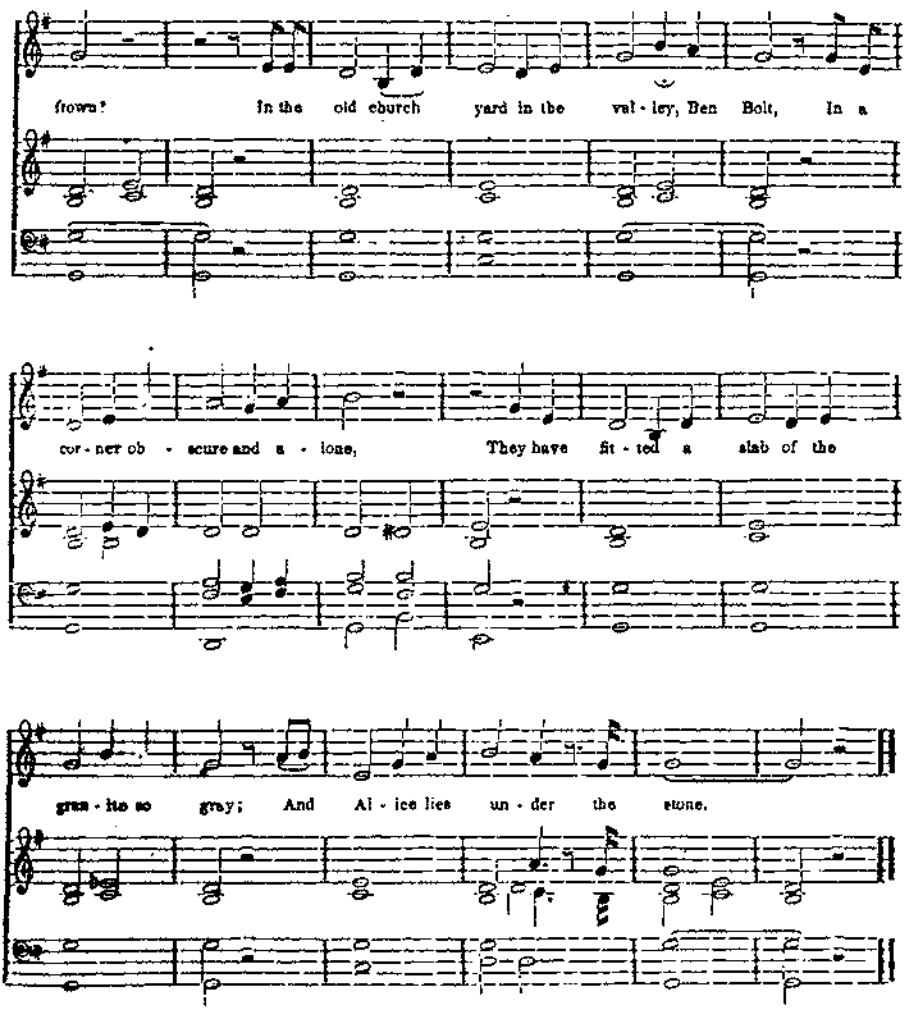
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, AND CORDIALLY DEDICATED TO

CHARLES BENJAMIN BOLT, ESQ.

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II.

Under the Hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we 've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which creaks round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

III.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

IV.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,
There are only you and I.

V.

There is change in the things that I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

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THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Eternal Fame! thy great rewards,
  Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master-bards
  Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
  Hath shone for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs, and ancient towers,
And cheering this new world of ours
  With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
  By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature, as with God,
  And saw her, face to face—
No living truth by them unsung—
No thought that hath not found a tongue
  In some strong lyre of olden time;
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give a world the thrill
  Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
  In Music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
  An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
  Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream, through glen and glade,
Because 't is not the thunder made
  By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
  In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
  Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the way-side flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
  Upon the weary traveler's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
  And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song—
  That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
  And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
  Has blessed the humble poet's name,
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
  That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the water-fall
  To one by deserts bound—
Making the air all musical
  With cool, inviting sound—
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
  Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
  Across the sands of Life.

Yet, not for these alone he sings;
  The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
  And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
  Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As Joy itself delights in joy—
His soul finds life in its employ,
  And grows by utterance strong.

A PARTING.

(AN EXTRACT.)

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

And now, farewell—and if the warm tear start
  Unbidden to your eye, oh! do not blush
To own it, for it speaks the gen'rous heart,
  Full to o'erflowing with the fervent gush
Of its sweet waters. Hark! I hear the rush
  Of many feet, and dark-browed Mem'ry brings
Her tales of by-gone pleasure but to crush
  The reed already bending—now, there sings
The syren voice of Hope—her of the rainbow wings.

Ah! well-a-day! Ceased is the witching strain—
  Fled are they all—and back the senses turn
To this dark hour of anguish and of pain—
  Of rending heart-chords—agony too stern
For words to picture it—of thoughts that burn
  And wither up the heart. I need not tell
What now I feel, or if my bosom yearn
  With love for you at parting—there 's a spell
To conjure up despair in that wild word—Farewell

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical and Select Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, (Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie,) First Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. By M'lle. M. A. Le Normand, Authoress "Des Souvenirs Prophetiques," &c. Translated from the French by Jacob M. Howard, Esq. Philada.: Carey & Hart.

The larger portion of this work is made up of the account given by Josephine herself of the events of her life; and that part contributed by M'lle. Le Normand, completes a biography of the gifted, the fortunate and unfortunate queen of Napoleon. The Memoirs of Josephine sparkle with French sprightliness, and abound with French sentiment. Her style is eminently graceful, and the turn of thought such as we would expect from the most accomplished and fascinating woman of her times. The narrative is neither very copious nor very regular; but all that is told is of the deepest interest. It abounds in domestic anecdotes of the great usurper, and reports conversations between him and his wife, in which, by the way, her speeches rival, in prolixity, those given us by Livy. Many of her views of Bonaparte and herself are novel and striking, and calculated, if relied upon, to change opinions now generally entertained as truths. In relation to herself, her tone is one of almost unvarying self-eulogium; and the amiable and excellent qualities which she is known to have possessed need no better chronicler. She was of the opinion that her abilities and services, which were eminent and various, secured Napoleon's advancement at every step of his rapid career from obscurity to the imperial throne; and that the loss of her influence and counsels was the necessary harbinger of his downfall.

For the movements that secured him the First Consulship, she claims almost exclusive credit. That she was an artful politician, and used, with great effect, the graces of mind, manner, and person, with which she was singularly endowed, to promote the interests of her husband, is certain; but it may be doubted whether his mighty genius ever leaned for support upon the political skill and counsel of a woman—even though that woman were Josephine. She, like her wonderful husband, seems to have cherished a superstitious reliance upon destiny—a weakness singularly inconsistent with their general character. The story of the early prediction that she would become a queen is given with an amusing simplicity and earnestness. The prophecy is as follows:

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill, will not live long. A young Creole, whom you love, does not cease to think of you; you will never marry him, and will make vain attempts to save his life; but his end will be unhappy. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and after many great troubles, which are to befall the kingdom of the *Franks*, he will perish tragically, and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an *eminent woman*, and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindnesses. After having astonished the world, *you will die miserable*. The country in which what I foretell must happen, forms a part of *Celtic Gaul*; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it, (*but not forever,*) a prodigy will appear in the air;—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

Any fortune-teller might tell, and no doubt, if she thought it would flatter, would tell, a beautiful young girl that her destiny was to be a queen; but there is in this prediction a minuteness of detail, that cannot be accounted for on the ground of accidental coincidence. It is a brief history of her life. Unless we are prepared to believe that an ignorant old mulatto woman was gifted by divine Providence with supernatural power, constituted a second Witch of Endor, and able by "examining the ball of Josephine's left thumb with great attention," to discover the minute particulars of her future life, we must discredit the absurdity. A prediction believed sometimes effects its own fulfillment; and Josephine, whose ambition seems to have been most ardent, may have been inspired with romantic hopes by the foolish promise of an ignorant impostor, that she would rise to great eminence, and have been stimulated to greater exertions to realize those hopes. This may have urged her to intimacy with the corrupt and immoral Directory, with whom a beautiful and accomplished woman could not fail to be a favorite; may have secured her marriage to a very young and ardent man, who all believed must rise to eminence; and may have even induced her to excite her husband to the policy which secured a crown. But to believe that a prediction, giving all the leading events of the lives of several different persons, and those persons actors in scenes so wonderful, would be a folly equally weak and blasphemous. The same superstition is frequently betrayed in these volumes; and we have as many dreams and portents as ever disturbed the sleeping and waking hours of the wife of the first Napoleon, Caliphurnia.

The pages of these memoirs afford us the harshest and most repulsive views of Napoleon's character that we have yet seen. His affectionate consort was undoubtedly discerning, and used her keenness of perception with proper diligence to discover all her husband's faults. We have never shared in the excessive and extraordinary admiration with which the character of the man-hater and earth-spoiler is regarded in this land of liberty; but it seems to us that the portraiture before us would be deemed unjust coming from his foes, and is at least singular when traced by the hand of the affectionate and gentle Josephine. The praise awarded him is cold, formal and stinted; but the censure is interjected among her details with a freedom that we could not have anticipated. That she should have resented his heartless repudiation of the companion of all his struggles and fortunes, is natural, and perhaps just; but that she should have revenged the wrong, if indeed that be the motive, by depreciating him seems out of character with the Josephine of our imaginations. She describes him as vain, cruel, often weak, and at times abjectly cowardly. She dwells with great fullness upon his crimes, and passes rapidly and coldly over the many great and good things he achieved for France. In some instances

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positive misrepresentations are resorted to, calculated to blacken his character. Thus, in relation to the disaster at the bridge on the Elster, she says:

"I likewise learned that my husband has passed the only bridge by which he could make good his retreat; but in order to prevent pursuit by the foreign army, he had ordered it to be blown up at the very moment it was covered with thousands of Frenchmen, who were endeavoring to fly. By means of this *murderous manœuvre* he abandoned a part of his army on the bank of the stream."

Now this is a most inhuman calumny, and one that sounds strangely coming from a French woman, and that woman the wife of the unfortunate Napoleon. Bonaparte's strongest and ablest decryer, Alison, admits that the destruction of the bridge was an accident, resulting from the mistake of a corporal, who supposed the retreating French upon the bridge were the pursuing allies, and fired the train. It is seldom that we expect to find extraordinary instances of conjugal affection upon thrones; and we are strongly disposed to believe that the love of Josephine for her husband has been exaggerated. According to her own account, she had many previous draughts made upon her capital stock of love; and she describes her marriage with Napoleon as one induced by the representations of Barras and Mad. Tallien of the advantages to be derived from it. She thus characterizes her feelings toward Bonaparte just before marriage. "I discovered in him a tone of assurance and exaggerated pretension, which injured him greatly in my estimation. The more I studied his character, the more I discovered the oddities for which I was at a loss to account; and at length he inspired me with so much *aversion* that I ceased to frequent the house of Mad. Chat*** Ren***, where he spent his evenings." Notwithstanding the excessive affection professed, a large portion of the period of their connection seems to have been embroiled and troubled. Yet there can be no doubt that she devoted herself assiduously and faithfully to the promotion and protection of the greatness which she shared; and, at the close of her career, though she caressed his conquerors, she died uttering the warmest expressions of affection for him, even in the presence of his foe. The death-scene, as described by M'lle. Le Normand, is truly touching. Her last tears fell upon the portrait of Napoleon.

The whole story is full of romance, and will be read with great interest. The translator has performed his task with eminent ability; and the volumes are printed in a style highly creditable to the publishers.

Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, Member of the American Mission to Burmah. By "Fanny Forester." New York: L. Colby & Co.

It cannot be necessary for us to recommend to the readers of Graham's Magazine any work from the pen of the fascinating "Fanny Forester." Her literary history is associated in their minds with the most agreeable recollections of a female writer, among the sweetest, the most brilliant, the most charming of the many whom our country has produced. They will remember her, too, in that most eventful scene and surprising change of her life, in which the popular authoress was suddenly, and voluntarily, transformed into the humble missionary; sacrificing, from a sense of Christian duty, all the pride and allurements of literary distinction, along with friends, home, the safety and happiness of civilized society, that she might take up the cross, and carry it, an offering of salvation, to the benighted Heathen of Asia, even in the depths of their own fur and pestilential climates.

The missionary appears again as an authoress; but it is in the lowly attitude of a biographer commemorating the virtues of a departed sister and predecessor in the same field of Christian devotion—the devoted and sainted woman whose places "Fanny Forester" herself now occupies as a wife and missionary, performing the same duties, exposed to the same trials and sufferings, in the same distant and perilous regions of Asia. The subject and the writer are thus united—we might say identified—as parts of the same attractive theme, and co-actors in the same sacred drama. Under such circumstances, the Memoir of Mrs. Judson could not be otherwise than profoundly interesting; and it will prove so, not only to all those who admire the authoress, but to all who love the cause to which she has dedicated her talents, her life, her fame. It is, indeed, a beautiful, a deeply engaging, an affecting volume, uniting a kind of romantic character, derived from the scenes and perils it describes, with the deeper interest of a record of the evangelization of the heathen. It is peculiarly adapted, too, to the reading of people of the world, whose hearts have not yet been warmed, or whose minds have not been instructed, on the subject of Christian missions. They cannot take it up without reading it; they cannot read it without rising better informed, and with better dispositions than before, in regard to the great cause which boasts—or has boasted—such servants as Mrs. Judson and "Fanny Forester."

The History of a Penitent. A Guide for the Inquiring, in a Commentary on the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. By George W. Bethune, D. D., Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. Henry Perkins, 142 Chesnut Street.

This work, which is beautifully dedicated to Dr. Alexander, is written with much of the characteristic force and fervor of its author, and with more than his ordinary research and elaboration. He informs us that his purpose has been to help the inquiring soul and young Christian with counsel taken immediately from the unerring word: he has therefore studied conformity to scripture, rather than novelty of thought, and plainness more than grace of style. Yet there is in this volume much of the author's usual boldness of originality and peculiar felicity of expression. Our readers have been made acquainted with the high merits of Dr. Bethune as a poet, by his contributions to "Graham;" but highly as we appreciate his verse, there is a directness, an originality, an old-fashioned power in his prose which we prefer, and which we think place him in the first class of American writers. On subjects like that treated in the volume before us, his whole heart and mind seem to be poured into his pages; and in their perusal we doubt whether most to admire the divine or the rhetorician.

Keble's Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.

This beautiful volume is printed from the thirty-first London edition. Its merits are so well and universally known and appreciated that to review it would, to our readers, be tedious as a twice told tale. Suffice it to say, that its object is to bring the thoughts and feelings of worshippers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. The poetry of this volume is often even worthy the exalted subjects of which it treats, and is never unworthy them. Its extraordinary popularity is the best evidence of its merit; for poetry is never generally and permanently popular without real merit.

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Very truly Yours
W. J. Worth

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1848. No. 5.

CLARA HARLAND.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

I AM no visionary—no dreamer; and yet my life has been a ceaseless struggle between the realities of every-day care, and a myriad of shadowy phantoms which ever haunt me. In the crowded and thronged city; in the green walks and sunny forests of my native hills; on the broad and boundless prairie, carpeted with velvet flowers; on the blue and dreamy sea—it is the same. I look around, and perceive men and women moving mechanically about me; I even take part in their proceedings, and seem to float along the tardy current upon which they swim, and become a part—an insignificant portion—of the dull and stagnant scene; and yet, often and often, in the busiest moment, when commonplace has its strongest hold upon me, and I feel actually interested in the ordinary pursuits of my fellow-beings, of a sudden, a great curtain seems to fall around, and enclose me on every side; and, instead of the staid and sober visages of the throng, vague and shadowy faces gleam around me, and magnificent eyes, bright and dreamy, glance and flash before me like the figures on a phantasmagoria. In such moments, there comes over me a happy consciousness that *this* is the reality and all else a dull and painful dream, from which I have escaped as by a great effort. The dreamy faces are familiar to me, and their large, spiritual eyes encounter mine with glances of pleasant recognition. My heart is glad within me that it has found again its friends and old companions, and the mental outline of the common world, faintly drawn by memory, becomes more and more dim and indistinct, like the surface of the earth to one who soars upward in a balloon, and is at length blended with the gray shadows of forgotten thought, which disturb me no more. But anon some rude and jarring discord, from the world below, pierces upward to my ear, and the air becomes suddenly dark and dreary, and dusty, and I fall heavily to earth again.

As years steal by, these fits of delightful abstraction become rarer and rarer. My visions seem to have lost their substantiality; and even when they do revisit me, they are thin and transparent, and no longer hide the real world from my sight—yet they hold strange power over me; and when they come upon my soul, although they do not all conceal the real, yet they concentrate upon some casual object there, and impart to it a spirituality of aspect and quality which straightway embalms it in my heart. Thus do I invest the faces of friends with a holiness and fervor of devotion which belongs not to them; and when I have wreaked the treasures of my soul upon objects thus elevated above their real quality, I find what a false vision I have been worshiping—its higher qualities mingle again with my own thoughts, whence they emanated, and the real object stands before me, low, dull, and insipid as the thousands of similar ones by which it is surrounded. Thus do I, enamored of qualities and perfections which exist only in my own thought, continually cheat and delude myself into the belief that a congenial spirit has been found, when some trivial incident breaks the spell—the charms I loved glide back to my own soul, and the charmer, unconscious of change in himself, wonders what has wrought so sudden an alteration in me. Then come heart-burnings and self-reproaches against those I have foolishly loved, of treachery, hypocrisy, and ingratitude, which they cannot understand, and over which I mourn and weep.

I had a friend once—not long ago, for the turf is still fresh over his gentle breast—whose soul was fashioned like my own, save that he was all softness, and wanted the hardness and commonplace which events and years have given to me. For a long and delightful season we held sweet converse together; and, although he was much younger than I, yet was there no restraint or concealment between us. Every throb of his heart, almost every evolution of his brain, found an echo in me. I was his

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mirror—a fountain in which he contemplated himself. From *him* I never dreamed of treachery, or selfishness, or ingratitude—and he alone did not deceive me. He never gave me pain but once—and who shall tell the agony of that hour, when his hand ceased to return the pressure of my eager fingers, and the dark curtain of death shut out the light of his dear eyes from my soul! Yet, after the anguish was over, and I had laid him in the fragrant earth, amongst the roots of happy flowers, where the limpid brook murmurs its soft and never-ending requiem, and the birds come every night to dream and sleep amid the overhanging branches, although my mortal sense was all too dull to realize his presence, yet in my *soul* I felt that he was still with me. No midnight breeze came sighing through the dewy moonlight, or brought the exhalations of the stars upon its wings, that did not speak to me of him; and ever when I prayed, I knew that he was near me, mingling, as of old, his soul with mine.

Poets may sing of love, and romantic youths may dream they realize the soft delusion; strong hearts may swear they break and wither away with unrequited passion, and keen brains may be turned by the maddening glances of woman's eyes; but all these to me seem weak and common emotions when compared with the intenseness of man's friendship—that pure, devoted identification with each other which two congenial souls experience when the alloy of no sexual or animal passion mingles with the devotion of the spirit. I could go through fiery ordeals, or submit with patience to the keenest tortures, both of mind or body, so that I felt the sustaining presence of one real friend; while, if alone, my heart shrinks from the contest, and retires dismayed upon itself.

But my poor friend was in love, and *his* love was as pervading and absorbing as the fragrance of a flower, or the light of a star. The woman he had chosen for his idol—the shrine at which his pure devotions of heart and soul were offered—was a gay and beautiful Creole from New Orleans, who, with her mother, and a young gentleman who appeared in the capacity of friend, spent the summer months in the North. They stopped at the Carlton, where my friend was boarding, and the acquaintance had been formed quite accidentally. The lady was beautiful, bewitching, and very tender; and, without stopping to inquire as to the consequences, or to assure himself that he had the least chance of success, Medwin fell desperately and hopelessly in love in a few days. I was soon made aware of the state of the case, for he had no secrets from me; and, foreseeing that he might very easily have deceived himself entirely in taking for granted that the young lady's affections were not pre-engaged, I begged him to be cautious, and not throw away his regards upon an object, perhaps, unattainable—perhaps even unworthy of them. I represented to him that ladies in the South were usually not very long in falling in love; and it was altogether probable that Clara Harland was already engaged to the gentleman who had accompanied her and her mother, and who was evidently a favored acquaintance. Charles, however, infatuated with his passion, was deaf to my remonstrances, and the very next day sought and obtained an interview, in which he declared his passion, and was made happy by the beautiful Creole. She, however, cautioned him to be on his guard, as her companion had for some time been a suitor for her hand, and was a great favorite with her mother, who had frequently and earnestly urged her to accept his attentions. The fair girl avowed, with flashing eyes, that she loved him not, and had never loved before she met with Medwin. "How," she exclaimed with unwonted energy, "can dear mamma suppose that I shall ever become enamored of that coarse, ferocious, unintellectual man? He has not a generous or delicate sympathy in his nature, and is as rude in heart and feeling as in manner. Beware, however, my dear Charles," continued she, with earnestness, "of Mr. Allington. He is a bold, bad man, whom habits and associations have made haughty, imperious, cold-blooded, and cruel; and I tremble for you when he shall learn what has this day passed between us. Beware of him, for *my* sake; and, oh! promise me, dearest Charles, that, whatever may be the consequence of what we now have done, you will never fight with him."

Charles smiled, and pressed her hand. "Do not alarm yourself, dearest," said he, "I love you too well to rashly expose myself to danger. I have ever entertained a just horror of the inhuman and barbarous practice at which you hint; and beside," continued he, earnestly, fixing his eyes upon her face with such tenderness that the blood rushed unconsciously to her temples beneath that dear gaze, "since your words of hope and love to me to-day, existence possesses new value in my eyes. Be assured I shall not rashly peril it."

They parted with kind looks and a timid pressure of the hands. Medwin firmly resolved, let what would happen, to keep his promise to his beautiful Creole; and Clara, convinced that, although she had been bred and educated in the midst of a community where not to fight was of itself dishonorable, she should be *entirely* satisfied with what the world, or even her own mother should say, about his cowardice and want of honor. Poor girl! she had sadly miscalculated both the effects of the act she had advised, and the strength of her own resolution.

In a few days Mrs. Harland suddenly announced her determination of returning to New Orleans, and Clara sadly and tremblingly prepared herself to take leave of her lover. He came—was told by her of her mother's resolution to depart, which she was at no loss in tracing to the advice of Allington—and was made alive and happy again by Charles assuring her that he himself should start for New Orleans, although by another route, on the very day she departed.

"Oh, now I know that you do love me, indeed!" said the beautiful girl, while she pressed her lover's head to her dainty bosom, and, kissing his forehead, ran out of the room.

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CHAPTER II.

"Well, these d—d Yankees *are* all a pack of cowards, after all, and I will never defend them again," said a young Creole, as he met Mr. Allington one morning, at the Merchants' Exchange in New Orleans. "Not fight, and after being challenged on account of as lovely a woman as Clara Harland! Why, what the devil did he take the trouble of following you all the way from New York for, if he did n't mean to *fight* you?"

"Oh, nonsense! my dear St. Maur," replied Allington, "you do n't understand the laws of honor, as they are construed at the North. There, my dear fellow, every thing is regulated by law; and if a fellow treads on your corns, slanders you behind your back, or steals your mistress, the only remedy is 'an action for damages,' and, perhaps, a paragraph in a newspaper."

"But what says she herself to the cowardly fellow's refusal to fight you? I suppose that now, of course, she will think no more of the puppy, and return to Allington and first love."

"I know not—for I have not seen her these four days. But if this beggarly attorney's clerk document is to be believed," continued Allington, pulling a letter from his pocket, "she herself expressly commanded him not to fight."

"Oh, do let us hear it!" cried St. Maur, and half a dozen young bloods without vests, and with shirt-bosoms falling over their waistbands nearly to the knee. "Do let us hear, by all means, what the white-livered fellow has to say for himself."

"No," replied Allington, hesitatingly; "that I think would be dishonorable; although—I—do n't know—the d—d fellow would n't fight, and so I am not certain that I am not released—there, St. Maur, what the devil are you at?"

But St. Maur had snatched the missile from Allington's half-extended hand, and mounting one of the little marble julep-tables, and supporting himself against a massive granite pillar that ran from the ground-floor to the base of the dome, he began reading, while the company, now increased to half a hundred morning loungers, pressed eagerly round to hear. As my poor friend is dead, and there are none whose feelings can now be wounded by its publication, here is the letter.

"Sir,—Hours of an agonized struggle, in comparison with which mere *death* would have been an infinite relief, have nerved me for the task of telling you, calmly and deliberately, that I take back my acceptance of your challenge. When I received it, I was forgetful of my sacred promise, and acted only from the impulse of the moment. Had your friend stood an instant, the matter should then have been explained. As it is, I am positively compelled, much as my heart revolts at it, to drag a lady into my explanation. *She*, (I need not write her name,) bound me by a solemn and most sacred promise—to violate which would be dishonor—that I *would not* fight you. I must and will keep my word, although I have seen enough of public opinion, during the few days of my sojourn here, to know that by doing so I am covering myself with a load of infamy which I may find it impossible to bear.

"But enough; my course is taken, and I must abide the consequences, whatever they may be. I, therefore, sir, have to beg pardon, both of yourself and your friend, for the trouble this affair has already occasioned you.

"This letter is directed to you without the knowledge or consent of the gentleman who was to have acted as my friend on the occasion; and he must, therefore, be held responsible for nothing.

"Yours respectfully."

"A very pretty piece of argument and logic, eloquently urged, withal!" said St. Maur, as he coolly folded the letter, and leaping upon the floor, restored it to its owner.

"Hush!" said Allington, as he hastily deposited the letter in his pocket, "there he is. Can he have been a witness to St. Maur's folly, in reading the letter?"

All eyes turned instinctively to the further pillar in the large room, against which was leaning my poor friend, his face perfectly livid, and in an attitude as if he had fallen against the granite column for support. Several of the young Creoles approached the place where he stood; but there was something terrible in his aspect which made them start back, and quietly turn into the great passage leading to the street.

Medwin had recovered, if he had fainted, (which seemed probable,) and his eye now glared like fire.

St. Maur, however, approached him.

"So, my good Yankee friend," said he, bowing in affected politeness, "you did not like to risk Allington here with a pistol at twelve paces from your body, eh? You are very right, Mr. Wooden Nutmeg; it would not be safe!"

"Beware!" uttered Medwin, in such a deep and thrilling voice, that the Creole nearly jumped off the floor; but, before he could make a step backward, Medwin's open hand struck him a smart blow on the cheek.

"Ten thousand hell-fires exclaimed the astonished Frenchman, leaping back and almost tumbling over Allington, in his amazement. "What does he mean? I will have your heart's blood, sir, for this."

Medwin said nothing, but quietly handed the discomfited bully his card, which, however, Allington snatched away.

"What, St. Maur," cried he, would you fight a coward—a published poltroon? You know you dare not do it."

"Let me alone," cried the infuriated Frenchman. "He has struck me, and I will have his heart's blood. *Sacre nomme de Dieu!*" screamed he, forgetting his usual polished manner along with his English, and leaping about like a madman. "*Donnez moi son gage!*"

"Not now, I tell you, not now. Come along and I will satisfy you in ten minutes that you cannot fight that *coward*," emphasizing the last word, so that Medwin could not fail to hear.

"Mr. Allington," said Medwin, coming forward

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into the middle of the group, now reduced to some dozen persons—for an altercation is not of such rarity as to create any particular excitement there—"after the base and dishonorable use you have this day permitted to be made of a private letter, I am sincerely glad that circumstances rendered it impossible for me to treat you as a gentleman; but as to this person, (pointing to St. Maur,) I can easily satisfy him that he will run no risk of losing his reputation by honoring me with his notice. I have the honor to refer Monsieur St. Maur to Mr. ——, now at the St. Charles, whose character for honor is too well known throughout the country to be disputed." And, bowing low, Medwin left the room.

"Well, now this is a pretty scrape," said St. Maur, subsiding at once; "and I don't see how I can avoid fighting him. He is not such a cockroach!" and the Frenchman turned a little pale, despite his yellow skin.

"Nonsense," replied Allington, "you shall do no such thing. In the first place, I can't spare you; and in the next, if we can irretrievably disgrace Medwin, so that he may be shunned by everybody, I do not think the weak head of my Clara can withstand the storm; and she will gradually learn to despise him, too. So take no further notice of this matter; for a blow from a published coward carries no more disgrace with it than a bite from a dog, or a kick from an ass. You must help me out with my plans, too, in behalf of my charming heiress, and I'll be sure to remember you in my will. Let's take a julep."

For three days Medwin waited in an agony of impatience to hear from St. Maur, but not a word came—and he began to despair. Everywhere he went he was regarded with significant glances, and pointed at, while a disdainful whisper ran round the room, in which he could always distinguish the words, "white-livered Yankee," "coward," or some equally obnoxious epithet. He saw the cruel game that was playing against him. He had forgotten that, in refusing to fight with Allington, he had rendered it perfectly safe for every whipster in the community to insult him; and he now became suddenly aware that he had involved himself in a dilemma from which it was impossible for him to escape.

In the midst of these reflections—while life had become intolerable, and infamy and disgrace dogged his steps like a shadow—he never entertained a doubt of Clara's love and constancy, and looked forward to the time when he might claim her as his bride, and, amid the milder and manlier associations of his youth, regain that calmness and self-respect which he had here so strangely lost. His position was, in truth, a most wretched one. Opposed to the barbarous practice of dueling, circumstances and his own loss of self-control had forced him to *accept* a challenge, and then recall that acceptance, and to offer an insult to a stranger, for the express purpose of drawing out another.

Upon the day after his refusal to fight with Allington, he had called at Mr. Harland's, but was told that Clara had been taken suddenly ill, and could not be seen. This was a new and deeper anxiety, added to his already overburdened spirit; and he really had begun to be deserted of hope, and to contemplate a speedy relief from the pains of existence. Nothing but the confidence which he reposed upon Clara's love, rendered the bright sunshine an endurable blessing to the sadly distempered youth. But he could not see her. Day after day he called, and always the same cold, formal reply—"Miss Harland was yet very ill, but in no danger, and could not be spoken with." Could he but see her for an instant—could he touch her hand, or meet her smile, or drink in the sweet music of her voice, he would feel his heart nerved against every disaster, and would wait in patience; but all, all alone, amid lowering brows, or sneering faces, which ever glowered like phantoms about him—whether in reality, as he walked the streets, or in dreams, as he tossed upon his pillow—it was too much. His heart seemed to be on fire.

It was in this frame of mind, with reason tortured to her utmost power of endurance, and insanity peeping into that soul which might so soon become her own, that Medwin, while walking up the Shell-Road, and looking wistfully at the muddy canal, which swam away sluggishly on one hand, while the green and stagnant swamp stretched interminably upon the other, that he was startled by the rapid approach of a carriage, and the sound of gay and noisy mirth. He looked up. The brilliant equipage of Mrs. Harland was hurrying by, and he had barely time to distinguish Clara, looking as fresh and blooming as a newly flowered rose, and laughing and chatting in a lively and even boisterous manner with—Mr. Allington!

She leaned over the carriage-side as they whirled along, and, for an instant, her eyes met those of her bewildered lover.

CHAPTER III.

Alas! poor, silly Clara! How dared you thus rudely tamper with a soul of such exquisite and refined fire, that it constantly trembled and fluttered around its earthly shrine, like the flame of burning essence, as if doubtful whether to blaze or go out forever! Oh! shallow-hearted woman! what a wide and glorious world of bright hopes and angel aspirations—of beautiful thoughts and unutterable dreamings—in all of which thou wert a part—hast thou crushed even as the foolish child grinds the gay butterfly to powder between his fingers. And art thou, indeed, so heartless a *coward*, that, because men's tongues have dared to wag against the beloved of thy soul, thou durst not own him thenceforth, and hast cast him off forever! Murmur not, oh, woman! that thou art made the sport and plaything for rakes and libertines to beguile a weary hour withal. Search thine own heart; and, in that deep and dark recess, where lurk the demons of thy destiny—pride, vanity, frowardness—behold reflected the blackness and the *justice* of thy fate! Who setteth his whole soul upon a flower, and findeth its fragrance at last

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to be a deadly poison, if he escape from its contact, placeth no more flowers in his bosom. In vain they woo him with their beauteous eyes and breath of perfume. He heeds them not, or, at best, plucks them disdainfully, to gaze upon in listless indifference for a moment, and then cast them behind him, to be crushed beneath the stranger's heel.

Clara's heart smote her to the quick as she caught that wild glance of her lover, and saw the haggard ghost that looked out from those hollow eyes. She screamed slightly, and sunk back in the carriage as pale as marble. Allington and her mother exchanged glances, and were silent, while the young man made a motion, as if he would support her in his arms, and the carriage was turned homeward, and the horses urged to their utmost speed. Clara made no resistance to the attentions of Allington, and it was doubtful whether she was conscious—so pale, and cold, and pulseless were her beautiful cheeks and temples; but a tremulous quivering of the upper lip told of a storm that raged within.

By the time she arrived at home Clara had recovered herself completely, and, pushing aside the arm of Allington, almost rudely, she sprang upon the *banquette* and into the house; and, turning upon him a look of lively indignation, darted up stairs to her chamber. Here she was quickly rejoined by her mother, whose obtuse apprehension had at length discovered that something was wrong, and who now came to offer her maternal consolations.

"Mother!" exclaimed Clara, the moment she entered the room, "I am a wretch. It was I who compelled Medwin to promise me, upon his honor as a man, that he would not fight Allington; and now that all the world has frowned upon *him*, *I*, too, have turned recreant, and cast him off. Mother, speak to me no word of command or remonstrance. I will never see Mr. Allington again; and I will this very hour go to Medwin, and throw myself on my knees before him. Yes, we shall be happy!"

"My child, you *are* excited just now, and I beg you to wait until morning. We will then talk the matter over calmly; and if you cannot really be happy without Mr. Medwin, why, my child, I will not urge you further. Come, dear girl, go to bed now, and to-morrow you will be yourself again."

With gentle and soothing care—for the *mother* was now all aroused in the callous heart of this worldly woman, and bent every accent and every motion into grace and kindness—Mrs. Harland at length succeeded in calming the excitement of her child, and inducing her to consent to wait until the next morning, when, if she wished, her mother said, Medwin should be sent for. "I am sure, my child," she said, as she kissed her and bid her good-night, "I have acted for the best, and have nothing but your happiness in view."

And now she was alone; and leaving her bed, she leaned against the window, while the shadowy curtain of evening, which falls in that climate suddenly down from the sky, shut out the day, and seemed, at the same moment, to shut the light from her heart. Then, with rapid steps, her little feet paced the luxurious carpet of her apartment, while her heart beat loudly and still more rapidly in her bosom. Again she tried to rest, but the taper which she had lighted threw such ghastly shadows upon the walls, which seemed to wave and beckon her, that she leaped from the bed in agony, and almost screamed outright. Hours passed slowly and sadly, and the short, sharp ringing of the watchman's club upon the pavement beneath her window, mingled with the chimes of the old cathedral clock as it struck midnight—and still the poor frightened girl could neither sleep nor compose herself. Once, indeed, she had fallen into a kind of slumber, curtained with such horrid dreams as made it torture instead of rest. She saw her lover with his bright eye turned sweetly upon her, as of old, and his beautiful locks resting upon her shoulder, while she held his hand upon her throbbing heart, and he whispered dear words and precious sighs into her willing ear. But anon the paleness of death stole over that manly brow—the lips fell apart, white and ghastly, and the noble form fell down at her feet, a stiffened corse. She shrieked aloud in her agony, and awoke. The moon had risen, and was throwing a broad and brilliant stream of light into the apartment, and the busy breeze, fresh from the fragrant sea, whispered its musical noises through the waving curtains of her couch.

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At length the white blaze of the moon went out, and the misty morn looked dim and sad over the sleeping city. Throwing a cloak about her, Clara hurried down the stairs, and, opening the door softly, found herself in the street, at an hour she had never before been there. What a strange and dreary aspect every thing seemed to wear! The windows of the houses, as she passed, were all closed, and no one could be seen but dozens of loitering negroes returning from market, or here and there some industrious landlady with a small basket of vegetables on her arm, and closely veiled, hurrying along as if to escape observation, followed by a servant with the day's provisions in a large basket, which she carried steadily upon her head. Every one who met her turned and stared curiously; and as she hurried over the long crossing of Canal street, and threaded her way between the hacks that had already taken their station, she felt that rude eyes, and ruder sneers were upon her. She paused not for an instant, however, but redoubled her speed until she reached the private entrance to the St. Charles, where, leaning for a moment against a column, she beckoned a woman from the saloon of the baths into the vestibule, and, putting a piece of money into her hand, whispered, "Find out the chamber of Mr. Medwin. He is very sick, and a dear friend of mine—I must see him immediately."

The woman disappeared up the stairs leading to the "office" of the hotel, and, returning in a moment, made a sign for Clara to follow.

As they approached, a noise and bustle were apparent at the further end of the corridor, and several servants were hurrying in and out, as if some sudden accident had occurred. Clara's guide pointed out

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Medwin's room, and she rushed in—feeling certain in her heart that her lover was dying.

He lay still and stark upon the sofa, with a few white froth bubbles gathered upon his lips, and a letter clasped tightly in his hand. It seemed that he was not yet dead, for a physician, who had been hastily summoned, was attempting to force open his mouth, as if to administer a restorative to the dying man. As Clara approached, he stared in astonishment, but she heeded him not, and exclaiming, "Oh, Charles, what frightful dream is this!" threw herself on her knees before him.

Life rallied for an instant, and he opened those wild, fearful eyes. Oh! what a world of wretchedness and despair was in that glance! He knew her; and conquering, with a convulsive effort, the agony which was withering up the last drops of life, caught her to his heart, exclaiming,

"Clara, thou art forgiven! I am *not* a coward; for I can even die and leave thee thus. Farewell! be happy!"

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All was over. My poor friend had fought his last battle, and his antagonist and conqueror was Death. That pure and noble spirit, with all its wild and restless fever-dreams, "sleeps well" amid the beautiful solitudes of Cypress Grove Cemetery—the *home of the stranger*—where so many proud and buoyant hearts crumble beneath the golden air, now filled with odorous dew. And I wait patiently, yet sadly, for the hour which is to restore me to the friend of my bosom.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN MUSE.

BY LYMAN LONG.

The Muse, in times more ancient, made
The grove's thick gloom her dwelling-place,
And, queen-like, her proud sceptre swayed
O'er a submiss and trembling race.

When stirred her breath the sleeping trees,
Awe-struck, with fearful feet they trod,
And when her voice swelled on the breeze,
Adoring bowed, as to a God!

Her wildly murmured strains they caught,
As echoes from the spirit-world,
Till reeled the brain, to frenzy wrought,
With mixt amaze and rapture whirled!

Thus stern, retired, she swayed the earth,
Till, as new dawned an age of gold,
A happier era led her forth
To dwell with men, like gods of old.

To dwell with *us*—to roam no more!
Ours is this golden age of bliss!
She comes with blessings rich in store,
And, like a sister, whispers peace.

Not now with awe-inspiring air,
But gentle as the meek-eyed dove,
And clad in smiles that angels wear,
And with an aspect full of love.

She greets us at our fire-sides, when
Sweet looks to accents sweet respond,
And breathing soft her tender strain,
More closely knits the silken bond.

Unmingled joy her smiles afford,
Where meet the mirthful, social throng,
As, gathered round the festive board,
Our healths she pledges in a song.

She meets us in our private walks,
'Mid groves that fairy glens embower,
When Morning gems her purple locks,
Or Vesper rules the silent hour.

Her hand, upon the beech's rind,
Marks well, for fair Belinda's eyes,
(Else vainly murmured to the wind,)
Thy flame, young Damon, and thy sighs.

Stern Toil, beneath her gentle sway,
Well pleased, unbends his rugged brow—
With Bloomfield chants the rustic lay,
Or guides with Burns the daisied plough.

Her form appears the bow of peace,
Upon the clouds that darken life,
Now bidding Sorrow's tears to cease,
And staying now the hand of Strife.

She smiles on me, no bard inspired,
But wand'rer o'er life's arid waste,
Who, fainting, halting, parched and tired,
One cordial, nectared drop would taste.

Companion of the pure in heart,
She tunes the lyre to David's flame,
And rapt, as mortal scenes depart,
She hymns the heaven from whence she came!

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THERESA, OR GENIUS AND WOMANHOOD.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY MRS. JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

What sad experience may be thine to bear
Through coming years;
For womanhood hath weariness and care,
And anxious tears;
And they may all be thine, to brand the brow
That in its childish beauty sleepeth now.

THERESA GERMAINE was a child some six years of age when I saw her first, nearly twenty-five years ago. It is a long time to look back on; but I well remember the bright, winning face, and cordial manners of the little lady, when she would come to the parsonage and enliven our tranquil hearts by her gay, spontaneous glee. She was full of life and buoyancy; there was even then a sort of sparkling rapture about her existence, a keen susceptibility of enjoyment, and an intense sympathy with those she loved, which bespoke her, from the first, no ordinary being. Ah, me! I have lived to see all that fade away, and to feel grateful when the dust was laid on the brow I had kissed so often in an old man's fondness—but let that pass. I must write calmly, or tears will blind me; and I have undertaken the task of recording Theresa's experience, not to tell how well we loved her, but to strive, however feebly and imperfectly, to lay bare some of the peculiarities of genius, when found in sad combination with a woman's lot.

There was little marked or unusual in Theresa's outward life; her visible griefs were such as come to all, but the history of her inner being—the true and unseen life—was one of extremes. It was her fate to feel every thing vividly; and her joys and troubles were fully realized by the impassioned depth of her nature; and if, in my loving remembrances, I dwell somewhat bitterly on the portion society gave one who richly deserved its homage, and singularly needed its indulgences; if I portray too warmly the censure and neglect that made her path so full of trial, let me not be misunderstood. I would give no sanction to the hasty disregard of appearances which is the besetting sin of exalted and independent intellect. Under all circumstances it is an unwise experiment to transgress established rules; and in a woman, however rarely she may be gifted, it is a rash and hazardous thing to defy public opinion. Wearying and frivolous as many of society's conventionalities are, there is much wisdom in them; they are indispensible links in the chain binding together "all sorts of people," and she who breaks them knowingly, sins against one of her greatest safeguards.

Theresa's father, a man of good birth and great acquirements, but ruined fortunes, had come to reside in our village about five years before the commencement of this story. She was then his only child, his elder treasures having been laid, one after another, in distant graves. Her mother was a tranquil, quiet woman, and still retained the traces of a beauty which must once have been remarkable. She was a person of placid temper and mediocre mind, but wavering in judgment, and not in the least calculated to control the impetuosity, or guide the enthusiasm of her ardent and reckless child. This Mr. Germaine seemed acutely to feel; and I could read his fears in the fixed gaze of prophetic anxiety which he would often rivet on the varying countenance of his happy and unconscious daughter. His health was already gradually declining, and he evidently dreaded the future, when his favorite should be left in many respects guardianless amid the world's temptations. In my capacity as pastor, I was a frequent visiter at the little cottage, where, in subdued resignation he was patiently wearing out his life; and we at length acquired that mental intimacy which men are apt to feel when they have spoken together of life's highest aims and holiest hopes. I was many years his senior—for it is with the tremulous hand of old age that I write these lines, and I felt sincere and admiring sympathy for one who, through various perplexities and misfortunes, still retained serenity and peace.

We were sitting together one starlight evening, in the small vine-draperied porch of his simple dwelling. Mrs. Germaine was occupied with household duties, and Theresa, after having asked us both a thousand unanswerable questions, had reluctantly obeyed her mother's summons to retire to rest.

"I cannot describe to you," said my companion, "the fear with which I anticipate the hereafter for that child; she is one whose blended characteristics are rare, and her fate can have no medium. Were she a boy, and possessed of those traits, I should have no dread, for with such energies as are even now visible in her temperament, circumstances can be almost controlled, but it is a dangerous thing for her own happiness, for a woman to be thus endowed."

"I think you are too desponding," was my reply; "it appears to me that talent is accessarily in a great degree its own reward; and though it is the fashion to talk and write much of the griefs of intellect, I believe human sorrow is more equally divided than we acknowledge, and that the joys resulting from high gifts far overbalance their trials."

"It may be so generally," Mr. Germaine answered, "but my experience and observation have impressed me differently. I never knew, personally, but one woman of genius, and she was a mournful instance of the truth of my convictions, and of the fatal folly

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of striving to pass beyond the brazen walls with which prejudice has encompassed womanhood. She was young, fair, and flattered, and fascinating above any comparison I can think of. Of course, she was aware of her capabilities—for ignorance in such cases is not possible, and naturally self-confident, she grew impatient for praise and power. Her affections, unfortunately, were warm and enduring; but she sacrificed them, to promote her desire for distinction, and unable, though so superior, to escape the heart-thraldom, which is the destiny of her sex, she died at last, more of disappointment than disease, with her boundless aspirations all unfulfilled. I fancy I can trace in Theresa many points of resemblance to her I have mentioned—for I knew her in early childhood. Solicitude on this subject is the only anxiety I cannot patiently conquer, and which makes the prospect of parting painful." He paused for a moment, and then, as if to turn his reflections from their depressing course, he said, "I have been reading to-day some extracts from Mrs. Hemans' works. As I grow older and more thoughtful, such things touch me deeply, and I experience a constantly increasing interest in the products of female talent. There is an intensity of sentiment, a pure tenderness of heart about such writings generally, which, in my present tranquil state of mind, are in harmony with my heavenward reflections, and the ideal spirit pervading them, soothes my imagination. In my restless and hopeful years I sought literary recreation from far different sources, but now that I feel myself a pilgrim, and stand surrounded by shadows on the verge of an unknown hereafter, I prize inexpressibly these glimpses of paradise which are God's precious gift to every true and intellectual woman."

It was thus my friend often spoke, for it was a theme on which he always delighted to dwell. I have never seen any one whose reverence for woman's gifts was so strong, and who appreciated with such sincerity the moral loveliness of her perfected nature. It was about this time that the birth of a second daughter added a new tie to Mr. Germaine's life; and the event saddened him more than I believed any earthly event could have done. The feeling was probably a natural one, but it grieved me to see how he strove to crush every impulse of tenderness toward the little one he must leave so soon.

It would have been well for Theresa had her father lived to view the ripening of the faculties whose blossoming he already traced with the prophetic gaze of parental affection; but she was destined to tread her path alone, and to know in their wide extent both the triumphs and the penalties of superiority. She was seven years of age when her father died, leaving herself and her sister to their mother's care. I need not relate here the many interesting interviews between Mr. Germaine and myself, which were more and more touching as his departure drew near. With an earnestness unutterably impressive, he implored my watchful solicitude for his eldest daughter, entreating me to afford her that guidance from experience, which she must inevitably need.

"Be gentle with her," he said, "but not too indulgent; she will require strictness of management, for with such impetuosity of nature her judgment must often err. She is too young as yet for me to be able to foresee the particular bent her character will assume, but I entreat you to be her candid friend and firm adviser when she will assuredly want both."

On the trying scenes of that period I will not longer linger; for there is something unutterably solemn in the tranquil passing away of a good man's soul, something that hallows to our thoughts even the fear-fraught moment of dissolution from which mere mortality instinctively shrinks. Yet it is a sad thing when so much worth and wisdom leaves the earth forever; and to those who realize the inestimable advantages and useful influences of a high example, it is a mournful sight to look on the closing sunset of one who evidenced the beautiful union between holiness and humanity.

CHAPTER II.

Spirit-like fair forms are pressing
'Round her now,
With their angel hands caressing
Her pale brow.

Words of solace they are chanting,
Sweet and clear,
That evermore will now be haunting
Her life here.

I visited the cottage frequently, and for several months after Mr. Germaine's death, it was the scene of no ordinary grief. Mrs. Germaine bore her bereavement patiently—for it was an event she had long anticipated with womanly meekness and resignation; but she mourned most deeply—for it is a great mistake to think common-place persons deficient in vividness of feeling. I believe their emotions are as keen, and generally more enduring, than those of more decided minds, from the very fact of their possessing few self-resources to divert the course of affliction. Be this as it may, Mrs. Germaine was soon, in all that was apparent, the quiet and anxious mother she had always been; and if she suffered still, it was in the silence of a heart that had no language for its sorrows. Far wilder and more vehement was the passionate and unresisted tide of Theresa's suffering; and for many weeks she refused all the consolation that could be offered to a child of her age. She would sit by my side and converse of her father, with an admiration for his virtues, and an appreciation of his character far beyond what I had supposed she could comprehend.

This violent emotion necessarily exhausted itself, as a heavy cloud weeps itself away; but for a long time she was painfully dejected, and her face lost its childishness of expression, and wore a look of appealing, unspeakable melancholy I never remarked on any other countenance. It was the "settled shadow of an inward strife," the outward impress of a mind suddenly aroused to a knowledge of trial, and never again to sleep in unconsciousnes; and often in after years, the same inexpressible look darkened her brow through the tumult of conflicting impulses, and amid the war of triumph and pain.

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I have said that Mr. Germaine's pecuniary circumstances were limited; but for some time previous to his illness, he had, at the expense of many a personal comfort, laid by a sum sufficient to procure for Theresa all the advantages of an accomplished education. His wife had frequently remonstrated against the innumerable little privations he voluntarily endured for this favorite purpose, for she attached more value to physical than mental gratifications, and could scarcely sympathize with his disinterested solicitude for his daughter's intellectual culture. It had been a great happiness to him to trace the gradual development of her intelligence, and to direct her simple studies; and it had been one of his last requests that I would in this respect occupy his place until she should be old enough to require other superintendence. His love was one of hope and trust, and he had diligently sown the seed, though he knew he never might behold its ripening.

For two months I made no attempt to alter the current of her thoughts, believing it better to allow her sensibilities to exhaust themselves without interruption. When she grew calmer, I proposed that she should come every morning to the parsonage to resume her daily studies; and, as I had hoped and anticipated, she eagerly acceded to the arrangement. And thus commenced the cultivation of a mind, whose early maturity bore a rich harvest of recompense; and thus dawned that loving anxiety for my pupil's welfare which realized many of my life's younger wishes, and lent so sunny and living an interest to my solitary and remembering years.

It was with some difficulty and after much remonstrance that I induced Theresa's application to the graver branches of acquirement, which, with my old-fashioned ideas of education, I considered indispensable even to a woman. At last, I believe, it was only through affection for me that she yielded her taste, and consented to devote her mind to such acquisitions. Her inclinations were all for what was beautiful or imaginative; she early loved whatever touched her feelings or awoke the vivid impressions of her young fancy; and I found some trouble in curbing within rational limits her natural and fascinating prepossessions. As she grew older, and passed what she deemed the drudgery of learning, and drew nearer, with rapid steps, to Thought's promised land of compensation, we constantly read and conversed together. We dwelt on the inspired pages of the poets, I, with old age's returning love for the romantic, and increasing reverence for the true, and she, with the intense, bewildered delight of a spirit that hoped all things, and a simple faith that trusted the future would brightly fulfill all the fairest prospects which poetry could portray.

Her disposition was sanguine to an extreme, with the happy faculty of believing what she hoped; and she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of expressing and defining her ideas and emotions, and rendering them visible by words. She never paused for an expression, or selected an injudicious one; and her fluency was the result of a mingled vividness and clearness of intellect, blended with artist-skill, and all the fervor of dawning and dreaming womanhood.

Her affections were spontaneous and impassioned, at once impulsive and enduring, and, like all enthusiasts, she was frequently governed by prejudice. Her little sister was a child of rare beauty and gentleness, and was Theresa's perfect idol. She was perpetually contriving pleasant surprises for her favorite; and it was her delight to wreath flowers around Amy's golden curls, and to add a thousand fantastic decorations to her delicate and seraphic loveliness. They would have made an exquisite picture, those two sisters, so different in age and character; the one so fair, with childhood's silent and fragile beauty, the other glowing with life and premature thought, already testing the "rapture of the strife," and revealing in the intense gaze of her dark, restless eyes, the world of gleaming visions within whose enchantment she lived.

It was when my pupil had reached her fourteenth year, that, in obedience to her father's written directions, she prepared to leave our tranquil home, to enter the school of the convent, near the city of ——. I know not why Mr. Germaine wished her placed there, for he was himself a Protestant, but the advantages of instruction were at that time tempting. Probably, in dwelling on them, he overlooked the risk of placing his daughter where the unnumbered graces of mind and manner veil another creed, and make it alluring, and where the imaginative and gorgeous pomp of a different faith were to be placed in their most attractive colors before her unsuspecting eyes. It was with many a misgiving, many a secret fear, that I anticipated Theresa's removal from my watchfulness; and I warned her with the most sincere affection, against the temptations of various kinds which she would probably encounter in her new abode. Early in the autumn we were to part with her, and the sweet summer, with its wealth of fruit and flowers was now around us, and our village, in its garlands of blossoms, looked its loveliest.

CHAPTER III.

O! were it thus! had we, indeed, the gift,
Though human, our humanity to claim;
Could we in truth our restless spirits lift,
And never feel the weight of earth again,
Then would I leave the sorrows I bewail,
To clasp the cross, the cloister, and the veil.

Some weeks previous to the time at which my last chapter terminates, I had received a letter from an old friend, requesting me to inform him if any dwelling in our vicinity was for sale, as he was anxious to leave the city, and bring his family to a quieter home. I answered his inquiries satisfactorily, and now daily expected him to arrive, and make final arrangements for his removal.

He came at last, bringing with him his only son, a boy somewhat older than Theresa. Gerald Brandon was pale and feeble from recent illness, and I persuaded his father to leave him with me, until his new residence was prepared to receive its inmates. He gladly assented, and accordingly returned to town, while Gerald remained at the parsonage. The next

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two months were among the happiest my memory recalls; and they were the last untroubled ones Theresa passed in her secluded home. From their threshold she glided to a new life—to that conflict of will and purpose, that tempest of impulse and disappointment which finally subdued her spirit and wearied out her existence. But as yet all was serene and full of promise; and the golden hues of her sunny dreams invested our simple pleasures with varied and poetic interest. My young guest was a gentle, reflective boy of more than ordinary capabilities, but enfeebled by ill-health, and a victim to the lassitude which frequently follows protracted bodily suffering. He was too placid and pensive for his age, and his mind, though refined and harmonious, had nothing of that restless, energetic brilliancy which sparkled through Theresa's thoughts. He, however, eagerly participated in her accustomed studies, and contributed his share to our literary recreations. I sometimes looked on the two with that involuntary wish for the power of prophecy which so often rises upon us, and which in great mercy we are denied, and would frequently strive to shadow forth the destiny of beings who were now reveling in the brief, bright interval between childhood and the world. Beautiful era! time of star and flower, when the "young moon is on the horizon's verge," and the young heart, lovelier still, seems on the brink of rapture, and hallows existence with its own unshadowed and seraphic light. We have cause to be grateful that this episode is transient, that reality contradicts its hopes, for could its illusions last, who would pause to think of heaven, with so much of enchanting fulfillment around us here.

It was with instinctive pride that I felt my favorite's mental superiority to her companion, and noticed the genuine admiration with which Gerald acknowledged it. He was astonished at her variety of acquirement, her daring originality of opinion, and her unstudied readiness of expression. He was gratified, and it may be, flattered, by the disinterested solicitude she evinced for his enjoyment, and the readiness with which she discarded any scheme of amusement in which his health prevented his participation. There is a period in youth when the affections feel as a strong necessity, the desire for sympathy, when love is yet a stranger, and friendship is as intense as passion. Dearer than any after friend, is the one who first fills this yearning vacancy; and though as time wears on, and separation follows, that tie may be broken never to be re-knit, there is a halo around it still, and it is made almost holy by the blended tints of hope and trust, and tenderness, that, with reflected light, shine back upon its memory.

It was the evening before Theresa's departure, and we were all assembled at the cottage. It was impossible to feel very sad, where the majority were so eager and fraught with hope, and yet the mother's countenance was full of anxiety for her child. Little Amy sat on her sister's knee, and Theresa, in her graphic language, was relating some romantic history of her own invention, while Mrs. Germaine and myself spoke of her. The parent's solicitude was altogether physical; she feared only that Theresa would be sick, or that she would encounter some of the thousand accidents and evils, whose spectres haunt us upon the eve of a first separation. I thought it kinder to be silent as to my own very different misgivings, and to dwell only on the encouraging part of the prospect. There might be nothing to dread, after all, and it was possibly only our unwillingness to part with Theresa, that thus assumed to itself the tormenting shape of inquietude.

During our conversation, which was carried on in an under tone, little Amy had fallen asleep, and after carefully placing her on the couch, and kissing the fair face of the slumberer, that shone like a faultless picture from its frame of golden curls, Theresa adjourned with Gerald to the porch. It was a perfect evening, and the rays of the full moon illumined the little portico, throwing on its floor, in fanciful mosaic, the fantastic shadows of the vines which drupered the pillars, and lighting up with its spiritual radiance, the earnest countenances of the youthful friends. Gerald looked more than usually pale in the blanching beams, and Theresa's gaze was sad and tearful.

"You will forget us all, Theresa," said the boy; "you will find elsewhere gayer and dearer companions; you will be praised and flattered, and it will be several years before you will be stationary here again."

"Do you remember the book we read together but a few days since?" she answered, "and which says there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind?"

"Well, but at least you may grow indifferent," persisted Gerald, already betraying manhood's perverseness in suspicion, "at least you may grow indifferent, and that is even worse than forgetfulness."

"Far worse," answered Theresa, "I would rather a thousand times be wholly forgotten, than know that the heart which loved me had grown cold and careless. But, Gerald, you are my first friend, the only one of my own age I have ever known, and how can I lose the recollection of all we have thought and hoped together? And then I shall be too constantly occupied to form other ties, for I intend to study incessantly, and to return here all, mentally, that my friends can wish me."

"Are you not that already; I, for one, do not desire you to change."

"You will alter your flattering opinion, *mon ami*, if I can by application realize the bright pictures my ambition paints. I shall be so much happier when I have tested myself; for now, all is untried, the present is restless, and the future perplexing. It is so difficult for me to curb my impatience, to remember that our progressive path must be trodden step by step, it may be, through thorns and temptations. Patience is the golden rule of talent, the indispensable companion of success; for the 'worm may patiently creep to the height where the mountain-eagle has rested.' The hardest task for genius to learn is, through toiling, to hope on, and though baffled, never to despond."

Her face flushed with her own eagerness as she

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spoke, and Gerald looked on her with mingled admiration and want of comprehension, and something of that pity with which boyhood is prone to regard the wildness of girlish aspirations. It was with hopes and fears united, that Theresa bade me farewell; and as I turned away to seek my quiet home, the old feeling of desolation and loneliness, which interest in my favorite had long dissipated, returned upon me with its depressing weight. Our walk to the parsonage was taken in unbroken silence, for Gerald, like myself, was busy with the future—to him a smiling world of compensation and promise, to me, the silent land of fears and shadows. A whole year was to elapse before Theresa's return to us, and in the interval she engaged to write every week, either to her mother or myself.

For more than an hour that evening I sat beside my window, looking on the serene prospect around me, and endeavoring to lay something of that external stillness to the restlessness of my disturbing fancies. All around was spiritualized by the moonlight; the trees on the lawn threw long shadows on the grass, and far away, in their mysterious and majestic silence, stood the eternal mountains; like gigantic watchers, they kept their vigil over the placid scene beneath—the vigil of untold centuries. Cloudless, unsympathizing, changeless, they had no part in the busy drama of human experience their loftiness overlooked, and now they loomed with shadowy outline, through the sanctifying light, habitants alike of earth and sky.

I anticipated tidings from Theresa with that interest which slight occurrences lend a life whose stirring events are few.

To me, she engaged to record her thoughts and impressions as they came, and to be to me what, under similar circumstances *she* would have been, whose sweet face for a few years brightened my life, and who now sleeps, in her childish beauty, by her mother's side.

THERESA'S FIRST LETTER.

"You will have learned from my letter to my mother, my kind friend, all the little details of my journey and safe arrival at my destination. I felt as if some of my visions of romance were realized, when this beautifully adorned place, in its strange and solemn stillness, stood before me. All the grounds surrounding the convent-buildings are highly cultivated and tastefully improved, presenting a vivid contrast between the wild luxuriance of nature, and the formal, artificial life within these cold, stern walls. Several of the nuns, with downcast eyes and thoughtful steps, were taking their monotonous exercise in the paths through the shrubbery; and shall I confess that I looked with mingled doubt and envy upon those dark-robed figures—doubt, if the restlessness of humanity *can* thus be curbed into repose, and envy of that uninterrupted peace, if, indeed, it may be gained. Strange seem this existence of sacrifice, this voluntary abandonment of life's aims and more extended duties, this repelling, crushing routine of penance and ceremony, with which, in the very midst of activity, and in the bloom of energy, vain mortals strive to put off the inevitable fetters of mortality. Doubtless, many, from long habit, have grown familiar with this vegetative, unbroken seclusion, and accustomed to struggle with tenderness, and conquer impulse, have ceased to feel affection, and rarely recall the friends of their busier days—sad consummation of womanhood's least enviable lot.

"But I believe it is, in all sincerity, from self-delusion, not from deception, that these women, many of them in the freshness of youth, separate themselves from the wide privileges of their sex, and contract their hearts into the exclusive and narrow bounds of a convent's charities. What mental conflicts must have been theirs, before, from the alluring gloss of expectation, they could turn to embrace a career like this. Some, perhaps, believed the possibility of winning tranquillity by shutting out the temptation of the world, believed that dust might be spiritualized, and the mind, debarred from its natural tendencies, taught to dream only of heaven. Others have sought the cloister as a refuge for hearts that loved too well, and memories all too faithful. God help such!—for this is no place to forget. And it may be, that after years of painful self-control and depressing experience, some here have gradually attained the conviction that their efforts are vain, their yearnings not here to be fulfilled—what, then, must solitude be to them but an enduring sorrow? It is too late to retrieve the past—the fatal vows have been spoken—those frowning walls are impassable—and the dark folds of that solemn veil are evermore between the penitents and human sympathy. Never may their footsteps tread the free earth again, save within those still and mocking limits; never will the bright, rewarding world of social ties dawn upon their languid gaze, though, alas! its beauty will flash upon their thoughts, through the loneliness of the silent cell, perhaps even amid penance and prayer. I look with profound, inexpressible interest on these sisters, in their ungraceful, but romance-hallowed costume, and wish, as I watch them, that I could read something of what the past has been to each, and trace the various motives that led to this irrevocable fate. This monotonous life has all the glow of novelty for me; and I ponder with inexhaustible interest, and blended reverence and pity on the hidden moral conflict, continually occurring among beings who strive to taste angels' pleasures while escaping human duties, and are reminded of the folly of such attempts, by the perpetual presence of temptation, and all the self-reproach, regret, and disappointment which, Heaven be thanked! the angels never feel. I can scarcely tell, as yet, how I shall like learning here. My studies have always been such a pleasure to me, with you, that it appears strange to associate them with strangers. I am resolved to devote much time to drawing and miniature painting, for which you know I had always a *penchant*, and in the course of a month or two I shall commence the study of German. What a world of pleasure is before me. Will you not love me better, if I return to you an artist, brim full of German

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legends? All that I hope and aspire to, leads to that question—will these requisitions render me more beloved?"

"Theresa is too ambitious, too restless," said Gerald, as he finished the perusal of this letter, "she will only render herself discontented and conspicuous by this wild, idle desire for superiority."

I felt somewhat provoked at his querulous words, for in my partial eyes Theresa seldom erred, and I knew this solicitude for mental progress, though as yet vague and undirected, was inseparable from her active and energetic intellect. But Gerald's opinions were common ones with his sex, and he coldly censured when away from their attractions, the very traits of character which, when present, involuntarily fascinated his imagination. And this is an ingratitude which almost inevitably falls to the share of a gifted woman. Unfortunately, genius does not shield its possessor from defects of character; and her very superiority in raising her above the level of the many, renders her failings more evident, and those who are forced mentally to admire, are frequently the first morally to condemn. The following are extracts from Theresa's letters, written at various intervals during the first year of her residence at the convent; and they will perhaps serve to reveal something of the rapid development of her mind, with the self-forgetfulness and ambition so peculiarly blended in her nature. She is the only one I have ever seen who possessed extreme enthusiasm without selfishness, and the strong desire to excel, without envy. There was a harmony in her being as rare as it was winning; and while many instances of her childish generosity and spontaneous disinterestedness rise on my memory, I feel almost bitterness at the recollection of how unworthily her pure heart was appreciated, and how sad was the recompense of all she suffered.

"I am happy, my kind friend, happier than I believed it possible for me to be, when away from those I love. But I study incessantly, and in acquiring and hoping, I have no time left for regret. When I recall you, it is not repiningly, but with a thousand desires for your approval, and increased anxiety to become all you can wish. You will, perhaps, consider this vanity; but, indeed, that would be unjust, for it is in all humility, with a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies that I strive so eagerly to grow wiser and better. Surely it is not vanity, to yearn to merit tenderness! . . . . . You ask if I have made any new friends. No; and I can scarcely tell why. There are several here whose appearance has interested me—and you know how rapturously I admire personal attractions; but I feel a reserve I can neither conquer nor explain. Friendship seems to me too holy and enduring to be lightly bestowed, and yet I desire with inexpressible earnestness, to find some one of my own age who would love and comprehend me—some mind in whose mirror I could trace an image of my own. I have gained something like a fulfillment of this wish in Gerald; but he is naturally less enthusiastic than I am, and of course cannot enter into the fervor of my expectations. He thinks them vain an idle—and so, in truth, they may be; but only their irrevocable disappointment will ever convince *me* of their folly. . . . . I have been painting a great deal, beside my regular exercises, for my own amusement; I take such delight in testing my power to reflect the visible charm of beauty, and in endeavoring, however faintly, to idealize humanity. Among other efforts, I have finished a miniature of one of the young sisters here, whose sad, placid face, seemed to sketch itself upon my memory. Of course, the likeness was drawn without her knowledge—she has put away from her thoughts all such vanities. I often look on the picture, which is scarcely more tranquil than the original; and I wish I could speak a word of welcome sympathy to one who is so young, and yet so sorrowful. I was much touched, a few days since, by accidentally witnessing an interview between this nun, whose convent name is Cecelia, and her sister. It seems that she had taken the vows in opposition to the wishes and counsel of all her friends, having forsaken a widowed mother and an only sister for spiritual solitude and the cloister. I was copying an exquisite engraving of the Madonna, which adorns the apartment allotted to visiters, when a young lady entered, and desired to see her sister. The nun came, but not beyond the grating which bounds one side of the room. Those bars—signs of the heart's prison—were between beings who from infancy had been undivided, whose pleasures and pains through life had been inseparable, and who were now severed by a barrier impassable as the grave. They contrasted strongly, these two sisters, so nearly the same age, so different in their hopes for the future. The guest wept constantly, and her words, spoken in a loud tone, were broken by bursts of grief; but the other was composed, almost to coldness—there was no evidence of distress on her marble cheek, and her large, gray eyes, were quiet in their gaze. She had evidently learned to curb emotion and regret—the past for her was a sealed book, with all its remembrances; she was a woman without her sex's loveliest impulses—a sister without tenderness, a daughter without gratitude. They parted, as they had met, each unconvinced, each grieving for the other—the visiter returned to her holy filial duties, the devotee to her loneliness. My friend, on which of these sisters do the angels in heaven look down most rejoicingly? This scene made me sorrowful, as every thing does which destroys an illusion. I had entertained such romantic ideas of life in the cloister, it seemed so tempting to me in its rest, its spirituality; and now I realize that we have no right to such rest, that it is not ours to shrink from the duties, to shun the penalties, to crush the affections of humanity—and my visions of lonely happiness have passed away *pour toujours*. If ever I could be induced to forsake a world that now appears to me so rich in promise; if ever I am numbered among the tried in spirit, and broken in heart, some active solace must be mine, not this fearful leisure for thought and remembrance. My lot is to be a restless one; and whatever else the future may hold for me, I know, in the spirit of prophecy, it will bestow nothing of

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repose. . . . . You tell me my little sister grows every day more lovely. I can readily believe it. There is something very fascinating in the style of her childish beauty, something that appeals to tenderness and seeks for love—and she is always the reality that prompts my dreams of angels. Is it not unwise, my friend, to hold the gift of personal beauty of little value, when it thus involuntarily commands affection, and can win the world's charity for many faults?"

I know not if these disjointed scraps have interest for others, but I have recorded them, because to me they recall the young writer's glowing enthusiasm, and evince the confident hopefulness which is one of the most common traits of mental excellence. Without being vain, she had yet no fears for herself, no doubt of the successful exercise of the powers whose stirring presence she felt. All that seemed necessary to her was opportunity; and she possessed the faith our good God gives to youth, and whose passing away is one of the sorrows of age.

The time appointed for her return home had now arrived, and her mother's anxiety to see her was scarcely greater than my own. In the meanwhile, Mr. Brandon's new residence—the handsomest in our vicinity—had been completed, and his family was permanently located among us. His domestic circle consisted of Gerald, a daughter, about Theresa's age, and a maiden lady, the sister of his wife, who, since Mrs. Brandon's death, had done the household honors. Gerald had been, from the first, a constant visiter at the parsonage, and he now participated in our solicitude to welcome our darling back. About sunset, on the day of Theresa's return, I directed my steps toward the cottage, and I was but halfway to my destination, when I saw her coming to meet me. I could never be mistaken in her light, rapid walk, whose movements were full of grace. Not for many a long, sad year, had a reception so affectionate as hers been given me; and her greeting brought tears to my old eyes, and called up painful memories to my heart. In appearance she had greatly improved; her slight figure had rounded into more womanly proportions, and her motions were full of the wild, unstudied gracefulness that had always characterized her. There was about her a fascination I cannot explain, a something independent of externals—a witchery to be felt but not defined. Perhaps it was the visible influence of mental gifts, the reflection of that purity of heart and mind which impressed itself on all her words and actions.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that because in my fond remembrance I have lingered long upon Theresa's many virtues, I was ignorant of her faults. They were those inseparable from her temperament; an impetuosity which frequently misled her judgment, and a confidence in her own beliefs, a reliance on her own will, that nothing but an appeal to her affections could ever subdue. She was an instance of that sad truth, that our defects shape our destinies; that one failing may exert over our lot a more potent influence than many excellencies, and may mar the brilliancy of our moral picture by a single shadow, that shall darken it all. In after life, when trial and suffering pressed wearily upon her, all her griefs might have been traced back to the influence of faults, which in her childhood were not sufficiently developed to seem of consequence, or to merit rebuke. To us she was so loving and complying, that the less favorable traits of her nature were lost to our eyes in the brightness of her better endowments. Like all poetic persons, she had various fancies and caprices; but hers were all pure in purpose, and imparted a charm to her restless being. Even her tenderness had its fantasies, and lavished itself wastefully without thought or reason. Her attachment to her sister was remarkable in its tone, blending anxiety with its profound and impassioned tide. She would speak to me of Amy, of her childish loveliness, her gentle disposition, her appealing trustfulness, until tears would start to her eyes, and the future seemed painfully distant to one whose onward gaze had painted it with fulfillments. There was nothing sweet and lovable in life that she did not connect with Amy's hereafter. Alas! it was well for her she could not foresee that future happiness was to be won by the sacrifice of her own.

During Theresa's stay in our village, the young Brandons and herself were often together—and Gerald's admiration had evidently lost nothing from separation. His health had improved, though he still looked pale and delicate; but this physical languor lent refinement to his appearance, and excited Theresa's warmest sympathy. It would have been strange, were not the occurrence so common, that we should not have anticipated the probable consequences of such intercourse between Gerald and Theresa, but always accustomed to consider them in contrast with ourselves, as mere children, we forgot theirs was the very age for enduring impressions, the era in existence whose memories live longest. It was not until long afterward that I realized our error, and then, alas! it was too late to save the repose of a heart which possessed in fatal strength, woman's sad faculty of loving. The period soon came round for Theresa to return to her studies; and, to my surprise, her grief at the second separation was much more violent than at the first. I did not note, in my simplicity, the cause of this vehemence; I never suspected that a new tie, undefined, but powerful, was binding her being, that in the depths of a spirit whose earnestness I have never seen equaled, there had sprung up an affection never to pass away, and one dangerously enhanced by the imaginative tendency of her nature. That she had won over Gerald a profound and fascinating influence, was evident; she was to him a dream of intellectual beauty, and her presence idealized his life. He connected her instinctively with all his high hopes, his visionary schemes; but I feel, in recalling his admiration, that, from its very character, it was not likely to be permanent. There was too little in it of the actual world, too much of the mental; it was more the homage of mind, than the tribute of affection; rather the irrepressible appreciation of genius,

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than the spontaneous effusion of love. His expressions of regret at separation were warm and tender; but it is probable the young friends were both ignorant of the nature of their feelings. They parted tearfully, as a brother and sister would have said farewell; and the next few months, with their throng of sweet remembrances, fostered the growth of emotions very unlike, in truth, but equally kind and hopeful. And now there came a long interval of melancholy tranquillity in my life, for it was not until two years afterward that our darling returned. Her letters during the interval were frequent, and her ambition to excel deepened daily in intensity.

"One year more," she wrote, "and this routine of application will be over, I shall come to you no longer a child, but fitted, I trust, for a congenial companion. What bright pictures my fancy draws for that time! Surely the future is a land of surpassing beauty, if but one half its radiant hopes be realized."

"I have no patience with Theresa's visionary fancies," said Gerald, petulently, as he glanced over this letter, "I really believe she prizes books and pictures, and her idle dreams, more than the hearts that love her."

I have lingered long over this recording of a childhood that lent my loneliness many pleasures; and I must trace more rapidly and briefly the sadder portion of my recollections. Over the next two years let us pass in silence; they saw the last shining of pleasure upon Theresa's experience; they were the resting-place between her young hopefulness and the perplexing cares and disappointments of her energetic and unsatisfied womanhood. Never afterward did life appear to her so rapturous a gift, and intellectual superiority so enchanting, but the hereafter grew silent with its promises, and her spirit weary with its cares.

It was not until some months afterward that the journal I am about to quote fell into my hands; but I copy some of its fragments, to portray its writer's feelings. Ah, me! such trustful hearts as hers are those experience depresses soonest.

"How happy I have been this summer! I believe those who have spent their childhood in seclusion, and formed their first associations from the lovely creations of nature, love home better than persons *can* do, who have been always encompassed by the excitements and artificial enjoyments of society. These lose individual consciousness amid the throng of recollections; they cannot trace the progress of their being, nor retain the self-portraying vividness of memory. I am sure that no dweller in cities can feel as I do, when I return to this tranquil village; I can almost imagine I have stepped back into my childhood. Yet, loving this place as I do, I am still anxious to leave it; home, and especially a quiet one, is no place for great successes. Too much of the childish past hangs over it, and discourages exertion, and those who have loved us best and earliest, know least of what we are capable. Every day intercourse fetters judgment, and thought lives in the domestic circle with sealed lips. My kind friends do not comprehend my wishes or emotions; my mother deems them folly, and Gerald, instead of sympathy, tenders me only doubts and fears. But I repel silently such depressing influence; surely the motto of youth should be, *aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*. . . . . I have been reading that tearful book, the Diary of an Ennuyé. What a vivid picture it presents of mental and physical suffering, too intense to be wholly conquered, yet half subdued by the strong power of a thoughtful will. Such depictings of sorrow must be exaggerated, there cannot be so much of grief in a world where hope still liveth.

. . . . I have been amusing myself this morning by scribbling verses, and as I gradually became absorbed in my employment, I felt I would willingly relinquish half the future in store for me, could I win a poet's fame. I have been endeavoring to determine which is the most desirable, the celebrity of a poet or a painter. Perhaps the distinction an artist obtains satisfies the mind more wholly, and it must be a more universal thing, than that of a writer. He appeals to the senses; his work is the visible presence of what is immaterial, the palpable creation of a thought. He gazes on his production, until his being revels in the witchery of his own reality; and the ideal that had haunted his spirit so long, smiles and blesses him from that glowing canvas. But the poet, he who from the well of thought hath drawn forth such golden truths; who heareth within his heart the echo of whatever is beautiful around him; he who is the interpreter of nature, and translateth into burning words whatsoever things are pure and lovely, ah! he liveth alone with his glorious images, and from his brilliant world of dream and vision, he walks abroad uncomprehended, a solitary being. Yet he, too, has his reward, though seldom the present one of popular approval; time is requisite for the appreciation of his imaginings; he would not, if he could, profane them by the breath of popular criticism. *His* place is far away from common sight —a dwelling in pleasant thoughts; he is enthroned amid happy memories and early hopes; he is associated in our minds with forms of grace, and faces of beauty—with the light of stars, and the fragrance of flowers; with the pale hours of gloom his enchantments have chased away, and the green graves his heavenward words have hallowed. Which fame would I choose? Alas! for my craving nature, neither—but both!"

Two years had glided by, and Theresa had returned to us. Her studies were completed, and she seemed to our fond hearts more than we ever hoped for, or dared to anticipate. She had certainly improved to the utmost the period of her absence; she was an admirable linguist, a good musician, and her talent for painting was pronounced by *connoisseurs* to be extraordinary. She possessed in a rare degree perfect consciousness of her powers, without a tinge of vanity; and she spoke of her acquirements and performances simply and candidly, as she would have dwelt on those of a stranger. Gerald was evidently surprised at her mental progress, and perhaps he felt it almost painfully, for he certainly was not in her

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presence as natural and familiar as of yore. He would gaze on her long and fixedly, as if in being forced to admire, he hesitated how to love. I do not know whether Theresa perceived this change, and allowed it to influence her manner, or whether the natural timidity of one "on the eve of womanhood," rendered her also gentler and quieter than of old, but certain it is, that while to others they were the same as ever, for each other, they felt something they knew was not friendship, yet dared not think was love.

In the meantime Amy had grown into girlhood, and was, in truth, as beautiful as a poet's dream. She was timid, gentle, and silent; no strength of mind was enshrined in that faultless casket; and her transparent, maidenly brow, was never shadowed by the conflict of thought. Her words were few and commonplace, but they were spoken by a voice exquisitely musical, and her surpassing personal loveliness disarmed mental criticism. Theresa would regard her in unutterable admiration, blending a sister's tenderness with all an artist's ecstasy. There was no repaying enthusiasm; Amy's affections were not impulsive, and she shared nothing of her sister's spontaneous, effervescing warmth. She was, however, kind and graceful, with that charm of manner common even in childhood to those on whom the gods have smiled, and who, from the consciousness of beauty, possess the certainty of pleasing. Like all visionaries, Theresa had many fancies, and strongest among them was her boundless admiraton for loveliness. Living as she did in perpetual study of the beautiful, it appealed to her with that enchantment it only wears for the painter and the poet; and for her, who, in her dangerously endowed being, blended both, there was inexpressible fascination in all that reflected externally her radiant ideal. Gerald was a constant visiter at the cottage, and his undisguised admiration for Theresa's gifts deepened into lasting sentiment, what had hitherto been vague emotion. He sought her approval, solicited her opinions, and there was a tone of romantic reverence in his conduct toward her, which could not fail to interest one so young and sensitive. In many respects his character was far from equaling hers; ill-health had given peculiar fastidiousness to his tastes, and selfishness to his temper; but he was invested with the charms of pleasant memories, and that drapery which ever surrounds with grace those the heart loves first. I believe he never for an instant reflected on the effect his devoted attentions might produce, and, absorbed in the magic of his own rapturous thoughts, he had no time for calmer reasoning. Love is proverbially credulous; and although neither promise nor protestation had been spoken, Theresa never doubted what she hoped, and, perhaps, in her girlish faith, believed his feelings the deeper from their silence.

Thus the days wended on, and I had woven in my lonely simplicity many a bright tissue for future years to wear, when already the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" had gathered on my favorite's horizon. Gerald and herself had walked one evening to the parsonage, and were seated on one of the shaded seats in the old-fashioned garden attached to my home.

"Theresa, you have always been to me a sympathizing listener, and I have something to tell you now of more than ordinary interest—will you hear me patiently?" and as Gerald spoke, he looked up smilingly into his companion's face.

Why did Theresa's cheek flush at these simple words? I know not; I only know that it grew pale and ashy as Gerald proceeded to relate the story whose hearing he had solicited, and in the impassioned words of love to paint his devotion—not to her who sat beside him, but to the sister whose outward beauty had won more than all *her* gifts. He spoke of time to come, of being to her as a brother, of a home in common, and then he dwelt with a lover's rapture on the attractions of his promised bride, those charms she had often extolled to him with a poet's appreciation, and now heard praised in breathless agony. The bitterness, not of jealousy, but of despair, was in her soul—a pang for which there was no expression and no relief. Never more might she return to the hope his words had shattered, the trust she had indulged too long. All that had scattered her path with flowers, and thrown around her life's sweetest illusions was lost to her now; the confessions she had heard, raised a barrier not to be passed between herself and those she held dearest, and the sister for whom she would have laid down her life, claimed a sadder sacrifice, and glided a rival between her heart and its reliance. But to all his confidings she listened silently, and when he ceased to speak, she answered him kindly and gently. Love is selfish, and in the egotism of his own feelings, Gerald heeded not that his companion's voice faltered; and they parted without a suspicion in his mind of the suffering he had occasioned. Alas! such brief tragedies are acting every day in our household circles, and we note them not; bright eyes become tranquil, glowing cheeks look pale, and young hearts, once high with hope and energy, grow weary and listless; and we talk of illness, and call in science to name the disease, which is nothing but sorrow. There are, without doubt, solitary hours in human experience which do the work of years, forcing suspicion to dawn, and tempting despondency to deepen. Life should be measured by such hours, and they who feel most keenly are the ones who, in truth, live longest.

Certain it is that Theresa passed in those few moments to a new existence—to a being wholly different from her former self. The rainbow tints had faded from her sky, and the stars in her futurity had ceased to shine. What to her were all her mental gifts, when they had failed to win the love she valued? And now the nature so impulsive and ingenuous was impelled by the instinct of woman's pride to assume the mantle of concealment, to learn its task of suffering and silence. She could not, without betraying her true feelings, seem depressed, when all about her was happier than ever, and not a shadow rested on the hearts around her. Her mother was

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constitutionally tranquil; and Amy, in the relying gladness of her early youth, saw nothing to fear, and all things to hope. It was a trying effort for Theresa to bury the conflict of her impetuous emotions in the stillness of her own bosom—the more trying because she had never before known cause for reserve; but the power of endurance in womanhood is mighty, and she did conceal even from my watchful eyes, the triumph of certainty over hope. I knew not then that the silver chord was already severed, and the veil lifted from the pale face of grief, never again in mercy to lend its secrecy.

The extreme youth of Amy alone delayed her marriage, and the following year was appointed as the time of its celebration. In the meanwhile the lovers would meet almost daily, and there seemed nothing but happiness before them. And she, the highly endowed, the richly gifted, what was to be her lot? Even now the mists were gathering around her; her faith in the hereafter was lessened; disappointment haunted her onward steps, and memory darkened to regret. Poor Theresa! there was many a pang in her experience then proudly hidden from all human gaze; and her suffering was not the less because she felt that it arose in part from self-deception, and from its very character was beyond the solace of sympathy.

A few evenings afterward, I was sitting alone, when, with her light and eager step, Theresa entered my little study at the parsonage. Her cheek was flushed by her rapid walk, and her eyes sparkled as she laid before me a letter she had just received. I did not then comprehend the eagerness with which she grasped the refuge of excitement and change, but my heart sunk within me as I read the lines before me, for too well I foresaw the endless links of perplexity and misconstruction which would drag themselves, a dreary chain through the years to come. The letter was from the painter with whom she had studied his art, and was written with the kind feeling of one who, from the memory of his own aspirations, could sympathize with hers. He reminded her of a wish she had often expressed to practice her powers as a painter, and he said if that desire still continued, he could offer her a home in his household, and promise her success. His own professional attainments were great and popular, but his health was failing; and he declared it would be a pleasure and pride to him to direct her talents if she still wished to brave the perplexities of an artist's life. He dwelt on the subject with the fervor of a mind whose best faculties had been spent in the service of his art; but while he extolled its attractions and rewards, he concealed nothing of its cares and penalties. He concluded thus: "For me, the exercise of my glorious profession has been in all respects singularly fortunate; and in addition to the inexpressible gratifications attending its pursuit, it has won for me both popularity and wealth. But I would not mislead you, Theresa, nor conceal the difficulties which must inevitably, in such an attempt, harass a young and an enthusiastic woman. It is an unusual thing for womanhood to worship art; you will have ignorance and prejudice against you, and I need not remind you that these are the most perplexing of obstacles. But still there are rewards they cannot touch, pleasures beyond their influence—and these I proffer you. The artist bears within his own soul the recompense for many sorrows; and if you can summon the moral fortitude to wait in patience, and toil in hope, I candidly believe that, with your endowments, success will be a certainty. You will be to us as a daughter; and our childless old age will be gladdened by the presence in our home of your bright young face." Theresa had scanned my countenance eagerly while I perused this letter, as if to gather my impressions of the scheme; and she looked not a little disappointed when I gravely and silently refolded and returned the paper.

"I can divine your opinion," she said at last; "you disapprove of my plan."

"I do," was my reply. "I can discern no reason for your forsaking a tranquil home to brave so many certain annoyances."

"But, my friend," she answered, "you forget now the lesson you have often taught me, that we have no right to bury our talents, nor to shrink from the exercise of powers which were doubtless bestowed to be improved and employed. You will, perhaps, deem that my duty to my mother demands my presence here; but she has grown accustomed to my absence, and depends on me for none of her social comforts. Amy is far better fitted to be her companion, and I am sure that if I were to remain here, with the desponding conviction that my resources were useless, my acquirements thrown away; that knowledge would render me unhappy and throw a shadow over my home. Let me try this experiment for one year; if I fail, I will return satisfied that I have done my utmost; if I succeed, I can win for myself fame, and it may be peace."

She had spoken rapidly and earnestly, though I now know that her most powerful reasons for wishing to leave us, were left unuttered, and as she concluded her voice was tremulous. She impatiently awaited my answer; and I, with the folly of a fond old man, could not bear to dash away the cup that foamed so temptingly to her lips. Though fearful and unconvinced, I ceased to remonstrate. Many times since have I marveled at my own weakness, and lamented that I did not more decidedly condemn the young enthusiast's views; and yet what could I do? Had I more strenuously and successfully opposed the scheme, could I have borne to see my darling pine in the weariness of powers buried, and endowments wasted? Could I have recklessly sullied in their purple light the day-dreams of her yearning youth, have watched her, dispirited and dejected, ever turning from the gloom of the present to ponder on the radiant, haunting mystery of what she might have been?

To my surprise, Mrs. Germaine evinced none of the repugnance to the removal which I had anticipated; and, won over by Theresa's eagerness, and accustomed to be separated from her, she exerted no parental authority in the case. Her acquiescence, of

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course, silenced my objections, and I could only grieve where I would have counseled. Gerald alone violently opposed her departure; but she replied to him with a firmness I did not expect, and which surprised me not a little. But the decision was made, and even while tenderly and anxiously beloved, the wayward and gifted one went forth alone into the world.

CHAPTER IV.

Pale Disappointment! on whose anxious brow
Expectancy has deepened into pain;
Thou who hast pressed upon so many hearts
The burning anguish of those words—*in vain*;
Thy gloom is here; thy shadowy presence lies
Within the glory-light of those sad eyes!

Two years more had gone by since we glanced at Theresa last—years fraught to her with the fulfillment of ambition, and golden with the gifts of praise. Her name had become a familiar one to the lovers of art, and her society was eagerly sought for by the most intellectual men in one of our most refined cities. In the home of her artist friend she had been as a daughter, and cordially welcomed into the circles of talent and acquirement. It would have been well with her had that measure of success satisfied her, could she have returned then, without one hope turned into bitterness, to her early and tranquil home—but it was not so to be; and on the death of her friend, a year previous to this time, Theresa decided still to remain in the city, and follow alone the exciting glories of her art. In the meantime Amy's marriage had taken place; the cottage was deserted, and Mrs. Germaine found a home with her younger daughter. It was Gerald's wish that Theresa also should reside with them; but she had declined, affectionately, though positively; and she was now an exile from those who loved her best. Her engagements had proved profitable, she had acquired much more than was necessary for her simple wants; and all her surplus gainings were scrupulously sent to her mother. I, too, was frequently remembered in her generous deeds, and many a valuable book, far beyond my power to purchase, came with sweet words from the cheerer of my old age.

But this state of things was too prosperous to last always—the crowd does not permit without a struggle the continuance of such prosperity. Gradually the tide of public approval changed; rivals spoke slightingly of one who surpassed them; her impetuous words—and she was frank almost to a fault—were misrepresented, and envying lips whispered of the impropriety of her independent mode of life. Flatterers grew more cautious, professing friends looked coldly, and, one by one, her female acquaintances found various pretexts for withdrawing their attentions. Theresa was not suspicious; it was long before these changes were apparent to her, and even then she attributed them to accident. Confident in her own purity of motive, and occupied with her own engrossing pursuits, she had neither time nor inclination for disagreeable speculations. She felt her refuge was incessant employment; she dared not even yet allow herself leisure for contemplation and memory. A volume of her poems had just been published—its destiny filled her thoughts—for who cannot imagine the trembling, fearing solicitude with which the young poet would send forth her visions to the world? Her engagements in her profession, too, were ceaseless, and her health began to fail under the effects of a mode of life so constant in its labors, and so apart from the refreshing influences usually surrounding girlhood. And was she happy? Alas! she had often asked herself that question, and answered it with tears; ambition has no recompense for tenderness, womanhood may not lay aside its yearnings. Her letters to us contained no word of despondency; she spoke more of what she thought than of what she felt. Her heart had learned to veil itself; and yet, as I read her notes to me, the suspicion would sometimes involuntarily come over me that she was not tranquil, that her future looked to her more shadowy; and I longed to clasp her once more to the bosom that had pillowed her head in childhood, and bid her bring there her hoard of trial and care. She was, by her own peculiar feelings banished from our midst; how could she return, to dwell in Gerald's home, she who for years had striven in solitude and silence to still memories of which *he* made the grief? But she was no pining, love-sick girl; the high and rare tone of her nature gave her many resources, and imparted strength to battle with gentler impulses. But it was a painful and unnatural conflict between an ingenuous character and a taunting pride—a war between thought and tenderness. Wo to the heart that dares such a struggle! Aspiration may bring a temporary solace, excitement a momentary balm; but never yet, in all the tear-chronicled records of genius, has woman found peace in praise, or compensation in applause. It is enough for her to obtain, in the dangerous arena of competition, a brief refuge, a transient forgetfulness; love once branded with those words—*in vain*, may win nothing more enduring this side of heaven.

It was the twilight of a winter evening; the lamps were just beginning to brighten the city streets, and the fire burned cheerfully in Theresa's apartment. Various paintings, sketches, and books, were scattered around, and on the table lay a miniature of Amy, painted from memory. It depicted her, not in the flush of her early womanhood, not in the gladness of her hope-tinted love, but as she was, years ago, in her idolized infancy. The lamp-light shone full upon that young, faultless face, brightening almost like life those smiling lips, and the white brow gleaming beneath childhood's coronet of golden hair.

The young artist was seated now in silent and profound abstraction—for twilight is the time the past claims from the present, and memory is summoned by silence. Theresa's feet rested on a low footstool, her hands were clasped lightly together on her lap, and she leaned back in the cushioned chair, in an attitude of perfect and unstudied grace she would have delightedly sketched in another. Have ever I described my favorite's appearance? I believe not; and yet there was much in her face and figure to arrest and enchant younger eyes than mine. I could

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not, if I would, delineate her features, for I only recall their charm of emotion, their attractive variety of sentiment. Her eyes were gray, with dark lashes, and their expression was at once brilliant and melancholy, and the most spiritual I have ever seen. Her hair was long and fair, with a tinge of gold glancing through its pale-brown masses, as if sunbeams were woven in its tresses. She was not above the average height, but the proportions of her figure were peculiarly beautiful, and her movements and attitudes had the indescribable gracefulness whose harmony was a portion of her being. She looked even younger than she really was, and her dress, though simple, was always tasteful and attractive, for her reverence for the beautiful extended even to common trifles, and all about her bespoke the elevating presence of intellectual ascendency. The glance that once dwelt on her returned to her face instinctively—so much of thought and feeling, of womanhood in its faculty to love and hope, of affection in its power to endure and triumph, so much of genius in the glory of its untested youth, lay written in lines of light on that pale, maidenly brow. Ah, me! that I should remember her thus! As Theresa sat there, she idly took a newspaper from the table to refold it, and as she did so, her own name attracted her attention. It headed a brief notice of her poems, which was doubtless written by some one her success had offended—there are minds that cannot forgive a fortunate rival. It was a cold, sarcastic, sneering review of her book, penned in that tone of contemptuous irony, the most profaning to talent, the most desecrating to beauty. There was neither justice nor gentleness in the paragraph, but it briefly condemned the work, and promised at some future period, a more detailed notice of its defects. It was the first time that Theresa had felt the fickleness of popular favor; and who does not know the morbid sensitiveness with which the poet shrinks from censure? To have her fair imaginings thus degraded, her glowing theories prostrated, the golden pinions of her fancy dragged to the dust—were these things the compensation for thought, and toil, and sacrifice? It was a dark wisdom to learn, one that would cast a shade over all future effort—and disappointed and mortified, Theresa threw down the paper, and wept those bitter tears which failure teaches youth to shed.

An hour of painful reverie had passed, when the door of the apartment was noiselessly opened, and with silent steps, the dark-robed figure of a woman entered and approached Theresa.

"I have intruded on you most unceremoniously," said the stranger, in a voice singularly soft and melodious, "and I have no apology to plead but the interest I feel in youth and genius, and this privileged garb;" and as Theresa glanced at her dress, she saw it was that of a Sister of Charity. It was an attire she had grown familiar with, during her abode at the convent, and the winning kindness usually distinguishing its wearers, had invested it in her mind with pleasant associations.

"You are welcome, nevertheless," replied Theresa, "for I know that in admitting your sisterhood we often entertain angels unawares."

The new comer seated herself, and the young artist strove in vain to recall her features; they were those of a stranger.

"You are personally unknown to me, Theresa," said the lady, after a brief silence, "but your father was one of my earliest friends. Nay—it matters not to ask my name; the one I then bore, is parted with now, and I would not willingly speak it again; under a different appellation I have been lowlier and happier."

"You knew my father, then," rejoined Theresa, eagerly, "in his younger and more prosperous days. His loss I feel more keenly as my experience increases; for I was too young at his death to appreciate in reality, as I now do in memory, all his character's high, and generous, and spiritual beauty."

"We met often in the gay world," replied the guest—and her words were uttered less to Theresa than to herself—"and our acquaintance was formed under circumstances which ripened into intimacy what might otherwise have proved only one of those commonplace associations that lightly link society together; but it is of yourself I would speak. I have opportunities in the fulfillment of my duties of hearing and seeing much that passes in the busy world about me; and I have been prompted by the old memories still clinging around me, to proffer you the counsel of a friend. Will you forgive me, if I address you candidly and unreservedly?"

And then, as Theresa wonderingly granted the desired permission, she proceeded gently to detail some of the efforts of malice, and to utter words of kind warning to one who, enfolded within her own illusions, saw nothing of the shadows gathering about her path.

"You are not happy, Theresa!" continued the sister; "I know too much of woman's life to believe you are. I am aware of the motives from which you act; and while I reverence your purity of heart, and the pride which has tempted you to work out your own destiny, I easily trace the weariness your spirit feels. I, too, have had my visions; they are God's gift to youth, but I have lived sadly and patiently to watch dream after dream fade away. I see you have forgotten me, although I saw you frequently at the convent of ——; but I am not surprised at your forgetfulness, for the nun's sombre veil shuts her out alike from hearts and memories."

"Are you, too, then unhappy?" asked Theresa, as the low and musical voice beside her trembled in its tone; you, whose footsteps are followed by blessings, whose life is hallowed by doing good? I have long ago learned to doubt the peace of the cloister, but I have ever loved to believe there was recompense in your more active career, and that if happiness exists on earth, the Sisters of Charity deserve and win it."

"In part, you are right," answered the nun, "but you have yet to realize that the penalties of humanity are beyond mortal control; that we cannot, by any mode of life, pass beyond their influence. All we

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can do, is prayerfully to acquire patient forbearance and upward hope; many a heavy heart beats beneath a veil like this, and carries its own woes silently within, while it whispers to others of promise and rest." The visiter paused, and Theresa interrupted a silence that began to be painful to both.

"I feel," she said, "that I have acted injudiciously in braving remark, and in proudly dreaming I could shape out my own course. But you, who seem to have divined my thoughts so truly, doubtless read also the *one* reason which renders my return home most depressing."

"I know it well," was the reply; and the speaker pressed Theresa's trembling hand within her own, "but your prolonged stay here will be fraught with continually increasing evils; and if you expect repose, it cannot be here, where envy and detraction are rising against you. We cannot sway the prejudices of society, Theresa; and in some respects even the most gifted must submit to their decrees. And now," she said, as she rose to take leave, "I must bid you farewell. I have followed an impulse of kindness in undertaking the dangerous task to warn and counsel. If you will listen to one fatally versed in the world's ways, you will cease to defy public opinion, and amid the more tranquil scenes of your home, you will acquire a truer repose than ever fame bestowed. In all probability we shall meet no more, yet I would fain carry with me the consolation of having rescued from confirmed bitterness of spirit, the child of a faithful friend, and pointed a yearning heart to its only rest." And before Theresa could reply, the door had closed, and the visiter was gone.

THERESA'S LETTER.

"My friend! the credulity is ended, the illusion is over, and I shall return to you again. There are reasons I need not mention now, which would render a residence with my sister painful, and with my old waywardness I would come to you, the kind sharer of my young impulses, and to your home, the quiet scene of my happiest days. I am listless and sick at heart; and the hopes that once made my future radiant, appear false and idle to my gaze. Success has bestowed but momentary satisfaction, while failure has produced permanent pain; and I would fain cease my restless strivings, and be tranquil once more. This is no hasty resolve; several weeks have elapsed since I was prompted to it first; and I believe it is wiser to submit than to struggle—to learn endurance, than to strive for reward. In a few days more I shall be with you, saddened and disheartened, and changed in all things but in love and gratitude."

She had, indeed, changed since I saw her last, nearly three years before. The world had wrought its work, hope had been crushed by reality. Her health was evidently fatally affected, and her voice, once so gay and joyous, was low and subdued. It was mournful to my loving eyes to mark the contrast between the sisters now; Amy, in the noiseless routine of domestic duties, found all her wishes satisfied; she was rendered happy by trifles, and her nature demanded nothing they could not offer. Without one rare mental endowment, or a single lofty trait, she had followed her appointed path, a serene and contented woman. A glance at the household circles around us, will prove this contrast a common one; the most gifted are not the most blessed—and the earth has no fulfillment for the aspirations that rise above it.

And what of Theresa, the richly and fatally endowed, she who, with all the faculties for feeling and bestowing gladness, yet wasted her youth away; she who sadly tested the beautiful combination of genius with womanhood, yet lavished her powers in vain—why need I trace the passing away of one beloved so well? My task is finished; and I willingly lay aside a record, written through tears. Wouldst thou know more? There is a grave in yonder churchyard that can tell thee all!

SONNETS.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

I.—HOPE.

I MARK, as April days serenely smile,
Clouds heaped on clouds in mountain-like array,
While radiant sunbeams with their summits play,
Gilding with gorgeous tints the mighty pile;
And earth partakes of every hue the while!
Oft have I felt on such a day as this,
The sudden shower down-pouring on my head,
Though in the distance all is loveliness.
Thither, in vain, with rapid step I 've sped.
I liken this to Hope: although with sorrow
The heart is overcast, and dim the eye;
Delusive Hope—not present, ever nigh,
Presages gladness on a coming morrow,
And lures us onward, till our latest sigh.

II.—A PREDICTION.

The day approaches, when a mystic power,
Shall summon mute Antiquity, to tell
The buried glories of the long lost hour,
And she will answer the enchanter's spell—
Then shall we hear what wondrous things befell
When the young world existed in its prime.
The truths revealed will turn the wisest pale,
That ignorance so long abused their time.
Vainly may Error blessed Truth assail
With specious argument, and looking wise
Exult, as millions worship at her shrine;
Yet, in the time ordained, shall Truth arise
And walk in beauty over earth and skies,
While man in reverence bows before her power divine!

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PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY JOHN NEAL.

I DON'T believe in night-caps. That is, I don't believe in stopping the ears, in shutting the eyes, in sealing up the senses, nor in going to sleep in the midst of God's everyday wonders. We are put here to look about us. We are apprentices to Him whose workshop is the universe. And if we mean to be useful, or happy, or to make others happy, which, after all, is the only way of being happy ourselves, we must do nothing blindfold. Our eyes and our ears must be always open. We must be always up and doing, or, in the language of the day, *wide awake*. We must have our wits about us. We must learn to use, not our eyes and our ears only, but our understandings—our *thinkers*.

There is a diviner alchemy wanted, and there is room for a bolder and a more patient spirit of investigation, amid the drudgery and bustle of common life, than was ever yet employed, or ever needed, in ransacking the earth for gems and gold, or the deep sea for pearls. Would you shovel diamonds and rubies, or turn up "as it were fire," you have but to dig into and sift the rubbish that lies heaped up in your very streets—or to drive the ploughshare through the busiest places ever trodden by the multitude. You need not blast the mountains, nor turn up the foundations of the sea, nor smelt the constellations. You have but to open your eyes, and to look about you with a thankful heart; and you will find no such thing as worthless ore—no baseness unallied with something precious; with hidden virtue, or with unchangeable splendor.

The golden air you breathe toward evening, after a bright, rattling summer-shower—the golden motes you may see playing in the sunshine with clouds of common dust, if you but take the trouble to lift your eyes, when you are lying half asleep in your easy-chair, just after dinner—are part and parcel of the atmosphere and the earth; and yet have they fellowship with the stars, and with the light that trembleth forever upon the wing of the cherubim. Be ye of the towering and the steadfast upon earth, and these will be to you in the darkness of midnight as revelations from the sky; as unforetold glimpses of the Imperishable and the Pure that inhabit the Empyrean.

But, being one of those who go about the world for three score years and ten, with their night-caps pulled over their eyes—and ears—you do n't believe a word of this. And when you are told with all seriousness that there is room for more wonderful and comforting transmutations, of the baser earth just under your window, or just round the corner, than was ever dreamed of by the wisest of those who have grown old among furnaces and crucibles and retorts; wearing their lives away in a search after perpetual youth, and their substance in that which sooner and more surely than "riotous living" impoverisheth a man—the transmutation of the baser metals into gold—you fall a whistling maybe—or beg leave to suggest the word *fudge*. If so, take my word for it, like a pretty woman with the small-pox, the probability is, you are very much to be *pitted*.

All stuff and nonsense! you say—downright rigmarole—can't for the life of you understand what the fellow 's driving at.

Indeed.

As sure as you are sitting there.

Well, then, we must try to convince you. One of the pleasantest things for a man who *does* believe in night-caps, you will grant me, though, at the best, he may be nothing more than a bachelor, is to lie out in the open air, on a smooth sloping hill-side, when the earth is fragrant, and the wind south, on a long drowsy summer afternoon—with his great-coat under him if the earth is damp—and with the long rich grass bending over him, and the blossoming clover swinging between him and a clear blue sky, starred all over with golden dandelions, buttercups and white-weed—

Faugh!

One moment if you please—with golden dandelions, buttercups and white-weed—

Poh!—pish!—Why do n't you say with the dent-de-lion, the ranunculus and the crysanthimum?

Simply because I prefer bumble-bees to humble-bees, and even to honey-bees, notwithstanding the dictionaries, and never lie down in the long rich grass, with a great-coat under me; and am not afraid of catching cold though I may sit upon damp roses, or tread upon the sweet-scented earth, or tumble about in the newly-mown hay——with my children about me.

Children!——oh!——ah!—might have known you were not one of us—only half a man therefore.

How so?

That you had a better-half somewhere, to which you belong when you are at home.

In other words you might have known that I was no bachelor.

Precisely.

Sir! you are very obliging. And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to finish the demonstration. I undertook to convince you, if you remember, that every human being, with his eyes about him, has, under all circumstances, and at all times, within his reach, and subject to his order, a heap of amusement, a whole treasury of unappropriated wisdom. And all I have asked of you thus far is to admit, that if a man will but go forth into the solitary place and lie down, and stretch himself out, and look up into the sky, and watch the flowers and leaves pictured and

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playing there—provided he be not more than half asleep, and has a duffel great-coat under him, waterproof shoes and a snug umbrella within reach, and no fear of the rheumatism; he may find it one of the pleasantest things in the world; though it may happen that he has no idea of poetry, and cares for nothing on earth beyond a pair of embroidered slippers, a warm, padded, comfortable dressing-gown, or a snuff-colored cigar if at home; or a fishing-rod, a doubtful sky, and a bit of a brook, all to himself, when he is out in the open air. And in short, for I love to come to the point, (in these matters,) all I ask of you, being a bachelor, is to admit—

I 'll admit any thing, if you 'll stop there.

Agreed. You admit, then, that an old bachelor, wedded to trout-fishing and tobacco-smoke; familiar with nothing but whist, yarn stockings, flannels and shooting-jackets; without the least possible relish for landscape or color, for the twittering of birds, or the swarming of bumble-bees and forest-leaves; with no sense of poetry, and a mortal hatred of rigmarole, may nevertheless and notwithstanding—

Better take breath, sir.

May notwithstanding and nevertheless, I say, find something worth looking at, on a warm summer afternoon, though he be lying half asleep on his back, with the clover-blossoms and buttercups nodding over him; to say nothing of thistle-tops, dandelions or white-weed—

I do—I do!—I 'll admit any thing, as I told you before.

Well, then—in that case—I do not see what difficulty there would be in supposing that *any* man might find something to be good-natured with *anywhere*.

Not so fast, if you please. Would you have it inferred, because an old bachelor, whose comforts are few—and *far* between!—and whose habits—and opinions—are fixed forever, could put up with Nature for a short summer afternoon, under the circumstances you mention—with a great-coat under him, and a reasonable share of other comforts within reach, that, *therefore*, anybody on earth, a married man, for example, should find it a very easy thing to be happy *any* where, under *any* circumstances?—even at home now, for instance, with his wife and children about him?

Precisely. And now, sir, to convince you. If you will but place yourself at an open window in the "leafy month of June," and watch the play of her green leaves upon the busy countenances of men, as you may in some of our eastern cities, and in most of our villages all over the country, where the trees and the houses, and the boys and the girls have grown up together, playfellows from the beginning—playfellows with every thing that lives and breathes in the neighborhood; or if you will but stand where you are, and look up into the blue sky, and watch the clouds that are *now* drifting, as before a strong wind, over the driest and busiest thoroughfares of your crowded city; changing from shadow to sunshine, and from sunshine to shadow, every uplifted countenance over which they pass, you will find yourself at the very next breath a wiser, a better, and a happier man. You will undergo a transfiguration upon the spot? You will see a mighty angel sitting in the sun. You will hear the rush of wings overshadowing the whole firmament. And, take my word for it, you will be *so* much better satisfied with yourself! But mind though—never do this in company.

Beware lest you are caught in the fact. They will set you down for a lunatic, a contributor to the magazines, or a star-gazer—if you permit them to believe that you can see a single hairsbreadth beyond your nose, or a single inch further by lifting your eyes to Heaven than by fixing them steadfastly upon the earth. One might as well be overheard talking to himself; or be caught peeping into a letter just handed him by a sweet girl he has been dying to flirt with; but, for reasons best known to himself—and his wife—durst not, although perfectly satisfied in his own mind, from her way of looking at him, when she handed him the letter, that she would give the world to have him see it without her knowledge; and that either she did not know he was a married man—or was willing to overlook that objection.

Tut, tut! my boy—you will never coax me into the trap, though I admit your cloverness, by contriving to let me understand, as it were by chance, what are regarded everywhere as the privileges of the married.

Permit me to finish, will you?

With all my heart!

But pleasant as all these things are—the green fields and the blue sky, the ripple of bright water, and the changeable glories of a landscape in midsummer; or the upturned countenances of men, looking for signs in the heavens, when they have ships at sea—or wives and children getting ready for a drive—or new hats and no umbrellas—or houses afire, which may not happen to be over-insured—a pleasanter thing by far it is to sit by the same window, when the summer is over, and the clouds have lost their transparency, and go wandering heavily athwart the sky, and the green leaves are no more, and the songs of the water are changed, and the very birds have departed, and watch by the hour together whatever may happen to be overlooked by all the rest of the world; the bushels of dry leaves that eddy and whirl about your large empty squares, or huddle together in heaps at every sheltered corner, as if to get away from the wind; the changed livery of the shops—the golden tissues of summer, the delicately-tinted shawls, and gossamer ribbons, and flaunting muslins, woven of nobody knows what—whether of "mist and moonlight mingling fitfully," or of sunset shadows overshot with gold, giving way to gorgeous velvet, and fur, and sumptuous drapery glowing and burning with the tints of autumn, and, like distant fires seen through a fall of snow in midwinter, full of comfort and warmth; and all the other preparations of double-windows and heavy curtains, and newly invented stoves, that find their own fuel for the season and leave something for next year; and porticoes that come and go with the cold weather,

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blocking up your path and besetting your eyes at every turn, with signs and hints of "dreadful preparation."

Go to the window, if you are troubled in spirit; if the wind is the wrong way; if you have been jilted or hen-pecked—no matter which—or if you find yourself growing poorer every hour, and all your wisest plans, and best-considered projects for getting rich in a hurry turned topsy-turvy by a change in the market-value of bubbles warranted never to burst; or if you have a note to pay for a man you never saw but once in your life, and hope never to see again—to the window with you! and lean back in your chair with a disposition to be pleased, and watch the different systems of progression—or, in plain English, the *walk* of the people going by. A single quarter of an hour so spent will put you in spirits for the day, and furnish you with materials for thought, which, well-husbanded, may last you for a twelvemonth; yea, abide with you for life, like that wisdom which is better than fine gold, and more precious than rubies.

Well, you have taken my advice; you are at the window. Now catch up your pen and describe what you see, *as you see it*; or take your pencil if you are good for any thing in that way, and let us see what you can do. A free, bold, happy and *faithful* sketch of that which in itself would be worthless, or even loathsome, shall make your fortune. Morland's pigs and pig-styes, on paper or canvas, were always worth half a hundred of the originals. One of Tenier's inside-out pictures of a village feast, with drunken boors—not worth a groat apiece when alive—would now fetch its weight in gold three times over.

Look you now. There goes a man with a large bundle under his arm, tied up in a yellow bandanna handkerchief, faded and weather-worn, and looking as if ready to burst—the bundle I mean. What would you give to know the history of that bundle and what there is in it? Observe the man's eye, the swing of his right arm—the carriage of his body—the dip of his hat. You would swear, or might if your conscience, or your habits as a gentleman, would let you, that he was a proud and a happy fellow, though you never saw his face before in all your life. The tread of his foot is enough—the very swing of his coat-tail as he clears the corner. It is Saturday night, and he is carrying the bundle home to his own house—of that you may be sure. And you may be equally sure that whatever else there may be in it, there is nothing for him to be ashamed of, and *therefore* nothing for the man himself. My notion is, that he has bought a ready-made cloak for his wife, without her knowledge, or got a friend to choose the cloth and be measured for it, who will be found at his fire-side when he gets home, holding forth upon the comfort of such an outside garment in our dreadful winters, with a perseverance which leads the good woman of the house to suspect her neighbor of being better off than herself, in one particular at least, for the coming Sabbath. But just now the door opens—the gossiping neighbor springs up with a laugh—the bundle is untied—the children scream, and the wife jumps about her husband's neck as if he had been absent a twelvemonth.

Where!—where!

Can't you see them for yourself! Can't you see the fire-light flash over the newly-papered walls! can't you hear the children laugh as mother swings round with her new cloak—scattering the ashes, and almost puffing out their only lamp, which she has set upon the floor to see how the garment hangs! and now she drops into a chair. Take my word for it, sir, that is a very worthy woman—and the man himself is a Washingtonian.

What man?

What man! Why the man that just turned the corner, with a great yellow bundle under his arm.

Indeed! you know him then?

Never saw his face in all my life. But stay—what have we here? Get your paper ready! Here comes a thick-set fellow, in a blue round-about, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and one hand in his trowsers' pocket—poor fellow! There he goes! But why one hand? He had his reasons for it, I'll warrant ye, if the truth were known. He walked by with bent knees, you observed, and with a most unpromising stoop. He was feeling for his last four-pence; and found a hole in his pocket. Can't you read the whole story in the man's gait?—in the slow, sullen footfall—in the clutch of his fingers—in the stiffened elbow, and the bent knees?

Another Washingtonian, perhaps?

No indeed! nothing of the sort. Had he been a Washingtonian, he would have found something more than a hole in his pocket when he had got through his week's work, and was beginning to find his way back to his little ones.

Well, well, have it so, if you like; but what say you to the couple you see there?

Stop!—that large woman, leading a child with a green veil—and the other passing her in a hurry without lifting her eyes, and the moment she has got by turning and looking after her, as if there were something monstrous in the cast of that bonnet—a very proper bonnet of itself—or in the color of that shawl—of gold and purple and scarlet and green—both were but just entering upon the field of vision as you spoke, and now both have vanished forever! And lo! a tall man of a majestic presence, with a little black dog at his heels—the veriest cur you ever saw! What must be the nature of such companionship? Look! look! there goes another—a fashionably dressed young man—followed by two or three more—intermixed with women and children—and now they go trooping past by dozens! leaving you as little time to note their peculiarities as you would have before the table of a camera obscura, set up in the middle of Broadway at the busiest season of the year. Let us breathe a little. And now the current changes—the groups are smaller—the intervals longer—and if we can do nothing else, we may watch their step and carriage, the play of colors, and the whimsical motion of their arms and legs while they go hurrying by, these phantoms of the hour. And then, what a world of enjoyment just for the mere

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trouble of looking out of a window! Can it be a matter of surprise that, in countries where it is not permitted to women to look at the show in this way, or even to appear at the window, a substitute should be found by so arranging mirrors as to represent within their very bed-chambers whatever happens in the street below?

But the business of the day is nearly over. The chief thoroughfare is well nigh deserted and we may now begin to dwell upon the peculiarities of here and there one, as the laggards go loitering by, some nearer and some further off, but all with a look of independence and leisure not to be mistaken. And why? They have money in their purses—the happy dogs—or what is better than money, character and credit, or experience, or health and strength, and a willingness to oblige.

Not so fast, if you please. What say you to that man with the pale face and coal-black hair?

Let me see. What do I say of that man? Do you observe that slouched hat, and old coat buttoned up to the chin?—the dangling of that old beaver glove, and the huge twisted club—the slow and stately pace, and the close fitting trowsers carefully strapped down over a pair of well blacked shoes without heels, and therefore incapable of being mistaken for boots.

There is no mistaking that man. He has seen better days; the world has gone hard with him of late, and he is a—Ah! that lifting of the head as he turns the corner! that gleam of sunshine, as he recovers and touches his hat, after bowing to that fine woman who just brushed him in passing, shows that he is still a gentleman; and, of course, can have nothing to fear, whatever may happen to the rest of the world. Fifty to one, if you dare, that he has just bethought himself of the bankrupt law, of a bad debt which he begins to have some hope of, or of the possibility of making up by his knowledge of the world for what he wants in youth, should he think it worth his while to follow up the acquaintance. Ah!—gone! He disappeared, adjusting his neckcloth, and smiling and looking after the handsome widow, as if debating within himself whether the advantage he had obtained by that one look were really worth pursuing.

What ho! another! A vulgar phantom this—a fellow that has nothing to do. After hurrying past a couple of women, hideously wrapped up, and beyond all doubt, therefore, uglier than the witches of Macbeth, he stops and leers after them—not stopping altogether, but just enough to keep his head turned over his right shoulder—and then walks away, muttering to himself so as to be heard by that ragged boy there, who stands staring after him with both hands grasping his knees, and with *such* a look!

Another yet—and yet another shape! and both walking with their legs bent; both taking long strides, and both finding their way, with the instinct of a blood-hound, never looking up, nor turning to the right or left in their course. Are they partners in trade, or rivals? Do they follow the same business, or were they school-fellows together, some fifty years ago; and are they still running against each other for a puree they will never find till they have reached the grave together. See! they have cleared that corner, side by side; and now they are stretching away at the same killing pace, neck and neck, toward the Exchange. Of course, they live in the same neighborhood; they are fellow-craftsmen, they have reputations at stake, and are determined never to yield an inch—whatever may happen. But why would n't they look up? Was there nothing above worth minding—nothing on the right hand nor on the left of their course, worthy a passing thought? *Whither are they going?* And what will they have learnt or enjoyed, and what will they have to say for themselves when they reach the end of their course?

And that other man, with arms akimbo, a dollar's worth of flour in a bag, flung over his shoulder—why need he strut so—and why does n't he walk faster? Has he no sympathy for the rest of the world, not he; or does he only mean to say, in so many words, *that* for such weather! and *that* for every fellow I see, who is n't able to carry home a dollar's worth of flour to his family every Saturday night! Does he believe that nobody else understands the worth and sweetness of a home-baked loaf?

And that strange looking woman there, with her muff and parasol, her claret-colored cloak, with a huge cape, and that everlasting green veil! What business, now, has such a woman above ground—at this season of the year? Would she set your teeth chattering before the winter sets in? And what on earth does she carry that sun-shade for, toward nightfall, about the last of October—is the woman beside herself?

But she is gone; and in her stead appear three boys, who, but for the season of the year, might be suspected of birdnesting. They are all of a size—all of an age, or thereabouts—and all dressed alike, save that one wears a cloth cap, and the others fur. Yet, like as they are in age and size, and general appearance, anybody may see at a glance that one is a well-educated boy, and a bit of a gentleman—perhaps with spending money for the holydays, while the other two are clumsy scapegraces. Watch them. Observe how the two always keep together, and how, as they go by the windows of that confectionary-shop, first one lags a little in the rear, and then the other, till they have stopped and wheedled their companion into a brief display of his pocket-money. The rogues!—how well they understand his character! See! he has determined to have it all his own way, in spite of their well-managed remonstrances and suggestions; and now they all enter the shop together—he foremost, of course, with a swagger not to be misunderstood for a moment. And now they have sprung the trap! and the poor boy is a beggar!

But who are they? Judge for yourself? Do they not belong, of course, to the same neighborhood? Have they not an air of good-fellowship, which cannot be counterfeited—a something which explains why they are always together, and why they are all dressed alike? How they loiter along, now that they

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have squeezed him as dry as an orange, as if they were just returning from a long summer-day's tramp in the wilderness after flowers and birds-nests—the flowers to tear to pieces, and the birds-nests to set up in the school for other boys to have a *shy* at. By to-morrow, they will be asunder for months—he at school afar off, and they at leap-frog or marbles. And after a few years, they will be forgotten by him, and he remembered by them—such being the difference in their early education—as the boy they were allowed to associate with, and to fleece at pleasure when he was nobody but Tom, Dick, or Harry, and thought himself no better than other folks.

But enough—let us leave the window. It is growing dark; and if you are not already satisfied, nothing ever will satisfy you, that the great mass of mankind have ears, but they hear not; and eyes, but they see not—and go through the world with their night-caps pulled over both. Poor simpletons!—what would they think of a man who should run for a wager with both feet in one shoe. Are you satisfied?

I am—of one thing.

And what is that?

Why, that a magazine-writer may coin gold out of any thing—out of the golden atmosphere of a summer-evening—or the golden motes he sees playing in the sunshine, on the best possible terms, with the common dust of the trampled highway—or the golden blossoms that fill the hedges—in a word, that with him it should be mere child's play to "extract sunshine from cucumbers."

THE OAK-TREE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

Beautiful oak-tree! near my father's dwelling,
Alone thou standest on the sloping green;
In size, in strength, all other trees excelling—
The noblest feature of the rural scene.

Whether with foliage crowned in Summer's glory,
Or stripped of leaves in winter's icy reign,
Grandly thou speakest an unchanging story
Of power and beauty, not bestowed in vain.

I looked upon thee with deep veneration,
When first my soul acknowledged the sublime,
And felt the might and grandeur of creation,
In all that longest braves the shock of Time.

Centuries ago, an acorn, chance-directed,
Fell on the spot, and then a sapling sprung,
From driving winds and beating storms protected
By that kind Heaven which guards the frail and young.

And prouder height with greater age acquiring,
Fair as when suns on thy first verdure smiled,
Thou standest now, a forest lord, aspiring
O'er all thy peers from whom thou art exiled.

Beautiful oak-tree! my most pleasant gambols
Were, with my dear companions, always played
Beneath thy branches, and from farthest rambles
Wearied, we came and rested in thy shade.

Morning and evening, Falls, and Springs, and Summers,
Here was our Freedom, here we romped and sported;
And here by moonlight, happiest of all comers,
In thy dark shadow lovers sat and courted.

And here, when snow in frozen billows bound thee,
Like a white ocean deluging the land,
And smaller trunks, or near or far, were round thee
Like masts of vessels sunken on the strand,

We climbed high up thy naked boughs, enchanted,
Shaking whole sheets of spotless canvas down,
And, by keen frosts and breezes nothing daunted,
Hailed the slow sledges from the neighboring town.

Ah! flown delights! ah! happiness departed!
What have I known like you, since, light and free,
And undefiled, and bold and merry-hearted,
I used to frolic by the old oak-tree!

II.

Long years ago I left my father's mansion,
Through many realms, in various climates roamed,
Speeding away o'er all Earth's wide expansion,
Where icebergs glittered, and where torrents foamed.

From pole to pole, across the hot Equator,
Restless as sea-gulls whirling o'er the deep;
From Snowden's crown to Ætna's fiery crater,
From Indian valley to Caucasian steep;

From Chimborazo, loftiest of all mountains
Trod by man's foot, to Nova Zembla's shore;
From Iceland Hecla's ever-boiling fountains,
To where Cape Horn's incessant surges roar;

From France's vineyards to Antarctic regions,
From England's pastures to Arabia's sands,
From the rude North, with her unnumbered legions,
To the sweet South's depopulated lands;

O'er all those scenes, or beautiful or splendid,
Which man risks wealth, and peace, and life to see,
I roved at will—but all my journeys ended,
Returned to gaze upon the old oak-tree.

But, ah! beneath those broad, outreaching branches,
What other forms, what different feet had strayed,
Since I, a youth, went forth to dare the chances
Which adverse Fortune in my path had laid.

Past my meridian, sinking toward the season
When Hope's horizon is with clouds o'ercast,
When sportive Fancy yields to sober Reason,
I came and questioned the remembered Past.

I came and stood by that oak-tree so hoary,
Forgetting all the intervening years,
Stood on that turf, so blent with childhood's story,
And poured my heart out in one gush of tears.

I had returned to claim my father's dwelling,
Borne like a waif on Time's returning tide—
Summoned I came, by one brief missive telling
That all I left behind and loved had died.

Wiser and sadder than in life's bright morning,
As softly fall the sun's last rays on me,
As when I saw their early glow adorning
The emerald foliage of this old oak-tree.

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PAULINE GREY.

OR THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

(*Concluded from page* 233.)

THE result of Mr. Grey's investigations *was* decidedly unfavorable. He had much difficulty, in the first place, in obtaining any distinct information at all, most people hating to commit themselves in such a matter. He was generally answered evasively, and one or two merely said, "they knew no good of him."

A friend, however, undertook to make the inquiries, and with much better success than Mr. Grey could do; and he learnt "that young Wentworth was wild, very wild—much in debt, with no business habits; and, in short, that there was not a father in town who would be willing to give his daughter to him."

Mr. Grey, of course, considered this information as decisive, and communicated it to his wife. She received it with mingled feelings of relief and apprehension. There was no danger now of Pauline's having him, but she dreaded telling her so; not that she for a moment doubted Pauline's acquiescence in the decision, about which she herself supposed there could be no two opinions, but only the burst of grief with which she would receive it.

But never was Mrs. Grey more mistaken. Pauline saw nothing in the information that her father had received to change her opinions or feelings at all; "that he was wild—she knew that—he had told her so himself. He had been very wild before he knew her—and in debt—yes, he had told her that too. He had never had any motive to apply himself to business before," and Pauline seemed to think his not having done so as a matter of choice or taste, only showed his superior refinement. In short, she adhered as resolutely to her determination as ever.

What ideas did she, poor girl, attach to the word "wild;" something very vague, and not disgraceful at all. Perhaps a few supper parties, and a little more champagne than was quite proper. She did not know, could not know, the bearing of the term; and as to being in debt, that conveyed little more to her mind. If he owed money it could easily be paid. She knew no more of the petty meanness of small sums borrowed, and little debts contracted every where, than she knew of the low tastes involved in the word "wild."

Mrs. Grey was in despair. But here Mr. Grey interposed. He had never exerted his authority before, but never doubted he had the power when he had the will. He forbade Pauline to think of him.

He might as well have forbade the winds to blow. Pauline vehemently declared she would marry him, and wept passionately; and finally exhausted by the violence of her emotions, went to bed sick.

She kept her room for the next week, wept incessantly, refused to eat, except when absolutely forced to, and gave way to such uncontrolled passion, as soon told upon her slight frame, always delicate.

Mrs. Grey was alarmed; but Mr. Grey, not having seen Pauline since his decision had been communicated to her, was very firm.

"After the first burst was over, Pauline," he said, "would return to her senses."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Grey, "go up stairs and see her yourself; perhaps you can induce her to listen to reason."

And Mr. Grey went to Pauline. He had been prepared to see her looking pale and sad, but he was not prepared for the change that a week's strong excitement had wrought in Pauline's appearance. Her large, black eyes looked larger, and her face smaller from the deadly paleness of her fair skin. Mr. Grey was, indeed, shocked; and either a slight cold, or the nervousness induced by weakness, had brought on the little hacking cough they always so dreaded to hear.

He was much moved. He could not see his child die before his eyes; and it ended in Pauline's tears prevailing, and bringing him to listen to her views, instead of his inducing her to listen to reason. He promised he would do what he could—and once having been brought to hesitate, the natural impatience and decision of his character led him to the very point Pauline desired, of settling the matter as fast as possible; for "if it was to be, let it be done at once," he said.

Mr. Wentworth was recalled. He was all protestations and promises; and Mr. Grey, with a heavy heart, "hoped it might turn out better than they anticipated."

Pauline, at any rate, was restored to present happiness, and her doating parents had the immediate satisfaction of seeing her once again her radiant self, full of joy and gratitude, and confident of the future as secure of the present.

The gay world in which they lived were very much surprised at the announcement of the engagement; at Mr. and Mrs. Grey's consenting to it; and even confounded at hearing that a day—and an early day, too—was actually named for the marriage.

"Is not that extraordinary?" said Mrs. Livingston. "One would really think they were afraid the young man would slip through their fingers. How anxious some people are to marry their daughters!"

"How absurd!" said another; "for I am told they don't like it, as, of course, they cannot. And she is

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so young, that if they delayed it a little while, another season, with the admirers she is sure to have, would put it out of her head."

Lookers on are very wise; and it's a pity actors cannot be equally so. No doubt this would have been the right, and probably the successful course. But Mrs. Grey had no longer any spirit to oppose Pauline, and Mr. Grey, in his impatient agony, seemed to think the sooner it was over the better.

Foolish, unhappy father. He was only riveting his own misery.

But Pauline was radiant. Deep in the excitement of wedding preparations and invitations—for her parents listlessly acquiesced in every thing she asked; and she meant to be married "in pomp, in triumph, and in revelry."

The mornings were spent in shopping, and one could scarcely go into a store where they did not meet Mrs. Grey and Pauline looking over delicate laces, exquisite embroidery, and expensive silks, Pauline's bright face looking brighter than ever, and her youthful voice musical in its gay happiness; and Mrs. Grey looking so dejected, and speaking in the lifeless tones of one who has a heavy sorrow settled on her heart.

Two short months were rapidly consumed in all the arrangements usually made on such occasions—and the wedding day arrived.

Never had Pauline looked so beautiful. The emotions called up by the occasion softened without dimming the brilliancy of her usual beauty. The veil of finest lace, the wreath of fresh and rare exotics, the jeweled arms, all lent their aid to render her surpassingly lovely.

"Pray God it turn out better than we can hope!" was all Mr. Grey could say, to which his wife replied by a sigh, which seemed the fitting response to a prayer uttered with so little hope.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had made it a condition with Mr. Wentworth that they were not to lose Pauline, and consequently it was arranged that the young couple were to live at home.

Scarcely were the wedding festivities over before Mrs. Grey remarked that Pauline was nervous when her husband was alone with her father and herself; and that when he entered into conversation, she always joined in hastily, and contrived to engross the greater part of it herself. She evidently did not want him to talk more than could be helped. But much as she shielded him, the truth could not be concealed. Little as Mr. and Mrs. Grey had expected from Wentworth, he fell painfully below their expectations. He was both weak and ignorant—ignorant to a remarkable degree, for one occupying his position in society. It only showed how he had turned from every advantage offered him by education. His sentiments, too, were common; every thing stamped him as a low-minded, coarse-feeling young man—at least they feared so. He might improve. Pauline's influence might do something.

But was Pauline beginning to be at all alive to the truth as it was?

Mrs. Grey feared so; but she could not ascertain. Pauline was affectionate and tender, but not frank with her mother. Mrs. Grey, like most mothers, who, to tell the truth, are not very judicious on this point, would have led Pauline to talk of her husband; but here, she knew not how, Pauline baffled her. She always spoke, and spoke cheerfully and respectfully, of Mr. Wentworth, but in such a general manner, that Mrs. Grey could come to no satisfactory conclusion either way.

The truth was that though Pauline was very young, her character was developing fast. Her heart and her mind were now speaking to her trumpet-tongued—and their voice was appalling.

Her husband was daily revealing himself in his true character to her; and the idol of her imagination was fast coming forth as an idol of clay. But though Pauline was willful, she had other and great and noble qualities. An instinct told her at once that no complaint of her husband must pass her lips. Pride whispered that she had chosen her own lot, and must bear it, and love still murmured, "Hope on—all is not yet lost." But she grew pale and thin, and though she was animated, and talked, perhaps, more than ever, Mrs. Grey imagined, for she could not tell to a certainty, that her animation was forced, and her conversation nervous.

Mr. Wentworth seemed soon to weary of the calm quiet of the domestic circle, for of an evening he was beginning to take his hat and go to the club, staying at first but for an hour or so, and gradually later and later.

"I am not going up stairs yet, mamma," said Pauline, "I will sit up for Mr. Wentworth."

"Robert will let him in, Pauline," replied Mrs. Grey, anxiously. "You are looking pale, my child—you had better go up."

"Very well," answered Pauline, quietly; and her mother satisfied, retired to her own room, supposing Pauline had done the same. But Pauline had let the man sit up for her husband the night before; and she had heard her mother, as she happened to be passing in the hall when Mrs. Grey did not see her, finding fault with him for being late in the morning; to which the servant answered, in extenuation, that he had been up so late for Mr. Wentworth that he had overslept himself.

"How late was it, Robert?" asked Mrs. Grey, in a low voice.

"Near two, ma'am," replied the man.

"Near two!" repeated Mrs. Grey, as if to herself—and a heavy sigh told Pauline better than any comments could have done what was passing in her mother's mind. She determined that henceforth no servant should have her husband in his power again. So when she had heard her mother's door close for the night, she rang for the man and said,

"Robert, you can go to bed now, I will sit up for Mr. Wentworth."

"My child, how thin and pale you grow," Mrs. Grey would say, anxiously; "and that little cough

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of yours, too, Pauline—how it distresses me. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, mother," Pauline would reply, cheerfully; "I always cough a little, you know, if I am not well. And if I am looking paler and thinner than usual, that is to be expected—is it not?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Grey would reply, half satisfied for the present that perhaps Pauline had truly accounted for her wan looks.

Ah! little did she know of the late hours of harassing watching that, night after night, Pauline spent waiting the coming in of her truant husband; and less did she know of the agonized feelings of the young wife, as she read in the glassy eye and flushed brow of her husband, the meaning of that once insignificant word "wild," which now she was beginning to apprehend in all its disgusting reality.

Pauline's spirit sometimes rose, and she remonstrated with Wentworth; but his loud tones subdued her at once. Not that she yet feared him, but dreaded lest those tones should reach her mother's ear. The one absorbing feeling, next to bitter disappointment, was concealment.

"Mother," she said, one day, "I want you to listen to what I have to say—and do not reject my proposition until you have fully considered it. Mr. Wentworth wants to go to housekeeping."

"To housekeeping, Pauline!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey. "Why, Pauline, Mr. Wentworth promised to remain with us—"

"Yes, mother," interrupted Pauline, "and will keep his promise if you say so. But what I wish is, that you should not oppose it."

"What is there, my child," said Mrs. Grey, "that he has not, or that you have not here, that you can have in your own house. Only say it, Pauline, and any thing, every thing either you or he wish, shall be done."

Pauline was affected to tears by her mother's tone and manner, and she said,

"Dearest mother, there is nothing that love and tenderness can do, that you and my father have not done. Do not think that I am insensible or ungrateful. Oh, no! never was your love so important to me as now—" she here checked herself. "But, mother, what I would say—what I think, is, that Mr. Wentworth, that no man can feel perfectly at ease in another's house; and that a young man, perhaps, hardly feels his responsibility as the head of a family, while living at home; that his respectability before the world—in short, I think, I *feel*, that it would be better for Mr. Wentworth if he were in his own house."

And beyond this last intimation Pauline could not be drawn, although Mrs. Grey did her best to pursue the theme and draw her out. She only said, "Well, mother, think it over, and talk to father about it."

And Mrs. Grey did talk to her husband, and found, to her surprise, that he agreed with Pauline.

"I believe she is right," he said. "Wentworth and ourselves cannot live much longer together. I believe it will be for our mutual happiness that we be partially separated."

"If I were only satisfied that she is satisfied," urged Mrs. Grey. "But Pauline is so reserved about her husband."

"And Pauline is right, my dear," replied Mr. Grey, with deep emotion. "I honor her for it. My poor child has drawn a sad lot, and nobly is she bearing it. We must aid her and comfort her as we can, Alice; and if she wills that we be deaf and blind, deaf and blind we must be. God bless her!" he added, fervently. "My angel daughter."

And so arrangements on the most liberal scale were made for Pauline's separate establishment; for, to tell the truth, it was rather Pauline's wish than her husband's. She thought that if they were alone, she could exert some influence over him, which now she was afraid of attempting lest it might bring exposure with it. Pauline had borne much, but not from fear. She had a brave, high spirit. She did not tremble before Wentworth; but both pride and love—yes, love even for him, and deep, surpassing love for her parents, led her to adopt her present course.

Poor child! she did not know she was only withdrawing herself from their protection.

—

Pauline had not been long at housekeeping before she found it involved with it a source of domestic unhappiness she had not anticipated; and that was in the character and manners of the associates who her husband now brought home with him, and who at her father's house she had been protected from seeing.

Wentworth had the outward appearance and manner of a gentleman, whatever he might be in point of fact; but there were those among his friends, and one in particular, a Mr. Strickland, from whom Pauline instinctively shrank, as being neither a gentleman nor a man of principle. She looked upon him, too, as leading Wentworth astray; and at any rate felt he was a person her husband had no right to bring into her presence. She remonstrated with him more than once on the subject, and he warmly defended his friend, and said her suspicions were as unfounded as unwarrantable, and finally got in a passion, and declared he would bring whom he chose to his own house. Pauline firmly declared that he might do that, but that *she* was equally mistress of her own actions, and would *not* receive Mr. Strickland as an acquaintance. If he chose to ask him there, she would retire as he entered.

Wentworth was very angry—quite violent in fact; but Pauline remained unshaken—and he left the house in great displeasure.

He did not return until late. Pauline had given him up, and just ordered dinner when he entered. As he came in he said loudly, "Walk in, Strickland;" and there was something in the eye of both, as they entered, that told Pauline that their quarrel had been communicated by her husband to his friend, for Strickland's expression was both foolish and insolent; and Wentworth evidently had been put up to brave it out.

Pauline colored deeply, and rose to leave the

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room just as the folding-doors of the dining-room were thrown open. Wentworth hastily stepped forward, and taking her arm with a grasp, the firmness of which he himself was unaware at the time, said,

"Take your place at the table."

The print of his fingers was left on her delicate wrist as he withdrew his hand; but Pauline was too proud to subject herself to further indignity in the presence of a stranger; and though she read triumph in his insolent eye, she took her place silently at the head of the table.

Wentworth drank freely of wine, for he was evidently laboring under both embarrassment and excitement. The conversation was such as to cause the blood to mount to Pauline's temples more than once, but she firmly kept her seat until the cloth was removed and the servants withdrew, and then she rose.

Wentworth said, "You are not going yet!" but there was a look in her eye, as she turned it on him, that silenced all further remonstrance on his part. A coarse laugh she heard as she closed the door, whether of derision or triumph she could not tell; but she went to her own room, and double-locked the doors, and paced the floor in great excitement until she heard the offending stranger leave.

Then she descended to the parlor, looking pale, but her bright eye clear, and resolve in every lineament. Wentworth was alone, standing on the rug, with his back to the fire as she entered.

He evidently quailed as he encountered her full glance, but instantly made an effort, and attempted to bluster it out.

She approached close up to him before she spoke, and then said in a clear, low voice.

"I am not come to reproach or to listen to recriminations, but to tell you I never will submit to such insult again." And baring her delicate wrist where the mark of his fingers was now turning black, said, "Should my father see that, you well know the consequence. I have nothing more to say, but remember it," and passing through the room, she left him speechless with contending feelings, shame predominating perhaps over the others, and retired once more to her room.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey dined with Pauline the next day, and Wentworth did his best to behave himself well. He was attentive and respectful to them, affectionate to Pauline.

She looked very pale, however, though she made an effort to be cheerful and animated. At dinner the loose sleeve of her dress falling back as she raised her hand, her mother exclaimed, "Oh, Pauline, what is the matter with your wrist?"

Glancing slightly at her husband, who obviously changed color and looked uneasy, she said quietly, as she drew her bracelet over the dark stains, "I struck it and bruised it." Wentworth's brow cleared, and there was a look of grateful affection in his eye which Pauline had not seen for many a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey returned home better satisfied with their son-in-law than they had been almost since his marriage. So little often do the nearest friends know of what is going on in the hearts of those dearest to them.

We will not trace Mr. Wentworth's career more closely. It is a common one—that of a "wild" young man settling into a dissipated one. Mr. Grey heard occasionally who his associates were; and he knew them to be men without character, a kind of gentlemen "blacklegs." He heard intimations, too, of his habits, and intemperance was leaving its traces in his once rather handsome countenance.

But from Pauline came no murmur. And soon the birth of a daughter seemed to absorb all her feelings, and opened, they trusted, an independent source of happiness for their unhappy child.

Pauline had hoped that the birth of her infant might effect some favorable change in her husband's conduct. But here again she was open to a new disappointment. "He hated girls," he said. "If it had been a fine boy, it would not have been so bad."

Pauline sighed, and as she pressed her darling to her heart, thanked God in silence that it was not a son, who might by a possibility resemble his father.

The child was a delicate infant from its birth; and whether it was the constant sound of its little wailing cries, or that Wentworth was jealous of the mother's passionate devotion to the little creature, or perhaps something of both, but he fairly seemed to hate it as the months went on. But rude and even brutal though he might be, he could not rob Pauline of the happiness of her deep love. She turned resolutely from her husband to her child. What comfort earth had left for her, she would take there.

The long summer months and the infant pined away, and the beautiful mother seemed wasting with it. Mr. and Mrs. Grey were out of town for a few weeks, during which the child became alarmingly low. The physician gave Pauline little hope. It was too weak to be removed for change of air. Nature might rally, but nothing more could be done for it. Pauline attempted to detain her husband by her side, but he shook her rudely off, saying, "Nonsense, you are always fancying the brat ill!" and the young mother was left desolate by the little bed of her dying baby.

We will pass over those hours of agony, for there are no words that can describe them; but by midnight its young spirit had winged its flight to Heaven, and the heart-broken mother wept over it in an anguish few even of parents ever knew.

"That's Mr. Wentworth's step," said the nurse in a low voice to her, as he passed the nursery door. "Shall I go to him, ma'am?"

"No," said Pauline, "I will go. Do you stay here." And rising firmly, she went to her husband's room.

He was lying dressed on the bed as she approached. She laid her hand on his shoulder. He opened his eyes and looked stupidly at her. She told him their child was dead—and he laughed a stupid, brutal laugh—the laugh of intoxication.

Pauline shuddered from head to foot, and returned to the bed of her dead child; and when Mr. and Mrs. Grey, who had been sent for, arrived in the morning,

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they found her as she had lain all night, her arms clasped round the infant, and moaning wildly, as one who has no hope on earth.

"Take me—take me home!" she said, as she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Never, my child, to be parted from us again," said her father, as he pressed her passionately to his heart.

They understood each other, and when the funeral was over, without one word to Wentworth—for Pauline could bear nothing more—Mr. Grey took Pauline home.

That night she was in a high fever, and for two or three days she continued alarmingly ill—but at the end of that time she was enabled to sit up.

Mr. Grey had, meanwhile, seen Wentworth; but the nature of their conversation he did not repeat to his daughter.

One afternoon, however, he came into her sick room, and said,

"Pauline, are you strong enough to see your husband. He entreats to see you, if but for a few minutes." Pauline murmured an acquiescence.

"My dear," said Mr. Grey, "you must leave them—I have promised it; but Mrs. Granger (the nurse) will remain."

Wentworth presently entered. He seemed calm, for the nurse's eye was upon him; asked her how she was, and talked for a few minutes, and then getting up, as if to take Pauline's hand for farewell, he approached his lips close to her ear, said some low muttered words, and left the room.

Pauline did not speak for some time after he had withdrawn, and the nurse receiving no answer to some question she had asked her, went up to her, and found she had fainted.

Shivering succeeded to fainting fits—faintings to shivering; they thought that night that she was dying.

A few days after she said, in a quick, low, frightened voice to her mother,

"Lock the doors mother, quick!"

Much startled, Mrs. Grey did instantly as Pauline requested, and then her ear, less fine than the sensitive organ of her unhappy daughter, caught the sound of Wentworth's voice in the hall below.

"Fear not, my Pauline," she said, as she took her in her arms, "your father will protect you;" but no sound escaped Pauline's lips. She was evidently intently listening. Soon loud voices were heard, doors shutting—and then the street door with a bang.

Presently Mr. Grey's measured tread was heard coming up stairs, and next his hand was on the lock.

"Is he alone?" were the first words Pauline had uttered since she had heard her husband's voice.

"He is, my child."

"Pauline, fear not, you shall never see him again," were the words of her father, uttered in a calm but deep voice.

That night Pauline slept tranquilly, for the first time almost since she had known Wentworth.

She seemed revived in the morning, and Mrs. Grey's hopes rose again, but only to be dashed once more forever.

The iron had eaten too deeply in her soul. Pauline's slight frame had no power of renovation. The spirit seemed to grow brighter and brighter as she wasted away. Unutterable love and gratitude looked out from her eyes, as she turned them from her father and mother, alternately; but she was too weak to say much, and gently thus she faded away to fall asleep upon earth, awakening a purified and regenerated spirit in heaven.

Her's was "a broken and a contrite heart," and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—

Could mortal agony such as Mr. Grey's be added to, as he followed his idolized child to the grave?

Yes—even there something was to be added—for Wentworth, as chief mourner, stepped forward and offered his arm to the unhappy father, which, even at that moment, and in that presence, Mr. Grey could not help shaking off.

—

And what have this childless, broken-hearted couple left of their beautiful daughter?

A picture—delicate and lovely in its lineaments, but

"To those who see thee not, my words are weak,
To those who gaze on thee, what language could they speak."

The canvas must fail in the life-speaking eye; and exquisite though the pictured image be, oh! how cold to those who knew and idolized the beautiful original.

Heaven help you, unhappy parents! Your all was wrecked in that one frail bark. Though friends may sympathize at first, yet they will grow weary of your grief—for such is human nature. God comfort you! for there is no earthly hope for those who have lost their only child.

SONNET.—TO A MINIATURE.

Image of loveliness! in thee I view
The bright, the fair, the perfect counterpart,
Of that which love hath graven on my heart.
In every lineament, to nature true,
Methinks I can discern Her spirit through
Each feature gleaming; soft, serene and mild,
And gentle as when on me first she smiled,
Stirring my heart with passions strange and new.
Would that my tongue could celebrate the praise
Of thy divine original, or swell
The general chorus, or in lofty lays
Of her celestial grace and beauty tell,
But fancy flutters on her unplumed wing,
None but an angel's harp, an angel's praise should sing.

C. E. T.

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WHORTLEBERRYING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

About the middle of August, the village was honored by repeated visits from the little ragged population of "Barlow's Settlement," on the "Barrens," with quantities of whortleberries for sale. "Want any huckleberries to-day?" was heard all over. You couldn't stir abroad without some urchin with a smirched face—a tattered coat, whose skirts swept the dust, showing, evidently, its paternal descent, and pantaloons patched in the most conspicuous places, more picturesque than decent—thrusting a basket of the rich fruit into your very face, with an impudent yell of "huckleberries, sir?" or some little girl, the edges of whose scanty frock were irregularly scalloped, making a timid courtesy, saying meekly, "Don't you want some berries to-day, sir? nice berries, sir, just picked!"

At length Bill Brattle, who is a resident of the settlement, came into the village, and said in Wilson's bar-room, "that he 'd lived on the Barrens nigh on six years, and he 'd *never* in all that 'ere time seed sich an allfired grist of huckleberries. Why there was acres on acres on 'em, and he did n't tell no lie when he said that the airth was parfectly blue with 'em."

This soon got about, and the consequence was a whortleberry party the very next day. A number of the young people, of both sexes, started in several conveyances, and about noon found themselves, after rumbling through the covered bridge on the Neversink River, climbing slowly up the steep winding hill that ascends from the east bank of the stream, and whence was a beautiful view of the valley below.

Now there are many fine views in Sullivan. It is an exceedingly picturesque county. It has all the charms of precipitous hills, winding valleys, dark wooded gorges, lovely river-flats, and meandering streams. It is sufficiently cultivated to have the beauty of rural landscape softening the forest scenery, without disturbing to any great degree its wildness and grandeur.

This Neversink valley river, although not among the finest, is nevertheless a very lovely one—

Beneath—the clear placid stream comes coursing from the north, through narrow but beautiful flats, in all the pomp of rural wealth, wrinkled with cornfields, bearded with rye, and whitened with buckwheat, imaging old age rejoicing amongst its blessings. Opposite, rise steep hills in all the stages of cultivation—the black logging—the grain waving amidst stumps—and the smooth grassy meadow—whilst at the south, where the little river makes a bold turn, the sweet landscape is lost in the deep mantle of the aboriginal forest.

Mastering the hill, the whole cavalcade was soon turning into a stony, root-tangled, miry road, leading from the turnpike into the heart of the "Barrens," the territory of the desired fruit. After sinking and jolting for some little distance, we came to a part of the track which had been laid over with small parallel logs, close to each other, and forming what is called in country parlance "a corduroy road." We "bumped along" (as Jim Stokes, one of our party, a plain young farmer, expressed it) over this railway of the woods, until our bones seemed so loose we thought we could hear them rattle at every jolt; and at last stopped at a large log cabin which had been fitted up as a tavern.

A fierce eagle, with his head nearly all eye, one striped claw grasping a bundle of arrows, and the other the American flag, served for the sign, and was elevated upon a tall hickory sapling, with the ambitious legend of "Eagle Hotel; by A. Pritchard," flaunting in a scroll from the ferocious bird's mouth.

A smaller log structure, with one large door, and a square opening over it, through which a haymow seemed thrusting its brown head, as if to look abroad, with a warm glow of sunshine upon it, told plainly that our horses at all events would not suffer.

In a short time we scattered ourselves over the ground in the vicinity, in search of our fruit. The appearance of things around was quite characteristic of the region generally. The principal growth were a dwarf species of oak, called in the language of the country "scrub-oak"—low shaggy spruces—stunted gnarled pines, and here and there, particularly in low places, tall hemlocks. The earth was perfectly bestrewed with loose stones, between which, however, the moss showed itself, thick and green, with immense quantities of that beautiful creeping plant called the "ground pine," winding and twining its rich emerald branching fingers in every direction. Scores of cattle-paths were twisting and interlacing all around us, giving, in fact, to the scene, notwithstanding its barrenness, a picturesque appearance. There were stone-fences also intersecting each other every where, erected for no earthly purpose, as I could perceive, but to make way with some part of the vast quantities of stone scattered about; for as to cultivating the lots, that was entirely out of the question.

There was some little pasturage, however, and the bells of the browsing cows were heard tinkling in a pleasing manner, and giving somewhat of a social character to the desolate landscape.

We were all soon immersed in our search. The bushes were crouching all around us, bearing their rich clusters of misty blue berries, covered with the soft beautiful down that vanished at the touch leaving the berry dark and glittering as the eye of a squirrel. How like is the down of the fruit to the first gossamer down of the heart—and ah! how soon

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the latter also vanishes at the rude touch of the world. The pure virgin innocence with which God robes the creature when fresh from His holy hand! why cannot it stay! why, oh why, does it so soon depart and leave the soul disrobed of its charm and loveliness. Harsh world, bad world! it destroys all it touches.

Ahem! we 'll return.

Merry laughter breaks out from the girls, and playful scrambles occur amongst them as to who should secure the most fruit. The berries pour in handfuls in the baskets, which show in some cases signs of plethora. I tell you what it is, reader, there is sport in picking whortleberries. Strawberries pout their rich mouths so low that it gives a sore temptation to the blood to make an assault upon the head, causing you, when you lift it, to look darkly upon various green spots dancing about your eyes. Raspberries again, and blackberries, sting like the dev— I beg pardon, making your hands twitch up like a fit of St. Vitus' dance. But picking whortleberries is all plain sailing. Here are the berries and there are your baskets; no getting on your knees, (although it must be confessed the bushes are somewhat low,) and no pricking your fingers to the verge of swearing.

We all hunt in couples—a lover and his sweetheart—and take different paths. My companion was a tall black-eyed girl, the sight of whom always made my heart beat quicker, in those unsophisticated days. Rare sport we had, and so, doubtless, had the rest. Pick, pick, pick went the fingers—and rattle, rattle, rattle in the baskets ran the berries. Glorious sport! glorious times! We talked, too, as we picked—indeed why should we not—we had the whole English language to ourselves, and no one to disturb us in it—and I tell you what it is—if people can't talk they had better sell their tongue to the surgeons and live only through their eyes. What 's the use of existing without talk—ay, and small talk too. Small talk is (as somebody I believe says, although I am not certain, but no matter) the small change of society, and who has n't the small change, ten chances to one has n't the large. However, we 'll change the theme.

We hear in the distance the hum of male voices, and the light silvery tones of female, broken in upon by frequent laughter and the music of the cow-bells, tingle tingle, tink clink—here—there—far off and near.

All of a sudden, as I part a large thick cluster of whortleberry bushes, I hear an indescribably quick rattle, amounting to a hum as it were—fearful and thrilling in the extreme. I start back, but as I do so I see in the gloom of the bushes two keen blazing orbs, and a long scarlet tongue quivering and dancing like a curl of fire. "A rattlesnake—a rattlesnake," I cry involuntarily—my companion gives a little shriek, and in a moment several of our company, of both sexes, are hastening toward us. It is a peculiarity or want of ability in the reptile to dart only its length, and my first recoil had placed me, I knew, beyond its reach. But there stood the leafy den, studded all over with a profusion of beautiful gems, and although the rattle had ceased, there to a certainty was the enraged monster, swelling doubtless in his yellow venom; for it is another trait of the crawling, poisonous demons never to desert their post, (rather a good trait, by the way, not always possessed by those erect rattlesnakes, men,) and we must get rid of the dragon before we could come at the fruit. Well! what was to be done! We could n't think of leaving the field—that would be too bad—to be driven off by a snake, and before the eyes of our Dulcineas too—it could n't be thought of! So one of us cuts a pole with a crotch at the end—the rest of us arm ourselves with stones and sticks, and then the poleman commences his attack upon the bush. Ha! that was a thrust, well aimed! hear him rattle, hum-m-m—how the bush flutters! he sprang then! That was a good thrust! Jupiter, how he rattles! see, see, see, there are his eyes! ugh! there 's his tongue! now he darts out his head and neck! Heavens! what malignant rage and ferocity. Keep back, girls! don't be too curious to see! Thrust him again! How he makes the bush flutter! how his eyes shoot around! how his tongue darts in and out—and whir-r-r-r-r-r—how his rattles shake. Now he comes out, head up, tongue out, eyes like coals of fire—give him the stones now—a full battery of them! Halloo! what 's Sloan about there with his crotched pole. Well planted, by Jupiter! right around his neck. Ha! ha! ha! how he twists and turns and writhes about—how he would like to bite! how he would like to strike some of that tawny poison of his into our veins! Yes, yes, your snakeship! but it wont do! "you can't come it," as Loafing Jim says, "no how you can fix it."

He 's a tremendous snake though—full four feet! u-g-h! only think of his crawling around and catching hold of the calf of your leg! Not so pleasant as picking whortleberries, to say the least of it. See his gray mottled skin! though it looks beautiful, flashing in the rays of the sun—and then the ribbed white of his undershape! However, what shall we do with him! Sloan, hold him tight now, and I'll aim at his head. Good sharp stone this—whew—well aimed, although I say it—I think he must have felt it this time. Halloo! another stone—from Wescott. I fancy that made his head ache! And that one has crushed it as flat as a—griddle-cake.

We again, after this terrific battle, (a dozen against one though I must confess,) scatter among the bushes. Awful onslaughts are again made amongst the berries, and our baskets (those at all events in sight) are plumping up with the delicious, ripe, azure balls. I have forgotten to mention, though, that it is a very warm day. The sky is of a pale tint, as if the bright, pure, deep blue had been blanched out by the heat; and all around the horizon are wan thunder-caps thrusting up their peaks and summits. It looks decidedly thunderish.

What 's that again! another alarm? How that girl does scream out there! What on earth is the matter! We rush around a sand-bank, looking warm and yellow in the sun, and we see the cause of the out-

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break. There is Caroline G. shrinking back as if she would like to evaporate into thin air, and executing a series of shrieks, with her open mouth, of the most thrilling character. Young Mason is a little in front, with a knotted stick, doubtless just picked up, whilst some ten or twelve rods in advance is a great shaggy black bear, very coolly helping himself to the contents of the two baskets hitherto borne by the couple, giving himself time, however, every now and then to look out of his little black eyes at the rightful owners, with rather a spiteful expression, but protruding at the same time his red tongue, like a clown at the circus, as if enjoying the joke of their picking and he eating. Afterward I learned that they had deposited their baskets on the ground under a loaded bush, for greater facility in securing the fruit, when suddenly they heard a blow and a snort, and looking where the queer sounds came from, they saw his Bruinship's white teeth and black phiz within a foot or two of them, directly over the bush. Abandoning their baskets, they retreated in double quick time, and while Mason sought and found a club for defence, Caroline made haste to clear her voice for the most piercing efforts, and succeeded in performing a succession of sustained vocal flights, that a steam whistle could n't much more than match. The sight as we came up was in truth somewhat alarming, but Bruin did n't seem disposed to be hostile except against the whortleberries, which he certainly made disappear in the most summary manner; so we, after hushing with difficulty Caroline's steam whistle, (I beg her pardon,) stood and watched him. After he had discussed the contents of the baskets, he again looked at us, and, rearing himself upon his hind legs, with his fore paws hanging down like a dancing Shaker, made two or three awkward movements, as if dancing an extempore hornpipe, either in triumph or to thank us for his dinner; he next opened his great jaws in resemblance to a laugh, again thrust out his tongue, saying plainly by it, "had n't you better pick some more whortleberries," then deliberately fell upon his fore feet and stalked gravely and solemnly away. As for ourselves, we went where he did n't.

It wanted now about an hour to sundown, and this was the time agreed upon by all of us to reunite at Pritchard's and start for home. The beautiful charm of light and shade cast by the slanting rays already began to rest upon the scene. The small oaks were glowing through and through—the thick spruces were kindled up in their outer edges—the patches of moss looked like carpets of gold spread by the little genii of the woods—the whortleberry bushes were drenched in rich radiance, the fruit seeming like the concentrated radiance in the act of dropping—whilst the straggling, tall, surly grenadiers of hemlocks had put on high-pointed yellow caps, with rays streaking through their branches like muskets. The cow-bells were now tinkling everywhere, striking in an odd jumble of tones—tingle ling, tingle ling ting tingle—as their owners collected together to eat their way to their respective milking places—and all told us that the day was drawing to a close. Independently of this, a dark crag of cloud was lifting itself in the southwest, with a pale glance of lightning shooting out of it occasionally, hinting very strongly of an approaching thunder-storm.

In about half an hour we were all re-assembled at Pritchard's. I believe I have not described the scenery around this little log tavern. There was a ravine at some little distance from it, densely clothed with forest. Through it a stream found its way. Directly opposite the side porch, the ravine spread widely on each side, shaping a broad basin of water, and then, contracting again, left a narrow throat across which a dam had been thrown. Over this dam the stream poured in a fall of glittering silver, of about ten feet, and then, pursuing its way through the "Barrens," fell into the Sheldrake Brook several miles below. Here, at the fall, Pritchard had erected a saw-mill.

Now people do n't generally think there is any thing very picturesque about saw-mills, but I do. The weather-beaten boards of the low structure, some hanging awry, some with great knot-holes, as if they were gifted with orbs of vision, or were placed there for the mill to breathe through, some fractured, as if the saw had at times become outrageous at being always shut up and made to work there for other people, and had dashed against them, determined to gain its liberty—whilst some seem as if they had become so tantalized by the continual jar of the machinery, that they had loosened their nails, and had set up a clatter and shake themselves in opposition—these are quite picturesque. Then the broad opening in front, exposing the glittering saw bobbing up and down, and pushing its sharp teeth right through the bowels of the great peeled log fastened with iron claws to the sliding platform beneath—the gallows-like frame in which the saw works—the great strap belonging to the machinery issuing out of one corner and gliding into another—the sawyer himself, in a red shirt, now wheeling the log into its place with his handspike and fastening it—and now lifting the gate by the handle protruding near him—the axe leaning at one side and the rifle at the other—the loose floor covered with saw-dust—the stained rafters above with boards laid across for a loft—the dark sloping slab-roof—the great black wheel continually at war with the water, which, dashing bravely against it, finds itself carried off its feet into the buckets, and whirled half around, and then coolly dismissed into the stream below—the long flume through which the water rushes to the unequal fray, and—what next!

Then the pond, too, is not to be overlooked. There are generally some twenty or thirty logs floating in one corner, close to each other, and breaking out into great commotion every time the gate is hoisted—the otter is now and then seen gliding in the farther nooks—and a quick eye may catch, particularly about the dam, where he generally burrows, a glimpse of the musk-rat as he dives down. Now and then too the wild duck will push his beautiful shape with his bright feet through it—the snipe will alight and "teter," as the children say, along the

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banks—the woodcock will show his brownish red bosom amongst the reeds as he comes to stick his long bill into the black ooze for sucking, as dock-boys stick straws into molasses hogsheads—and once in a great while, the sawyer, if he 's wide awake, will see, in the Spring or Fall, the wild goose leaving his migrating wedge overhead, and diving and fluttering about in it, as a momentary bathing place, and to rest for a time his throat, hoarse with uttering his laughably wise and solemn "honk, honk." Nor must the ragged and smirched-faced boys be forgotten, eternally on the logs, or the banks, or in the leaky scow, with their twine and pin-hooks catching "spawney-cooks," and "bull-heads" as worthless as themselves, and as if that were their only business in life. And then the streak of saw-dust running along in the midst of the brook below, and forming yellow nooks to imprison bubbles and sticks and leaves and what not, every now and then making a jet outward and joining the main body—and lastly the saw-mill yard, with its boards, white, dark and golden, piled up in great masses, with narrow lanes running through—and gray glistening logs, with their bark coats off, waiting their turn to be "boarded."

The cloud had now risen higher, with its ragged pointed edges, and murky bosom—sharper lightning flashed athwart it, sometimes in trickling streaks, and sometimes in broad glances, whilst low growls of thunder were every now and then heard. The sun was already swallowed up—and a strange, unnatural, ghastly glare was upon every object. The atmosphere was motionless—not a stir in the thickets around, not a movement in the forest at the ravine. Through the solemn silence the crash of the falling water came upon the ear, and its gleam was caught against the black background of the cloud. It really seemed as if Nature held her breath in anticipating terror. Higher and higher rose the cloud—fiercer and fiercer flashed the lightning, sterner and sterner came the peals of the solemn thunder. Still Nature held her breath, still fear deep and brooding reigned. The wild tint still was spread over all things—the pines and hemlocks near at hand seeming blanched with affright beneath it. Suddenly a darkness smote the air—a mighty rush was heard—the trees seemed falling upon their faces in convulsions, and with a shock as if the atmosphere had been turned into a precipitated mountain, amidst a blinding flash and tearing, splitting roar, onward swept the blast. Another flash—another roar—then tumbled the great sheeted rain. Like blows of the hammer on the anvil beat it on the water—like the smitings of a mounted host trampled it upon the roof—like the spray flying from the cataract smoked it upon the earth. The fierce elements of fire and air and water were now at the climax of their strife—the dark blended shadow of the banners under which they fought almost blotting out the view. Occasionally glimpses of writhing branches could be seen, but only for a moment—all again was dim and obscure, with the tremendous sights and sounds of the storm dazzling the eye and stunning the ear. The lightning would flash with intolerable brilliancy, and immediately would follow the thunder with a rattling leap as if springing from its lair, and then with a deafening, awful weight, as if it had fallen and been splintered into pieces in the sky. Then would re-open the steady deep boom of the rain, and the stern rushing of the chainless wind. At length the air became clearer—the lightning glared at less frequent intervals—the thunder became more rolling and distant, and the tramp of the rain upon the roof less violent. The watery streaks in the atmosphere waxed finer—outlines of objects began to be defined—till suddenly, as a growl of thunder died away in the east, a rich thread of light ran along the landscape, that looked out smiling through its tears; and thronging out into the damp fresh, sweet air, where the delicate gauze-like rain was glittering and trembling, we saw on one hand the great sun looking from a space of glowing sky upon the scene, and dashing upon the parting clouds the most superb and gorgeous hues—whilst on the other smiled the lovely rainbow, the Ariel of the tempest, spanning the black cloud and soaring over the illuminated earth, like Hope spreading her brilliant halo over the Christian's brow, and brightening with her beautiful presence his impending death.

We all concluded to wait for the moon to rise before we started for home, and in the meanwhile another cloud arose and made demonstration. This storm, however, was neither so long nor so violent as the first, and we found attraction in viewing the lightning striking into ghastly convulsions the landscape—so that the falling rain—the bowed trees—the drenched earth—the streaked mill, and the gleaming water-fall were opened to our view for an instant, and then dropped as it were again into the blackness. But after a while the sky cleared its forehead of all its frowns—the broad moon wheeled up—and in her rich glory we again moved slowly along the rough road, until we came to the smooth turnpike, where we dashed along homeward, with the cool, scented air in our faces, and the sweet smile of the sun's gentle and lovely sister resting all about us, making the magnificent Night appear like Day with a veil of softening silver over his dazzling brow.

STANZAS.

Be firm, and be cheerful. The creature who lightens
The natural burdens of life when he may,
Who smiles at small evils, enhances and brightens
The pleasures which Heaven has spread in his way.

Then why yield your spirits to care and to sorrow?
Rejoice in the present, and smile while you may;
Nor, by thinking of woes which *may* spring up to-morrow,
Lose the blessings which Heaven *has* granted to-day.

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EURYDICE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

With heart that thrilled to every earnest line,
I had been reading o'er that antique story,
Whereof the youth half human, half divine,
Of all love-lore the Eidolon and glory,
Child of the Sun, with music's pleading spell,
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!

And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,
My own heart's history unfolded seemed:—
Ah! lost one! by thy lover-minstrel graced
With homage pure as ever woman dreamed,
Too fondly worshiped, since such fate befell,
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well?

The scene is round me!—Throned amid the gloom,
As a flower smiles on Ætna's fatal breast,
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;
And near—of Orpheus' soul, oh! idol blest!—
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,
I see *thy* meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!

I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow,
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing;
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow;
I see him bend on *thee* that eloquent glance,
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror trance!

I see his face, with more than mortal beauty
Kindling, as armed with that sweet lyre alone,
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,
He stands serene before the awful throne,
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eyes,
Since thou, his own adored Eurydice, art nigh!

Now soft and low a prelude sweet upsprings,
As if a prisoned angel—pleading there
For life and love—were fettered 'neath the strings,
And poured his passionate soul upon the air!
Anon, it clangs with wild, exultant swell,
Till the full pæan peals triumphantly through Hell!

And thou—thy pale hands meekly locked before thee—
Thy sad eyes drinking *life* from *his* dear gaze—
Thy lips apart—thy hair a halo o'er thee,
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze—
Thus—with all words in passionate silence dying—
Within thy *soul* I hear Love's eager voice replying—

"Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,
Charmed into statues by thy God-taught strain,
I—I alone, to thy dear face upraising
My tearful glance, the life of life regain!
For every tone that steals into my heart
Doth to its worn, weak pulse a mighty power impart.

Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace,
See, dear one! how the chain of linked notes
Has fettered every spirit in its place!
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies;
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

Still, mine own Orpheus, sweep the golden lyre!
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpine,
With clasped hands, and eyes whose azure fire
Gleams through quick tears, thrilled by thy joy, doth lean
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's breast,
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to rest?

Play my proud minstrel! strike the chords again!
Lo! Victory crowns at last thy heavenly skill!
For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—
He waves his hand—he speaks his awful will!
My glorious Greek! lead on; but ah! *still* lead
Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou lose thy friend!

Think not of me! Think rather of the time,
When moved by thy resistless melody,
To the strange magic of a song sublime,
Thy argo grandly glided to the sea:
And in the majesty Minerva gave,
The graceful gulley swept, with joy, the sounding wave!

Or see, in Fancy's dream, thy Thracian trees,
Their proud heads bent submissive to the sound,
Swayed by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,
March to slow music o'er th' astonished ground—
Grove after grove descending from the hills,
While round thee weave their dance the glad, harmonious rills.

Think not of me! Ha! by thy mighty sire,
My lord, my king! recall the dread behest!
Turn not—ah! turn not back those eyes of fire!
Oh! lost, forever lost! undone! unblest!
I faint, I die!—the serpent's fang once more
In here!—nay, grieve not thus! Life but *not Love* is o'er!

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

When the day-king is descending
On the blue hill's breast to lie,
And some spirit-artist blending
On the flushed and bending sky
All the rainbow's hues, I listen
To the breeze, while in my eye
Tears of bitter anguish glisten,
As I think of days gone by.

Change, relentless change is lighting
On the brow of young and fair,
And with iron hand is writing
Tales of grief and sorrow there.
On life's journey friends have faltered,
And beside its pathway lie,
But that breeze, with voice unaltered,
Sings as in the days gone by.

Sings old songs to soothe the anguish
Of a heart whose hopes are flown;
Cheering one condemned to languish
In this weary world alone;
Tells old tales of loved ones o'er me,
Dearest ones, remembered well,
That have passed away before me,
In a brighter land to dwell.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WORTH.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

ALL persons naturally exhibit a great desire to become acquainted with the events of the lives of those individuals who have made themselves or their country illustrious. It is very pleasant to inquire into the nature of the studies which matured their minds, to examine the incidents of their early career, and follow them through the obscurer portions of their lives for the purpose of ascertaining if the man corresponds with the idea we have formed of him.

Gen. Worth has recently attracted so much attention, and the events of his whole life have been so stirring, that this is peculiarly the case with him. No one can think without interest of one who, while a boy almost, opposed the British veterans at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and in his manhood won a yet higher reputation amid the hamacs of Florida, and in front of the batteries of Molino del Rey and Monterey. It is, however, a matter of much regret that of Worth's early history and family annals but little is known. It is true, no man in the army has been the theme of so much camp-fire gossip, or the hero of so many gratuitous fabrications; but we are able to learn nothing of him previous to his entry into the service. A thousand anecdotes without any basis in truth have been told of him, altogether to no purpose; for one who has so many real claims to distinction need never appeal to factitious honors.

Gen. Worth, at the commencement of the last war with Great Britain, is said to have been a resident of Albany, N. Y., and to have been engaged in commercial pursuits. Animated by the feeling of patriotism which pervaded the whole people, he left the desk and ledger, and is said to have enlisted in the 2nd regiment of artillery, then commanded by Col. Izard, afterward a general officer of distinction. The lieut. colonel of one of the battalions of this regiment was Winfield Scott, the attention of whom Worth is said soon to have attracted. Col. Scott is said to have exerted himself to procure him a commission, and to have taken care of his advancement. This may or may not be true; it is sure, however, that Worth first appears in a prominent position in the military annals of the United States as the aid-de-camp and protegé of General Scott, at the battle of Chippewa, where Scott was a brigadier. Worth was his aid, having in the interim become a first lieutenant.

No man in America is ignorant of the events of that day, which retrieved the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and reflected the greatest honor on all the participants in its events. For his gallantry and good conduct, Mr. Madison bestowed on Lieut. Worth the brevet of captain; and he was mentioned in the highest terms in the general orders of the officers under whom he served. The brevet of Worth was announced to the army and nation in the same order which told of the promotion of McNeil, Jessup, Towson, and Leavenworth. Strangely enough, though death has been busy with the officers of the last war, all who were breveted for their services on that occasion, with one or two exceptions, are now alive. The battle of Chippewa occurred on the 5th of July, 1814, and was the date of Worth's first brevet.

Though a brevet captain, Worth continued with Scott in the important position of aid-de-camp, and served in that capacity at Lundy's Lane, in the battle of July 25th, 1814. On that occasion he distinguished himself in the highest degree, and won the reputation his whole subsequent career has confirmed, of coolness, decision, and activity. During this engagement the whole British force was thrown on the 9th foot, commanded by the veteran Lieut. Col. Leavenworth. This officer sent for aid to Gen. Scott, who on that occasion gave Gen. Taylor the example after which that gallant general acted at Buena Vesta. He repaired to the menaced point with the strong reinforcement of his own person and aid, and had the proud satisfaction of seeing the attacking column beaten back, and the general who led it made prisoner. At the moment of success, however, both Scott and Capt. Worth fell wounded severely. The country appreciated their services, and each received from Mr. Madison the brevet of another grade, with date from the day of the battle. Major Worth soon recovered, but, attached to Gen. Scott's person, accompanied him southward, as soon as the wound of the latter enabled him to bear the fatigue of travel.

When peace came Worth was a captain in the line and a major by brevet, with which rank he was assigned to the military command of the corps of Cadets at West Point. This appointment, ever conferred on men of talent, is the highest compliment an officer of the service of the United States can receive in time of peace. To Worth it was doubly grateful, because he was not an *elevé* of the institution. Ten years after the battle of Niagara, Major Worth was breveted a lieutenant colonel, and when in 1832 the ordnance corps was established, he became one of its majors. In July, 1832, on the organization of the 8th infantry, Lieut. Col. Worth was appointed to its colonelcy.

Hitherto we have seen Worth in a subordinate position, where he was unable to exhibit the highest qualification of a soldier, that of command. Since his entry into the service he had been either an officer of the staff, or separated from troops. He was now called on to participate in far more stirring scenes. The war against the Seminoles in Florida had long been a subject of great anxiety to both the government and the people, and thither Worth was ordered, after a brief but effective tour of service on the northern frontier, then infested by the Canadian insurgents. At first he acted subordinately to the late Gen. Armistead, but, on the retirement of that officer, assumed command. The war was prosecuted by him with new vigor, and the Indians defeated ultimately at Pilaklakaha, near the St. John, April 17,

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1812. This fight was virtually the termination of the war, the enemy never again having shown himself in force. Gen. Worth was highly complimented for his services on this occasion, and received the brevet of brigadier general.

During the season of peace which followed Gen. Worth remained almost constantly with his regiment, which more than once changed its station; and when the contest with Mexico began, reported to Gen. Taylor at Corpus Christi. His situation here was peculiar, and he became involved in a dispute in relation to precedence and command with the then Col. Twiggs, of the 2nd dragoons. The latter officer was by several years Worth's senior in the line, and, according to the usual opinion in the army, entitled to command, though many of the most accomplished soldiers of the service thought the brevet of Worth, on this occasion at least, where the *corps d'armée* was made up of detachments, valid as a commission. This dispute became so serious that Gen. Taylor interferred, and having sustained Col. Twiggs, Gen. Worth immediately tendered his resignation to the President.

There is no doubt but that the decision in favor of Gen. Twiggs was correct, and that Worth was radically wrong in his conception of the effect of his brevet. He, however, had been brought up under the eye of Gen. Scott, who entertained the same ideas on this subject, and who, years before, under precisely similar circumstances, had resigned his commission. Gen. Worth having proceeded from the Rio Grande to Washington, the President refused to accept his resignation, and he returned at once to the army.

The resignation of Worth was a most untoward circumstance, for during his absence from the army hostilities commenced, and he lost all participation in the battles of Palo Alto and La Resaca.

When, after the capture of Matamoras, the army again advanced, Worth had resumed his post, and acquiesced cheerfully in the decision which had been given against him. The laurels he had not grasped on the Rio Grande were won in front of the batteries of *La Loma de la Independencia*, and in the streets of Monterey. Amid the countless feats of daring recorded by military history, none will be found to surpass his achievements in the slow, painful, but bold entry he effected through a city swarming with defenders, to the very *plaza*. For his gallantry on this occasion he received the brevet of major general, and, with the exception of Generals Scott and Taylor, is believed to be the only officer in the service who has received three war-brevets. Gen. Worth from this time became one of the national idols.

When Gen. Scott assumed command of the expedition against Vera Cruz and the capital, one of his first acts was to order Gen. Worth and the remnant of his division to join him. The general-in-chief remembered the events, on the northern frontier, of 1814, and anticipated much in Mexico. He was not disappointed in this expectation, for at Vera Cruz and in the valley of Mexico, his old aid did not disappoint him, and proved that service had but matured the judgment of the soldier of Chippewa and Niagara.

It was at *Molino del Rey* that Worth displayed his powers with most brilliancy. When it became evident that the city of Mexico must be taken by force, a prominent position was assigned to Gen. Worth, who, with his division and Cadwallader's brigade, was ordered to carry the strong position of Molino del Rey, and destroy its defences. This spot is famous in Mexican history as *Casas Matas*, and and is the scene of the famous *plan*, or revolution, of Feb. 2, 1823, by virtue of which a republican form of government may be said to exist in Mexico. It lies westward of Chapultepec, the old palace of the Aztec kings, and from the nature of its position, and the careful manner in which it was fortified, was a position of great strength. It lay at the foot of a rapid declivity, enfiladed by the fire of Chapultepec, and so situated, that not a shot could be discharged but must fall into an assailing column.

Under these great difficulties the works were carried, Worth all the while marching with the column, and directing the operations of the horse artillery and infantry of which it was composed. In respect to this part of the operations in front of Mexico Gen. Scott adopted, without comment, the report of Gen. Worth. This is a rare compliment, and proceeding from such a person as Scott should be highly estimated.

After the capture of the city of Mexico, difficulties occurred between Gen. Worth and the general-in-chief, and a friendship of thirty-five years was apparently terminated. The matter is now the subject of consideration before a competent tribunal, and *non nobis tantas componere lites.*

Gen. Worth is yet in Mexico. His age is about fifty-six or eight, and in his personal appearance are mingled the bearing of the soldier and of the gentleman. The excellent portrait given of him is from a Daguerreotype by Mr. Clarke, of New York.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

When first peeps out from earth the modest vine,
Asking but little space to live and grow,
How easily some step, without design,
May crush the being from a thing so low!
But let the hand that doth delight to show
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine
Around some lattice-work, and 'twill bestow
Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine.
And thus, when Genius first puts forth its shoot—
So timid, that it scarce dare ask to live—
The tender germ, if trodden under foot,
Shrinks back again to its undying root;
While kindly training bids it upward strive,
And to the future flowers immortal give. K. C. KINNEY.

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THE CHANGED AND THE UNCHANGED.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"REPORT says that my queenly cousin is to lay aside her absolute sceptre, and submit to a lord and master," said George Mason, to his cousin, Emily Earl, as she took his arm for an evening walk.

"If you mean that I am to be married, that is a report which truth does not require me to contradict," said the young lady, in a tone adapted to repress the familiar manner of her companion. He had just returned from a long absence in a foreign land. His early youth had been passed in his uncle's family. He left his cousin a beautiful girl. He found her on his return a still more beautiful woman.

"I am very anxious," said he, with a slight change of manner, "to see the man who has drawn so splendid a prize. Is he like the picture you drew of the man you would marry, as we sat by the willow brook from the rising of the moon to its meridian? You remember that most beautiful night?"

"It is not desirable to remember all the follies of childhood," said Emily, coldly. Mason was silent. It was plain that they were no longer what they had been, brother and sister.

After walking for some distance in silence, Emily remarked, in a tone inviting conversation, "You must have seen a great deal of the world."

"I have had some means of observation," he replied, "but I have seen nothing to wean me from this spot, and from my friends here."

"Your friends are obliged to you for the compliment."

"I did not intend the remark as a compliment." Again there was an interval of silence. "I have been absent four years," said Mason, as though speaking to himself, "and I am not conscious of any change, so far as my feelings are concerned. The same persons and things which I then loved, I love now. The same views of life which I then cherished I cherish now."

"Experience and knowledge of the world," said Emily, "ought to give wisdom."

"I am so perverse as to regard it as wisdom to hold on to the dreams of our early days."

"Our views ought, it seems to me, to change as we grow older."

"I am not sure that we ought to grow old, so far as our feelings are concerned."

"You would engage in the vain effort to retain the dews and freshness of morning, after the sun has arisen with a burning heat."

"I believe the dew of our youth may be preserved even until old age."

"I am surprised that acquaintance with the world has not corrected your views of life. One would think that you had lived in entire seclusion."

"I am surprised that the romantic, warm-hearted Emily Earl should become the worldly-wise lecturer of her cousin."

"We had better speak upon some other subject. Had you a pleasant voyage homeward?"

"Yes. It could not be otherwise, when my face was toward 'my own, my native land,' and the friends so fresh in my remembrance."

A slight shade of displeasure flitted across Emily's features. She made no remark.

"Where is Susan Grey?" said Mason.

"She is dead."

"Indeed! She was just my own age. She was a single-hearted girl."

"She often inquired for you. You never fancied yourself in love with her?"

"No. Why that question!"

"She was under the impression that we were engaged, and seemed quite relieved when I informed her that she was mistaken."

"What has become of Mary Carver?"

"She is married, and lives in that house," pointing to a miserable hut near at hand.

"Is it possible?"

"Her husband is intemperate. It was a clandestine marriage—a love match, you know."

"Was her husband intemperate when she married him?"

"Not habitually so. He was so very romantic and devoted to her, so that, I suppose, she thought she could reform him."

"What has become of Mr. Ralston, your old friend?" admirer, he would have said, but he deemed it unwise.

"He is a lawyer here, in a small way. I believe they think of sending him to Congress."

"Is he married?"

"No."

"I thought he seemed to be attached to you; at least I hoped that he would become my cousin."

"I will answer your questions in regard to others—my own affairs do not require remark."

This rebuke, so unlike any thing he had ever received from his cousin, led him to fix his gaze upon her countenance, as if to make sure of her identity. There could be no mistake. There was the same brilliant eye, the same faultless features on which he had gazed in former years. A conciliating smile led him to resume his inquiries.

"Is Eliza Austin married?" His voice, as he asked this question, was far from natural, perhaps in consequence of the agitation which the rebuke just spoken of had occasioned.

"No; she lives somewhere in the village, I don't know exactly where."

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"Do you ever see her?"

"Yes; she lives with her aunt, who sometimes washes for us, so that I see her niece occasionally."

"Why does she live with her aunt?"

"Her mother died soon after you went away"

"Eliza still lives in the village, then?" To this very unnecessary question his cousin bowed in reply. Few words more passed between them during the remainder of their walk.

"You do not stay out as late as you used to do," said Mrs. Earl, as they entered the parlor.

"We are no longer children," said Emily. Mason could scarcely repress an audible sigh, as those words fell from her lips. At an early hour, he repaired to his chamber.

CHAPTER II.

George Mason was left an orphan in his early youth. He then became a member of his uncle's family, and the constant companion of his cousin Emily. He desired no society but hers. Her slightly imperious temper did not interfere with the growth of his affection. She had a sister's place in his glowing heart. He was in some sense her teacher, and she caught something of his romantic nature. Of the little circle of her associates, he was the idol.

At the age of fourteen he left home to pursue his studies for two years at a public institution. At the end of that period he became a clerk in a large commercial establishment in the city. At the close of the first year he accompanied one of the principals abroad, and remained there in charge of the business for nearly four years. He was now on the high road to wealth.

Soon after George Mason had gone abroad, Emily Earl went to the city to complete her education. She was in due time initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Introduced to *society* by a relative of unquestionable rank, her face and form presented attractions sufficient to make her the object of attention and flattery. Four successive winters were passed in the city. She was the foremost object of all "who flattered, sought, and sued." Is it strange that her judgment was perverted, and her heart eaten out? Is it strange that her cousin found her a changed being?

She had engaged to marry one whose claim to her regard was the thousands he possessed, and the eagerness with which he was sought by those whose chief end was an establishment in life. She had taught herself to believe that the yearnings of the heart were to be classed with the follies of childhood.

Henry Ralston was the son of a small farmer, or rather of a man who was the possessor of a small farm, and of a large soul. Henry was modest, yet aspiring; gentle, yet intense in his affections. The patient toil and rigid self-denial of his father gave him the advantage of an excellent education. In childhood he was the frequent companion of George and Emily. Even then an attachment sprung up in his heart for his fair playmate. This was quietly cherished; and when he entered upon the practice of the law in his native village, he offered Emily his hand. It was, without hesitation or apparent pain, rejected. Thus she cast away the only true heart which was ever laid upon the altar of her beauty. He bore the disappointment with outward calmness, though the iron entered his soul. He gave all his energies to the labors of his profession. Such was the impression of his ability and worth, that he was about to be supported, apparently without opposition, for a seat in the national councils.

Eliza Austin was the daughter of a deceased minister, who had worn himself out in the cause of benevolence, and died, leaving his wife and daughter penniless. She was several years younger than George and Emily; but early trials seemed to give an early maturity to her mind. She was seldom their companion, for her young days were spent in toil, aiding her mother in her efforts to obtain a scanty subsistence. Her intelligence, her perception of the beautiful, and her devotion to her mother made a deep impression upon George, and led him to regard her as he regarded no other earthly being. Long before the idea of love was associated with her name, he felt for her a respect approaching to veneration. He had often desired to write to her during his absence, but his entire ignorance of her situation rendered it unwise.

The waters of affliction had been wrung out to her in a full cup. The long and distressing sickness of her mother was ended only by the grave. She was then invited to take up her abode with her father's sister, whose intemperate husband had broken her spirit, but had not exhausted her heart. It was sad for Eliza to exchange the quiet home, the voice of affection, of prayer, and of praise, for the harsh criminations of the drunkard's abode. She would have left that abode for service, but for the distress it would have given her aunt.

Death at length removed the tormentor, and those who had ministered to his appetite swept away all his property.

The mind of Aunt Mary, now more than half a wreck, utterly revolted at the idea of separation from her niece. Eliza could not leave her. Declining an eligible situation as a teacher in a distant village, she rendered her aunt all the assistance in her power in her lowly employment—believing that the path dictated by affection and duty, though it might meet with the neglect and the scorn of men, would not fail to secure the approbation of God.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, George," said Mr. Earl, as they were seated at the breakfast-table, "how do you intend to dispose of yourself to-day?"

"I have a great many old friends to visit, sir."

"It may not be convenient for some of them to see you early in the morning."

"Some of them, I think, will not be at all particular respecting the time of my visits. There is the white rock by the falls which I must give an hour to; and I must see if the old trout who lived under it has taken as good care of himself during my absence as he did before I went away. And there

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is the willow grove, too, which I wish very much to see."

"It has been cut down."

"Cut down!—what for?"

"Mr. Bullard thought it interfered with his prospect."

"Why did you not interfere, cousin?" turning to Emily.

"It was nothing to me what he did with his grove," said Emily.

"Oh, I had forgotten—" George did not finish the sentence. He turned the conversation to some of the ordinary topics of the day.

After breakfast, he set out for Willow Brook, and seated himself upon the white rock. The years that had passed since in childhood he sat upon that rock, were reviewed by him. Though he had met with trials and temptations, yet he was thankful that he could return to that rock with so many of the feelings of childhood; that his heart's best emotions had not been polluted by the world, but were as yet pure as the crystal stream before him.

When he rose from that rock, instead of visiting the other haunts of his early days, he found himself moving toward the village. Now and then a familiar face was seen. By those who recognized him, he was warmly greeted. It was not until he met a stranger that he inquired for the residence of the widow and her niece. He was directed to a small dwelling in a narrow lane. He knocked at the open door. The widow, who was busily employed in smoothing the white linen before her, bade him enter, but paused not from her work.

"Is Eliza at home?" said Mason.

"Who can you be that want to see Eliza?" said the poor woman, still not lifting her eyes from her work.

"I am an old friend of hers," said Mason.

"A friend! a friend!" said she, pausing and looking upward, as if striving to recall the idea belonging to the word. "Yes, she had friends once—where have they gone?"

Again she plied her task, as if unconscious of his presence. He seated himself and watched her countenance, which revealed so sad a history. Her lips kept moving, and now and then she spoke aloud. "Poor girl! a hard life has she had—it may all be right, but I can't see how; and now she might be a lady if she would leave her poor, half-crazy aunt." Her whispers were then inaudible. Soon she turned to Mason and said, as if in reply to a question, "No, I never heard her complain. When those she used to visit don't know her, and look the other way when they meet her, she never complains. What will become of her when her poor old aunt is gone? Who will take care of her?"

"I will," said Mason.

"Who may you be?" said she, scanning his countenance as if she had now seen him for the first time.

"A friend of her childhood."

"What is your name?"

"George Mason."

"George Mason! George Mason!—I have heard that name before. It was the name she had over so often when she had the fever, poor thing! I did not know what she said, though she did not say a word during the whole time that would not look well printed in a book. Did you use to live in the big white house?"

"Yes, I used to live with my Uncle Earl."

"And with that *lady*," laying a fierce emphasis upon the word, "who never speaks to Eliza now, though Eliza watched night after night with her when she was on the borders of the grave. Are you like her?" observing him to hesitate, she asked in a more excited manner, "are you like Emily Earl?" Fearing that her clouded mind might receive an impression difficult to remove, he promptly answered "No."

"I am glad of it," said the widow, resuming her work.

The last question and its answer was overheard by Eliza, as she was coming in from the garden where she had been attending to a few flowers. She turned deadly pale as she saw Mason, and remained standing in the door. He arose and took her hand in both of his, and was scarcely able to pronounce her name. The good aunt stood with uplifted hands, gazing with ludicrous amazement at the scene. Eliza was the first to recover her self-possession. She introduced Mason to her aunt as an old friend.

"Friend!—are you sure he is a friend?"

"He is a friend," said Mason, "who is very grateful to you for the love you have borne her, and the care you have taken of her."

"There," said she, opening a door which led to a parlor, perhaps ten feet square, motioning to them to enter. Mason, still retaining her trembling hand, led Eliza into the room, and seated her on the sofa, the chief article of furniture it contained. Her eyes met his earnest gaze. They were immediately filled with tears. His own overflowed. He threw his arm around her, and they mingled their tears in silence. It was long ere the first word was spoken. Eliza at length seemed to wake as from a dream.

"What am I doing?" said she, attempting to remove his arm, "we are almost strangers."

"Eliza," said he, solemnly, "do you say what you feel?"

"No, but I know not—" she could not finish the sentence.

"Eliza, you are dearer to me than any one upon earth." She made no efforts to resist the pressure of his arm. There were moments of eloquent silence.

"Eliza, will you become my wife?"

"Do you know how utterly destitute I am?"

"That has no connection with my question."

"If you are the same George Mason you used to be, you wish for a direct answer. I will." It was not till this word was spoken that he ventured to impress a kiss upon her cheek.

"I have not done right," said Eliza; "you can never know how much I owe to that dear aunt. I ought not to engage myself without her consent—I can never be separated from her."

"You cannot suppose that I would wish you to be separated."

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"You are the same—" she was about to add some epithets of praise, but checked herself. "How is it that you have remained unchanged?"

"By keeping bright an image in my heart of hearts."

With some difficulty Eliza rose, and opening the door, spoke to her aunt. She came and stood in the door.

"Well, ma'am," said Mason, "I have gained Eliza's consent to change her name, if you will give your consent." She stood as one bewildered. The cloud which rested on her countenance was painful to behold. It was necessary to repeat his remark before she could apprehend it.

"Ah, is it so? It has come at last. He doeth all things well. I had n't faith to trust Him. He doeth all things well."

"We have your consent?"

"If she is half as loving to you as she has been to me, you will never be sorry. But what will become of me?"

"We have no idea of parting with you. She has given her consent only on condition that you go with us." The old lady fixed her gaze upon her niece. It was strange that features so plain, so wrinkled by age and sorrow, could beam with such affection. She could find no words to express her feelings. She closed the door, and was heard sobbing like a child.

Hour after hour stole away unnoted by the lovers. They were summoned to partake of the frugal meal spread by Aunt Mary's hands, and no apologies were made for its lack of store. Again they retired to the little parlor, and it was not till the sun was low in the west, that he set out on his return to the "white house."

"We conclude that you have passed a happy day," said Mrs. Earl, "at least your countenance says so. We began to feel anxious about you."

"I went to the brook first, and then to the village."

"Have you seen many of your old friends?"

"Several of them."

Mason was released from the necessity of answering further questions by the arrival of a carriage at the door. Mr. Earl rose and went to the window. "Mr. Benfield has come," said he. Emily arose and left the room to return in another dress, and with flowers in her hair.

Mr. Benfield was shown to his room, and in a few moments joined the family at the tea-table. Emily received him with a smile, which, however beautiful it may have been, was not like the smile of Eliza Austin. Mason saw that Mr. Benfield belonged to a class with which he was perfectly well acquainted. "It is well," thought he, "that she has filed down her mind, if she must spend her days with a man like him." Mason passed the evening with his uncle, though he was sadly inattentive to his uncle's remarks. Emily and Mr. Benfield took a walk, and on their return did not join the family. Benfield's object in visiting the country at this time was to fix a day for his marriage. The evening was spent by them in discussing matters pertaining to that event.

It was necessary for Mr. Benfield to return to the city on the afternoon of the following day. Mason, for various reasons, determined to accompany him. Part of the morning was spent with Eliza, and arrangements for their union were easily fixed upon. No costly preparations for a wedding were thought to be necessary.

Emily devoted herself so entirely to Mr. Benfield, that Mason had no opportunity of informing her respecting the state of his affairs.

He sought his uncle, expressed to him his gratitude for his kindness, informed him of the state of his pecuniary affairs, and of his affections, and asked his approbation of his intended marriage.

"I can't say, George," said the old gentleman, "but that you have done the wisest thing you could do. Emily may not like it. I have nothing to say against it. I did n't do very differently myself, though it would hardly do to say so aloud now. Emily is to be married in three weeks. You must be with us then."

"Suppose I wish to be married myself on the same evening?"

"Well, I do n't know. I think you had better be with us, then make such arrangements as you please, and say nothing to us about it. It may make a little breeze at first, but it will soon blow over. Nobody will like you the worse for it in the end." Heartily thanking his uncle for his frankness and affection, and taking a courteous leave of Emily, he took his departure, with Mr. Benfield, for the city.

CHAPTER IV.

The white house was a scene of great activity as the wedding-day drew near. Aunt Mary's services were put in requisition to a much greater extent than usual. When she protested that she could do no more, Mrs. Earl suggested that her niece would help her. Aunt Mary could not help remarking that Eliza might have something else to do as well as Miss Emily.

It was understood that a large number of guests were to be invited.

Many dresses were ordered in anticipation of an invitation. The services of the village dress-maker were in great demand. Eliza ordered a plain white dress—a very unnecessary expenditure, it was thought, since it was certain that she would not receive an invitation. It was a pity that she should thus prepare disappointment for herself, poor thing!

Benfield and Mason arrived together on the appointed day. All things were in order. The preparations were complete. The guests assembled—the "big white house" was filled as it never had been filled before. Suddenly there is a *hush* in the crowd—the folding-doors are thrown open—the bride and bridegroom are seen, prepared for the ceremony that is to make them one—in law. The words are spoken, the ceremony is performed, the oppressive silence is removed—the noise and gayety common to such occasions take place.

After a time, it was noticed by some that the pastor, and Mason, and Esq. Ralston had disappeared.

They repaired to Aunt Mary's, where a few tried

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friends had been invited to pass the evening. These friends were sorry that Eliza had not been invited to the wedding, but were pleased to find that she did not seem to be disappointed—she was in such fine spirits. She wore her new white dress, and a few roses in her hair.

The entrance of the pastor, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Ralston, seemed to cause no surprise to Aunt Mary, though it astonished the assembled guests. After a kind word from the pastor to each one present, for they were all members of his flock, Mason arose, and taking Eliza by the hand, said to him, "We are ready." Prayer was offered, the wedding-vows were spoken, and George Mason and Eliza Austin were pronounced husband and wife.

Joy seemed to have brushed away the clouds from Aunt Mary's mind. She conversed with the intelligence of her better days. The guests departed, and ere the lights were extinguished in the parlors of the white house, it was known throughout the village that there had been two weddings instead of one.

Early in the morning, before the news had reached them, Mr. and Mrs. Benfield set out upon their wedding tour. Emily learned her cousin's marriage from the same peper which informed the public of her own.

George Mason had no time for a wedding tour. He removed his wife and her aunt immediately to the city, and at once resumed the labors of his calling.

Emily did not become acquainted with Mrs. Mason, until Mr. Benfield had failed in business, and was enabled to commence again, with capital furnished by her cousin, who had become the leading member of his firm.

THE DAYSPRING.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Mourner, bending o'er the tomb
  Where thy heart's dear treasure lies,
Dark and dreary is thy gloom,
  Deep and burdened are thy sighs:
From thy path the light, whose rays
  Cheered and guided thee, is gone,
And the future's desert waste
  Thou must sadly tread alone.

'Neath the drooping willow's shade,
  Where the mourning cypress grows,
The beloved and lost is laid
  In a quiet, calm repose.
Silent now the voice whose tones
  Wakened rapture in thy breast—
Dull the ear—thy anguished groans
  Break not on the sleeper's rest.

Grace and loveliness are fled,
  Broken is the "golden bowl,"
Loosed the "silver chord," whose thread
  Bound to earth th' immortal soul.
Closed the eyes whose glance so dear
  Once love's language fond could speak,
And the worm, foul banqueter,
  Riots on that matchless cheek.

And the night winds, as they sweep
  In their solemn grandeur by,
With a cadence wild and deep,
  Mournfully their requiem sigh.
And each plant and leaf and flower
  Bows responsive to the wail,
Chanted, at the midnight hour,
  By the spirits of the gale.

Truly has thy sun gone down
  In the deepest, darkest gloom,
And the fondest joys thou 'st known
  Buried are within that tomb.
Earth no solace e'er can bring
  To thy torn and bleeding heart—
Time not art extract the sting
  From the conqueror's poisoned dart.

But, amid thy load of wo,
  Turn, thou stricken one, thine eyes
Upward, and behold that glow
  Spreading brightly o'er the skies!
'T is the day-star, beaming fair
  In the blue expanse above;
Look on high, and know that there
  Dwells the object of thy love,

Life's bright harp of thousand strings
  By the spoiler's hand was riven,
But the realm seraphic rings
  With the victor notes of heaven.
Over death triumphant—lo!
  See thy cherished one appear!
Mourner, dry thy tears of wo,
  Trust, believe, and meet her there!

SONNET.—CULTIVATION.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
  Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales and everywhere—
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers—
  But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.
  So, flowers of Genius that will longest live
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,
  And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

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FIRST LOVE.

OR LILLIE MASON'S DEBUT

BY ENNA DUVAL.

Maybe without a further thought,
  It only pleased you thus to please,
And thus to kindly feelings wrought
  You measured not the sweet degrees:
Yet though you hardly understood
  Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should—
  Have thought how far I had to fall.
And even now in calm review
  Of all I lost and all I won,
I cannot deem you wholly true,
  Nor wholly just what you have done. MILNES.

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. HEMANS.

On paying a visit to my friend Agnes Mason one morning, the servant told me his mistress would be pleased to see me in her dressing-room. Thither I repaired, and found her, to my surprise, surrounded by all sorts of gay, costly articles, appertaining to the costume of a woman of the world. To my surprise, I say, for Agnes has always been one of the greatest home-bodies in the whole circle of my acquaintances. A party, or a ball she has scarcely visited since the first years of her marriage, although possessing ample means to enjoy every gayety of fashionable life.

Over the Psyche glass was thrown a spotless *crêpe* dress, almost trembling with its rich embroidery; and near it, as if in contrast, on a dress-stand, was a velvet robe, falling in soft, luxurious folds. Flowers, caps, *coiffures* of various descriptions, peeped out of sundry boxes, and on a *commode* table was an open *écrin* whose sparkling, costly contents dazzled the eyes.

"Hey-day!" I exclaimed to my friend, as she advanced to meet me, "what 's the meaning of all this splendor?"

"I was just on the point of sending for you," she replied laughingly—"Madame M—— has sent home these lovely things for Lillie and I—and I want your opinion upon them."

"And you are really going to re-enter society?" I asked.

"Lillie is eighteen this winter, you know," was my gentle friend's reply. "Who would have thought time could have flown around so quickly. Mr. Mason is very anxious she should make her *entrée* this season. You can scarcely fancy how disagreeable it is to me, but I must not be selfish. I cannot always have her with me."

"And you, like a good mother," I said, "will throw aside your love for retirement and accompany her?"

"Certainly," replied Agnes eagerly, and she added with a slight expression of feeling which I well understood—"I will watch over her, for she will need my careful love now even more than in childhood."

"Where is the pretty cause of all this anxiety and attention?" I inquired.

"Charlie would not dress for his morning walk," answered the mother, "unless sister Lillie assisted in the robing of the young tyrant, so she is in the nursery."

We inspected the different robes and gay things spread out so temptingly before us, and grew femininely eloquent over these beautiful trifles, and were most earnestly engaged in admiring the *parure* of brilliant diamonds, and the spotless pearls, with which the fond, proud father and husband had presented them that morning, when a slight tap was heard at the door, and our pet Lillie entered. A bright-eyed, light-hearted creature is Lillie Mason—a sunbeam to her home. She ran up to me with affectionate greetings, and united in our raptures over the glittering *bijouterie*.

"How will you like this new life, Lillie?" I asked, as the lovely girl threw herself on a low *marchepied* at our feet, as if wearied of the pretty things.

"I can scarcely tell," she replied, and she rested her head on her mother's lap, whose hand parted the clustering ringlets on the fair, smooth brow, while Lillie's eyes looked up most lovingly to that beloved mother, as she added—"How we shall miss the quiet reading hours, mother, darling. What time shall we have during our robing and unrobing for '*the gentle Una and her milk-white lamb*,' and '*those bright children of the bard, Imogen, the fair Fidele and lovely Desdemona?*' What use is there in all this decking and adorning? Life is far happier spent in one's own home."

"I fear," said Agnes, as she fondly caressed her

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daughter, "that I have made my Lillie too much of a household darling; but I have done it to avoid a greater evil. We women must love something—such a wealth of affection is stored within our hearts, that we are rendered miserable if it is poured out upon one human being, after being pent up within bounds, during childhood and girlhood up to womanhood. Should my Lillie be unfortunate in her love—I mean her wedded love—the misery will not be half so intense, for her heart belongs, at least two-thirds, to her family and mother, and no faithless lover can ever boast the possession of the whole of it.

"No, indeed," exclaimed the dear girl, drawing her mother's face down to hers—"my whole heart is yours, *chère maman*, and yours it shall always be."

With what rapture gleamed the mother's eyes, as she returned the daughter's fond caresses. Some day, dear reader, I may tell you what happened to Lillie Mason's heart, but now my thoughts are o'erhung with the dark mantle of the past, and I can only think of the mother's former life.

Agnes Howell was a beautiful girl—there was so much purity in her appearance. The gentle beam of her blue eye was angelic, and her auburn ringlets hung over her clear fair brow and soft cheek as if caressing that lovely face. Then she was such a contrast to her family—an only daughter among a troop of strong, stout clever brothers—merry healthy-minded boys were they, but the gentle Madonna sister in their midst seemed an "angel unawares." Agnes' mother was an excellent woman, strong-minded, pains-taking, but a little hard and obtuse in feeling. She no more understood the gentle spirit and deep heart-yearnings of the daughter God had given her than she did the mystery of life. She loved her with all the strength of her nature, but she made no companion of the quiet girl, and thought if she kept her wardrobe in good order, watched her general health, and directed her serious reading, she did all that was required of her. Agnes grew up a dreamer, an enthusiast; quiet and self-possessed her home training had made her, and a stranger would have wondered at the tide of deep feeling that ebbed and flowed within the breast of that gentle, placid girl. She shrunk from the rude *badinage* of her boisterous brothers, and finding that little was required of her in the *heart-way* from her matter-of-fact mother and good-natured, easy father, she lavished the wealth of her love upon an ideal. A woman soon finds, or fancies she finds, the realization of her ideal. Chance threw in Agnes' path one who was superior enough in mind and person to realize any image of a romantic girl's fancy.

I remember well the time Agnes first met Mr. Preston. We were on a visit one summer to some friends together, and while there we met with this accomplished gentleman. How delighted were we both with him, and how enthusiastically did we chant to each other his praises, when in our own room we assisted each other in undressing for the night, or decking our-elves for the gay dinner or evening party. We met with many other gentlemen, and agreeable ones too, on this eventful visit, but Mr. Preston was a star of the first magnitude. I was a few years Agnes' junior, and well satisfied with the attentions I received from the other gentlemen, who deigned to notice so tiny a body as I was; but Mr. Preston soon singled out Agnes. He walked, rode and drove with her: hung over her enraptured when she sung, and listened with earnestness to every word that fell from her lips. She was "many fathom deep in love" ere she knew it—poor girl—and how exquisitely beautiful did this soul's dawning cause her lovely face to appear. The wind surely was not answerable for those burning cheeks and bright, dancing eyes, which she bore after returning from long rides, during which Mr. Preston was her constant companion—and the treasured sprigs of jessamine and verveine which she stored away in the leaves of her journal, after a moonlight ramble in the conservatory, with the same fascinating attendant—did not love cause all this? Naughty love, can the moments of rapture, exquisite though they be, which thou givest, atone for the months and years of deep heart-rending wretchedness which so often ensues?

During the six weeks of that happy visit, Agnes Howell lived out the whole of her heart's existence. Blissful and rapturous were the moments, sleeping or waking, for Hope and Love danced merrily before her. But, alas! while it was the turning point—the event of her life—"it was but an episode" in the existence of the one who entranced her—"but a piping between the scenes." I do not think Mr. Preston ever realized the mischief he did. He was pleased with her appearance. Her purity and *naïveté* were delightful to him. Her ready appreciation of the true and beautiful in nature and art, interested him; and he sought her as a companion, because she was the most congenial amongst those who surrounded him. He was a man of society, and never stopped to think that the glowing, enthusiastic creature, whose eyes gazed up so confidingly to him, as he conversed of literature and poesy, or whose lips overflowed with earnest, eloquent words, was an innocent, guileless child, into whose Undine nature he had summoned the soul. He had been many years engaged, heart and hand, to another; and circumstances alone had delayed the fulfilment of that engagement. This Agnes knew nothing of, and surrendered herself up, heart and soul, to him, unasked, poor girl! He regarded her as an interesting, lovely girl, but he attributed the enthusiasm and feeling which he unconsciously had called into birth, to the exquisite formation of her spirit, and thought her a most superior creature. No one marked the *affaire* as I did, for we were surrounded by those who knew of Mr. Preston's situation in life, and his engagement, and who, moreover, regarded Agnes as a child in comparison to him—an unformed woman, quite beneath the choice of one so *distingué* as was Mr. Preston.

Our visit drew near to a close; the evening before our departure I was looking over some rare and beautiful engravings in the library. A gay party were assembled in the adjoining apartments, and Mr. Preston had been Agnes' partner during the quad-

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rilles and voluptuous waltz. I had lingered in the library, partly from shyness, partly from a desire to take a farewell of my favorite haunt, and look over my pet books and pictures, while the rich waves of melody floated around my ears. At the close of a brilliant waltz, Mr. Preston and Agnes joined me, and I found myself listening with as much earnestness as Agnes to the mellow tones of his voice, while he pointed out to us beauties and defects in the pictures, and heightened the interest we already took in them by classical allusion or thrilling recital. If the subject of a picture was unknown, he would throw around it the web of some fancied story, improvised on the instant. I listened to him with delight; every thing surrounding us tended to increase the effect of the spell. Music swelled in voluptuous cadences, merry voices, and the gushing sound of heart-felt laughter greeted our ears. Opposite the table over which we were leaning was a door, which opened into a conservatory, through whose glasses streamed the cold, pure moonlight, beaming on the exotics that in silence breathed an almost overpowering odor; and my eyes dwelt upon that quiet, cool spot, while the soft, harmonious conversation of my companions, and the merry, joyous sounds of the ball-room, blended half dreamily in my ears.

"You are wishing to escape into that conservatory, Miss Duval," said Mr. Preston to me suddenly.

A warm blush mantled my face, for I fancied he thought I was weary of his conversation. I stammered out some reply, I scarce knew what, which was not listened to, however, for Agnes, catching sight of an Ethiop gypsey flower at the far end of the conservatory, expressed a wish to see it. Mr. Preston with earnestness opposed the change—the atmosphere there, he feared, was too chilling; but as she rested her hand on his, with childish confidence, to prove to him the excitement and flush of the gay waltz had passed, and looked up with such beaming joyfulness out of her dark, violet eyes, he smilingly yielded; but first wrapped around her shoulders, with affectionate solicitude, an Indian *crêpe* shawl, that hung near him on a chair. "*Poor little me*" was not thought of; I might take cold if I could, he would not have noted it; but I ejaculated to myself, "If I am too young for Mr. Preston to feel any interest in, a few years will make a vast difference, and maybe in the future I shall be an object of care to some one."

We reached the beautiful flower, over which Agnes hung; and as she inhaled its fragrance, she murmured in low words, which Mr. Preston bent his tall, graceful form to hear,

"Thou dusky flower, I stoop to inhale
Thy fragrance—thou art one
That wooeth not the vulgar eye,
Nor the broad-staring sun.

"Therefore I love thee! (selfish love
Such preference may be,)
That thou reservest all thy sweets,
Coy thing, for night and me."

"This flower must be mine, Miss Agnes," said Mr. Preston, with gallantry; "and when I look on it, it will tell me of the delicate taste and pure spirit of one who has rendered six weeks of my cheerless life bright."

The chill moonlight shone down on Agnes, and its rays nestled between the ringlets and her downy cheek, but its cold beams could not blench the rosy hue, that mounted to her blue veined temples, as Mr. Preston severed the fragrant exotic from its stem, and carefully pressed it between the leaves of his tablets. Many such words followed, and I walked unheeded beside them, as they lingered in this lovely place. Pity that such blessed hours should ever be ended—that life's lights should need dark shadows. Midnight swept over us ere good-night was said; and in a half-dreamy state of rapture, Agnes rested her head on her pillow. Nothing had been said; no love had been actually expressed, in the vulgar sense of the word, and according to the world's view of such matters, Mr. Preston was entirely guiltless of the dark, heavy cloud that hung over the pathway of that young creature from that night.

We returned to our homes; I benefited by my visit, for my mind had been improved by the association with older and superior persons—and I returned with renewed zeal to my studies and reading, that I might understand that which had appeared but "darkly to my mind's eye." But Agnes found her companionless home still more cheerless. The bustling, thrifty mother, and hearty, noisy brothers, greeted her with earnest kindness; but after a few weeks had passed, her spirit flagged. She lived for awhile upon the recollection of the past, and that buoyed her up; but, as day after day went noiselessly and uneventfully by, her heart grew aweary of the dear "hope deferred," and a listlessness took possession of her. Poor girl! the rosy hue of her cheek faded, and the bright light of her eye grew dim. Her bustling, active family did not take notice of the change in her appearance and spirits; but I, thrown daily with her, noted it with anxiety. I sought to interest her in my studies, and asked her assistance in my music. With labor she would exert herself to aid me; and at times her old enthusiasm would burst forth, but only as the gleams of an expiring taper; every thing seemed wearisome to her.

One morning I heard that she had been seized with a dangerous illness, and I hastily obeyed the summons which I had received from her mother. What a commotion was that bustling family thrown into. The physicians pronounced her sickness a brain fever. When I reached her bedside, she was raving, and her beautiful eyes gazed vacantly on the nearest and dearest of her friends; even the mother that bore her hung over her unrecognized. She had retired as usual the night before, her mother said, apparently well; but at midnight the family had been awakened by her shrieks and cries. I watched beside her bed weepingly, for I never hoped to see her again in health. The dark wing of Death I felt already drooping over her; and with anguish I listened to the snatches of poetry and song that fell in fragments from her lips. As I was placing a cup on a table in her room, during the day, my eye caught sight of two cards tied with white satin ribbon, and on them I read the names of Mr. Ralph Preston and his bride, with these words hastily written in pencil in Mr.

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Preston's handwriting on the larger of the two cards,

"You will, my lovely friend, rejoice in my happiness, I am sure. Short was our acquaintance, but with the hope that I am not forgotten, I hasten to inform you that the cheerless life-path you deigned to brighten for a few short hours by your kind smiles, is now rendered calm and joyous. I am at last married to the one I have secretly worshiped for years. We both pray you may know happiness exquisite as ours."

How quickly I divined the cause of my friend's illness; no longer was it a mystery to me as it was to her family. Those silent cards had been the messengers of evil, and had been mute witnesses of the bitter anguish that had wrung her young heart. There, in the silent night, had she struggled with her agony; and I fancied I heard her calling on Heaven for strength—that Heaven to which we only appeal when overwhelmed by the sad whirlwind caused by our errors or passions. But strength had been denied, and her spirit sank fainting.

For weeks we watched the fluttering life within her, at times giving up all hope; but youth and careful nursing aided the struggle of Nature with Death, and at last Agnes opened her languid eyes upon us, and was pronounced out of immediate danger. The sickening pallor that overspread her face an instant after her returning consciousness, I well understood; the thought of her heart's desolation came to her memory, and I fear life was any thing but a blessing to her then. Her health continued delicate; and at last it was deemed advisable to take her to a more genial climate—that change of scene and air might strengthen her constitution, and raise her spirits, depressed, the physician said, by sickness. I knew better than the wise Esculapius; but my knowledge could not restore her. Her father was a man of considerable wealth, therefore no expense was spared for her benefit. They resided some years in Europe, and the letters I received from Agnes proved that the change had, indeed, been of benefit. New associations surrounded her, and dissipated the sad foreboding thoughts, bringing her to a more healthy state of mind. I was a little surprised, however, when I heard of her approaching marriage with Mr. Mason. Had I been as old as I am now, I would not have felt that wonder; but I was still young and sentimental enough to fancy the possibility of cherishing an "unrequited, luckless love, even unto death." Agnes had never spoken openly to me of her unfortunate attachment, but there was always a tacit understanding between us. She was too delicate and refined, too sensitive to indulge in the eager confidence which a coarser mind would have luxuriated in; but in writing to, or talking with me, she many times expressed herself in earnest, feeling words, that to a stranger would have seemed only as "fine sentiments," while to *me*, who knew her sad history, they bore a deeper meaning; therefore, the letter I received from her, on her marriage, was well understood, and quietly appreciated by me.

"I wonder if you will be surprised, my dear Enna," she wrote, "when you hear that I am married? A few years ago it would have surprised me, and I should have thought it impossible. Moreover, I am marrying a man for whom I do not entertain that 'rapturous, soul-engrossing, enthusiastic love' which we have always deemed so necessary in marrying, and which, Heaven knows, I was once capable of bestowing on a husband. Mr. Mason, whom I am about to marry, is not a man who requires such love. The calm, quiet respect and friendship I entertain for him, suits him far better. He is matter-of-fact—think of that, Enna—not at all like the imaginary heroes of love we have talked of together. But he is high-minded, and possesses much intelligence and cultivation. We have been friends a long while, and I am confident that, if life and health are spared, happiness will result to both from our union."

She did not return to her country for many years after her marriage; and when I again saw her, she presented a strong contrast, in appearance, to the pale, heart-broken creature I had parted with ten years before. She was more beautiful even than in her youth—still delicate and spiritual in appearance; and the calm, matronly dignity that pervaded her manner rendered her very lovely. Several children she had—for our Lillie can boast a Neapolitan birth; but in her whole troop she has but this one darling girl. Calm and quiet is Agnes Mason in her general deportment; but her intercourse with her children presents a strong contrast—then it is her "old enthusiasm" bursts forth. She has been a devoted mother; and her children think her the most perfect creature on earth. The intercourse between Agnes and Lillie is, indeed, interesting. On the mother's part there is intense devotion, which is fully returned by the daughter, blended with reverential feelings. She has superintended her education, and rendered what would have been wearisome tasks, "labors of love." How often have I found them in the library with heads bent over the same page, and eyes expressive of the same enthusiasm; or at the piano, with voices and hands uniting to produce what was to my ears exquisite harmony. Agnes' love-requiring heart, "like the Deluge wanderer," has at last found a resting-place, and on her daughter, and on her noble, beautiful boys, the whole rich tide of her love has been poured.

Lillie Mason, with all her beauty and wealth, will never be a belle, as her mother says she has been made too much of "a household darling." I watched her one evening, not a long while since, at a gay ball, where her mother and I sat as spectatresses. She had been persuaded from our side by a dashing *distingué* youth, and was moving most gracefully with him through a quadrille. In the pauses of the dance he seemed most anxious to interest her, and I saw his fine, dark eyes bend on her very tender glances. Her *bouquet* seemed to him an object of especial attention, and though a graceful dancer himself, he seemed so wrapt up in his notice of these fragrant flowers as to derange the quadrille more than once. I drew Agnes' attention to this.

"But see," said Agnes, "how coolly and calmly

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Lillie draws his attention to the forgotten figures. I'll answer for it, she spoils many of that youth's fine sentiments."

"I wonder," said Lillie, with a half-vexed air, after her partner had placed her beside her mother, while he hastened to procure some refreshments for us, "I wonder what Mr. Carlton dances for. I would not take the trouble to stand up in a quadrille, if I were in his place. He always talks so much as to quite forget the movements of the dance. He renders me more nervous than any partner I ever have, for I dislike to see my *vis-a-vis* so bored. Just now he went through the whole "language of flowers" in my bouquet, which would have been interesting elsewhere, for he quotes poetry right cleverly; but it was a little out of place where the bang of the instruments, and the *chassez* and the *balancez* made me lose one half of his pretty eloquence. Quadrilles are senseless things any how;" and our pretty Lillie actually yawned as she begged to know if it was not time to go. "You know, dear mamma," she said, "that I have to arise very early to-morrow morning, to help Tom in that hard lesson he groaned so pitifully over to-night."

As we left the ball-room, and were making our adieux to the fair hostess, I overheard young Carlton say reproachfully to Lillie,

"And so you are going to leave without dancing that next quadrille with me. I know my name is on your tablets. This is too unkind, Miss Mason."

Young Carleton is very devoted; but if his devotion is only a passing caprice, our Lillie will not be injured by it. There is no danger of her "falling in love" hastily, even if the lover be as handsome and interesting as the one in question. Luckily for her happiness, her mother, profiting by her own sad experience, has cultivated the sweet blossoms of domestic love, and, as she says, "My Lillie's heart will always belong, at least two-thirds, to her mother and family."

MIDNIGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The moon looks down on a world of snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning low,
And the fading embers mildly glow
In their bed of ashes soft and deep;
All, all is still as the hour of death—
I only hear what the old clock saith,
And the mother and infant's easy breath,
That flows from the holy land of Sleep.

Or the watchman who solemnly wakes the dark,
With a voice like a prophet's when few will hark,
And the answering hounds that bay and bark
To the red cock's clarion horn—
The world goes on—the restless world,
With its freight of sleep through darkness hurled,
Like a mighty ship, when her sails are furled,
On a rapid but noiseless river borne.

Say on old clock—I love you well,
For your silver chime, and the truths you tell—
Your every stroke is but the knell
Of Hope, or Sorrow buried deep;
Say on—but only let me hear
The sound most sweet to my listening ear,
The child and the mother breathing clear
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep.

Thou watchman, on thy lonely round,
I thank thee for that warning sound—
The clarion cock and the baying hound
Not less their dreary vigils keep;
Still hearkening, I will love you all,
While in each silent interval
I can hear those dear breasts rise and fall
Upon the airy tide of Sleep.

Old world, on Time's benighted stream
Sweep down till the stars of morning beam
From orient shores—nor break the dream
That calms my love to pleasures deep;
Roll on and give my Bud and Rose
The fullness of thy best repose,
The blessedness which only flows
Along the silent realms of Sleep.

A VISION.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I saw the Past, in heaven a mighty train,
A countless multitude of solemn years,
Standing like souls of martyred saints, and tears
Ran down their pallid cheeks like summer rain;
They clasped and wrung their white hands evermore,
Wailing, demanding vengeance on the world:
And Judgment, with his garments sprinkled o'er
With guilty blood, and dusky wings unfurled,
And sword unsheathed, expectant of His nod,
Stood waiting by the burning throne, and God
Rose up in heaven in ire—but Mercy fair,
A piteous damsel clad in spotless white,
In supplication sweet and earnest prayer
Knelt at his feet and clung around his robe of light.

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THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY GIRL.

A SKETCH OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

For naught its power to STRENGTH can teach
Like EMULATION—and ENDEAVOR. SCHILLER.

CHAPTER I.

HOPING AND PLANNING.

THE family of Deacon Gordon were gathered in the large kitchen, at the commencement of the first snow-storm of the season. With what delight the children watched the driving clouds—and shouted with exultation as they tried to count the fleecy flakes floating gently to the earth—nestling upon its bleak, bare surface as if they would fain shield it with a pure and beautiful mantle. Faster and faster came the storm, even the deacon concluded that it would amount to something, after all; perhaps there might be sleighing on Thanksgiving-day; though he thought it rather uncertain. His wife did not reply, she was bidding the children be a little less noisy in their mirth.

"We can get out our sleds in the morning, can't we, Mary?" said Master Ned. "I'm so glad you finished my mittens last Saturday. I told Tom Kelly I hoped it would snow soon, for I wanted to see how warm they were. Wont I make the ice-balls fly!"

Ned had grown energetic with the thought, and seizing his mother's ball of worsted aimed it at poor puss, who was sleeping quietly before the blazing fire. Alas! for Neddy—puss but winked her great sleepy eyes as the ball whizzed past, and was buried in the pile of ashes that had gathered around the huge "back-log." His mother did not scold; she had never been known to disturb the serenity of the good deacon by an ebullition of angry words. Indeed, the neighbors often said she was *too* quiet, letting the children have their own way. Mrs. Gordon chose to rule by the law of love, a mode of government little understood by those around her. Could they have witnessed Ned's penitent look, when his mother simply said—"Do you see how much trouble you have given me, my son?" they would not have doubted its efficacy.

The deacon said nothing, but opened the almanac he had just taken down from its allotted corner, and thought, as he searched for "Nov. 25th," that he had the best wife in the world, and if his children were not good it was their own fault. The great maxim of the deacon's life had been "let well enough alone"—but not always seeing clearly what was "well enough," he was often surprised when he found matters did not turn out as he had expected. This had made him comparatively a poor man, though the fine farm he had inherited from his father should have rendered him perfectly independent of the world. Little by little had been sold, until it was not more than half its original size, and the remainder, far less fertile than of old, scarce yielded a sufficient support for his now numerous family. He had a holy horror of debt, however—and with his wife's rigid and careful economy, he managed to balance accounts at the end of the year. But this was all—there was nothing in reserve—should illness or misfortune overtake him, life's struggle would be hard indeed for his youthful family.

The deacon was satisfied—he had found the day of the month, and in a spirit of prophecy quite remarkable, the context added, "Snow to be expected about this time."

"It 's late enough for snow, that 's true," said he, as he carefully replaced his "farmer's library," then remarking it was near time for tea, he took up his blue homespun frock, and went out in the face of the storm to see that the cattle were properly cared for. The deacon daily exemplified the motto—"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"Father is right," said Mrs. Gordon, using the familiar title so commonly bestowed upon the head of the family in that section of country. "Mary, it is is quite time you were busy, and you, James, had better get in the wood."

The young people to whom she spoke had been conversing apart at the furthest window of the room. Mary, a girl of fifteen, James, scarce more than a year her senior. They started at their mother's voice, as if they had quite forgotten where they were, but in an instant good-humoredly said she was right, and without delay commenced their several tasks. James was assisted by Ned, who, since he had come into possession of his first pair of boots—an era in the life of every boy—had been promoted to the office of chip-gatherer; and Sue, a rosy little girl of eight or nine, spread the table, while her sister prepared the tea, cutting the snowy loaves made by her own hand; and bringing a roll of golden butter she herself had moulded, Mrs. Gordon gave a look of general supervision, and finished the preparations for the evening meal by the addition of cheese—such as city people never see—just as Mr. Gordon and James returned, stamping the snow from their heavy boots, and sending a shower of drops from the already melting mass which clung to them.

Never was there a happier group gathered about a farmer's table, and when, with bowed head and

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solemn voice, the father had begged the blessing of Heaven upon their simple fare, the children did ample justice to the plain but substantial viands. Mrs. Gordon wondered how they found time to eat, there was so much to be said on all sides; but talk as they would—and it is an established fact that the conversational powers of children are developed with greater brilliancy at table than elsewhere—when the repast was finished there was very little reason to complain on the score of bad appetites.

Then commenced the not unpleasant task of brightening and putting away the oft used dishes. Mary and Sue were no loiterers, and by the time their mother had swept the hearth, and arranged the displaced furniture, cups and plates were shining on the dresser, as the red fire-light gleamed upon them. The deacon sat gazing intently upon the glowing embers—apparently in deep meditation, though it is to be questioned whether he thought at all. Mrs. Gordon had resumed her knitting, while Sue and Ned, after disputing some time whose turn it was to hold the yarn, were busily employed in winding a skein of worsted into birds-nest balls.

"Seven o'clock comes very soon, don't it Eddy?" said Sue, as their heads came in contact at the unraveling of a terrible "tangle"—I wish it would be always daylight, and then would n't we sit up a great many hours? I'd go to school at night instead of the daytime, and do all my errands, and go to meeting too—then we should have all day long to play in, and if we got tired we could lie down on the grass in the orchard and take a little nap, or here before the fire if it was winter. Oh, dear! I'm sure I can't see why there's any dark at all!"

"You girls don't know any thing," answered Master Ned, with the inherent air of superiority which alike animates the boy and the man, where women are concerned—"If there was no night what would become of the chickens? They can't go to sleep in the daylight, can they, I'd like to know? And if they did n't go to sleep how would they ever get fat, or large; and maybe they would n't have feathers; then what would we do for bolsters, and beds, and pillows? You did n't think of that, I guess, Susy."

Ned's patronizing air quite offended his sister, but she did not stop to show it, for she had, as she thought, found an admirable plan for the chickens.

"Well," said she slowly, not perceiving in her abstraction that the skein was nearly wound, "we could make a dark room in the barn for the biddies, and they could go in there when it ought to be sundown. I guess they 'd know—" but here there came an end to the skein and their speculations, for seven o'clock rung clearly and loudly from the wooden time-piece in the corner, and the children obeyed the signal for bed, not without many "oh, dears," and wishes that the clock could not strike.

"James," said his elder sister, as their mother left the room with the little ones, "let us tell father and mother all about it to-night. They might as well know now as any time; and Stephen will be back in the morning."

"Don't speak so loud," whispered the boy, "father will hear you. I suppose we might as well; but I do so dread it, I'm sure it would kill me if they were to say no, and now I can hope at least."

"I know it all," said his stronger minded adviser, "but I shall feel better when they are told. I know mother wonders what we are always whispering about; and it does not seem right to hide any thing from her. Here she is, and when we've got father's cider and the apples, I shall tell them if you don't."

Poor James! it was evident that he had a cherished project at stake. Never before had he been so long in drawing the cider. Mary had heaped her basket with rosy-cheeked apples before he had finished; and when at length he came from the cellar, his hand trembled, so that the brown beverage was spilled upon the neat hearth.

"You are a little careless," said his mother; but the boy offered no excuse; he cast an imploring glance at his sister, and walked to the window, though the night was dark as Erebus, and the sleet struck sharply against the glass.

"James and I want to talk with you a little while, father and mother, if you can listen now," said Mary, boldly; and then there was a pause—for she had dropped a whole row of stitches in her knitting, and numberless were the loops which were left, as she took them up again.

Her father looked at her with a stare of astonishment, or else he was getting sleepy, and was obliged to open his eyes very widely, lest they should close without his knowledge.

"Well, my child," said Mrs. Gordon, in a gentle tone of encouragement—for she thought, from Mary's manner, that the development of the confidential communications of the brother and sister was at hand.

"We have been making a plan, mother—" but James could go no further, and left the sentence unfinished. "Mary will tell you all," he added, in a choking voice, as he turned once more to the window.

Mary did tell all, clearly, and without hesitation; while her mother's pride, and her father's astonishment increased as the narrative progressed. James, young as he was, had fixed his heart upon gaining a classical education—a thing not so rare in the New England States as with us, for there the false idea still prevails, that a man is unfit to enter upon a profession until he has served the four years' laborious apprenticeship imposed upon all "candidates for college prizes." With us, the feeling has almost entirely passed away; a man is not judged by the number of years he is supposed to have devoted to the literature of past ages—the question is, what does he know? not, how was that knowledge gained? But in the rigid and formal atmosphere by which it was the fortune of our little hero to be surrounded, the prejudice was strong as ever; and the ambitious boy, in dreaming out for himself a life of fame and honor, saw before him, as an obstacle hardly possible of being surmounted, a collegiate education.

For months he had kept the project a secret in his own heart, and had daily, and almost hourly, gone over and over again, every difficulty which presented itself. He saw at once that he could expect no aid

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from his father, for he knew the constant struggle going on in the household to narrow increasing expenses to their humble means. His elder brother, Stephen, would even oppose the plan—for, he being very like their father, was plodding and industrious, content with the present hour, and heartily despised books and schools, as being entirely beneath his notice. His mother would, he hoped, aid him by her approval and encouragement—this was all *she* could bestow; and Mary, however willing, had not more to offer. At length he resolved to tell his sister, who had ever been his counsellor, the project which he had so long cherished.

"I am not selfish about it," said he, as he dilated upon the success which he felt sure would be his, could this first stumbling-block but be removed. "Think how much I could do for you all. Father would be relieved from the burden of supporting me, for he does not need my assistance now, the farm is so small, and Ed is growing old enough to do all my work. Then you should have a capital education, for you ought to have it; and you could teach a school that would be more to the purpose than the district school. After I had helped you all, then I could work for myself; and mother would be so proud of her son. But, oh! Mary," and the boy's heart sank within him, "I know it can never be."

The two, brother and sister, as they sat there together, were a fair illustration of the "dreamer and the worker." Mary was scarce fifteen, but she was thoughtful beyond her years, yet as hopeful as the child. "Yes, I could keep school," thought she, as she looked into her brother's earnest eyes. "What can hinder my keeping school now; and the money I can earn, with James having his vacations to work in, might support him."

But with this thought came another. She knew that the pay given to district school teachers—women especially—was at best a bare pittance, scarce more than sufficient for herself—for she could not think of burdening her parents with her maintenance when her time and labor was not theirs; and she knew that her education was too limited to seek a larger sphere of action. So she covered her bright young face with her hands, and it was clouded for a time with deep thought; then looking suddenly up, the boy wondered at the change which had passed over it, there was so much joy, even exultation in every feature.

"I have it," said she, throwing her arms fondly about his neck. "I know how I can earn a deal of money, more than I want. If mother will let me, I can go to Lowell and work in a factory. Susan Hunt paid the mortgage on her father's farm in three years, and I'm sure it would not take any more for you than she earned."

At first the boy's heart beat wildly; for the moment it seemed as if his dearest wishes were about to be accomplished. Then came a feeling of reproach at his own selfishness, in gaining independence by dooming his fair young sister to a life of constant labor and self-denial; wasting, or at least passing the bright hours of her girlhood in the midst of noise and heat, with rude associations for her refined and gentle nature.

"Oh! no, Mary," said he, passionately—"never, never! You are too good, too generous!" yet the wish of his life was too strong to be checked at once; and when Mary pleaded, and urged him to consent to it, and gave a thousand "woman's reasons" why it was best, and how easy the task would be to her, when lightened by the consciousness that she was aiding him to take a lofty place among his fellow-men, he gave a reluctant consent to the plan, ashamed of himself the while, and dreading lest his parents should oppose what would seem to their calmer judgment an almost impossible scheme.

Day after day he had begged Mary to delay asking their consent, though the suspense was an agony to the enthusiastic boy. Mary knew the disappointment would be terrible; yet she thought if it was to come, it had best be over with at once; and, beside, she was more hopeful than her brother, for she had not so much at stake. Was it any wonder, then, that James could scarce breathe while his sister calmly told their plans, and that he dared not look into his mother's face when the recital was ended.

There was no word spoken for some moments—the deacon looked into his wife's face, as if he did not fully understand what he had been listening to, and sought the explanation from her; but she gazed intently at the fire, revealing nothing by the expression of her features until she said, "Your father and I will talk the matter over, children, and to-morrow you shall hear what we think of it." Without the least idea of the decision which would be made, James was obliged to subdue his impatience; and the evening passed wearily enough in listening to his father's plans for repairing the barn, and making a new ox-sled. Little did the boy hear, though he seemed to give undivided attention.

"Have you well considered all this, my child," said Mrs. Gordon, as she put her hand tenderly upon her daughter's forehead, and looked earnestly into her sweet blue eyes. "James is in his own room, so do not fear to speak openly. Are you not misled by your love for him, and your wish that he should succeed."

"No, mother, I have thought again and again, and I know I could work from morning till night without complaining, if I thought he was happy. Then it will be but three or four years at the farthest, and I shall be hardly nineteen then. I can study, too, in the evenings and mornings, and sometimes I can get away for whole weeks, and come up here to see you all; Lowell is not very far, you know."

"But there is another thing, Mary Do you not know that there are many people who consider it as a disgrace to toil thus—who would ridicule you for publicly acknowledging labor was necessary for you; they would perhaps shun your society, and you would be wounded by seeing them neglect, and perhaps openly avoid you."

"I should not care at all for that, mother. Why is it any worse to work at Lowell than at home; and you tell me very often that I support myself now.

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People that love me would go on loving me just as well as ever; and those who don't love me, I'm sure I'm willing they should act as they like."

"I think myself," replied her mother, pleased at the true spirit of independence that she saw filled her daughter's heart, "that the opinion of those who despise honest labor, is not worth caring for. But you are young, and sneers will have their effect. You must remember this—it is but natural. There is one thing else—we may both be mistaken about James' ability; he may be himself—and you could not bear to see him fail, after all. Think, it may be so; and then all your time and your earnings will be lost,"

"Not lost, mother," said the young girl, her eyes sparkling with love and hope, "I should have done all I could to help James, you know."

Mrs. Gordon kissed her good-night with a full heart. She was proud of her children; and few mothers have more reason for the natural feeling. "I cannot bear to disappoint her," thought she, yet the scheme seemed every moment more childish and impracticable.

James rose, not with the sun, but long before it; and when his father came down, he was already busily employed in clearing a path to the well and the barn—for the snow had fallen so heavily, that the drifts gathered by the night wind, in its rude sport, were piled to the very windows, obscuring the misty light of the winter's morn. How beautiful were those snow-wreaths in their perfect purity! The brown and knotted fences, the dingy out-buildings, were all covered with dazzling drapery; and the leafless trees were bowed beneath the weight of a fantastic foliage that glittered in the clear beams of the rising sun with a splendor that was almost painful to behold.

"It wont last long with this sun," said the deacon, as he tied a 'comforter' about his throat; "but perhaps you'll have time to give Mary and the children a ride before the roads are bare again. Mary must do all her sleighing this winter, for she wont have much time if she goes to the factory, poor child!"

The deacon passed on with heavy strides to the barn-yard, and left James to hope that their petition was not rejected. It was not many minutes after that Mary came bounding down the stone-steps, heedless of the snow in which she trod; and the instant he looked upon her face he was no longer in doubt.

"*Isn't* mother good, James! She just called me into her room, and told me that father and she have concluded we can try it at least; and Stephen is not to know any thing about it until next April, when I am to go. We must both of us study very hard this winter, and I shall have such a deal of sewing to do."

Mary spoke with delighted eagerness. One would have thought, beholding her joy, that it was a pleasant journey which she anticipated, or that a fortune had unexpectedly been left to her; and yet the spring so longed for, would find her among strangers, working in a close and crowded room through the bright days. But a contented spirit hath its own sunshine; and the dearest pleasure that mankind may know, is contributing to the happiness of those we love. The less selfish our devotion to friends, the more sacrificing our self-denial in their behalf, the greater is the reward; so Mary's step was more elastic than ever, and her bright eyes shone with a steady, cheerful light, as she went about her daily tasks.

As she said, it was necessary that they should both be very busy through the winter, for James hoped to be able to enter college in August; and Mary, who had heretofore kept pace with him in most of his studies, though she did stumble at "tupto, tapso, tetupha," and vow that Greek was not intended for girls, did not wish to give up her Latin and Geometry. They had such a kind instructor in Mr. Lane, the village lawyer, that an ambition to please him made them at first forget the difficulties of the dry rudiments; and then it was that James first began to dream of one day being able to plead causes himself—of studying a profession. Mr. Lane, unconsciously, had encouraged this, by telling his little pupils, to whom he was much attached, the difficulties that had beset his youthful career, and how he had gained an honest independence, when he had at first been without friends or means. Then he would look up at his pretty young wife, or put out his arms to their little one, as if he thought, and is not this a sufficient reward for those years of toil and despondence. James remembered, when he was a student, teaching in vacations to aid in supporting himself through term time. He had boarded at Mr. Gordon's, and when he came to settle in the village, years after, he had offered to teach James and Mary, as a slight recompense for Mrs. Gordon's early kindness to the poor student. Two hours each afternoon were passed in Mr. Lane's pleasant little study; and though Stephen thought it was time wasted, he did not complain much, for James was doubly active in the morning. Mary, too, accomplished twice as much as ever before; and after the day's routine of household labor and study were over, her needle flew quickly, as she prepared her little wardrobe for leaving home. March was nearly through before they felt that spring had come; and though Mary's eyes were sometimes filled with tears at the thought of the coming separation, they were quickly dried, and the first of April found her unshaken in her resolution.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING HOME—FACTORY LIFE.

"To-morrow will be the last day at home," thought Mary, as she bade her mother good-night, and turned quickly to her own room to conceal the tears that would start; and, though they fringed the lashes of the drooping lid when at last she slept, the repose was gentle and undisturbed—and she awoke at early dawn content, almost happy. The morning air came freshly to her face as she leaned out of the window to gaze once more on the extended landscape. Far away upon the swelling hill-side, patches of snow yet lingered, while near them the fresh grass was

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springing; and the old wood, at the back of the house, was clothed anew in emerald verdure. The sombre pines were lighted by the glittering sunlight, as it lingered lovingly among their dim branches ere bursting away to illumine the very depths of the solitude with smiles. A pleasant perfume was wafted from the Arbutus, just putting forth its delicate blossoms from their sheltering covert of dark-green leaves, mingled with the breath of the snowy-petaled dogwood, and the blue violets that were bedded in the rich moss on the banks of the little stream. The brook itself went singing on its way as it wound through the darksome forest, and fell with a plash, and a murmur, over the huge stones that would have turned it aside from its course.

It was the first bright day of spring; and it seemed as if nature had assumed its loveliest dress to tempt the young girl to forego her resolve. "Home never looked so beautiful," thought she, turning from the window; and her step was not light as usual when she joined the family. Mrs. Gordon was serene as ever; no one could have told from her manner that she was about to part with her daughter for the first time; but the children were sobbing bitterly—for they had just been told that the day had come when their sister was to leave them. They clung to her dress as she entered, and begged her not to go.

"What shall we do without *you*, Mary?" said they; "the house will be so lonesome."

Even Stephen, although when the plan was first revealed to him had opposed it obstinately, was melted to something like forgiveness when he saw that nothing could change her firm determination.

"I suppose we must *learn* to live without you, Molly," said he; "take good care of yourself, child—but let 's have breakfast now."

The odd combination, spite of her sadness, brought the old smile to Mary's lip; and when breakfast was over, and the deacon took the large family Bible from its appointed resting-place, and gathered his little flock about him, they listened quietly and earnestly to the truths of holy writ. That family Bible! It was almost the first thing that Mary could recollect. She remembered sitting on her father's knee, in the long, bright Sabbath afternoons, and looking with profound awe and astonishment into the baize-covered volume, at the quaint unartistic prints that were scattered through it. She recalled the shiver of horror with which she looked on "*Daniel in the den of lions*," the curiosity which the picture of the Garden of Eden called forth, and the undefined, yet calm and placid feeling which stole over her as she dwelt longest upon the "Baptism of our Savior." Then there was the family record—her own birth, and that of her brothers and sisters, were chronicled underneath that of generations now sleeping in the shadow of the village church. But this train of thought was broken, as they reverentially knelt when the volume was closed, and listened to their father's humble and fervent petition, that God would watch and guard them all, especially commending to the protection of Heaven, "the lamb now going out from their midst."

There were tears even upon Mrs. Gordon's face when the prayer was ended, but there was no time to indulge in a long and sorrowful parting. The trunks were standing already corded in the hall; the little traveling-basket was filled with home-baked luxuries for the way-side lunch; and Mary was soon arrayed in her plain merino dress and little straw bonnet. There are some persons who receive whatever air of fashion and refinement they may have from their dress; others who impart to the coarsest material a grace that the most *recherché* costume fails to give. Our heroine was one of the last—and never was Chestnut street belle more beautiful than our simple country lassie, as she stood with her mother's arm twined about her waist, receiving her parting counsel.

The last words were said—James, in an agony of grief, had kissed her again and again, reproaching himself constantly for his selfishness in consenting that she should go. The children, forgetting their tears in the excitement of the moment, ran with haste to announce that the stage was just coming over the hill. Yes, it was standing before the garden-gate—the trunks were lifted from the door-stone—the clattering steps fell at her feet—a moment more and Mary was whirled away from her quiet home, with her father's counsel, and her mother's earnest "God bless you, and keep you, my child!" ringing in her ears.

It was quite dark ere the second day's weary journey was at an end. Mary could scarce believe it possible that she had, indeed, arrived in the great city, until the confused tumult that rose everywhere around—the endless lines of glittering lamps that stretched far away in the darkness, and the rough jolting of the coach over the hard pavements, told too plainly that she was in a new world, surrounded by a new order of things. As they drove rapidly through the crowded streets, she caught a glance at the brilliantly lighted stores, and the many gayly-dressed people that thronged them. Again the scene changed, and she looked upon the dark-brick walls that loomed up before her, and knew that in one of those buildings she was destined to pass many sad and solitary days. How prison-like they seemed! Her heart sunk within her as she gazed; the lights—the confusion bewildered her already wearied brain; and as she sunk back into the corner of the coach, and buried her face in her hands, she would have given worlds to have been once more in her still, pleasant home. The feeling of utter desolation and loneliness overcame completely, for the time, her firm and buoyant spirit.

She was roused from her gloomy reverie as the stage stopped before the door of a small but very comfortable dwelling, at some distance from the principal thoroughfares. This was the residence of a sister of Mrs. Jones, to whom she had a letter, and who was expecting her arrival. She met Mary upon the step with a pleasant smile of welcome, not at all as if she had been a stranger; and her husband assisted the coachman to remove the various packages to a neat little room into which Mary was ushered by her kind hostess, Mrs. Hall. She was

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very like her sister, but older and graver. Mary's heart yearned toward her from the moment of kindly greeting; and when they entered the cheerful parlor together, the young guest was almost happy once more. The children of the family, two noisy little rogues, who were very proud of a baby sister, came for a kiss, ere they left the room for the night; and then, with Mrs. Hall's piano, and her husband's pleasant conversation, Mary forgot her timidity and her sadness as the evening wore away.

"Mr. Hall will go with you to-morrow to the scene of your new life," said her hostess, as she bade her young charge good-night. "We have arranged every thing, and I trust you may be happy, even though away from your friends. We must try to make a new home for you."

Mary "blessed her unaware" for her kindness to a stranger; and though nearly a hundred miles from those she loved, felt contented and cheerful, and soon fell asleep to dream that she was once more by her mother's side.

Again that feeling of desolation returned, when, upon the morrow, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Hall, she passed through the crowded streets, and shrank back as the passing multitude jostled against each other. It seemed as if every one gazed curiously at her, yet, perchance, not one amid the throng heeded the timid little stranger. She was first conducted to the house they had chosen for her boarding-place, and though the lady at its head received her kindly, she felt more lonely than ever, as she passed through the long halls, and was regarded with looks of curiosity by the groups of young girls who were just leaving the house to enter upon their daily tasks. They were laughing and chatting gayly with each other; and poor Mary wondered if she should ever feel as careless and happy as they seemed to be.

Then they turned toward the "corporation," or factory, in which a place had been engaged for her. Oh, how endless seemed those long, noisy rooms; how weary she grew of new faces, and the strange din that rose up from the city. "I never shall endure this," thought the poor girl. "I shall never be able to learn my work. How can they go about so careless and unconcerned, performing their duties, as it were, mechanically, without thought or annoyance. But for poor Jamie I would return to-morrow;" and with the thought of her brother came new hope, new energy—and she resolved to enter upon her task boldly, and without regret.

Yet for many days, even weeks, much of her time was spent in sadness, struggle as she would against the feeling. The girls with whom she was called daily to associate, were, most of them, kind and good tempered: and though her instructors did laugh a little at her awkwardness at first, she had entered so resolutely upon her new tasks that they soon became comparatively easy to her; and she was so indefatigable and industrious, that her earnings, after a time, became more even than she had hoped for.

Still she was often weary, and almost tempted to despond. The confinement and the noise was so new to her, that at first her health partially gave way, and for several weeks she feared that after all she would be obliged to return to the free mountain-air of her country home. At such times she went wearily to her labors, and often might have uttered Miss Barret's "Moan of the Children," as she pressed her hands upon her throbbing temples.

"All day long the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses burning;
And the walls turn in their places!
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling;
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall;
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning all the day, and we with all.
All day long the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'Oh, ye wheels,' (breaking off in a mad moaning)
Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Then, when despondency was fast crushing her spirit, there would, perhaps, come a long hopeful letter from her brother, who was studying almost night and day, and a new ambition would rise in her heart, a fresh strength animate her, until at last, in the daily performance of her duties, in the knowledge of the happiness she was thus enabled to confer upon others, her mind became calm and contented, and her health fully restored

Thus passed the first year of her absence from home. She had become accustomed to the habits and manners of those around her; and though some of the girls called her a little Methodist, and sneered at her plain economical dress, even declaring she was parsimonious, because they knew that she rigidly limited her expenses to a very small portion of her earnings, there were others among her associates who fully appreciated the generous self-sacrificing spirit which animated her, and loved her for the gentleness and purity, which all noticed, pervaded her every thought and act.

Then, too, Mrs. Hall was ever her steadfast friend. One evening in every week was spent in that happy family circle; and there she often met refined and agreeable society, from which she insensibly took a tone of mind and manner, that was far superior to that of her companions. Mrs. Hall directed her reading, and furnished many books Mary herself was unable to procure. Thus month after month slipped by, and our heroine had almost forgotten she was among strangers, until she began to look forward to a coming meeting with those she loved in her own dear home.

[*To be concluded in our next.*

REVOLUTION.

"Anger is madness," said the sage of old;
And 't is with nations as it is with man,
Their storms of passion scatter ills untold—
Thus 't is, and has been, since the world began.

Change, to be blessed, must be calm and clear,
Thoughtful and pure, sinless, and sound of mind;
Else power unchained and change are things of fear—
Let not the struggling to this truth be blind.—ANNA

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FAIR MARGARET.

A LEGEND OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Old years in the church-yard are crumbled to dust
  Deep shade on her grave-mound once flinging;
But oral tradition, still true to its trust,
  Her name by the hearth-stone is singing;
For never enshrined by the bard in his lay
Was a being more lovely than Margaret Gray.

Her father, a faithful old tenant, had died
  On lands of Sir Thomas the Seer—
And the child who had sprung like a flower by his side,
  Sole mourner, had followed his bier;
But Ercildoun's knight to the orphan was kind,
And watched like a parent the growth of her mind.

The wizard knew well that her eye was endowed
  With sight mortal vision surpassing—
Now piercing the heart of Oblivion's cloud,
  The *Past*, in its depths, clearly glassing;
Anon sending glance through that curtain of dread
Behind which the realm of the Future lies spread.

He gave her a key to decipher dim scrolls,
  With characters wild, scribbled over;
And taught her dark words that would summon back souls
  Of the dead round the living to hover;
Or oped, high discourse with his pupil to hold,
Old books of enchantment with clasps of bright gold.

The elf queen had met her in green, haunted dells
  When stars in the zenith were twinkling,
And time kept the tramp of her palfry to bells,
  At her bridle rein merrily tinkling:
By Huntley Burn oft, in the gloaming, she strolled
Weird shapes, that were not of this earth, to behold.

One ere came true Thomas to Margaret's bower,
  In this wise the maiden addressing—
"No more will I visible be from this hour,
  Save to those sight unearthly possessing;
But when I am seen at feast, funeral or fair
Let the mortal who makes revelation beware!"

Long years came and passed, and the Rhymer's dread seat
  Was vacant the Eildon Tree under,
And oft would old friends by the ingle-side meet,
  And talk of his absence in wonder:
Some thought that, afar from the dwellings of men,
He had died in some lone Highland forest or glen:

But others believed that in bright fairy land
  The mighty magician was living—
That newness of life to worn heart and weak hand,
  Soft winds and pure waters were giving;
That back to the region of heather and pine
Would he come unimpaired by old age or decline.

Astir was all Scotland! from mountain and moor,
  With banner folds streaming in air,
Proud lord and retainer, the wealthy and poor,
  Thronged forth in their plaids to the fair;
Steeds, pricked by their riders, loud clattering made,
And, cheered by his clansmen, the bag-piper played.

Gay lassies with snoods from the border and hills
  In holyday garb hurried thither,
With eyes like the crystal of rock-shaded rills,
  And cheeks like the bells of the heather;
But fairest of all, in that goodly array,
Was the Lily of Bemerside, Margaret Gray.

While Ayr with a gathering host overflowed,
  She marked with a look of delight
A white-bearded horseman who gallantly rode
  On a mettlesome steed black as night,
And cried, forcing wildly her way through the throng,
"*Oh! master, thy pupil hath mourned for thee long!*"

Then, checking his courser, the brow of the seer
  Grew dark, through its locks long and frosted,
And making a sign with his hand to draw near,
  Thus the lovely offender accosted—
"By which of thine eyes was thy master descried?"
"With my *left* I beheld thee!" the damsel replied

One moment he gazed on the beautiful face,
  In fondness upturned to his own,
As if anger at length to relenting gave place,
  Then fixed grew his visage like stone:—
On the violet lid his cold finger he laid,
And extinguished forever the sight of the maid.

NOTE.

I am indebted to Hugh Cameron, Esquire, of Buffalo, N. Y., for this strange and strikingly beautiful legend. Mr. C. informs me that it has long formed a part of the fire-side lore of his own clan; and, from a remote period, has lived in the memory of Scotland's peasantry.

He expressed surprise that men of antiquarian taste, in compiling border ballads, and tales of enchantment, had not given "Fair Margaret" a conspicuous place in their pages; and at his suggestion I have attempted to clothe the fanciful outlines of the original in the drapery of English verse.

The Eildon tree referred to in the poem was the favorite seat of Thomas the Rhymer, and there he gave utterance to his prophecies.

STANZAS.

The rain-bird shakes her dusty wings
  And leaves the sunny strand,
For mossy springs, and sweetly sings,
  To greet her native land.

The camel in the desert heeds
  Where distant waters lay,
And onward speeds, to flowery meads,
  And fountains far away.

The freshest drops will Beauty choose
  To keep her floweret wet,
The purest dews, to save its hues—
  Her gentle violet.

So—may sweet Grace our hearts renew
  With waters from above,
So—keep in view what Mercy drew
  From this deep well of love.

W. H. DENNY.

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THE LONE BUFFALO.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

Among the many legends which the traveler frequently hears, while crossing the prairies of the Far West, I remember one, which accounts in a most romantic manner for the origin of thunder. A summer-storm was sweeping over the land, and I had sought a temporary shelter in the lodge of a Sioux Indian on the banks of the St. Peters. Vividly flashed the lightning, and an occasional peal of thunder echoed through the firmament. While the storm continued my host and his family paid but little attention to my comfort, for they were all evidently stricken with terror. I endeavored to quell their fears, and for that purpose asked them a variety of questions respecting their people, but they only replied by repeating, in a dismal tone, the name of the Lone Buffalo. My curiosity was of course excited, and it may be readily imagined that I did not resume my journey without obtaining an explanation of the mystic words; and from him who first uttered them in the Sioux lodge I subsequently obtained the following legend:

—

There was a chief of the Sioux nation whose name was the Master Bear. He was famous as a prophet and hunter, and was a particular favorite with the Master of Life. In an evil hour he partook of the white-man's fire-water, and in a fighting broil unfortunately took the life of a brother chief. According to ancient custom blood was demanded for blood, and when next the Master Bear went forth to hunt, he was waylaid, shot through the heart with an arrow, and his body deposited in front of his widow's lodge. Bitterly did the woman bewail her misfortune, now mutilating her body in the most heroic manner, and anon narrating to her only son, a mere infant, the prominent events of her husband's life. Night came, and with her child lashed upon her back, the woman erected a scaffold on the margin of a neighboring stream, and with none to lend her a helping hand, enveloped the corpse in her more valuable robes, and fastened it upon the scaffold. She completed her task just as the day was breaking, when she returned to her lodge, and shutting herself therein, spent the three following days without tasting food.

During her retirement the widow had a dream, in which she was visited by the Master of Life. He endeavored to console her in her sorrow, and for the reason that he had loved her husband, promised to make her son a more famous warrior and medicine man than his father had been. And what was more remarkable, this prophecy was to be realized within the period of a few weeks. She told her story in the village, and was laughed at for her credulity.

On the following day, when the village boys were throwing the ball upon the plain, a noble youth suddenly made his appearance among the players, and eclipsed them all in the bounds he made and the wildness of his shouts. He was a stranger to all, but when the widow's dream was remembered, he was recognized as her son, and treated with respect. But the youth was yet without a name, for his mother had told him that he should win one for himself by his individual prowess.

Only a few days had elapsed, when it was rumored that a party of Pawnees had overtaken and destroyed a Sioux hunter, when it was immediately determined in council that a party of one hundred warriors should start upon the war-path and revenge the injury. Another council was held for the purpose of appointing a leader, when a young man suddenly entered the ring and claimed the privilege of leading the way. His authority was angrily questioned, but the stranger only replied by pointing to the brilliant eagle's feathers on his head, and by shaking from his belt a large number of fresh Pawnee scalps. They remembered the stranger boy, and acknowledged the supremacy of the stranger man.

Night settled upon the prairie world, and the Sioux warriors started upon the war-path. Morning dawned, and a Pawnee village was in ashes, and the bodies of many hundred men, women, and children were left upon the ground as food for the wolf and vulture. The Sioux warriors returned to their own encampment, when it was ascertained that the nameless leader had taken more than twice as many scalps as his brother warriors. Then it was that a feeling of jealousy arose, which was soon quieted, however, by the news that the Crow Indians had stolen a number of horses and many valuable furs from a Sioux hunter as he was returning from the mountains. Another warlike expedition was planned, and as before, the nameless warrior took the lead.

The sun was near his setting, and as the Sioux party looked down upon a Crow village, which occupied the centre of a charming valley, the Sioux chief commanded the attention of his braves and addressed them in the following language:

"I am about to die, my brothers, and must speak my mind. To be fortunate in war is your chief ambition, and because I have been successful you are unhappy. Is this right? Have you acted like men? I despise you for your meanness, and I intend to prove to you this night that I am the bravest man in the nation. The task will cost me my life, but I am anxious that my nature should be changed and I shall be satisfied. I intend to enter the Crow village alone, but before departing, I have one favor to command. If I succeed in destroying that village, and lose my life, I want you, when I am dead, to cut off my head and protect it with care. You must then

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kill one of the largest buffaloes in the country and cut off his head. You must then bring his body and my head together, and breathe upon them, when I shall be free to roam in the Spirit-land at all times, and over our great Prairie-land wherever I please. And when your hearts are troubled with wickedness remember the Lone Buffalo."

The attack upon the Crow village was successful, but according to his prophecy the Lone Buffalo received his death wound, and his brother warriors remembered his parting request. The fate of the hero's mother is unknown, but the Indians believe that it is she who annually sends from the Spirit-land the warm winds of spring, which cover the prairies with grass for the sustenance of the Buffalo race. As to the Lone Buffalo, he is never seen even by the most cunning hunter, excepting when the moon is at its full. At such times he is invariably alone, cropping his food in some remote part of the prairies; and whenever the heavens resound with the moanings of the thunder, the red-man banishes from his breast every feeling of jealousy, for he believes it to be the warning voice of the Lone Buffalo.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. FRANCES B. M. BROTHERSON.

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary hearted,
I languish for thy voice which passed me still,
Even as a singing rill."

My gentle child—my own sweet May—
Come sit thee by my side,
Thy wonted place in by-gone years,
Whatever might betide.
Come—I would press that cloudless brow,
And gaze into those eyes,
Whose azure hue and brilliancy
Seemed borrowed from the skies.

Thou ne'er hast known a mother's love,
Save what my heart hath given;
Thy fair young mother—long years since—
Found rest in yonder Heaven.
Where waves and dashing spray ran high
We took thee from her grasp;
All vainly had the Tyrant striven
To rend that loving clasp.

We strove in vain life to recall,
And 'neath the old oak's shade
We laid her calmly down to rest,
In our own woodland glade.
Gently—the turf by stranger hands
Was o'er her bright head pressed;
And burning tears from stranger hearts
Fell o'er that place of rest.

We took thee to our hearts and home,
With blessings on thy head;
We looked on thy blue eyes—and wept—
Remembered was our dead.
For parted from our lonely hearth
Was childhood's sunny smile;
And hushed the household melody
That could each care beguile.

Thy name—we knew it not—and then
For many a livelong day
We sought for one, all beautiful—
And, sweetest, called thee May.
With thee—came Spring-time to our home,
Love's wealth of buds and flowers,
Lingering—till in its fairy train
Shone Summer's golden hours.

How will I miss thine own dear voice
In Summer's soft, bright eve;
A blight will rest on tree and flower—
The hue of things that grieve;
And when the wintry hour hath come,
And 'round the blazing hearth
Shall cluster faces *we* have loved—
Lost—lost thy joyous mirth.

Another hand will twine those curls
That gleam so brightly now;
Another heart will thrill to hear
From *thee* affection's vow;
For I have marked the rosy blush
Steal o'er thy brow and cheek,
When gentle words fell on thy ear,
Which only love can speak.

Tears—tears!—a shadow should not rest
Upon thy bridal day;
My spirit's murmurings shall cease
And joy be thine, sweet May.
They come with flowers—pure orange flowers—
To deck thy shining hair;
Young bride—go forth—and bear with thee,
My blessing and my prayer.

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WHEN SHALL I SEE THE OBJECT THAT I LOVE.
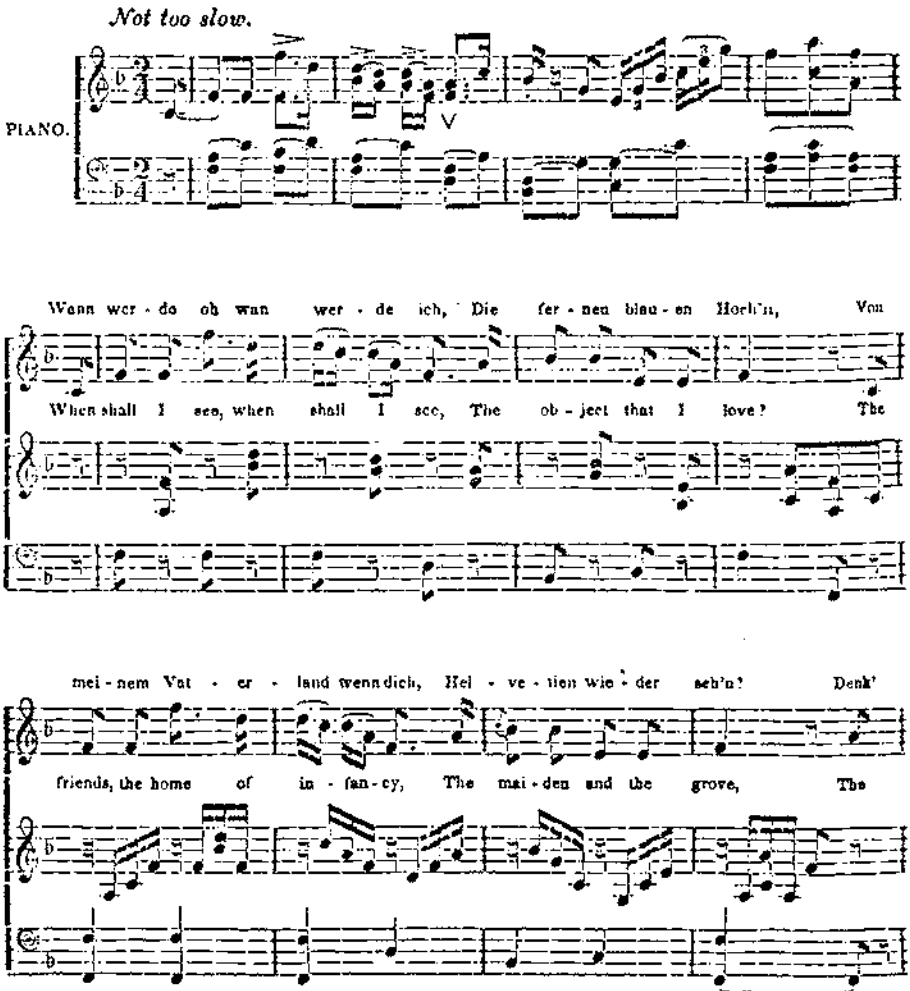
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ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE
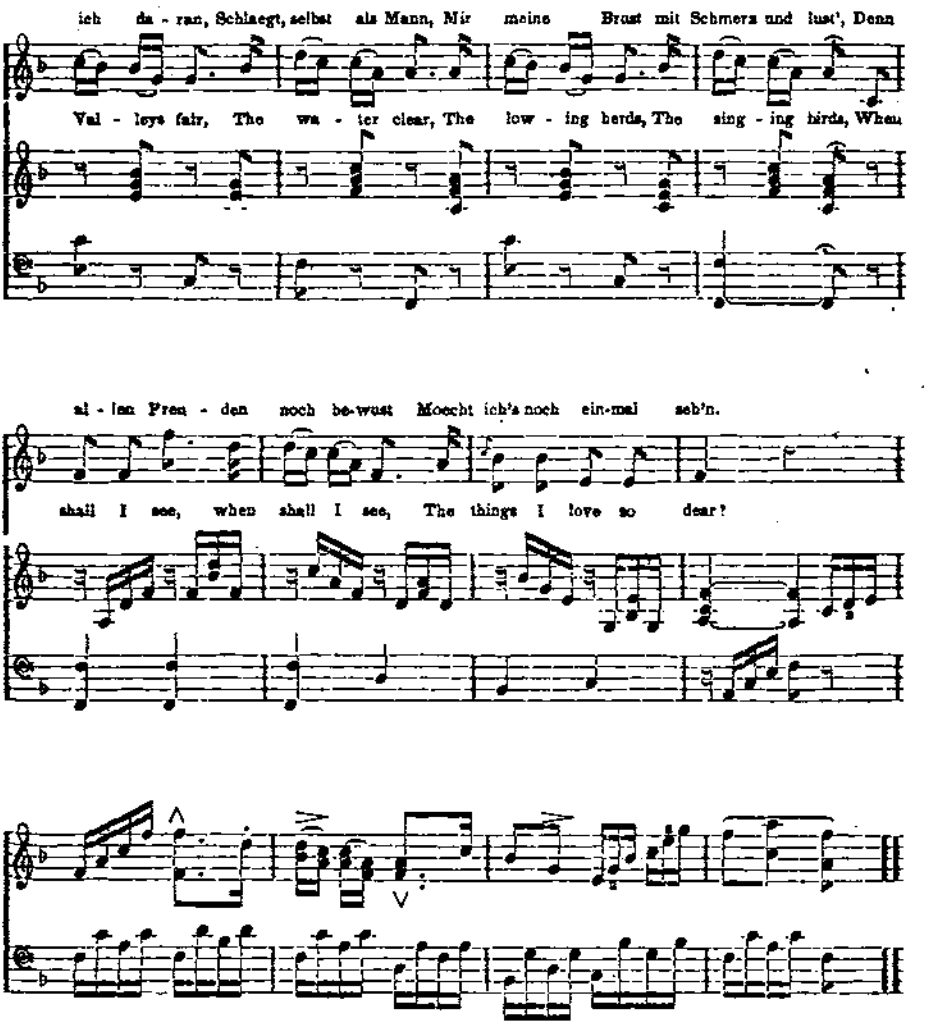
BY

JOHN B. MÜLLER.

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2.

When shall I see, when shall I see,
As I have seen before,
The gathering crowd beneath the tree,
With her that I adore?
And happy hear
Her voice so clear,
Blend with my own,
In liquid tone.
When shall I see, when shall I see,
The things I hold so dear?

2.

Zwar glaenzt die sonne ueberall
Dem Menschen in der Welt;
Doch wo zuerst ihr goldner Strahl
Ihm in das Auge faellt?
Wo er als kind,
Sanft und gelind,
An mutter Hand,
Sprach und empfand,
Da ist allein sein Vaterland
Koennt' ich's noch einmal seh'n?

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Edith Kinnaird, By the Author of "The Maiden Aunt." Boston: E. Littell & Co.

Fiction has exercised an important influence over the public from the earliest ages of the world. Nor is the reason difficult to determine. Where one man takes delight in the subtleties of logic, ten derive pleasure from the indulgence of the fancy. The love of fiction is common to the unlettered savage as well as to the civilized European, and has marked alike the ancient and the modern world. The oldest surviving book, if we except the narrative of Moses, is, perhaps, a fiction—we mean the book of Job. To reach its date we must go back beyond the twilight of authentic history, far into the gloom of the antique past, to the very earliest periods of the earth's existence. We must ascend to the time when the Assyrian empire was yet in its youth, when the patriarchs still fed their flocks on the hills of Palestine, when the memory of the visible presence of the Almighty among men remained fresh in the traditions of the East. The beautiful story of Ruth comes next, but ages later than its predecessor. Then follows the sonorous tale of Homer, clanging with a martial spirit that will echo to all time. Descending to more modern eras, we reach the legends of Haroun El Raschid; the tales of the Provençal troubadours; the romances of chivalry; and finally the novels of this and the past century. For nearly four thousand years fiction has delighted and monided mankind. It has survived, too, when all else has died. The Chaldean books of astrology are lost to the moderns; but the story of the Idumean has reached us unimpaired. The lawgivers of Judah are no more, and the race of Abraham wanders over the earth; but the simple tale of Ruth preserves the memory of their customs, and keeps alive the glory of the past.

It will not do to despise that which is so indestructible, and which everywhere exercises such powerful influence. Pedants may scorn fiction as beneath them, and waste their lives in composing dry treatises that will never be read; but the wise man, instead of deriding this tremendous engine, will endeavor to bend it to his purposes; and whether he seeks to shape the tale that is to be rehearsed on the dreamy banks of the Orontes, or to write the novel that will be read by thousands in England and America, will labor so to mix instruction with amusement, that his audience shall insensibly become moulded to his views. The moral teachers of both ancient and modern times have chosen the vehicle of fiction to inculcate truth; and even inspiration has not scorned to employ it in the service of religion. The most beautiful fictions ever written were the parables of the Savior. But it is also true that some of the most deleterious books we have are romances. This, however, is no reason why fiction should be abandoned to bad men, or proscribed as it is by many well-meaning moralists. Wesley said, with his strong Saxon sense, that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes.

Hence, in criticising a novel, it becomes important to examine the tendency of the work. We utterly repudiate the idea that a reviewer has nothing to do with the morality of a book. We reject the specious jargon to the contrary urged by the George Sand school. A novel should be something more than a mere piece of intellectual mechanism, because if not, it is injurious. There can be no medium. A fiction which does not do good does harm. There never was a romance written which had not its purpose, either open or concealed, from that of Waverley, which inculcated loyalty, to that of Oliver Twist, which teaches the brotherhood of man. Some novels are avowedly and insolently vicious; such are the Adventures of Faublas and the Memoirs of a Woman of Quality. Others, under the guise of philanthropy, sap every notion of right and duty: such are Martin the Foundling, Consuelo, *et id omne genus*. It is the novels of this last class which are the most deleterious; for, with much truth, they contain just enough poison to vitiate the whole mass. Chemists tell us that the smallest atom of putrid matter, if applied to the most gigantic body, will, in time, infect the whole: just so the grain of sophistry in Consuelo, admitting there is no more, in the end destroys all that the book contains of the beautiful and true. Said a lady in conversing on this subject: "I always find that people who read such books remember only what is bad in them." Her plain common sense hit the nail on the head, while transcendental folly hammered all around it in vain. We have spoken of Consuelo thus particularly because it is the best of its class: and of that enervating fiction we here record our deliberate opinion, that it will turn more than one foolish Miss into a strolling actress, under the insane and preposterous notion that it is her mission.

We do not say that art should be despised by the novelist; we only contend that it should not be polluted. We would have every novel a work of art, but the art should be employed on noble subjects, not on indifferent or disgraceful ones. If authors plead a mission to write, it must be to write that which will do good. A Raphael may boast of inspiration when he paints a Madonna, but not when his brush stoops to a Cyprian or a Satyr. The Pharisees of old prayed unctuously in the market-places: so the George Sands of our day boast of their superior insight into the beautiful and true. We doubt whether both are not impudent hypocrites.

The novel, which has proved the text to these remarks, belongs to a different, and, we hold, a better school. It originally appeared in Sharpe's London Magazine, and has just been republished by E. Littell & Co. Edith Kinnaird is a fiction which the most artistic mind will feel delight in perusing, yet one which the humblest will understand, and from which both may derive improvement. The heroine is neither a saint nor a fool, but a living woman; her sufferings spring from her errors, and are redeemed by her repentance: all is natural, beautiful, refreshing and noble. We rise from the perusal of such a fiction chastened and improved.

Instead of rendering its readers dissatisfied with themselves, with their lot in life, with society, with every thing, this novel makes them feel that life is a battle, yet that victory is sure to reward all who combat aright—that after the dust and heat of the struggle comes the repose of satisfied duty. Yet there is nothing didactic in the volume. Its

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influence upon the heart is like that of the dew of heaven, silent, gradual, imperceptible. Is not this a proof of its intrinsic merit?

Consuelo herself, as an ideal, is not more lovely than Edna Kinnaird, while the latter, in the eyes of truth, is infinitely the nobler woman. We hope to hear from the author again. Let us have more of such novels: there cannot be too many of them. How can noble and talented souls do more good than by furnishing the right kind of novels. Just as the old religious painters used to limn saints and Madonnas, let us now write works of artistic and moral fiction.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Few novels published within the last ten years have made so great a stir among readers of all classes as this. The Harpers have sold a vast number of their cheap reprint, and we have here to notice its appearance in the old duodecimo shape, with large type and white paper. That the work bears unmistakable marks of power and originality cannot be questioned, and in a limited range of characterization and description evinces sagacity and skill. The early portions of the novel are especially truthful and vivid. The description of the heroine's youthful life—the exact impression which is conveyed of the child's mind—the influences which went to modify her character—the scenes at the boarding-school—all have a distinctness of delineation which approaches reality itself. But when the authoress comes to deal with great passions, and represent morbid characters, we find that she is out of her element. The character of Rochester is the character of a mechanical monster. The authoress has no living idea of the kind of person she attempts to describe. She desires to represent a reckless man, made bad by circumstances, but retaining many marks of a noble character, and she fills his conversation with slang, makes him impudent and lustful, a rascal in every sense of the word, without the remotest idea of what true chivalric love for a woman means; and this mechanical automaton, whose every motion reveals that he moves not by vital powers but by springs and machinery, she makes her pure-minded heroine love and marry.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the morality of this part of the novel. The question resolves itself into a question of art, for we hold that truth of representation and morality of effect are identical. Immoral characters may be introduced into a book, and the effect be moral on the reader's mind, but a character which is both immoral and unnatural ever produces a pernicious effect. Now the authoress of Jane Eyre has drawn in Rochester an unnatural character, and she has done it from an ignorance of the inward condition of mind which immorality such as his either springs from or produces. The ruffian, with his fierce appetites and Satanic pride, his mistresses and his perjuries, his hard impudence and insulting sarcasms, she knows only verbally, so to speak. The words which describe such a character she interprets with her fancy, enlightened by a reminiscence of Childe Harold and the Corsair. The result is a compound of vulgar rascalities and imported Byronics. Every person who interprets her description by a knowledge of what profligacy is cannot fail to see that she is absurdly connecting certain virtues, of which she knows a good deal, with certain vices, of which she knows nothing. The coarseness of portions of the novel, consisting not so much in the vulgarity of Rochester's conversation as the *naive* description of some of his acts—his conduct for three weeks before his intended marriage, for instance, is also to be laid partly to the ignorance of the authoress of what ruffianism is, and partly to her ignorance of what love is. No woman who had ever truly loved could have mistaken so completely the Rochester type, or could have made her heroine love a man of proud, selfish, ungovernable appetites, which no sophistry can lift out of lust.

We accordingly think that if the innocent young ladies of our land lay a premium on profligacy, by marrying dissolute rakes for the honor of reforming them, *à la* Jane Eyre, their benevolence will be of questionable utility to the world. There is something romantic to every inexperienced female mind in the idea of pirates and debauchees, who have sentiment as well as slang, miseries as well as vices. Such gentlemen their imaginations are apt to survey under the light of the picturesque instead of under the light of conscience. Every poet and novelist who addresses them on this weak side is sure of getting a favorable hearing. Byron's popularity, as distinguished from his fame, was mainly owing to the felicity with which he supplied the current demand for romantic wickedness. The authoress of Jane Eyre is not a Byron, but a talented woman, who, in her own sphere of thought and observation, is eminently trustworthy and true, but out of it hardly rises above the conceptions of a boarding-school Miss in her teens. She appears to us a kind of strong-minded old maid, but with her strong-mindedness greatly modified by the presumption as well as the sentimentality of romantic humbug.

Novum Testamentum Domini Nostri Jesu Christi. Interprete Theodoro Beza. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.

In relation to the character of this version it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. It has for centuries received the approbation of the wisest and the best; and the copy before us seems to us, upon a brief examination, to be accurate. The work is admirably printed, and does credit to the publishers. We confess that we believe that the use of this sacred work, in our seminaries and colleges, in the Latin, is desirable in reference to every interest of religion and morality. While we hesitate to affirm that Theodore de Beza's version of the New Testament Scriptures is a study of the classic Latin, we still believe that, stamped as it has been with the approbation of centuries, it is, in relation to all the moral considerations which should control our direction of the study of youth, worthy of all acceptance. The preface informs us that several editions were published during the lifetime of Beza, to which he made such improvements as his attention was directed to, or as were prompted by his familiarity, as Greek Professor, with the original. Since 1556, when it first appeared at Geneva, this work has kept its place in the general esteem.

The propriety of the use of this sacred volume in schools has been regarded as a question by some persons; but we cannot consider it a subject of doubt. After a careful consideration of every objection, we cannot see a reason why its gentle and holy truths should not be given to the mind and heart at the earliest period. There is nothing so likely to mark out the destiny of man and woman for goodness and honor, and prosperity, as the early and earnest study of the New Testament. Its Divine Inspirer said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and one of the great evidences of its heavenly origin, is the fact, that while its sublimity bows the haughtiest intellect to humility and devotion, its simplicity renders its most important teachings as intelligible to the child as the man, to the unlettered as to

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the philosopher. The work is worthy the attention of all who desire to unite education with religion.

The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The success of this poem is indicated not only by the discussion it has provoked, but its swift passage through three editions. Taken altogether we deem it the most promising of Tennyson's productions, evincing a growth in his fine powers, and a growth in the right direction. It has his customary intellectual intensity, and more than his usual heartiness and sweetness. As a poem it is properly called by its author a medley, the plan being to bring the manners and ideas of the chivalric period into connection with those of the present day; the hero being a knight who adores his mistress, his mistress being a lady who spurns his suit, and carries to its loftiest absurdities the chimera of woman's rights. There is no less fascination in the general conduct of the story, than truth in the result. The whole poem is bathed in beauty, and invites perusal after perusal. In Tennyson's other poems the general idea is lost sight of in the grandeur or beauty of particular passages. In the present we read the poem through as a whole, eager to follow out the development of the characters and plot, and afterward return to admire the excellence of single images and descriptions. In characterization the Princess evinces an improvement on Tennyson's manner, but still we observe the manner. He does not so much paint as engrave; the lines are so fine that they seem to melt into each other, but the result is still not a portrait on canvas, but an engraving on steel. His poetic power is not sufficiently great to fuse the elements of a character indissolubly together.

The Origin, Progress and Conclusion of the Florida War. By John T. Sprague, Brevet Captain Eighth Regiment U. S. Infantry. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This large volume seems to have been a labor of love with its author. It is full of interesting and valuable matter regarding a very peculiar contest in which our government was engaged; and to the future historian Captain Sprague has spared a great deal of trouble and research. The work is well got up, is illustrated with numerous engravings, and contains full accounts of the origin and progress of the war, the Indian chiefs engaged in it, and a record of all the officers and privates of the army, navy, and marine corps, who were killed in battle or died of disease. Captain Sprague says, "the causes of the difficulties in Florida must be apparent to the minds of careful and intelligent readers; causes not springing up in a day, but nourished for years, aggravated as opportunities offered to enrich adventurers, who had the temerity to hazard the scalping-knife and rifle, and were regardless of individual rights or of law. It must be remembered that Florida, at the period referred to, was an Indian border, the resort of a large number of persons, more properly *temporary inhabitants* of the territory than citizens, who sought the outskirts of civilization to perpetrate deeds which would have been promptly and severely punished if committed within the limits of a well regulated community. . . . They provoked the Indians to aggressions; and upon the breaking out of the war, ignominiously fled, or sought employment in the service of the general government, and clandestinely contributed to its continuance." In these few sentences we have the philosophy of almost all our Indian border wars. The criminals of a community are ever its most expensive curses.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. A New Edition. With Notes, and a Life of the Author. By John Mitford. Lowell: B. Bixby & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

Lowell is a manufacturing city of Massachusetts, the Manchester of America, and a place where we might expect every thing in the shape of manufactures except classical books. Yet it rejoices in a publisher who has really done much for good literature. If our readers will look at their American editions of Faust, of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, of Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, they will find Mr. Bixby on the title page, and Lowell as the city whence their treasures came. We have now to chronicle another feat of the same enterprising publisher—an edition of Milton, in two splendid octavos, printed in large type on the finest paper, after the best and most complete London edition, illustrated with foot notes of parallel passages from other poets, and constituting altogether the best American edition extant of the sublimest of poets, and having few rivals even among the finest English editions. The life of the poet by Mitford, extending to about a hundred pages, embodies in a clear style all the facts which have been gathered by previous biographers, without reproducing any of their bigotries. All the lies regarding Milton's character are disposed of with summary justice; and the man stands out in all the grandeur of his genius and his purity. We hope that Mr. Bixby will be adequately remunerated for his enterprise in getting out this splendid edition. It is an honor to the American press.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1 vol.

We strongly advise our readers to procure this document, and not be frightened from its perusal by the idea of its being a legislative paper. It is written by Horace Mann, one of the ablest champions of the cause of education now living, a man as distinguished for industry, energy, and practical skill, as for eloquence and loftiness of purpose. His report, considered simply as a composition, is written with such splendid ability, glows throughout with so much genuine philanthropy, and evinces so wide a command of the resources of expression and argument, that, apart from its importance as a contribution to the cause of education, it has general merits of mind and style which will recommend it to every reader of taste and feeling. The leading characteristic of Mr. Mann's writings on education, which lifts them altogether out of the sphere of pedants and pedagogues, is soul—a true, earnest, aspiring spirit, on fire with a love of rectitude and truth. This gives inspiration even to his narrative of details, and hurries the reader's mind on with his own, through all necessary facts and figures, directly to the object. The present report cannot but shame a mean spirit out of any person with a spark of manliness in him. We wish its accomplished author all success in his great and noble work.

Aurelian, or Rome in the Third Century. By Wm. Ware, Author of Zenobia and Julian. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

This work has been known to the public for ten years as "*Probus*," and has now a reputation that promises to be as enduring as it is brilliant. It manifests an intimate knowledge of the manners, customs and character of the Romans; and conveys the most sacred truths through the medium of the most elevated fiction. It is for sale at the store of the Appletons, in Philadelphia.

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Your affectionate Brother
A. H. Walker

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1848. No. 6.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL WALKER.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

TIME and opportunity make men—and high talent in any profession or sphere of life is valueless unless called into action. This is strikingly exemplified in the career of the person with whom we now have to do.

Samuel Walker was born in the county of Prince George, Maryland, in the year 1815. His family, though respectable, had neither fortune nor influence sufficient to advance his interests; and at an early age he was thrown on the world, dependent for success only on his own exertions. Educated to no profession or business, the chances of his drawing a prize in the lottery of life seemed small indeed, yet it is probable no man of his grade in the service has, since the commencement of the Mexican war, attracted more attention. Of the early career of Walker we know little except that in 1840 he was one of the party of less than twenty men selected by Col. Harney, from the strength of the 2d Dragoons, to penetrate the great Payhaokee or everglades of Florida. The history of this expedition is peculiar.

After the battle of Okeechobee the might of the Seminoles was broken, and they took refuge in the chain of lakes and immense hamacs which extend almost from Cape Florida to the Suwannee River. Divided into small parties, they defied the pursuit of heavy columns, yet frequently left their fastnesses to commit the most fearful atrocities. During the winter of 1839 and 40 they had been peculiarly bold, and had ventured even to attack, under the guns of Fort Micanopy, a party of mounted infantry which was escorting the young and beautiful wife of an officer of the 7th Infantry to a neighboring post. This party, with the exception of two or three persons, was destroyed. It became evident that no operations could lead to a good result unless the Indians were pursued to their own retreats, and treated as they had themselves conducted the war. Col. Harney, who was in command of one of the departments of Florida, immediately organized an expedition for the purpose of entering the great everglade south of the Lake Okeechobee, in which the Seminoles were supposed to be in much strength. The country in which he was about to act seemed to be the realization of the poetic chaos. It was overgrown with trees of immense size, of kinds almost unknown in other portions of the peninsula, and grass of great height and strength rose two or three feet above the surface of the water, which not unfrequently had a depth of several feet. Notwithstanding, however, that this was the general character of the country there were often *portages*, or shoal and dry places, over which it was necessary to carry their boats by main force. In this kind of country the Indians had the manifest advantage, being acquainted with sinuous pathways, which, it is said, enabled them to thread all the intricacies of the hamac almost without wetting the moccason. The party of Col. Harney, however, were picked men, inured to all the hardships of Indian warfare, and after several days of hide and seek, surprised a party of Indians, among whom was a chief of distinction. As this identical party had more than once surrendered and broken truce, Colonel Harney ordered all the men to be hung summarily, and took the women with him to the nearest post as prisoners. So important was this service that the names of all the party were mentioned in general orders, and the enlisted men advanced in grade. The effect on the Indians was great; large parties came in and surrendered, and they remained almost quiet until their last attempt was crushed by Gen. Worth in the brilliant affair of Pilaklakaha, April 17, 1842.

Previous to this time, young Walker had been discharged from the service, by reason of the expiration of his enlistment, and with some funds he had amassed while in the army, proceeded at once to Texas, then embroiled with the abrasions of the great Camanche race and the minor tribes strewn along her northern frontier. He was one of the party

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of the famous Jack Hays, when in 1841 that leader defeated, with fifteen men armed with Colt's pistols, then novelties in the West, a large force of Indians. In this encounter Walker was wounded by a lance, and left by his adversary pinned to the ground. After remaining in this position for a long time, he was rescued by his companions when the fight was over.

The disastrous expedition commenced under the command of Gen. Somerville, and terminated at Mier by the surrender of the whole party to Don Pedro de Ampudia, since become a person of most unenviable notoriety, is well known. One of the most conspicuous members of this foray, for it scarcely deserves another name, was Walker. He distinguished himself during the long siege the Texans maintained in the house they had seized, until forced for want of provisions and ammunition to surrender. With the rest he was marched to the castle of Perote, suffering every indignity which Mexican cruelty and ingenuity could invent. On this sad march, at Salado, Walker performed perhaps the most brilliant exploit of his life. Wearied out by cruelty, the Texans resolved to escape, and on this occasion Walker was the leader. The prisoners were placed in a strong stone building, at the door of which two sentinels were placed, while their escort bivouacked in front of the building. Walker, at a concerted signal, threw open the door, seized and disarmed one of the sentinels, while a gallant fellow named Cameron, a Highlander, was equally successful with the other. The unarmed prisoners immediately rushed through the gateway and seized the arms of the Mexican guard. No scheme was ever more daringly planned or more boldly executed. Within the course of a moment the two hundred and fourteen Texans had changed places with the numerous Mexican guard. Outside of a court-yard, in which the guard had bivouacked, was a strong cavalry force, which the Texans charged with the bayonet and routed, and immediately resumed their march back to the Rio Grande.

They deserved success and liberty, but ignorant of the country, soon became lost in the mountains, were overpowered and taken back to Salado. They found Santa Anna there, and the Mexican President decimated the party.

The Texans in their escape and conflicts had lost five men, and Santa Anna demanded the decimation of the rest. A bowl was brought, and a bean for every man was placed in it, every tenth bean being black. The bowl was covered, and the whole party were then ordered in succession to take out one bean. The twenty-one individuals who had chanced on the black beans were immediately shot. This was the famous *Caravanza* lottery, the mere mention of which is sufficient to make the bosom of every Texan boil with indignation, and which is the origin of the intense hatred borne by all the people of that state to Santa Anna. This worthy has during the whole war carefully avoided the Texan Rangers, and had he come in contact with them, they would doubtless have exacted a fearful retribution.

Walker with the survivors of the party were taken to Perote, whence he was lucky enough to escape, and returned to Texas, into the service of which he was at once received.

When the Mexican war began Walker was the captain of a company of Texan Rangers stationed on the Rio Grande, and immediately offered his services to General Taylor, who accepted them, and stationed him between Point Isabel and the cantonment for the purpose of keeping open the communication. On the 28th of April he discovered that the Mexican troops were in motion, and at once, with his small command of twenty-five men, set out to report the fact to the general. On his way he encountered the Mexican column, and it is not improbable that with his small party he was in contact with one wing of the force which subsequently fought at Palo Alto. The Texans were pursued to Point Isabel, on which place they fell back, having lost several men, but killed more of the enemy than their own force numbered.

In spite of the intervening force of the enemy, Walker determined to reach General Taylor on that night, and accompanied but by six of his men set out. After charging through a large body of Mexican lancers, he reached Gen. Taylor on the morning of the 30th.

On the 1st of May Gen. Taylor broke up his camp, and what followed is well known. On the 3d Walker was again employed in the perilous service of ascertaining the condition of Fort Brown, which was then being bombarded by all the batteries of the city of Matamoras. His reconnoisance was one of the boldest feats performed during the war, and though May, who had command of a hundred horse for the purpose of covering him, presuming he must have been captured returned to Gen. Taylor, Walker again returned on the 4th, having accomplished his duty alone.

At Palo Alto and La Resaca Walker again distinguished himself, and was mentioned by Gen. Taylor in the dispatch with the highest terms of commendation. For his distinguished services, on the organization of the Mounted Rifles, he was appointed a captain of cavalry in the regular service.

After sharing in all the perils of the war, Walker devoted himself to the pursuit of the Guerilleros, who infested the road from Vera Cruz to the capital, and uniformly maintained his high reputation. In the affair of La Hoya, Sept. 20, 1847, he acted independently, and was perfectly successful.

In the expedition of Gen. Lane, which terminated so gallantly at Huamantla, Walker served for the last time. The prize he had proposed to himself was great, being nothing less than the capture of Santa Anna. Walker on this occasion commanded the whole cavalry force, and led the advance. His charge into the town, from the covering of Magues, is described by old soldiers who saw it as having been terrific. Passing completely through the town, he pursued the enemy's retreating artillery. After the success was sure, Walker returned, and was treacherously shot from a house on which a white flag was hanging. Within thirty minutes he died,

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after a brilliant victory, in gaining which he had been an important actor. With a force of one hundred and ninety-five men he had beaten and routed five hundred picked lancers, and given the tone to the events of the day.

No man was more regretted than Capt. Walker, who had enjoyed the confidence of every officer with whom he had served. Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor both highly estimated his good qualities, and reposed the greatest trust in him.

When the news of his death reached the United States, the people were every where loud in their regrets, and he will be remembered as one of the heroes of the Mexican war.

Captain Walker had risen by his own exertions. Brought up in a good school, "the Light Dragoons of the U. S.," his knowledge of tactics, acquired in Florida, was most useful to his first service as an officer in the army of the Texan Republic. He is spoken of as having possessed every requisite for a cavalry officer—a quick perception, a keen eye, a strong arm, perfect control of his horse, thorough knowledge of military combination, and the rarer and more valuable faculty of winning the confidence of his men. Had he not been cut off so untimely in his chosen career, he could not but have become a distinguished general.

Captain Walker died at the age of 33, in sight almost of the famous dungeon of Perote, where he had long been a prisoner. There was something like retribution in the fact that more than one other Texan, who, like himself, had been confined there, contributed to raise above its battlements the colors of the United States.

LAMARTINE TO MADAME JORELLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY VIRGINIA.

What! offer thee the tribute of my numbers?
Thou daughter of the East! whose infancy
The warring desert winds rocked to its slumbers—
Dost thou demand incense of Poesy?

Flower of Aleppo! whom the Bulbul choosing
Would wander from his worshiped rose of May,
O'er thy fair chalice her remembrance losing,
To languish 'mid thy leaves his moonlight lay!

Bear odors to the balm pure sweets exholing?
Hang on the orange bough a riper load?
Lend fires to Syria's East at dawn unveiling?
Pave with new stars* the Night's all-glittering road?

No verses here!—Verse would despair of raising
Aught save an image dark and faint of thee;
But gently in yon basin's mirror gazing
Behold thyself! Embodied Poesy!

When through the kiosque's grated ogive straying,
The sea-breeze mingles with the Moka's fume,
Where softly o'er thy form the moonbeams playing
Glance on thy couch, rich from Palmyra's loom—

When on the jasmine tube thy lip half closes,
Veiled with its golden threads in bright array,
While ruffling at thy breath, fragrant with roses,
Murmur the drops within the Narguitè—

When as winged perfumes rise into thy brain,
In light caressing clouds around thee wreathing
All love's and youth's lost visions throng again,
As atmosphere of dreams thy listeners breathing—

When in thy talo the Arab steed forth starting
Yields foaming to thy curb of infancy,
And that triumphant glance obliquely darting
Equals the summer-lightning of his eye—

When thy fair arm, of loveliest symmetry,
Supports the fairer brow in thought reclining,
While gleams with diamond fires thy poniard nigh
In quick reflection of the torch's shining—

Naught is there in the murmured words of feeling,
Naught in the Poet's ever dreaming brow,
Naught in pure sighs from purest bosoms stealing,
Naught redolent of Poesy as thou!

With me the age has flown when Love, life's flower,
Perfumes the heart—my warmest accents falter,
And beauty o'er my soul has lost her power—
Cold is the light I kindle on her altar!

The harp is this chilled bosom's only queen,
But how would homage from its depths have burst
In gushing minstrelsy at bright sixteen,
If *then* these eyes had rested on thee first!

How many stanzas had thy lover given
To one sweet vaporous wreath that lately graced
Thy meditative lip, or how had striven
To stay that form by unseen artist traced!

That shadow's vague enchanting outline cast
On yonder wall, to arrest with poet's finger
Thy beauty's mystic image fading fast,
As round thy form fond moonbeams cease to linger!

* The road of heaven, star-paved. PARADISE LOST

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PHANTOMS ALL.

A PHANTASY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

It was with a feeling of regret, such as stirs one's heart at parting with a dear friend, that I turned the last page of Irving's most delightful visit to Abbotsford, which he has given us in language so beautiful from its simplicity, so graphic in its details, and so heart-deep in its sincerity, that with him we ourselves seem to be partakers also of the hospitality and kindness of the immortal Scott.

"Every night," says Irving, "I retired with my mind filled with delightful recollections of the day, and every morning I arose with the certainty of new enjoyment."

And so vividly has he painted for the imagination of his happy readers those scenes of delight, those hours of social interchange of two great minds, that we are admitted as it were into free communion with them. On the banks of the silvery Tweed we stroll delighted, or pause to view the "gray waving hills," made so dear to all the lovers of Scott and Burns, through the enchantment which romance and poetry have thrown around them. We listen for the tinkling chime of the fairy bells as we pass through the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, almost expecting to see by our side, as we muse on the banks of the goblin stream, the queen of the fairies on her "dapple gray pony." Again, through the cloisters of Melrose Abbey we wander silently and in awe, almost wishing that honest John Boyer would leave us awhile unmolested even by the praises of his master the "*shirra*," whom he considers "not a bit proud," notwithstanding he has such "*an awfu' knowledge o' history!*" Or it may be we recline amid the purple heather and listen to the deep tones of the great magician himself, as he delights our ear with some quaint tradition of the olden time, while Maida, grave and dignified as becomes the rank he holds, crouches beside his master, disdaining to share the sports of Hamlet, Hector, "both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound" frolicking so wantonly on the bonny green knowe before us!

But at length the hour of parting comes. We feel the hearty grasp, and hear the farewell words with which Scott takes leave of his American friend, and as with them our delusion wrought by the magic pen of Irving vanishes, we would fain stay the enchantment—too bright to pass away unlamented!

"The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened?

Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts immortal—
Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess
The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer,"

Closing the volume which had so enchained my senses, my mind, from dwelling upon the presence of Scott himself, as introduced through the unformal courtesy of our beloved Irving, naturally turned to the varied and wonderful productions of that master mind, and to the many characters thereby created, seeming to hold a sacred place in our thoughts and affections, as friends whom we had once known and loved!

I was suddenly aroused from my ruminations by a light tap on the shoulder. Judge of my astonishment when Meg Merrillies stood before me, clad in the same wild gipsy garb in which she had warned the Laird of Ellangowan on Ellangowan's height! In her shriveled hand it would seem she held the very sapling which for the last time she had plucked from the bonny woods which had so long waved above her bit shealing, until driven thence by the timorous and weak-minded laird. With this she again touched me, and in a half inviting, half commanding tone said:

"Gang wi' me, leddy, gang wi' me, and I will show ye a bonny company, amang whilk ye 'll soon speer those ye 're thinking o'."

I confess it was not without some trepidation I arose to follow my strange conductor, who, seizing my hand, rather dragged than led me through several long dark passages, until suddenly emerging from one still more gloomy than the others, my eyes were almost blinded with the glare of light and splendor that flashed upon them.

"Gang in amang them a', my leddy," cried Meg, letting go my hand and waving me toward the entrance, "and gin ye sald see bonny Harry Bertram, tell him there is ane he kens o' will meet him the night down by the cairn when the clock strikes the hour o' twal."

Obeying her mandate, I now found myself in a lofty and spacious saloon. From the ceiling, which was of azure sprinkled with golden stars, were suspended the most magnificent chandeliers, brilliant with a thousand waxen tapers. Gorgeous and lifelike tapestry adorned the walls—massive mirrors reflected on every side the blaze of elegance, while the furniture, patterning the fashions of the different ages from the times of the Crusades to that of Elizabeth, was of the most choice and beautiful materials.

But of this I took little note—other and "more attractive metal" met my eye, for around me were kings and princes—peer and peasant—lords and ladies—turbaned infidel and helmeted knight—the wild roving gipsy and the wandering troubadour. In short, I found myself in the *world* of the immortal master of Abbotsford, and surrounded by those to whose enchanting company I had oft been indebted for dispelling many a weary hour of sickness and gloom—friends whom at my bidding I could at any

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moment summon to my presence—friends never weary of well-doing—friends never weighing down the heart by their unkindness, or chilling by their neglect. My heart throbbed with a delight before unknown; and I eagerly looked about me, recognizing on every side those dear familiar ones with whom, for so many years, I had been linked in love and friendship.

The first group on whom my eyes rested were our dear friends from Tully-Veolan accompanied by the McIvors.

The beautiful, high-souled Flora was leaning on the arm of the good old Baron Bradwardine, while the gentle Rose shrunk almost timidly from the support of the noble but ill-fated Fergus. They were both lovely—Flora and Rose; but while the former dazzled by her beauty and her wit, the latter, in unpretending sweetness, stole at once into our hearts. But not so thought Waverly. With "ear polite" he listened to the somewhat tedious colloquy of the old baron, yet his eloquent eyes, his heart speaking through them, were fixed upon the noble countenance of Flora McIvor.

"Come, good folks," cried a merry voice—and the bright, happy face of Julia Mannering was before me—"I am sent by my honored father, the colonel, to break up this charmed circle; and he humbly requests to be put under the spell himself, through the enchanting voice of Miss McIvor—one little Highland air, my dear Flora, is all he asks—but see, with sombre Melancholy leaning on his arm, he comes to enforce his own request."

And the gallant Colonel Mannering, supporting the fragile form of Lucy Bertram, clad in deep mourning robes, now approached, and after gracefully saluting the circle, solicited from Miss McIvor a song. Waverly eagerly brought the harp of Flora from a small recess, and as he placed it before her, whispered something in a low tone, which for a moment crimsoned the brow of the maiden, then coldly bowing to him, she drew the instrument toward her, and warbled a wild and spirited Highland air, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with the exciting theme she had chosen.

"Pro-di-gious!" exclaimed a voice I thought I knew; and, sure enough, I found the dear old Dominie Sampson close at my elbow—his large, gray eyes rolling in ecstasy—his mouth open, and grasping in his hands a huge folio, while Davie Gellatly, with cap and bells, stood mincing and grimacing behind him—now rolling up the whites of his eyes—now pulling the skirts of the unconscious pedagogue—and finally, surmounting the wig of the Dominie with his own fool's cap, he clapped his hands, gayly crying, "O, braw, braw Davie!"

Julia Mannering now touched the harp to a lively air, when suddenly her voice faltered, the eloquent blood mantled her cheek, and her little fingers trembled as they swept the harp-strings.

"Ah, ha!" thought I, "there must be a cause for all this—Brown must be near!" and in a moment that handsome young soldier had joined the group. Remembering the commands of Meg Merrilies, I was striving to catch his eye, that I might do her bidding, when the gipsy herself suddenly strode into the circle and fixing her eyes upon Brown, or rather Bertram, she waved her long skinny arm, exclaiming,

"Tarry not here, Harry Bertram, of Ellangowan; there's a dark deed this night to be done amid the caverns of Derncleugh, and then

> The dark shall be light,
> And the wrong made right,
> When Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
> Shall meet on Ellangowan Height."

I now passed on and found myself in the vicinity of Old Mortality and Monkbarns, who were deeply engaged in some antiquarian debate—too much so to notice the shrewd smile and cunning leer which the old Bluegown, Edie Ochiltree, now and then cast upon them.

"Hear til him," he whispered to Sir Arthur Wardour—"hear til him; the poor mon's gone clean gyte with his saxpennies and his old penny bodles! odd, but it gars me laugh whiles!"

Both Sir Arthur and his lovely daughter, Isabel, smiled at the earnestness of the old man, and slipping some money into his hand, the latter bade him come up to the castle in the morning.

At this moment radiant in *spirituelle* beauty, glorious Die Vernon, like another Grace Greenwood, swept past me, followed by Rashleigh, and half a score of the Osbaldistons. She was, indeed, a lovely creature. The dark-green riding-dress she wore fitting so perfectly her light, elegant figure, served but to enhance the brilliancy of her complexion, blooming with health and exercise. Her long black hair, free from the little hat which hung carelessly upon her arm, fell around her in beautiful profusion, and even the golden-tipped riding-whip she held so gracefully in her little hand, seemed as a wand to draw her worshipers around her.

Turning suddenly and finding herself so closely followed by Rashleigh, her beautiful eyes flashed disdainfully, and linking her arm within that of Clara Mowbray, who, with the gay party from St Ronan's Well, were just entering the saloon, she waved her hand to her cousin, forbidding his nearer approach, and, with the step of a deer, she was gone.

An oath whistled through the teeth of Rashleigh, and his dark features contracted into a terrible frown.

"Hout, mon—dinna be fashed! Bide a bit—bide a bit! as my father, the deacon—"

"Ah, Bailie, are you there?" cried Rashleigh, impatiently; "why I thought you were hanging from the trees around the cave of your robber kinsman, Rob."

Ere the worthy Nicol Jarvie could reply to this uncourteous address, the smiling Mr. Winterblossom approached, and in the name of the goddess, Lady Penelope Penfeather, commanded the presence of the angered Rashleigh at the shrine of her beauty. This changed the current of his thoughts, and with all that grace of manner and eloquence of lip and eye, which no one knew better how to assume, he followed to the little group of which the Lady Penelope and her rival, Lady Binks, formed the attraction. But whut-

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ever may have been the gallant things he was saying, they were soon ended in the bustle consequent upon the sudden rushing in of the brave Captain McTurk, followed by the enraged Meg Dods, with no less a weapon in her hand than a broom-stick, with which she was striving to belabor the shoulders of the unhappy McTurk.

"*Hegh*, sirs!" she cried, brandishing it above her head, "I'll gar ye to know ye 're not coming fisking to an honest woman's house setting folks by the lugs. Keep to your ain whillying hottie here, ye ne'er-do-weel, or I'll mak' windle-strae o' your banes—and what for no?"

Happily for the gallant captain, Old Touchwood here interposed, and by dint of coaxing and threats of joining himself to the guy company at the Spring, the irascible Meg was finally marched off.

A deep sigh near me caused me to look around, and there, as pure and as lovely as the water-lily drooping from its fragile stem, sat poor Lucy Ashton. And like that beautiful flower, the lily of the wave, seemed the love of that unhappy maid:

> "Quivering to the blast
> Through every nerve—yet rooted deep and fast
> Midst life's dark sea."

Her eyes were cast down, and her rich veil of golden tresses sweeping around her. At a little distance, with folded arms and bent brows, stood the Laird of Ravenswood, yet unable to approach the broken-hearted girl, as her proud, unfeeling mother, the stately Lady Ashton, kept close guard over her; and it made me shudder to behold, also, the old hag, Ailsie Gourley, crouching down by her bonny mistress, and stroking the lily-white hand which hung so listless at her side, mumbling the while what seemed to me must be some incantation to the Evil One.

"Wae 's me—wae 's me!" exclaimed that prince of serving-men, Caleb Balderstone, at this moment presenting himself before his master; "and is your honor, then, not ganging hame when Mysie the puir old body 's in the dead thraw! *Hech, sirs*, but its awfu'! Ane of the big sneks o' siller—a' gowd, ye maun ken, which them gawky chields and my ain sell were lifting to your honor's chaumer, cam down on her head! *Eh!* but it gars me greet—ah! wull-a-wins, we maun a' dee!"

"Ah, she is a bonny thing, but ye ken she is a wee bit daft, puir lassie!" cried Madge Wildfire, smirking and bowing, to catch the eye of Jeanie Deans, who, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, Reuben Butler, stood gazing with tearful eyes upon that wreck of hope and love exhibited in the person of the ill-fated Lucy of Lammermoor.

Bless that sweet, meek face of Jeanie Deans! Many a lovelier—many a fairer were in that assemblage, yet not one more winning or truthful. The honest, pure heart shone from those mild blue eyes; one might know *she* could make any sacrifice for those she loved, and that guided and guarded by her own innocence and steadfast truth, neither crowns nor sceptres could daunt her from her noble purpose.

And there, too, was Effie. Not Effie, the Lily of St. Leonards, such as she was when gayly tending her little flock on St. Leonard's Craigs—not Effie, the poor, wretched criminal of the Tolbooth—but Effie, the rich and beautiful Lady Staunton, receiving with all the ease and elegance of a high-born dame the homage of the nobles surrounding her, of whom none shone more conspicuous than his grace the Duke of Argyle, on whose arm she was leaning.

With the step and bearing of a queen a noble lady now approached, and as, unattended by knight or dame, she moved gracefully through the brilliant crowd, every eye was turned on her with admiration.

Need I say it was Rebecca, the Jewess.

A rich turban of yellow silk, looped at the side by an aigrette of diamonds, and confining a beautiful ostrich plume, was folded over her polished brow, from which her long, raven tresses floated in beautiful curls around her superb neck and shoulders. A simarre of crimson silk, studded with jewels, and gathered to her slender waist by a magnificent girdle of fine gold, reached below the hips, where it was met by a flowing robe of silver tissue bordered with pearls. In queenly dignity she was about to pass from the saloon, when the noble Richard of the Lion Heart stepped hastily forward, and respectfully saluted her. He still wore his sable armor, and with his visor thrown back, had for some time been negligently reclining against one of the lofty pillars, a careless spectator of the scene around him. The lovely Jewess paused, and with graceful ease replied to the address of the monarch; but at that moment the voice of Ivanhoe, speaking to Rowena, fell on her ear—and with a hurried reverence to Cœur de Lion, she glided from the apartment.

"No, Ivanhoe," thought I, "thou hast not done wisely—beautiful as is the fair Rowena, to whom thy troth stands plighted—thou shouldst have won the peerless Rebecca for thy bride."

I was aroused from the revery into which I had unconsciously fallen by a hoarse voice at my elbow repeating a *Pater Noster*, and turning around, I beheld the jovial Friar of Copmanhurst, one hand grasping a huge oaken cudgel, the other swiftly running over his rosary.

Mary of Avenel next appeared, and (or it may have been fancy) near her floated the airy vision of the White Lady.

There was Sir Piercie Shafton, too, and the miller's black-eyed daughter. The voice of the knight was low and apparently his words were tender; for poor Mysie Happer, with cheeks like a fresh-blown rose, and sparkling eyes, drank in with her whole soul the honeyed accents of the Euphoist.

"Certes, O my discretion," said he, "thou shalt arise from thy never-to-be-lamented-sufficiently-lowliness; thou shalt leave the homely occupations of that rude boor unto whom it beseemeth thee to give the appellation of father, and shalt attain to the-all-to-be-desired greatness of my love, even as the resplendent sun condescends to shine down upon the earth-crawling beetle."

I now approached a deep embrasure elevated one

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step above the level of the apartment, over which magnificent hangings of crimson and gold swept to the floor. Not for a moment could I doubt who the splendid being might be occupying the centre of the little group on which my eyes now rested enraptured.

The most lovely, the most unfortunate Mary of Scotland was before me, and, as if spell-bound, I could not withdraw my gaze. How did all the portraits my fancy had drawn fade in comparison with the actual beauty, the indescribable loveliness of this peerless woman. How was it possible to give to fancy any thing so exquisitely graceful and beautiful as the breathing form before me. Ask me not to depict the color of her eyes; ask me not to paint that wealth of splendid hair—that complexion no artist's skill could match—that mouth so eloquent in its repose—those lips—those teeth. As well attempt to *paint the strain* of delicious music which reaches our ears at midnight, stealing over the moonlit wave; or to *color the fragrance* of the new-blown rose, or of the lily of the vale, when first plucked from its humble bed. For even thus did the unrivaled charms of Mary of Scotland blend themselves indescribably with our enraptured senses.

On a low stool at the feet of Mary sat Catharine Seytoo, whose fair, round arm seemed as a snow-wreath resting amid the rich folds of her royal mistress' black velvet robe. Yet not so deeply absorbed was she in devotion to her lady as to prevent her now and then casting a mischievous glance on Roland Greme, who, with the Douglas, were also in attendance upon their unhappy queen. Drawn up on one side was the stately figure of the Lady of Lochleven, with a scowl on her face, and a bitter look of hate fastened on the unfortunate Mary.

With regret I at length moved away from this enchanting presence, my sympathies to be soon again awakened for the gentle Amy Robsart, Countess of Leicester.

She was reclining on a sofa of sea-green velvet, seeded with pearls, bearing in its centre the cypher of herself and lord, surmounted by a coronet. At her feet knelt the Earl of Leicester with all the outward semblance of a god. One little hand rested confidingly in his, the other nestled amid the dark locks clustering over his high and polished brow. Ah! little did she dream of guile in her noble lord! How could she, when with such looks of love he gazed upon her—with such words of love delighted her trembling heart.

The fawning villain, Varney, stood at a little distance behind the unconscious Amy, even then, as it seemed to me, plotting her destruction with the old arch hypocrite, Foster, with whom he was holding low and earnest conversation. Tressilian—the brave, good Tressilian—as if sworn to protect the lovely lady, leaned on his sword at her right hand, his fine eyes bent with a look of mingled admiration and pity on her ingenuous countenance.

"The queen! the queen!—room for the queen!" echoed around. Hastily rising to his feet, and imprinting a slight kiss on her fair brow, the earl left his lovely bride, and was the next moment by the side of the haughty Elizabeth—England's maiden Queen.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a prim-rose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"But Leicester (or I much am wrong)
It is not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near!'"

. . . . . .

"Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

"And ere the dawn of day appeared
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

"The death-bell thrice was heard to ring.
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall."

It was pleasant to turn from a scene of such confiding love on one part, and base hypocrisy on the other, to look upon the honest countenance of Magnus Troil, who, with his daughters on each arm—the stately, dark-eyed Minna, and the no less lovely Brenda—were now approaching me. Behind followed Norna of the Fitful-head, in earnest conversation with the Pirate Cleveland. As I looked upon her tall, majestic person, her countenance, so stern and wild, rendered more so, perhaps, by the singular head-dress she had assumed, and her long hair streaming over her face and shoulders, I could no longer wonder at the power she had obtained over the minds of the ignorant peasantry and fishermen of Jarlshof.

"Whist! whist! Triptolemus!" quoth Mistress Barbara Yelloway, pulling the sleeve of the Factor, "dinna be getting ower near the hellicat witch—wha kens but she may be asking for the horn o' siller, man."

This speech had the desired effect; and the trembling Triptolemus hastily placed the bold front of Baby between him and the object of dread.

Here, too, was Mareshal Dalgetty—and nothing but the respect due to so much beauty as was here assembled, I felt sure, could have prevented the appearance of his brave charger, Gustavus, also upon the scene. He was accompanied by Ranald of the Mist.

With her little harp poised lightly on her arm, sweet Annot Lyle tripped by the side of the moody Allan, striving by her lively sallies to break the thrall of the dark fit which was about to seize upon him.

Fair Alice Lee, and the brave old knight, Sir Harry, did not escape my notice—nor Master Wild-

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rake, or the gay monarch, Charles, still under the disguise of Louis Kernegny; and whose shuffling, awkward gait, and bushy red head, caused no small mirth in the assembly, as wondering to see one of so ungainly an appearance in such close attendance upon the lovely Alice.

"Old Noll" had grouped around him in one corner the "Devil-scaring-lank-legs," the "Praise-God-bare-bones," and the "smell-sin-long-noses" of the day; but not finding any thing very attractive in that godly company, I passed on to where Isabella of Croye and the gallant Quentin Durward were holding earnest converse—not aware, unfortunately, that the snaky eye of the Bohemian was watching all their movements.

I quickly stepped aside as I saw the miser, Trappois, eagerly advancing toward the Lady of Croye, his eyes gloating over the rich jewels which adorned her person, and his long, skinny fingers seeming ready to tear the coveted gems from her fair neck and arms. Indeed, but for the presence of his stern daughter, Martha, I doubted whether he would not at least make the attempt.

"Father, come home! this is no place for you—come home!" she said, in deep, slow tones.

"Nay, daughter, I would but offer to serve these rich nobles for a small con-sider-ation; let me go, Martha—let me go, I say!" as placing her powerful arm within his, she drew him reluctantly toward the door.

Suddenly a flourish of warlike music swelled through the lofty apartment—peal on peal reverberated around—and while I listened with awe to notes so grand and solemn, the music as suddenly changed its character. Now only the dulcet tones of the harp were heard, sweet as the soft summer shower when the tinkling rain-drops merrily pelt the flowers—strains so sweetly harmonious as seemed too heavenly for mortal touch. And as fainter and fainter, yet still more sweet, the ravishing melody breathed around, one by one the company glided out silently and mournfully—the tapestried walls gradually assumed the appearance of my own little parlor—the rich and tasteful decorations vanished—*and where was I?* Seated in my own comfortable rocking-chair, reclining in the same attitude as when so suddenly summoned forth by the gipsy earline. Truly,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

For weary years my feet had wandered
On many a fair but distant shore;
By Lima's crumbling walls I'd pondered
And gazed upon the Andes hoar.
The ocean's wild and restless billow,
That rears its crested head on high,
For years had been my couch and pillow,
Until its sameness pained my eye.

The playmates of my joyous childhood,
With whom I laughed the hours away,
And wandered through the tangled wildwood
Till close of sultry summer day;
My aged, gray, and feeble mother,
Whom most I longed to see again,
My sisters, and my only brother,
Were o'er the wild and faithless main.

At length the lagging days were numbered,
That bound me to a foreign shore,
And glorious hopes that long had slumbered
Again their gilded plumage wore;
Fond voices in my ear were singing
The songs I loved in boyhood's day,
As in my hammoc slowly swinging
I mused the still night-hours away.

And sylvan scenes then came before me,
The bright green fields I loved so well,
Ere SORROW threw his shadow o'er me,
The streamlet, mountain, wood and dell;
The lonely grave-yard, and and dreary,
Which in the night I passed with dread,
Where, with their sleepless vigils weary,
The white stones watch above the dead;
Were spread like pictured chart around me,
Where Fancy turned my gazing eye,
Till slumber with his fetters bound me,
And dimmed each star in memory's sky
Then came bright dreams—but all were routed
When morning lit the ocean blue,
And I, awaking, gayly shouted,
"My last, last night in famed PERU!"

"Farewell PERU! thy shores are fading,
As swift we plough the furrowed main,
And clouds with drooping wings are shading
The towering Andes, wood and plain
The passing breeze, thus idly singing,
A sweeter, dearer voice hath found,
And hope within my heart is springing,
Our white-winged bark is HOMEWARD BOUND!"

. . . . . .

'T was night—at length my feet were nearing
The home from which they long had strayed;
No star was in the sky appearing,
My boyhood's scenes were wrapped in shade
I paused beside the grave-yard dreary,
And entered through its creaking gate,
To find if yet my mother, weary
Of this cold world, had shared the fate

Of those who in their graves were sleeping,
But could not find her grass-grown bed,
Though many a stranger stone was keeping
Its patient watch above the dead.
But HERE was not among them gleaming.
And so I turned with joy away,
For many a night had I been dreaming
That there she pale and failed lay!

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POOR PENN—.

A REAL REMINISCENCE.

BY OLIVER BUCKLEY.

"I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest;—most excellent humor."

Some years ago, ere yet I had reaped the harvest of "oats" somewhat wildly sown, I resided in one of our principal western cities, and, like most juveniles within sight of the threshold of their majority, harbored a decided predilection for the stage. Not a coach and four, as is sometimes understood by that expression, but that still more lumbering vehicle, the theatre, which hurries down the rough road of life a load of passengers quite as promiscuous and impatient. The odor of the summer-fields gave me less delight than that which exhaled from the foot-lights; and the wild forest-scenes were less enchanting than those transitory views which honest John Leslie nightly presented to the audience, too often "few" if not "fit." There is something, too, in the off-hand, taking-luck-as-it-comes sort of life among actors, which to me was especially attractive; and I was not long in making the acquaintance of many. But the memory of one among the number lingers with me still, with more mingled feelings of pain and pleasure than that of any other. Poor Penn—, I will not write his name in full, lest, should he be living, it might meet his eye and give his good-natured heart a moment's discomfort. To him more than any other my nature warmed, as did his to me, until we were cemented in friendship. What pleasant rambles of summer-afternoons, after rehearsal; what delightful nights when the play was done, what songs, recitations and professional anecdotes were ours, no one but ourselves can know. The character he most loved to play was Crack, in the "Turnpike Gate." Poor Penn—! I can see him yet—"Some gentleman has left his beer—another one will drink it!" How admirably he made that point! But that is gone by, and he may ere this have made his last point and final exit. After six months of the closest intimacy, I suddenly missed my hitherto daily companion, and all inquiries at his boarding-house and the theatre proved fruitless. For days I frequented our old haunts, but in vain; he had vanished, leaving no trace to tell of the course he had taken. I seemed altogether forsaken—utterly lost—and felt as if I looked like a pump without a handle—a cart with but one wheel—a shovel without the tongs—or the second volume of a novel, which, because somebody has carried off the first, is of no interest to any one. At last a week went by, and I sauntered down to the ferry, and stepping aboard the boat suffered myself to be conveyed to the opposite shore. On the bank stood the United States barracks, and gathered about were groups of soldiers, looking as listless and unwarlike as if they had just joined the "peace-league." But their present quiet was only like that of a summer sea, which would bear unharmed the slightest shallop that ever maiden put from shore, but when battling tempests rise can hurl whole navies into wreck. Suddenly catching a glimpse of a figure at a distance which reminded me of my friend, I eagerly addressed one of the soldiers, and pointing out the object of my curiosity, inquired who he was.

"That 's our sergeant," replied the man.

"Oh!" I ejaculated in my disappointment, feeling assured that a week would not have raised Penn—to that honor, and I sat down on the green bank and watched the steamboats as they passed up and down between me and the city. And as I gazed, many a sad reflection and strange conjecture passed and repassed along the silent current of my mind. How alone I felt! Even the groups of soldiers standing about were but as so many stacks of muskets. My eyes wandered listlessly from object to object, and rested at last on a pair of boots at my side, such as had been moving about me for the last half hour, and they, that is my eyes, not the boots, naturally, but slowly, followed up the military stripe on the side of the pantaloons, then took a squirrel leap to the Uncle Sam buttons on the breast of the coat, and passed leisurely from one to another upward, until they lit at last full in the owner's face! That quizzical look—that Roman nose! There was no mistaking Penn—, Sergeant Penn—, of the United States Army! My surprise may easily be imagined. However, a few minutes explained all.

> Alas! for poor humanity,
> Its weakness and its vanity,
> Its sorrow and insanity,
> Alas!

My friend in an evil hour had been led astray—had imbibed one "cobbler" too many for his leather; and like most men in similar circumstances, grew profoundly patriotic, and in a glorious burst of enthusiasm, enlisted! His fine figure, with a dash of the theatrical air, promoted him at once to the dignity of sergeant; and never did soldier wear his honors "thrust upon him" with a better grace than did Poor Penn—. Whether in his sober moments he regretted the rash act, I do not know; he was too proud to acknowledge it if he did. Taking me by the arm, he conducted the way to the barracks, and with an air of indescribable importance, exhibited and explained the whole internal arrangements. On the first floor, which was paved with brick, there was an immense fire-place, built in the very centre of the great room, and steaming and bubbling over the fire

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hung a big kettle, capable of holding at least thirty gallons. Over it, or rather beside it, stood the soldier-cook, stirring the contents, which was bean-soup, with an iron ladle. In the room above were long rows of bunks, stacks of muskets, with other warlike implements and equipage. A number of men were lounging on the berths, some reading, some boasting, and others telling long yarns. There was one stout, moon-faced gentleman laying on his broad back "spouting" Shakspeare. This individual, to whom I was introduced, turned out to be Sergeant Smith, another son of Thespis, who had left the boards for a more permanent engagement, not with the enemy, for those were days of peace, but with that stern old manager, Uncle Sam. Sergeant Smith was, perhaps, the most important person in his own estimation, on the banks, not even excepting the captain. There can be no doubt but that the stage suffered a great loss when he left it, for, indeed, he told us so himself. In a little while the call sounded, the roll was called, and all hands turned in to dinner. Penn— had provided me a seat by his side; and, for the first time in my life, I sat down to soldier fare. There was a square block of bread at the side of each pewter plate, a tin cup of cold water, and very soon a ladle-full of the steaming bean-soup was dealt round to each. It was a plain but a substantial dinner. Poor Penn—, as he helped me to an extra ladle of soup, observed, with the most solemn face imaginable, that the man who had n't dined with soldiers "did n't know beans;" an expression more apt than elegant. During the space of three months I made weekly visits to the barracks, and was gratified to find that my friend Penn—, in spite of his formidable rival, Sergeant Smith, was fast rising in the confidence of the commanding officer and the estimation of the men. Smith, too, was judicious enough to hide any jealousy he might have felt, and like a true soldier, imitated his superior, and treated Penn— with marked distinction.

Such having been the state of affairs for so long a time, my surprise and indignation may easily be imagined, when upon calling, as usual, to see my friend, Sergeant Smith, with a most pompous air, informed me that he was not acquainted with the person for whom I inquired.

"Not acquainted with Penn—?" cried I, with the most unbounded astonishment.

"No, sir," proudly replied the imperturbable sergeant, assuming the strictest military attitude, looking like a very stiff figure-head, seeming as if it would crack his eyelids to wink.

"Not acq—"

"No, sir," cried he, with great determination, before I could finish the word. "Do you suppose an officer of the United States army, an unimpeached soldier, capable of being acquainted with a *deserter?*"

"A *deserter!*" echoed I; "Penn— a deserter!" and the truth flashed across my brain, writing that terrible word in letters of fire, as did the hand on the walls of Belshazzar. The next moment, by permission of the guard, who knew me, I passed down into the long damp basement of the barracks, where the offenders were imprisoned. At the farther end, among a number of fellow-culprits, my eager eye soon discovered the object of its search. He was sitting with folded arms, perched on a carpenter's bench, and with the most wo-begone countenance imaginable, whistling a favorite air, and beating time against the side of the bench with his long, pendulous legs. I can hear the tune yet, "Nix my Dolly;" and who that has ever seen "Jack Shepherd" has forgotten it?

"Hallo!" cried I, "Penn—, how is this?"

He looked at me a moment with surprise, and after exclaiming, "How are you, my boy?" gave the bench a salutary kick, and whistled more vigorously than ever "Nix my Dolly;" and having gone through the stave, he turned to me and exclaimed,

"Look you, my boy, be chaste as snow, you shall not escape calumny—and to this complexion you may come at last." Again he took sight at the blank stone wall, whistled, and beat time.

"But, come," said I, "how did you get here?"

"Get here?" echoed he, "the easiest way in the world! Sergeant Penn— crossed the river on a three hours' leave of absence—took a glass too many—stayed over the time, and his friend, Sergeant Smith, feeling anxious for Penn—'s welfare, went after him and had him arrested as a deserter—and here he is! 'Nix my Dolly,'" etc. etc.; and he settled again into his musical reverie.

"Well, what will be the upshot of it?" said I.

"The *down-shot* of me, maybe!"—Nix my Doll—"at least, I shall be shipped off with these fine fellows to the west; and if the court-martial happen to sit on my case after dinner, I may get off with *merely* having my head shaved, and being drummed out!" Poor Penn—, at the thought of this, kicked the bench furiously, and whistled with all the vigor he could muster.

"When do you go?" asked I, eagerly.

"Next Sunday," he replied, and added, "Look here, my boy, let me bid you good-by now, for the last time"—and he pressed my hand warmly—"for the last time, I say, for it would unman me to see you on that day, and Penn— would fain be himself, proud and unshaken even in his disgrace. There—there—go, my dear boy, let this be the last visit of your life to the barracks. God bless you!" and after giving his hand a hearty grasp, I turned hurriedly away, to hide my feeling. In passing the door I gave a hasty glance back, and saw Penn— sitting as before, his arms folded, his heels beating the bench, but so slowly, that their strokes seemed like the dying vibrations of a pendulum; and the whistle was so low that it was scarcely audible. With a heavy heart I passed away, much preferring to acknowledge the acquaintance of a "deserter" like Poor Penn— than to continue that of the unimpeachable Sergeant Smith. Another week brought around the day of my friend's departure, and I found it impossible to resist the temptation to take a farewell look at my old companion. Accordingly I crossed the river, and taking my station behind a large tree

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on the bank of the river, so that I could see Penn—without letting him see me, I awaited with melancholy patience the moment when the deserters should be led out. The steamboat was puffing and groaning at the wharf, and in a few moments the heavy door of the guard-room swung open; there was a sudden clanking of irons, and soon I saw prisoner after prisoner emerge, dragging long heavy chains, which were attached to their ankles. I counted them as they came out—counted a dozen—but yet no Penn—; counted eighteen—nineteen—but the twentieth, and last, proved to be him. No language can describe the solemn majesty with which he brought up the rear of that dishonored line. No chain clanked as he stepped to tell of his disgrace; and the spectators, instead of suspecting him as being a culprit, may easily have imagined him to be one of the sergeants who had the rest in charge. This, to me, was a matter of much surprise, and turning to an old soldier at my side, I inquired,

"What does this mean, isn't Penn— one of them?"

"Of course he is," was the reply.

"But why does n't he wear a chain like the rest?"

"Wear a chain," said the soldier, "you don't know Penn—, Sergeant Penn— that was. He wear a chain! Why, bless your heart, he carries as heavy a chain as any of them, but he 's got it twisted around his leg, under his pantaloons, clear above his knee! He 's too proud to drag it—he 'd die first!"

Poor Penn—! I could have embraced him for that touch of pride; and felt assured that whatever the penalty might be which he was doomed to suffer, that he had "a heart for any fate!" What that fate was I have had no means of knowing, for I have never since heard of poor Penn—.

A SONG.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Bring me the juice of the honey fruit,
The large translucent, amber-hued,
Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit
The luxury that fills my mood.

And bring me only such as grew
Where rarest maidens tent the bowers,
And only fed by rain and dew
Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees
In airs of far enchanted vales,
And all night heard the ecstasies
Of noble-throated nightingales:

So that the virtues which belong
To flowers may therein tasted be—
And that which hath been thrilled with song
May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee
Which hath too long in silence hung,
And sweeter than all else should be
The song which in thy praise is sung.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Far in the ocean of the Night
There lyeth an Enchanted Isle,
Within a veil of mellow light,
That blesseth like affection's smile

It tingeth with a rosy hue
All objects in that country fair,
Like summer twilight, when the dew
Is trembling in the fragrant air.

And there is music evermore,
That seemeth sleeping on the breeze.
Like sound of sweet bells from the shore
Lingering along the summer seas.

And there are rivers, bowers, and groves,
And fountains fringed with blossomed weeds,
And all sweet birds that sing their loves
'Mid stately flowers or tasseled reeds.

All that is beautiful of earth,
All that is valued, all that 's dear,
All that is pure of mortal birth,
Lives in immortal beauty here.

All tender buds that ever grew
For us on Hope's ephemeral tree,
All loves, all joys, that e'er we knew,
Bloom in that country gloriously.

There is no parting there, no change,
No death, no fading, no decay;
No hand is cold, no voice is strange,
No eye is dark—or turned away.

To us, who daily toil and weep,
How welcome is Night's starry smile,
When in the fairy barge of Sleep
We visit the Enchanted Isle.

All holy hearts that worship Truth,
Though blank their daily pathway seems,
Find treasure and immortal youth
In that fair isle of happy dreams.

But, if the soul have dwelt with sin,
It landeth on that isle no more,
Though it would give its life to win
One glimpse but of the pleasant shore.

Their joys, which have been thrown away,
Or stained with guilt, can bloom no more,
And o'er the night their vessels stray
Where pale shades weep, and surges roar.

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THE CONTINENTS.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I had a vision in that solemn hour,
Last of the year sublime,
Whose wave sweeps downward, with its dying power
Rippling the shores of Time!
On the lone margin of that hoary sea
My spirit stood alone,
Watching the gleams of phantom History
Which through the darkness shone:

Then, when the bell of midnight, ghostly hands
Tolled for the dead year's doom,
I saw the spirits of Earth's ancient lands
Stand up amid the gloom!
The crowned deities, whose reign began
In the forgotten Past,
When first the glad world gave to sovereign Man
Her empires green and vast!

First queenly Asia, from the fallen thrones
Of twice three thousand years,
Came with the woe a grieving goddess owns
Who longs for mortal tears:
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung,
And dimmed her crown of gold,
While the majestic sorrows of her tongue
From Tyre to Indus rolled:

"Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of wo,
Whose only glory streams
From its lost childhood, like the artic glow
Which sunless Winter dreams!
In the red desert moulders Babylon,
And the wild serpent's hiss
Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone
And waste Persepolis!

Gone are the deities who ruled enshrined
In Elephanta's caves,
And Brahma's wailings fill the odorous wind
That stirs Amboyna's waves!
The ancient gods amid their temples fall,
And shapes of some near doom,
Trembling and waving on the Future's wall,
More fearful make my gloom!"

Then from her seat, amid the palms embowered
That shade the Lion-land,
Swart Africa in dusky aspect towered—
The fetters on her hand!
Backward she saw, from out her drear eclipse,
The mighty Theban years,
And the deep anguish of her mournful lips
Interpreted her tears.

"Wo for my children, whom your gyves have bound
Through centuries of toil;
The bitter wailings of whose bondage sound
From many a stranger-soil!
Leave me but free, though the eternal sand
Be all my kingdom now—
Though the rude splendors of barbaric land
But mock my crownless brow!"

There was a sound, like sudden trumpets blown,
A ringing, as of arms,
When Europe rose, a stately Amazon,
Stern in her mailed charms.
She brooded long beneath the weary bars
That chafed her soul of flame,
And like a seer, who reads the awful stars,
Her words prophetic came:

"I hear new sounds along the ancient shore,
Whose dull old monotone
Of tides, that broke on many a system hoar,
Wailed through the ages lone!
I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn
Beneath a stormy sky,
And warning throes, my bosom long has borne,
Proclaim the struggle nigh!

"The spirit of a hundred races mounts
To glorious life in one;
New prophet-wands unseal the hidden founts
That leap to meet the sun!
And thunder-voices, answering Freedom's prayer,
In far-off echoes fall,
As some loud trumpet, startling all the air,
Peals down an Alpine vale!"

O radiant-browed, the latest born of Time!
How waned thy sisters old
Before the splendors of thine eye sublime,
And mien, erect and bold!
Pure, as the winds of thine own forests are,
Thy brow beamed lofty cheer,
And Day's bright oriflamme, the Morning Star,
Flashed on thy lifted spear.

"I bear no weight," so rang thy jubilant tones,
"Of memories weird and vast—
No crushing heritage of iron thrones,
Bequeathed by some dead Past;
But mighty hopes, that learned to tower and soar,
From my own hills of snow—
Whose prophecies in wave and woodland roar,
When the free tempests blow!

"Like spectral lamps, that burn before a tomb,
The ancient lights expire;
I wave a torch, that floods the lessening gloom
With everlasting fire!
Crowned with my constellated stars, I stand
Beside the foaming sea,
And from the Future, with a victor's hand
Claim empire for the Free!"

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JEHOIAKIM JOHNSON.

A SKETCH.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

WHAT unlucky star it was that presided over the destiny of my cousin Jehoiakim Johnson I am not astrologer enough to divine. Certain only am I that it could have been neither Saturn, Mercury, Mars, nor Venus; for he was far from being either wise, witty, warlike, or beautiful.

Cowper says every one falls "just in the niche he was ordained to fill." Cowper was mistaken in one instance, for Cousin Jehoiakim had no niche to fall into, but went wandering about the world, (our world,) without any thing apparently to do, or any where apparently to stay: And just the moment you wished him safe in Botany Bay, just that very moment was he standing before you with his—but never mind a description of his face and person. *All* cannot be handsome; folks unfortunately do not make themselves—and precisely the moment you became indifferent as to his presence, or if—a *very* rare thing—you wished it, that very instant he was no where to be found.

"Our world" was situated in good old New England, around and about Boston; and we, "our folks," were of the better class of farmers, and lived within a day's ride of the city.

Never in my life have I been happier than in that free, green country, with the broad, bright sky above me, and the clear, heaven-wide air around me; and bird and beast frolicking in freedom and gladness near and about me. I loved them all, and all their various noises, even to the unearthly scream of our bright, proud peacock. I shut my eyes and see them still; the world of gay-plumaged birds, with their sweet, wild songs, the little white-faced lambs, the wee, *roly-poly* pigs, the verdant ducks, the soft, yellow goslins, and the dignified old cows stalking about. Well do I remember each of their kind old faces. There was the spotted heifer, with an upturned nose, and eyes with corners pointing toward the stars. If ever a cow is admitted into heaven for goodness, it will surely be Daisy. Then there was the black Alderny, and the—but leaving beef *revenons à nos moutons*—Cousin Jehoiakim. Still the place of all others to enjoy life, life unconstrained by city forms, life free, free as heaven's wind, is on a New England farm. My heart bounds within me as I look back at the dear old homestead. Just there it lies in the bend of the time-worn road that winds its interminable length through dark elms—the gothic ivy-clad elms—and through black giant pines, and the bright-leaved, sugar-giving maple, and golden fields, hedged in by rugged fences, formed of the roots and stumps of leviathen trees.

You see that picket-gate? open it, and a path bordered on each side by currant bushes, and gooseberry bushes, and the tall cyranga, and the purple lilac, will lead you through an arbor of fine Isabella's and Catawba's to the dear old homestead, now in possession of Brother Dick and little Fanny, his better half.

I could describe every nook of that darling old house, and every thing surrounding it, from its old-fashioned chimneys—wherein the domestic swallows have sung their little ones to sleep each successive summer, time out of mind—to the unseemly nail that projected its Judas-point from one of the cross-pieces of that same little gate, and which always contrived to give a triangular tear to my flying robes every time they fluttered through that dear little gate. Just imagine the happy moments I spent under the great old willow by the well, darning those same triangular rents. Still has all this nothing to do with Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson. You have probably seen folks that were often in your way; now, he was never any where else. Always in the way, and always ungraceful. He was not ungraceful for lack of desire to please: bless his kind, officious heart! Oh, no! Was there a cup of coffee to be handed, and were there a half dozen waiters ready to hand it, he was sure to thrust forth at least ten huge digits, and if he chanced to get it in his grasp, wo to the coffee! and wo to the snow-white damask table-cloth! or worse, wo to one's "best Sunday-go-to-meetin'" silk dress. Nature uses strange materials in concocting some of her children—most uncouth was the fabric of which she constructed Jehoiakim Johnson.

Poor fellow! he is dead now—peace to his soul. Do you know I fancy it lies hid in the breast of my dog Jehu—the most ungainly, the best-natured creature alive. My baby rides his back, and pulls his ears. I never heard him growl. Oh! he is a jewel of a dog.

Poor Cousin Jehoiakim! Among his other *plaisanteries* he came near losing for me a noble husband. Patience, and I will relate how it came to pass.

Sister Anna and myself—that sister of mine, by the way, was a complete witch; all dimples and fun, with blue eyes that darted here and there, dancing in her head for very gladness; with a mouth on which the bright red rose sat like a queen on her throne. Her words I can liken to nothing but to so many little silver bells, ringing out into the clear air in joy and sweetness. And never have I heard those

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musical bells jingle one harsh or unharmonious sound. She is married now—poor thing—and the mother of three "little curly-headed, good-for-nothing, mischief-making monkeys."

Notwithstanding her exceeding loveliness, Cousin Jehoiakim preferred me, and actually offered me his great broad hand, as you shall see. She was a perfect Hebe, while my style of beauty was more of the—though to confess the "righty-dighty" truth, as little folks say, my beauty was of that order which took the keenest of eyes to discover. There were a pair, however, dark, and full of soul, that dwelt with as much delight on me as though I were Venus herself.

Oh! those were dear, darling eyes, and were in the possession of the best, yes, the very best specimen of Nature's modeling that New England contained; Nature wrought him from the finest of her clay, after her divinest image, and his parents named him Edgar Elliott.

Sister Anna and myself had been making our usual Christmas visit to Aunt Charity, or Aunt "Charty," as we used to call her, in good old Yankee language. Aunt Charity dwelt in Boston; and was the wife of a very excellent man, in very excellent circumstances; and the mother of seven dear, excellent boys, of whom Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson was *not* one.

How delightfully flew our days on this particular Christmas visit. I felt myself in a new world. A world of brighter flowers, and brighter sunshine; for, although I was eighteen, never until then had I been any thing but a wild, thoughtless, giddy child. And then?—the truth is a new star had burst upon my horoscope, bright and beautiful, that so bewildered my eyes to look upon, I was forced to awake my heart from its long sleep, to supply the place of eyes. Steadfast it gazed into that bright star's heaven-lighted depths, until I recognized it as my guiding star—my Destiny!

Oh, Love! thou angel! thou devil! thou blissful madness, thou wise folly! Thou that comest clad in rainbow garments, with words more full of hope than was the first arch that spanned high heaven, stouter hearts than mine have been compelled to own thee master. Prouder hearts than mine have listened to the witcheries of thy satin-smooth tongue until they forgot their pride. More ice-cold ones than mine have been consumed in the immortal fire thou buildest—the heart thine altar, Love, thou monarch of the universe!

Every thing has an end—a consolation oftentimes—rhapsody, as well as love, and so had that happy Christmas-time, when we were so merry, when I first saw that master-piece of nature—my Destiny—Edgar Elliott.

Anna and myself had been home but three weeks—three dreary years of weeks, Anna said—when we received a letter containing the joyful intelligence that Edgar Elliott, his aristocratic sister Jane, his unaristocratic sister little Fanny, and Herbert Allen—a young lieutenant, by the way, and, by the way, the red-hot flame of my harem-scarem sister—would all four honor Dough-nut Hall, the name we had playfully given our old homestead, with a speedy and long visit.

Joy and hope danced in our hearts when, clear and sunny, the promised day at length had come, the snow five and a half feet deep—the greatest depth of snow within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant"—the mercury full ten degrees below zero. I had just changed my dress for the fifth time, and sister Anna was offering me this consolation, "I must say, Clara, that that is the most unbecoming dress you have, you look like a perfect scare-crow," when the sound of sleigh-bells coming up the avenue, sent my heart up in my throat, and myself quicker than lightning down to the "hall-door," there to welcome—not my darling Edgar and his proud, beautiful sister, and Anna's Adonis lieutenant, and Brother Dick's pretty little Fanny—no, none of these, oh, no! who but my long-visaged, good-for-nothing cousin Jehoiakim Johnson.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed a voice at my elbow; and my disappointed sister skipped, with chattering teeth, back into the house.

The stage drove off, after depositing cousin Jehoiakim and a Noah's-ark of a trunk.

"Wall, Cousin Clarry!" exclaimed he, springing toward me with one of his own peculiar bear-like bounds. "How du you du? I guess you didn't expect me this time, no how."

"I can't say that I did," said I; "but do come in, this air is enough to freeze one."

"Wall, here I am again," said he, rubbing his great hands together before the blazing hickory. "But if that *wasn't* a tarnel cold drive; and if this isn't a nation good fire, then I don't know. But how are uncle and aunt, and Cousin Anna, and Dick, and little Harry?"

"All quite well. Where have you been since you left here, cousin?"

"Why I went right to Cousin Hezekiah's; but I did not stay there quite two months, because little Prudence caught the brain fever, and I was obliged to keep so still that it was very unpleasant. I went from there to Cousin Ebenezer's. Wall, I stayed to Cousin Eb's four months or so; then I went to stay a couple of months with Cousin Pildash and Axy, (Achsa.) So this morning I came from Uncle Abimelech's. I only stayed there a few weeks, because—But, Cousin Clarry, du look! if there isn't a sleigh-load of folks coming."

I *did* look, and saw coming through the great open gate, and up the avenue, a sleigh, all covered with gold and brown, glittering in the sun's setting rays. I saw the long, white manes of the ponies, and the heavy plumes of my beautiful friend, Jane, streaming far in the wind; and then I saw little Fanny's bright, happy face, and the fierce moustache of Anna's lieutenant; and then I saw a pair of dark, earnest eyes, full of devotion, gazing into mine as though at the shrine of their soul's ideal. Never shall I forget the look they wore, so inexpressibly full of affection was it.

What a pity stars should set. What a pity that

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eyes, once overflowing with the light of wildest, truest love, should grow cold and dim. A pity, too, that love cannot always be love—that it should find its grave so often in hate, or indifference, or in sober friendship. Still that it does not always, let us bless Love, and think that the fault lies in us, and not in Love, that we are grown so like the clay of which our bodies are made, that Love, the spirit, cannot find an abiding-place within us; and, as years come over us, we are content more and more to harden our hearts, and bask, like butterflies, in the external sunshine of this beautiful world, until the world within—the world of thought and feeling—is a weary one, gladdened only with a few flowers of transcendent sweetness and brightness—rewards of merit from this work-day, lesson-learning earth.

Meantime were those warm eyes looking love upon me; and meantime, from out a world of buffalo-robes and furs, were our merry friends emerging; and then a fervent pressure of a soft, warm hand sent the bright blood burning to my very temples. Then came numerous other shakes of the hand, and question sounded upon question, and laugh pealed upon laugh; a gayer, merrier, madder party never met together. Sister Anna, and Brother Dick's little love of a Fanny, were a host of mirth in themselves. The accession of so many merry faces seemed to act on the uncouth spirits of my Cousin Jehoiakim like so much exhilarating gas; for scarcely were we housed, when he suddenly caught me up in his windmill arms, and twirling me around as though I had been a feather, exclaimed, "Bless us! Cousin Clarry, I have scarcely had a chance to say how du you du, and to tell you how glad I am to be here once more. Arn't you tickled to death to see me?"

Indignant and breathless, I sprang from him, saying, "Really, Cousin Jehoiakim, I should be much more delighted to see you if you would be kind enough to manifest a less rude way of expressing your joy."

"Oh! beg pardon, Cousin Clarry. I forgot you had grown up into a young woman; another word for touch-me-not—ha! ha! ha! I guess you are all dressed up, tu; you look like a daisy, anyhow."

With that he threw himself back in a perfect roar of ha! ha's! and he! he's! My eyes glanced around to see the effect produced on my friends by my *gauche* cousin. The great blue eyes of the aristocratic Jane opened themselves wider and more wide, while the merry black ones of little Fanny seemed to enjoy the sport. The lieutenant's moustache curled itself a little more decidedly, as he surveyed Jehoiakim Johnson; looking upon him, probably, as on some savage monster. I thought I perceived a darker shade in Edgar's eyes. It soon passed over, and we all became quiet and chatty. The twilight deepened around us, meantime, and the shadows formed by the blazing hearth grew more and more opaque, and more and more fitful, lengthening themselves over carpet, chairs, and sofas, to the very farthest corner of the room, darting all manner of fantastic forms upon Sister Anna and her handsome lieutenant, as they sat over by the window, in earnest conversation. Yes, Sister Anna, for once wert thou earnest. Upon our group on the sofa, before the hearth, fell also those strange fire-light shadows. Sweet little Fanny! how like a little fairy didst thou look in that flickering fire-light; thy graceful form, half reclining, thrown carelessly on the sofa; thy long, curling hair flowing in dark clouds over thy snow-white dress, and nearly hiding thy happy, child-like face, and bright eyes, that glanced out on Brother Dick, who, entranced, was devoutly bending over thee, gazing on thy sunny face—what he could see of it. Sweet little Fanny! And thy proud, beautiful sister, Jane—sitting beside me, and near thee; well did that gleaming light reveal her noble outline of face and form contrasting so finely with thine. Nor did those wayward shadows spare our dear mother, but daguerreotyped all manner of merry-andrews on her sober satin dress, as she sat over on a lounge, quietly talking with my dear, sweet Edgar, who employed his leisure moments in throwing sundry loving glances over at me. Nor did these weird shadows spare our Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson in the great old-fashioned arm-chair, where he had flung himself, seemingly wrapped in meditation most profound. They frolicked over his broad, square shoulders like the Liliputs upon Gulliver, dancing all sorts of fantastic dances, pulling at his ears, and tweaking his substantial nose, when a snore of most immense magnitude broke on our quiet ears. Then another and another, each louder than the last. Ah! Cousin Jehoiakim, most profound was thy meditation.

Now I am not going to weary your patience by telling you how just then our "help" entered, one bearing a tray-full of tall sperm candles, another an immense waiter, crowned with the thick-gilt, untarnished china, that had been handed down in our family by four successive generations—we had begged our dear mother to let the tea, the tea only, be handed around as it was done in Boston; she in an evil hour consenting. Nor how Cousin Jehoiakim, aroused from his meditation by the glare of light, starting up, cast his eyes upon Mercy, the stout serving maiden, and bearer of that same precious porcelain—for which my dear mother's reverence was as great, every whit, as that of Charles Lamb's for old China; and how the next moment the waiter was in the hands of my six feet seven and a-half cousin, with "Du let me help you, young woman!" and how the next instant the six feet seven and a-half formed a horizontal line with the floor, instead of a perpendicular one; and how the glittering fragments of gold and white glistened from under every chair, and from the hearth, and out from among the ashes, like unto so many evil eyes glaring upon him for his stupidity and carelessness; and how little Fanny unwound from one foot of the prostrate six feet seven and a-half several yards of snow-white muslin—the innocent cause of the disaster; and how, light as a bird, she sprung, merrily laughing, from the room, with the fluttering fragments of her cobweb dress gathered in an impromptu drapery around her graceful little form.

No; I will not fatigue you with the history of that unlucky adventure; nor how, but a short time after, when we had taken tea from less costly China, and

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had fallen into a witty, merry uttering of each other's thoughts, we were interrupted by screams the most—but never mind what kind, seeing I have said you shall not be fatigued with a description of what was nothing but an immense kettle of boiling lard flowing quietly and river-like over the long length of the before so spotless kitchen floor, with many a cluster of dough-nut islands interspersed, by way of relieving the said river of monotony. Our dear mother was famed for miles around for the profusion and superiority of her dough-nuts, hence our soubriquet—"Dough-nut Hall." And, seeing that Mercy was only scalded half to death, the guilty culprit, who insisted that the kettle was "too heavy for a woman to lift," escaping unhurt, that is bodily—his remorse of conscience being truly pitiable. No; none of all this, with long, ugly sentences, shall you have; no, nor a detail of his many daily, hourly, and almost momently, misadventures; how once, when we were sitting in Miss Elliott's room, in he bolted with, "Bless my soul! what a lot of industrious womenfolk! 'How doth the busy bee;'" that new and elegant little poem was, word for word, recited. Little Fanny he found making a bead purse for Brother Dick, and examining her box with every conceivable shade of bead duly assorted, and separated from each other by innumerable partitions. No matter what he said about them, only the beads were spilled, and the purse could not be finished; and then were Miss Jane's delicate brushes passed through his wondering red hair before a saving hand could arrest them; then was Miss Jane's beautiful inlaid dressing-box broken irreparably; and then—but I will tell you what I will relate you—all about our sleigh-ride and country ball. Yes! that you must know; not because it is worth telling, but because I should like you to hear it—all about how I nearly lost my darling. But to commence.

Rumors were afloat of this said ball, the countriest kind of a country ball, to take place in Squire Brown's barn, the largest, best built barn for miles around. Our city friends entered into the spirit exactly, and determined on going. Cousin Jehoiakim? Oh, he need know nothing about it," said Sister Anna; "or we can easily deceive him as to the day, without telling him very much of a lie." Ah! Sister Anna. The important day arrived. In one great band-box reposed various satins, laces, and ribbons too numerous to mention; the owners thereof were standing cloaked, hooded, and muffed, ready to start. The distance was ten miles. We had cast lots for the sleighs, and had agreed on exclusiveness, though not exactly the exclusiveness that Sister Anna wickedly proposed, viz., that each brother should take his respective sisters in due decorum. The new "cutter" of my brother's was drawn by himself; and he had already started with his little Fanny by his side. The proud, beautiful Jane—I really believe I had forgotten to mention that, while Cousin Jehoiakim was upsetting chairs, and spilling pitchers of water, and breaking glasses, and treading on people's toes, and the cat's tail, a distant cousin of ours arrived—rather a guess cousin than Cousin Jehoiakim; tall as the last named, to be sure, but bearing about the same resemblance to him as a vigorous, graceful young willow does to an overgrown mullen stalk. This new cousin—by cognomen Clarence Spencer—the family name our own, by the way—proud and beautiful as the haughty Jane herself—had seen fit to fall most gracefully in love with her. These two, therefore, were just started on their way to the ball, in Clarence's own incomparable turn-out. Lieutenant Allen had drawn the Elliott's beautiful gold and brown sleigh. He was holding the impatient ponies, and Sister Anna was arranging the cushions when Cousin Jehoiakim hove in sight. Sister Anna sprung like a doe to the front seat, threw the heavy buffalo-robes about, making them and the great bandbox fill up the back seat, and seating herself by the lieutenant—all this quicker than lightning—and giving the ponies a touch of the whip, on they dashed to the imminent peril of their necks as well as her own. A saucy toss of the head was all she vouchsafed me. All, then, were on their way save Edgar and myself, who were expecting a quiet, loving talk in the comfortable old-fashioned "pung," with a gig top, that papa used in his frequent drives to Boston.

"Wall, now, Cousin Clarry, I reckon you thought I did n't snuff what was going on."

Poor fellow! he looked *so* good-natured, truly my heart smote me.

"There is another cutter in the barn, cousin," replied I, "and you can take your pick of the horses."

"You are very kind, Cousin Clarry, but there aint no occasion of calling any more of the poor dumb critters out into the cold. I guess you can make room for me; I will ride on top until we catch up to some of the two-seated sleighs."

Time was too precious to waste in words, and as Cousin Jehoiakim good naturedly persisted that he should be very comfortable on the top, on the top he seated himself. I saw that Edgar did not like the arrangement, but he was too polite, or too proud to interfere. "Let us overtake the others," said he. A bright smile passed over his face. I saw he meditated some mischief. I knew it could not be very mischievous mischief, for a kinder, nobler heart never beat more warmly in any human breast. Forward dashed the horses, throwing the white, sparkling snow before and around them into the bright sunshine. Faster and faster sped the spirited horses, until we passed, first—yes, it was no illusion, his lips were actually pressing her little rosy mouth. Then, Lieutenant Allen, you are not the first man that has done the like; it is a way they all have, ever since Adam gave Mother Eve her first love-kiss. What man would not part with some years of his life for the privilege of pressing to his own a pretty little soft mouth?

Ah, Sister Anna! the question was actually popped; and on that memorable day of the ball, thy giddy heart was actually caged. We came so noiselessly and swift through the soft snow that we actually took thee by surprise. Thy blushes were beautiful; but on we sped, and our next tableaux presented Cousin Clarence gazing most intensely and earnestly into the great deep-blue eyes of the beautiful Jane

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Elliott, as though he were pouring forth a question from his soul to hers. Her delicate hand lay in his, and her stately, graceful head inclined gently toward him. They were so earnestly occupied, he in talking, and she in listening, that they did not see us until we had passed them; and after we passed them we were not long in overtaking Dick and his little Fanny. Bless the lovers! Her curly-headed little head started, quick as lightning, from its warm resting place, though not so quick but that my practiced eye saw it take leave of Brother Dick's manly shoulder. Her fun-loving spirit could not resist the ludicrous appearance of Cousin Jehoiakim, perched upon the top of our pung like some immense bird of prey. Brother Dick joined in her pealing, merry laughter, and the old woods rang again. The stump of a tree grew at the road-side, near an immense snow-bank. Edgar, as though he had been on the look-out for such a fine opportunity, speedily and dexterously ran one runner of our pung over the stump, and over went the pung. By a skillful movement he righted it instantly. The friendly side preserved me from the snow; but Cousin Jehoiakim—alas! for gravity on a gig-top. In this deep bank of snow, his heels high in air, stood my inverted cousin. As soon as I could speak from convulsive laughter, I implored Edgar to go back to my cousin's assistance.

"As you please," said he. Now you must know that I was the only one that treated Cousin Jehoiakim kindly. Sister Anna and Brother Dick made a complete butt of him; the rest did not treat him at all, except to an occasional shrug of the shoulder from Anna's lieutenant, or a gay laugh from little Fanny. And, forsooth, because I was civil to him, and talked to him, and excused his awkwardness, why Edgar saw fit, in his wisdom, to be jealous of him. Was there ever any thing more absurd? Yes, since time out of mind have men, the wisest and the best of them, been just so absurd; and unto all eternity will they, the wisest and best of them, be just so absurd again.

By the time we had reached again the spot, the others had come up, and were engaged in disentombing the imbedded unfortunate.

"That was a cold bed, any how," said he, shaking himself from head to foot like a huge Newfoundland dog, and smiling upon us with his imperturbable good-nature; "but why, in the name of all that is good, did you not help a feller out sooner? If it had been feathers instead of snow, I should surely have been suffocated."

"Thank your stars for your safe deliverance," said the laughing Fanny.

"What were you thinking of, cousin?" said Anna, in a choking voice.

"I could think of nothing but the ten commandments; and I wondered what sinful iniquity my grandfather had been guilty of, that I should be visited in such an awful manner for his transgressions. But where on earth is my hat? I have looked in the hole, and all about for it."

"Look on your neck, Hoiky; you are wearing it for a stock," said my brother.

"By gracious! so I am."

I brushed the snow from his shoulders and hair, and assisted his long neck from its cumbrous stock, and pinning on the crown-piece, the hat was quite wearable again.

"Mr. Johnson will ride much more comfortably in one of the double-seated sleighs," said Edgar.

"Most certainly, Mr. Elliott," replied Cousin Jehoiakim, "you know I begged you to let me out the first sleigh we met. I reckon you *did* let me out to some purpose at last. By jimminy! but that was a cool dip. Wall, Cousin Anny, what do you say to my riding along with you, though I had a leetle rather sit alongside of Clarry, yet if you 've no objections I hav n't none."

So now was my turn to pay back my sister by as provoking a toss of the head as she gave me. Our ride the rest of the way was pleasant. Edgar's eyes grew warm and loving. Among the other interesting things we talked of, Edgar poured into my greedy ears the wonders and beauty of the almost new doctrine of the transcendentalists. He described the home he was going to give me, and called me his little wife, and said—but dear me, I am not going to tell you all he said. His passionate words and the love in his soul-full eyes lay deep in my heart as we stopped before Squire Brown's.

Then came the dressing, and then it was we found that Cousin Jehoiakim had contrived to crush the great bandbox on the seat beside him. The beautiful lace dress Miss Elliott was to have worn over a satin was torn and spoiled, also Anna's and my wreaths, also things too numerous to mention. When we told of the disaster, Brother Dick said that Anna and I looked much prettier in our own uncovered hair than with an artificial flower-garden upon our heads—that the elegant white satin of Miss Jane needed no lace to make it more beautiful—adding, in an undertone, that he would give more to see a woman dressed in the simple white muslin his little Fanny wore than for all the laces and satins that could be bought.

When we entered the ball-room we found Cousin Jehoiakim already dancing with a red-haired young lady, in a blue gauze dress. Seeing us, and wishing to astonish us, he attempted a quadruple pigeon-wing, which unfortunately entangled his great feet in the blue gauze dress, and ended in his own subversion and the dismemberment of the thin gauze. The young lady was obliged to retire for the night, while Cousin Jehoiakim slowly picked himself up. He was so much abashed I had to console him by asking him to dance with me. I really pitied the poor fellow, he could get no one but me to dance with him, still he tried so hard to make himself agreeable, and was so determinedly good-natured that it was not his fault that he could not be a second Apollo.

I was Edgar's partner for a reel.

"You seem to take very great interest in the well-doing of that odious cousin of yours," said he.

"Poor fellow! why should I not?" replied I.

"Because he is awkward and disagreeable," said he, half laughing at his own reason.

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"He is as the Lord made him," replied I, in a tone of affected humility.

"But the Lord did not make you to dance with him and lavish so much attention upon him; you will oblige me very much, Clara, by not dancing any more with him and making yourself so ridiculous."

Now there was not very much in those words to take offence at, and I should, like a submissive woman that was about to be a wife, have promised obedience, but, unfortunately, being a daughter of Eve I inherited somewhat of her pride and vanity. In a different tone of voice Edgar might have said even those words without offending either pride or vanity, but his voice was cold, and his eyes were colder, and I, driving my heart away from my lips and eyes, replied—"I trust Mr. Elliott does not flatter himself he has *yet* the entire control of my actions."

"Just as you please."

The reel was finished, and he was off. I repented as soon as the words passed my lips—the first angry words I had spoken to him. But then, thought I, sitting down on a bench by myself, why is he so foolishly provoking and unreasonably jealous of my poor cousin. He to be so unkind, he who had ever been the noblest and most loving of sons, the kindest and truest of brothers. For a moment my heart misgave me at the thought of becoming his for life, it was only a moment. I saw through the dim vista of years a vision of peace and love.

Cousin Jehoiakim came and sat down beside me. "Ah! Cousin Clarry," said he, abruptly taking my hand and holding it, "you are good and kind to me, how happy I shall be when you are my own little wife, when the time comes to give you my hand as I already have my heart."

Cousin Jehoiakim sentimental! I looked up—Edgar's cold blue eyes were fastened upon me. I hastily drew my hand from my cousin, and sprung toward the glooming Edgar.

"Is it not near time to go, dear Edgar?" exclaimed I, grasping his hand in my own.

"Mr. Johnson can see you home. I have engaged to go with a friend of mine back to Boston."

"Edgar!"—but he was gone.

You may depend I did *not* ride home with *Mr. Johnson*, but begged a seat with my sister, leaving my cousin the "pung" with the gig-top all to himself. Whether he encountered any more stumps or pit-falls I cannot say. He and the pung came safely home, as did the rest of us.

"Mother," exclaimed I, "I do wish you would contrive some means to get rid of my odious Cousin Jehoiakim, he is the torment of my life."

"Mamma," chimed in Anna, while a smile twinkled in the corner of her eye, "Cousin Jehoiakim has ruined my beautiful French wreath, and has broken my Chinese pagoda, and my exquisite Chinese mandarins, and soiled my Book of Beauty, and has broken my new sett of chess-men that Uncle Eb. brought from the East Indies, and has—dear mother, can you not think of some means of sending him to Uncle Abiram's, or to Halifax?"

"Yes, mother," said Brother Dick, with a laugh, "Hoiky has been here mischiefizing long enough; do invent some means of packing him off. We have been victimized long enough. He has broken every fishing-rod I have, and has lost my hooks, and he has lamed my beautiful pony Cæsar, and ruined my gun, and yesterday, in shooting game, he shot my dog Neptune, that I have been offered fifty dollars for, and would not have taken one hundred.

"Wife," said our dear papa, coming into the room, "it is of no use, I can be patient no longer, you *must* devise some method of letting Nephew Jehoiakim understand we do not wish his presence any longer. Poor fellow! I would not for the world be unkind to him. I will give him an annual stipend that will support him liberally during his life, willingly, gladly, but I cannot have him here any longer. He is utterly incorrigible."

"What has he done now?" asked our dear mamma.

"He left the bars down that led into my largest, best field of wheat, and half the cattle in the country have been devouring it. They have ruined at least a couple of hundred dollars worth. The money is not what I care so much for, but it was the best wheat-field for miles around, and I had a pride in having it yield more than any field of my neighbors. I have borne with him day after day, hoping he might do better. Poor fellow! he is sorry enough always for his mistakes. The other day he left the garden-gate open, and the cows got in and eat all my cabbages and other vegetables; then he leaves the barn-door open, and the hogs go in and the calves come out."

"We will see," said our dear mamma.

The next morning at the breakfast-table said our dear mother—

"You will have a delightful day to ride in, dear nephew."

Cousin Jehoiakim opened wide his eyes, inquiringly.

"Richard, my son, I hope you did not forget to tell Mr. Grimes to let the stage stop here this morning. It will be very inconvenient for your cousin to be obliged to stay another day. I packed your trunk this morning early, dear nephew, just after you left your room, knowing how you disliked the trouble."

Still wider opened my cousin's eyes.

"Harry, my son," said mamma to my little brother, "those cakes and dough-nuts are for your cousin to take with him for his lunch."

"May n't I have a piece of pie then?"

"Go and get what you want of Mercy, my dear. I put some runs of yarn in your trunk, dear nephew, you may give them with my love to sister Abigal, and tell her the wool is from white Kitty. She will remember the sheep. Give my love to brother Abiram with this letter."

Still wider opened Cousin Jehoiakim's eyes.

"You will find also in your trunk a dozen and a half of new linen shirts that I have taken the liberty of putting there instead of your old ones."

"Thank you, dear aunt, you are very kind. I

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really am very sorry to leave you all. I have enjoyed myself very much here; but Aunt Abigail will feel hurt if I do not pay her a visit. I shall come again as soon as I can, so do not cry your eyes out, Cousin Clarry."

The stage came and Cousin Jehoiakim went.

And the way I lured back my flown bird would make quite an interesting sentimental little story of itself. Bless his bright eyes! they are shining on me now, full of mischief at this sketch I am giving you, beloved reader. But *did n't* we have a nice wedding time? There was Anna and her brave lieutenant, Brother Dick and his bright little Fanny, the beautiful, majestic Jane, and my beautiful, majestic Cousin Clarence, and my darling, good Edgar, and, dear reader, your very humble servant.

CORIOLANUS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

How many legends have been told or sung
Since Rome—the nursling of the wolf—arose,
Lean, gaunt and grim, and lapped the bubbling blood
Of fallen and dying foes.

How many lyrics, which, like trumpets heard
At dawn, when, clad in steel, the long array
Of marshaled armies glittering in the sun
Stretch, like the skies, away.

But none so golden, chivalric and holy
As that of thine, Coriolanus—none
In the imperial purple of old days
But pale before its sun.

True, thou wast proud, and deemed the people base,
Prone to idolatry of those who sought
Their April smiles—who fawned to win their votes,
Nor dreamed them dearly bought.

Thou, who hadst stood where death reigned like a king,
First in Corioli—thy wounds in front—
Preferring neigh of steed and clash of arms,
The battle's deadly brunt,

To silken ease, and mirth, and song, and dance,
And festal follies in Etruscan halls—
Bacchantic revels, when the sun went down,
Beyond the city walls,

Couldst well gaze on the mass with eagle eye,
Demanding as a right their voice, and blush
To bare thy scars, while thy patrician scorn
Made cheek and forehead flush.

The base cabals—the hate which drove thee forth
A wanderer, ennobled thee: thy fame
Looked lightning on the curs that dared abuse,
But lacked the power to shame.

Prouder thy spirit in that trying hour
Than theirs who stung thee; well might'st thou go forth
Undaunted, for thy fame was not of Rome,
But, rather, of the earth.

Yet it was hard to leave thy wife and babe—
Virgilia and thy little one—hard to break
The bonds that held thee to them: Rome grew dear—
Most dear for their sweet sake.

But as their forms waxed dim, thy festering heart
Looked from thine eyes; thy swelling nostrils told
The inward struggle, and thy heaving chest
A human ocean rolled.

Kneeling upon the ground, thy sinister arm
Adjuring heaven, thy soul broke forth in tones
Of thunder; but thy agony in that hour
Pale Rome repaid with groans.

Coldly, with stately step and placid brow—
A lull—the herald of the approaching storm—
Thou went'st thy way toward Antium—trod its streets
Without the thought of harm.

Humble was thy approach, but thou went'st forth
A Mars of the time—thy snorting steed arrayed
And glistering with gold, while at thy heels
A thousand clarions brayed.

Rome from her seven hills looked down with fear,
Appalled and breathless, while her people stood
Like men awoke from sleep, amazed, aghast—
With agues in their blood.

Like an avenging angel with the sword
Of wrath unsheathed, careering toward thy home
Through flame and blood, thou rod'st: thy coming shook
The hundred gates of Rome.

She, who abused, beseeched thee, but in vain—
Humbled herself before thee; yet thy hate
Was unappeased; and, like one stricken dumb,
Rome gazed upon her fate.

But when Volumnia came—thy mother—she
Who bore thee 'neath her heart, and, at her side
The one who, in thy softer hours, with love
Thy trembling lip called bride,

Leading thy child—thy boy—the old hours came
Like south wind over thee; thy icy soul
Dissolved in tears; thy hard—thy iron heart
Acknowledged love's control,

And Rome was saved—Rome, who had wronged, was free!
—Thou lost!—O, never from the depths of Time
Came sweeter record of the power of love
Than this, in my poor rhyme.

Never was story fuller of the strength
Of love o'er hate: undimmed by age, it breathes
A perfume, and a crown around thy brow,
Coriolanus, wreathes!

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LENNARD.

A TALE OF MARION'S MEN.

BY MRS. MARY O. HORSFORD.

—"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun or star
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

I.

Night o'er the Santee! up the sky
The pale moon went with misty eye;
And in the west a brooding cloud—
Departed day's wind-lifted shroud—
Waved slowly in the depths of blue,
While now and then a world looked through
The broken edge, as from above
Steals down a seraph's glance of love,
Through sorrow's cloud and mortal air,
On breaking hearts or tearful prayer.

II.

Within the recess of the wood
That on the river's margin stood,
Encamped beneath the shade
Of solemn pine and cypress tree,
And tulip soaring high and free,
A patriot band had made
Their pillows of the moss and leaves,
Through which the moaning south-wind grieves
When day forsakes the glade.
And all save one slept hushed as night
Beneath the starry Infinite—
That one a boy in years,
Whose daring arm and flashing eye,
When death and danger hovered nigh,
Belied the trembling fears
And shrinking dread that seemed to speak,
From quivering lip and pallid cheek
At sight of war's array;
The first the fearful strife to bide,
Forever at his captain's side,
Was Lennard in the fray;
Yet strange to tell, though oft beside
That captain's form he dared to bide
The cannon's fiery blast,
His hand no human blood had shed,
Beneath his steel no foe had bled,
When in the battle cast.
So said his comrades tried and cold,
Who marveled that a heart so bold,
Should beat in pitying breast.
And now beside the smouldering fire,
He marked its flickering flames expire,
And watched his leader's rest.

III.

That leader—in the civil strife
Then waged for Liberty and Life,
No braver spirit stood,
Between his country and the chain,
Mistaken tyranny would fain
Have cast o'er lake and wood;
And though in manhood's early morn,
Young Huon led through strife and scorn
A trusty troop and free,
Who left their homes his lot to share,
For Freedom sworn to live and dare,
Or die—at Fate's decree;
And from the covert solitude
Of dark morass and thicket rude
Guerilla warfare waged,
On Tory band, unwary foe,
And struck full many a dauntless blow,
While hate and conflict raged.

IV.

One hour from midnight and the sleep
That wrapped the stalwart frame so deep,
Was woke by guard and sign;
The forest sounded with the tramp
Of rushing steeds, until the camp
Was reached by foremost line
Of the brigade of fearless men,
Who rode through wood, and brake, and fen,
As speeds the red deer to his glen.
No gorgeous suit of war array,
No uniform of red or gray
In that rude band were seen;
The ploughman's dress, but coarse and plain,
And marred by toil with many a stain,
Betrayed no gilded sheen;
Their only badge the white cockade,
No dagger's point or glittering blade
Was worn with martial pride,
But sabre hilt and rifle true,
Oftimes of dark, ensanguined hue,
Were ever at the side.
They hailed their comrades in the fight,
With blazing fires illumed the night,
And waged with jest and smile,
As toward the lurid torches' light
Rode up their chief the while.
No pert gallant or Conrad he,
With gay plume waving haughtily;
Nor donned he aught his troopers o'er,
Save that the leathern cap he wore
In front a silver crescent bore,
Inscribed with "Death or Liberty."
Of stature low, the piercing eye,
And forehead broad, and full, and high,
And lined with lofty thought;
Were all that marked from his compeers,
The man who through long, gloomy years
With tireless vigor wrought,

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Nerved by defeat for loftier aim,
To build his country's Hope and Fame,
And win for her a seat divine
Beneath bright Freedom's hallowed shrine;
And few, though rashly brave, would dare,
To start the Swamp Fox* from his lair.
Or in his fastness wild and dun,
Cope with the rebel Marion.

V.

Soon Huon by the river's tide
Sought out his brave commander's side,
And listened with respectful air,
To learn what new emprise to share,
What lurking foe to shun or brave.
Short was their conference and grave,
Ere Huon bade a trooper call
His page, young Lennard, to his aid;
And passing 'neath the cedar tall,
And giant oaks' far spreading shade,
The boy with graceful step and light,
Stood quickly in his captain's sight,
And Marion thus, in kindly tone,
Spoke with a frankness all his own.
"'T is said, my boy, thy heart is brave,
Thy courage sure, and caution grave;
This night, then, we will task thy power.
Seek, ere the closing of the hour,
The village inn that stands below,
Embowered within the coppice glade,
And learn the bearings of the foe—
Their force in camp, and field, and shade;
But ere the silver moon again
O'er Carolina's hills shall wane,
Meet us beside the deep lagoon
Beyond, that knows no scorching noon."

VI.

Anon, far down the silent wood,
Undaunted by its solitude,
Sped Lennard on his way;
Until beneath a blasted pine,
Beyond the forest gray,
That tall, and bald, and hoary white,
Gleamed through the dusky veil of night,
As through Life's mist on human sight
Gleams vital truth divine,
He paused, and from a whistle clear,
Drew notes that thrilled the valley near.

VII.

Within the rebel camp, meanwhile,
No slumbers winning smiles beguile,
From care to dreams away;
The troop who view with fearless heart
The coming strife and battle's mart;
And thus with blithesome song, though rude,
Awake the echoes of the wood:

Though dark the night,
And fierce the fight,
We fear no living foe;
The swamp our home,
The sky our dome,
Our bed the turf below;
We hail the strife,
And prize not life,
Unblessed by Freedom's smile;
And Age and Youth,
To patriot Truth,
Pledge hopefully the while.

Our Country's name
Must sink in shame,
Or sound in triumph free;
Then, brothers, on!
For Marion,
Our homes and liberty.

VIII.

'T was morning—from the golden sky
Night fled before day's burning eye,
As flies the minister of sin
From souls that kneel to God, to win
Courage to meet the tempter's wile,
And strength upon the strife to smile.
Scarce had the cloudless sun betrayed,
The flowers that bloomed in meadows low,
Ere toward a thickly shaded glade,
An armed horseman traveled slow;
And paused beside a gushing spring,
Whose gentle murmurs thrilled the air,
As thrills an angel's unseen wing
The distant blue when mounting there.
The dark trees hung above its wave,
A tapestry of green,
And arching o'er the waters, gave
A softness to the sheen
Of mellow light that darted through
The dewy leaves of richest hue;
While round the huge trunks many a vine,
Had bade its graceful tendrils twine;
The blossoming grape and jessamine pale,
Loading with sweets the summer gale.
Not long with hasty step he trod
The narrow path and flowery sod,
Ere gently o'er the sere leaves' bed
A maiden passed with faltering tread.

IX.

Oh! light was the step of the blooming girl,
And glossy the hue of the raven curl,
And joyous the glance of the dark eye's play,
When the pride of the village was Morna Grey.
But ruthless war to her dwelling came,
Her brothers slept on the field of fame,
Her father's blood on his hearth was shed;
And the desolate orphan in anguish fled
To the cottage of one who her childhood nursed,
And who soothed the spirit that grief had cursed;
And now in the depths of that speaking eye
There slumbered a sadness still and high,
But veiled with a clear and mellow light,
Like the softened glow of a moonlit night;
And the rose on her cheek that came and went,
Like the hues of the West when day is spent,
Told how the chords of the heart below,
Quivered and shrunk at the breath of wo.
But why did a presage of coming ill,
With a fiercer pang her bosom thrill,
And pale her cheek to a deadlier hue,
As she sought the spring where the jessamine grew?
She had come to meet for a moment there,
Ere he sought the field in the strife to share,
One who her father had blessed in death,
As she pledged her faith with faltering breath;
And Huon with joyous smile and gay,
Welcomed the presence of Morna Grey.

* *Swamp Fox* was the cognomen bestowed on Marion by the British.

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X.

But the words they spoke were short and few—
A soldier must be to his duty true;
And ere a half hour had hastened by,
She watched his steed as it hurried nigh,
O'er the verdant plain to the cedars tall,
Where his men were waiting their leader's call.
As she dashed the drops that dimmed her sight,
From the dark-fringed lids where they trembled bright,
A rustling was heard in the brushwood near,
And a crone, whose wild and fantastic gear
Betrayed the erring of mind within,
Stood in her presence with mocking grin.
"Said I not sorrows in dark array,
Crowded the future of Morna Grey?
Why from the cheek do the roses fly?
Where is the light of the flashing eye?
Where has the rounded lips, ruby red,
Gone, since we parted beside the dead?
The white owl entered the casement high,
O'er the brow of the dying I saw it fly;
Presager of death! I hailed its wing,
She scorned the omen but felt the sting
Of bitter grief, when another day
Bore her angel Mother from earth away.
I warned her, when on the coming blast
I saw the phantom-like shades flit past;
She smiled on my words as idle play,
But wept when her sire, in the midnight fray,
Felled to the dust by the Tory's blade,
Died in the home where his bones are laid;
When the cold drops stood on the forehead fair,
And the curdling blood on the thin, gray hair.
But the dead in silence forgotten sleep;
She is weaving on earth a vision deep,
Of joyous hopes that must fade and die,
Like the bow that smiles when the tempests fly,
In vain the strength of her youth is shed,
In a path where she trembles and fears to tread;
In vain—in vain would the fragile form,
Brave the hot breath of the cannon's storm;
The bullet speeds on its mission free—
A broken heart and a grave I see."

"Though dark my way, I fear it not;
Speed, woman, to thy sheltered cot,
Lest thou, with no protector nigh,
Should catch some hostile wanderer's eye.
My trust is in that mighty Power,
Who rules the battle's wildest hour;
And woman's love is like the flower
That bloometh not in sunny bower;
But when the dark and solemn night,
Has gathered round with storm and blight,
Unfolds its petals bright and rare,
And sheds its fragrance on the air;
And if it dare and peril all,
Asks only to preserve or fall,
His bleeding land requires his arm—
God will protect the brave from harm.

"Behold!" and Morna turned to gaze
Upon the huge tree, dark and lone,
The withered finger of the crone
Marked out, and glancing in the rays
Of morn, beheld a serpent coil
Its glossy length, with easy toil,
Up the brown trunk, till close it hung
Above the wild bird's nest and young;
While round and round, with scream of dread,
The frighted bird in anguish fled;
And vainly sought to drive the foe
From his dark aim again below.

XI.

Moments there are when Reason's control,
Yieldeth to Fancy in heart and soul;
When the spirit views with prescient eye,
The common light and shaded sky,
An omen finds in the falling leaf,
And symbols in all things of joy or grief.
And this was one, for on that failing strife
Had Morna cast her dearest hope in life.
Must she behold with power as vain to shield,
Earth's only blessing from her presence torn?
Was there a fiercer pang for her revealed
In that short conflict than she yet had known?
Her dark eyes grew more wildly bright,
And gleamed with an intenser light,
As closer drew the venomed fang,
And shrill the lone bird's accents rang.
But, hark! a shot—a rustling fall—
Approaching steps—a sportman's call—
The parent bird is in the dust;
And o'er the path that homeward led,
With fleeting step fair Morna fled,
And breathed a prayer of thanks and trust.
Though sweet to live, more blest to die,
For those that strong affections tie
Has fettered to the clinging heart,
With links not Death can wholly part.

XII.

The day wore on, and down the West,
The sun had rolled in his unrest;
While gorgeous clouds of gold and red,
Reflected back the splendor fled;
And twilight—pensive nun, to pray,
In silence drew her veil of gray.
The last bright gleam was waxing pale,
And low night winds began their wail,
When near a ruined house, that stood
Within a grove of tulip wood,
Young Lennard paused and gazed awhile,
With clouded brow and saddened smile,
On trampled flowers, and shrubs, and vine,
Torn from the pillar it would twine
With verdant bloom, and casting round
Its scarlet blossoms on the ground.
A waste of weeds the garden lay,
And grass grew in the carriage way;
Cold desolation, like a pall,
Had spread its mantle over all;
Yet not the creeping touch of Time,
Had wrecked that dwelling in its prime.
The fierce and unrelenting wrath
Of human war had crossed that path,
And left its trace on all things near,
Save the blue sky above our sphere.
Anon, with hurried step and free,
He crossed the ruined balcony,
And passing by the fallen door,
Stood on the dark hall's oaken floor.
Lighting the pine-torch that he bore,
He watched its lurid beams explore
The gloomy precincts, and passed on,
As one who knew each winding well,
To a low room that lay beyond,
And echoed to the south wind's knell.
Upon the threshold crushed and lone,
By rude marauder's hand o'erthrown,

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The holy volume lay;
He raised it from its station there,
And smoothed the crumpled leaves with care,
Then sadly turned away
To gaze upon a portrait near,
Whose thoughtful eyes, so calm and clear,
And chastened look and lofty mien,
And forehead noble and serene,
Told of a spirit touched by time
Only to soften and sublime;
Of woman's earnest faith and love
Surmounting earth to soar above.

XIII.

With quivering lip the boy gazed long;
Unheeded and unmarked a throng
Might there have met, so fixed his soul
On Memory's unfolding scroll.
He knew not that the hours crept by,
And sullen grew the deepening night;
Again he met his mother's eye,
As erst in joyous days and bright,
And heard the accents clear and mild,
Now hushed in death, breathe o'er her child
A fervent blessing and a prayer;
Again his father's silver hair
Gleamed on his sight, although the tomb
Had closed him in its rayless gloom.

XIV.

His leathern cap aside was flung,
And o'er his brow the dark locks hung
In wild confusion, as he stood
Amid that haunted solitude,
Raising the blazing torch to throw
Upon the pictured face its glow.
In him a careless eye might see
A semblance of that face in life;
With more of fire and energy
To brave the storm and strife;
With more of earthly hope to claim,
And less of Heaven—yet still the same.

XV.

But suddenly the mystic spell
That bound him to the Past was rent;
The vivid lightning, forked and red,
Flashed through the broken casement, blent
With the loud thunder's awful roar,
Prolonged and echoing o'er and o'er.
The warring of the world without
Offended not the struggling heart;
Roused from the apathy of thought
He sought the casement with a start,
And watched the raging storm sweep by
With kindling cheek and flashing eye.

XVI.

On! on! it came with fiery breath,
Instinct with rage and winged with death,
As downward swept, ere Time began
His swift and varied race to run,
Through realms chaotic and sublime,
With wing of light and forehead pale,
Immortal in remorse and crime,
Thrilling the Infinite with wail,
The apostate troops from lands of light
To darkness, shame and withering blight.
On! on! it came, and in its path
The tall trees bent beneath its wrath,
And fell with hollow, crashing sound,
Torn and uprooted, to the ground.

Still nearer grew the lightning flash,
And heavier broke the thunder crash;
And as, with almost blinded gaze,
Watched Lennard the electric blaze,
He saw through rain and densest night
A thin, pale line of waving light
Speed to a lofty oak, whose head
Sank powerless to its parent bed.

XVII.

The hours passed on—the storm had spent
The fury to its madness lent,
And wild and sullen clouds on high
In broken masses swept the sky,
As Lennard left the ruined hall,
And, bounding o'er the garden wall,
Walked swiftly o'er the lonely plain,
Till 'neath the blasted pine again
He paused, and blew the whistle low;
Soon from a clump of firs below
An aged servant slowly led
A saddled steed: the pale moon shed
Its fitful gleam as Lennard sprung
Light to his seat, then fearless flung
The bridle loose, and spurring, soon
Drew up beside a deep lagoon,
Whose stagnant waters 'neath the moon
Glimmered through bush and hanging vine,
And cypress bald and ragged pine.
Concealed within the spectral gloom,
Of wide morass and forest tomb,
His comrades there he found;
By many a devious winding led,
Where the pale fire-flies' torches shed
A fitful gleam around,
He paused at length where Huon stood,
Amid his faithful band, though rude,
And thus his errand told:
"Where bends the Santee in the plain
Has Tarleton's troop encamped again,
With careless movement bold;
One half his men will march to-night
To join the troop on Charleston height,
The guard will be both dull and light;
A few short hours, with speed and care,
Must lead us to the station there."

XVIII.

His mission o'er, with thoughtful look,
The boy sought out a shaded nook,
Apart from all—yet near
The opening where the men had laid
Their rations on the mossy glade,
Beside the swamp-marsh drear.
Silent was he, reserved and shy,
Seldom raising cap or eye;
Not many days since first his hand
Had joined him to that patriot band;
Yet none more truly did fulfill,
The duties of his arm required,
Though slight withal, and often still
When the loud signal-gun was fired,
The herald of the coming fight,
His cheek would pale like flowers at night
Beneath the autumn's chilling blight;
None knew his residence or name,
Save that of Lennard, which he told
The morn when to the camp he came,
And begged that he might be enrolled
In Huon's corps, to serve with those
Who bled to heal their country's woes;

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Of late his arm had bolder grown
When in the rout and skirmish thrown,
And stronger, too, and Huon loved
The slender boy who at his side
Stood nobly when o'er War's red tide
The fiery death-shot moved.

XIX.

'T was midnight, as with silent tread,
Like one who bears the coffined dead,
His valiant troopers Marion led
Through long and dark defile;
And on they marched till morning light
With streaks of crimson touched the night;
Then, unannounced by trumpet-clang,
Fell on the slumb'ring foe;
Swift to his post each warrior sprang,
Above, around, below;
And soon in close and eager strife,
As o'er the tomb meet Death and Life,
The hostile forces stood;
The sabre flashed in day's bright eye,
The whizzing shot, death-winged, swept by,
The turf grew red with blood;
And where the charge was hottest made,
Where boldest fell the flashing blade,
Was Huon foremost there;
And ever near his daring hand
The youngest, gentlest of his band,
Stood Lennard on that day;
Fierce raged the conflict o'er the dead,
Until, o'erpowered, the vanquished fled;
Yet ere they left the fray
One aimed the bloody lance he bore
At Huon's heart—a moment more,
And Lennard fell, his life-blood o'er
The green turf welling fast;
The blade that sought his leader's breast
His hand aside had cast;
Swift to his aid his comrades prest;
The death-hue on his forehead lay
As Huon flung both sword and lance
With quivering lip away,
And met in Lennard's dying glance
The smile of Morna Grey.

XX.

Beside the Santee's murmuring wave,
They made the early dead a grave;
And sometimes on its borders green
The passing traveler has seen
A spot where pale wild roses blow
The lofty oaks and firs below—
The turf is verdant with the spray—
There sleeps the dust of Morna Grey.
And Huon?—Still his daring arm
Was lifted in his country's aid,
Though life had lost its sunniest charm,
And o'er the future hung a shade;
And time would fail me now to tell
Of all the deeds his valor wrought,
How, when Fort Moultrie's color fell,
He mounted 'mid the flames and shot
The merlon height, and fixed on high
The starry banner 'mid the sky.
Nor how he died—the nobly slain,
In bearing from the battle-plain
The flag intrusted to his care.
But deeds like these were common then
As life, and light, and air;
Brave deeds that shall forever round
Our nation's annals cling;
Perchance some louder harp shall sound,
Some bolder spirit sing.
For me—the first pale star on high
Herald's the night with beaming eye,
And down the west has rolled the sun—
My song is o'er—my task is done.

NOTE.

During the Revolution, a young girl plighted to an officer of Marion's corps, followed him without being discovered to the camp, where, dressed in male attire, and unknown to him, she enrolled in the service. A few days after, during a fierce conflict that occurred, she stood by his side in the thickest of the fight, and in turning away a lance aimed at his heart received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. She was buried on the banks of the Santee. He was afterward distinguished in the service at Fort Moultrie, and at Savannah, where he received his death-wound in carrying off the flag which was intrusted to him.

THE POLE'S FAREWELL.

BY WM. R. C. HOSMER.

Warsaw, farewell! Alone that word
Fame's dark eclipse recalls;
The voice of wail alone is heard
Within her ruined walls—
Her pavement rings beneath the tread
Of bondsmen by their master led.

Hope kindles on my native shore
No more her beacon fires—
The Northern Beast is trampling o'er
The dust of fallen sires,
And signal ever to destroy
Hath been his growl of savage joy.

Oh! for one hour of glory gone—
An arm of might to hurl
The Czar, in thunder, from his throne,
And Freedom's flag unfurl;
Then welcome, like a bride, the grave,
Unbranded by the name of slave!

Our snowy Eagle* screams no more
Defiance high and loud;
The wing is broken that could soar
Through battle's smoky cloud,
And wounded by a coward's spear,
His perch is now lost Poland's bier.

Once happy was the hall of Home,
Now Desolation's lair—
Blood stains its hearth, and I must roam
A pilgrim of despair,
Leaving, when heart and brain grow cold,
My weary bones in foreign mould.

* The Ensign of Poland is a White Eagle.

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THE FORTUNES OF A SOUTHERN FAMILY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

PART I.

"Oh! it is pleasant for the good to die—to feel
Their last wild pulses throbbing, while the seal
Of death is placed upon the tragic brow;
The soul in quiet looks within itself,
And sees the heavens faintly pictured there."

Now, would that I could wield as magic a pencil as did Benjamin West, that mighty paint-king, how quickly would glow upon canvas one of the most beautiful and magnificent landscapes that ever entranced the eye of a scenery-loving traveler—a landscape upon which you might gaze enraptured every day for years, as I have done, and yet never tire nor grow less fond of beholding it. I would paint for your especial gratification, a living, a breathing picture of my old homestead, endeared by so many joy-fraught hours, and the surrounding scenery, through which I roved until I knew its every nook and corner as well as my dog-leaved spelling-book, by the venerable Dilworth. But, as it is, dear reader, I must be content to offer you a rude "*pen and ink sketch*," excavated from the ruins of my childhood recollections of as exquisitely beautiful and picturesque a spot as ever riveted the human gaze.

Imagine, for a moment, that we are standing upon a ledge of moss-grown rocks, projecting from a red hill-side, and whose verge beetles over a foaming river, which swirls and rages amongst the uplifting crags, flashing with diamonds in its rush and impetuosity, and then, placid and almost waveless, creeping on through the gnarled old forest with a faint murmur, seeming like a huge serpent of silver asleep in the gushing sunshine.

We are leaning against a rugged mass of the gray ledge—your head is resting upon your right hand, and you are gazing intently down at the circle and whirl of the romping waters. Only a few yards above, a cool spring gushes up, quick and bright, dimpling and laughing in the arrowy sunshine, then flashing and foaming over the dark rocks, and twisting in and out among the bare roots of the majestic oak that cools us with its shadows, falls in a golden shower to the mossy basin at your feet, and leaping over the steep precipice, mingles in foam with the seething river below. We are turned toward the west, and as you raise your eyes to a level with the horizon, one of the most stupendous views of the Blue Mountains that ever caused man to stop in breathless awe, now presents itself to your astonished gaze. Mountain towers behind mountain, and peak behind peak in wild sublimity, like giant waves heaved along the blue sky, almost seeming as if they were the ramparts of the world. Their sloping sides are dark with forests, save here and there, where the axe has penetrated their recesses, and blocked out spaces which, having been touched with the magic of the plough, now smile with fertility. And yonder, a little to your right, lifting his narrow pinnance above all the rest, stands time-honored Currahee, with his red cap on—for thus we are accustomed to designate the barren soil which crowns his lofty summit.

Now, for a moment, permit me to call your attention farther up the river. Did you ever see a more entrancing and exquisitely beautiful cascade, steeped as it is in the softness, and glowing with the brightness of a cloudless spring morning? See how the wreathes of foam come bounding along, like a pack of ravenous wolves chasing each other, and stop suddenly in their mad career, for an instant equipoising upon the very brink, as if they had shrunk back and feared to take the awful leap, then, pushed on by the rush of the waters behind, descend like a shower of diamonds, and come whirling and dashing through the narrow gorge at our feet. And is not that deep basin at the base of the falls glorious? What an angry aspect its surface puts on, plunging and surging like a mass of living snow, while the flashing sunlight is perpetually endeavoring to paint a rainbow in the ever-mounting spray, and yet never quite succeeds. And those massive rocks, too, piling themselves up so quaintly on either side of the falls, just where they take the final plunge—are they not magnificent? How verdant and mossy, and superb in their ruggedness! Oh! if we were only upon one of those ledges—that one that seems ready to bow itself into the foaming torrent; if we only stood there, by that wide-spreading, gnarled old oak, twisting its dark roots in and out amongst the deep crevices like a knot of huge serpents, what a glorious prospect would burst upon your sight! There are *so* many entrancing scenes about my birth-place, but, among them all, none as magnificent as the one you behold from that mossy ledge. But the bridge—did you look at the old bridge? See where it stands festooned with shadows. That is a dear spot to me, for with it are associated some of the most treasured recollections of my boyhood. One end of this time-worn fabric opens into a sandy lane, with broad, green margins on both sides next the zig-zag fences, where I have so often gathered a bunch of flowers for my instructress, as I passed through it on my way to the school-house; the other is embowered by a clump of oak and beech trees, which, together with a few hemlocks and chestnuts, out-skirt a superb grove of evergreens, in the midst of which towers the little white cottage of Farmer Daniels. There was always a dream-like stillness about the old bridge that pleased me; and I have spent whole hours in peeping through the crevices of those time-worn and trampled planks, at the dark, deep waters creeping and dimpling be-

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neath the massive and sudden arches with a low gurgle, receiving a sheet of silver sheen as they stole away into the rich sunshine; and, in gazing over the rude balustrade where the gaudy butterflies flitted around, or rested by the river's brink, opening and shutting their unruffled fans; or in flinging pebbles into the placid waters, and then watching the widening circles as they swept down with the current. But there is yet another thing about the old bridge for which I have cherished memories; that venerable buttonwood tree, gnarled and twisted into the quaintest and most comical deformity, that looms up from that high bank at the end of the lane. That bough which projects so far over the rippling surface, making a horizontal bend, like that of a man's arm, and then shooting up several yards at an obtuse angle, terminating in a mass of luxuriant foliage, was my favorite seat, when fishing, through many a long summer.

Now, look still farther down the river. Follow the grass-fringed banks in their graceful curve around yonder dark, gray promontory, until your eye rests upon a long ridge of snowy foam, where a stream of considerable magnitude mingles its waters with those of the river. Glancing a little way up this stream, a huge old mill presents itself to view, blackened with exposure, and grown picturesque by the lapse of years. Here and there the green moss adorns its roof, and slumbers along the walls with a quaint richness, especially where the heavy water-wheel, revolving in a sea of foam, keeps it shadowy and moist. A short distance above stands the pond—a broad, beautiful expanse of water, glittering like a sheet of unburnished silver; and, in a shady nook, close by the dam, where the large weeping-willow sways its long, drooping branches to and fro wearily, floats a little boat, endeared by many a fond remembrance.

Turn once more, and mark how the river, increased in size by the addition of the mill-stream, having swept around Castle-Hill, (so named from its rugged front and frowning aspect,) comes resplendently into view again, glowing like a sheet of burnished white, in strange and singular contrast with the many and dense shadows which always fringe its banks like heaps of black drapery. See where it takes a sudden bend, flowing back toward the falls, and then curving gracefully to the west, dividing against a jutting rock, and sweeping around it and the adjacent woodland, forming an island about a mile in circumference. That large white building, which crowns the summit of that gentle declivity on the nearest side of the island, with a neat porch in front, half embowered by vines and fruit trees—that is my birth-place. There never was a spot at once so tranquil and picturesque as that where stands my dear old homestead. Is it not a beautiful mansion-house? How sequestered and deliciously cool? The slope down to the river's brink is covered with a wilderness of shrubbery; while to the right of the garden-fence spreads a magnificent grove of white pines, once making a famous play-ground for us children. Down yonder, in that old field waving with long grass, beyond the grove, is a patch of splendid blackberry bushes; and near that old ivy-bound oak on the bank, leaning so gracefully over the placid waters, as if to greet his image reflected in its vast mirror, is a fine place to hunt summer grapes. At the building, that little right-hand window with a shutter, around which are trailed pea-vines and purple morning-glories, and just above the roof of the porch, opens into a small chamber—my sleeping-room. At night you can behold a most magnificent prospect from that little window. It looks directly down upon the river, which, when there is a full moon and cloudless sky, seems like one broad belt of molten silver, weaving its way in and out among the gnarled old trees, at intervals, sparkling through openings in the thrifty foliage with exceeding beauty; and again, entangled in the black shadows flung upon it by the beetling crags above. Then all is so silent, too, save the snowy water-fall sending up its eternal anthem to the skies, yet coming to your ears with such a pleasant sound that you never tire in listening. Sometimes the sky is full of golden stars, and then the scene is so beautiful—oh! so very beautiful! Many a time have I stolen from my bed, far away in the night, while all the rest were in deep repose, to gaze upon the soft moonlight flashing over the meadows until they looked like acres of green velvet, and gathering upon the dark foliage until it almost seemed as if it were sprinkled with umber dust, or to gaze at the deep blue cerulean, studded with innumerable burning orbs.

There is another object to which I must direct your particular attention, since it assumes an important place in the relation of my story. Trace the road from where it leaves the east end of the bridge with an abrupt curve, sweeping around that magnificent grove of evergreens, passes the old mill, and turning to the east again for a short distance, threads its way along a grassy lane, and you arrive before a neat, commodious frame building, prettily white-washed in front, and hedged in by a rustic fence, with a little gate opening next the road. This was the dwelling of our schoolmistress, the remembrance of whom will ever be an oasis upon the deserts of memory—for to her I owe some of the most pleasurable moments of my boyhood existence. A more Christian-like spirit, a soul fraught with greater or intenser sympathies, and a mind less selfish in its manifestations, or imbued with more genial influences than hers, never existed within the compass of human being. As a teacher, she was firm, yet mild; as a neighbor, kind and obliging—in a word, her whole demeanor was such that the heart unconsciously awakened to affectionate regard. The dwelling of our schoolmistress was originally built, at her request, by a benevolent farmer, with the understanding between them that some future day should witness a transfer of ownership, and contains but three apartments—a large room, which, in the words of the old song, serves for "parlor, for kitchen, and hall," and two small chambers, but all as neat as hands can make them. Its white front, and massive stone chimnies, were completely embowered by a clump of superb maples, whose heavy branches twining their dark foliage, form a delightful arbor over the very entrance, from the first bursting forth of the tiny buds into perfect life and beauty, until autumn

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comes with its garment of mourning, and the sere and yellow leaves slowly forsake the limbs which have been their birth-place. A thicket of damask and white roses, lilac trees, and clusters of pale-blue clematis, with a wealth of other flowers, luxuriate beneath, where they receive just enough of the warm and rich sunshine that flashed through the woven shades upon them in the morning, and of the scented dew-drops which the wind shakes from the leaves above at nightfall, to make them the most beautiful flower-plot in all the neighborhood. At the back, a low shed, extending the whole length of the house, one corner projecting further than the rest, and covering a cool spring that gushes up, quick and bright, with a sweet impetuosity, and goes dancing merrily across the green meadow, bright and glorious in the sunlight, but sullen in the shade. The scenery around, too, is magnificent. Here spreads a vast and unbroken forest, whose mighty solitudes once echoed to the whar-whoop of the savage, and looked upon his horrid rites beneath a midnight moon, or scowling sky; and, in the dim distance loom the granite-based mountains, like giant pillars to the vault of heaven, from whose tempest-beaten summits fifty centuries have looked down, unnoted and unknown.

Our schoolmistress was a widow, the Widow White, as she was usually designated. A woman of middle-age at the commencement of my story, she had devoted many years to securing a decent competence for her declining years, and for her only child such an education as would prepare him for an honorable station in society. Early wedded to a young clergyman of promising expectations, she was left a widow shortly after the birth of a son, and only a few days after her husband had assumed his duties as pastor of the little flock amidst which she had scarcely taken her abode. Thus left alone at the very period when most she needed a protector, she began her course with the unfaltering energy which ever characterized her undertakings. Yielding to conscientious scruples, she refused the assistance kindly offered by the surrounding community, and having chosen a vocation, assiduously applied herself to the accomplishment of her cherished purpose. Ere long, she had heaped together an amount of money sufficiently large to purchase the comfortable homestead I have pointed out.

There it is that the opening scene of my story commences. The sun was setting leisurely behind the western mountains in a mass of lurid clouds, and drowsy twilight had already begun to blur the fine scenery in the east, when Widow White sat down to her evening repast. A fire of hickory reflected a ruddy glare upon the hearth, before which reclined innocent pussy, with eyes half-closed, gazing intently at the flames as they crept slowly around the logs, and uniting, darted suddenly up the wide-mouthed chimney. The pine floor and splint chairs were scoured with scrupulous exactness; a small, oblong looking-glass, crowned with shrubs of evergreen, rested upon the high mantle-piece; the two windows were adorned with curtains of coarse, but milk-white linen, and, in one corner, stood a quaint bedstead of curled maple, covered with a counterpane of old-fashioned dimity, which lay upon it like a sheet of snow. In the centre of the room was placed a small table, covered with a cloth of freshly ironed linen, which fairly rivaled the ermine in whiteness, upon which sat a garniture of glossy porcelain. A plate of venison and nut-brown sausages, surrounded by pearly and yellow eggs, sent up its savory odors to tempt the palate, while a pitcher of rye-coffee, on which the heavy cream was mounting like a foam, stood at its side; and, near by, a loaf of warm wheat-bread, a saucer of wild-honey, and another of golden butter—these constituting the wholesome repast of which Widow White was partaking.

"Heaven be praised for a comfortable house and bountiful meal!" she piously ejaculated, rising from her seat with the expression of gratitude warm from her heart. "If we always have as good, we shall never have cause to complain."

Although no apparent attention was paid them, these words were evidently intended for her son, a tall, premature-looking youth, between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, who had entered the room only a few moments before, and now stood leaning against the mantle-piece, beating the devil's tatoo upon the wall, and, from time to time, whistling snatches of a popular air. His strongly marked features, though handsome, were bold and repulsive, the upper lip curling with half a sneer—but it was merely the soul imaged in the countenance, for, lad as he was, the spirit had quaffed many a deep draught of sinfulness, while mildew and iciness had crept down and sullied the purity of his heart, whose stern monitor-angel, conscience, still vainly strove to awaken rich melody from the chords which had once vibrated to its slightest touch.

"David," again spoke Widow White in a subdued tone of voice, raising her eyes to the face of her son, "for the last few days I have been thinking deeply of the past—thinking what a mighty change fourteen short, rapid years have wrought in every thing around me. You were a babe in the cradle then, and the grave of your father was fresh in the lonely churchyard. The sky of my life was black with the storms of adversity, and I was very unhappy, for it almost seemed as if the day which had departed from it never would dawn again. But amidst all this gloominess and desolation, one star beamed with a constant and steady radiance, and that star was yourself. I loved you as my life, and many, many a time, as I rocked you to repose, have I pictured out a bright and glorious future for you, while my mind thrilled with the pleasure of its own creations. But a blight has come upon it all. I loved you *too* well—too well for either mine or your own good. Yielding to the fondness of a mother's love, I indulged almost your every wish, until now, turbulent and self-willed, you spurn my best and holiest affections as a mockery, and I find, almost too late, that I have greatly erred. I speak this in no spirit of unkindness, David. I feel it to be my duty as a Christian—my duty as a mother, to talk with you as I am now doing. God knows how fearful was the struggle within my mind before

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I could bring myself to the determination I have. But I am resolved now; the scales have fallen from my eyes, and I can plainly see both your danger and my own. You are trembling upon the very brink of destruction, and I would ever feel as if there were a curse upon my soul, were I to see it all, and yet not endeavor to save you. I have come to an unshaken determination. There must be a reformation."

"Another sermon, I suppose. It is bad enough to hear one every Sunday, but one every day is intolerable *and* insufferable," insolently broke in the lad, and he kicked the cat across the room, and began to whistle snatches of a lively air.

The widow turned with a deep sigh to the window, while a gleam of sharp agony shot across her face, and then seeming not to heed the interruption, she continued:

"Yesterday I was in the village, and saw Mr. Warwick, the saddler. I have made arrangements with him for your becoming an apprentice to the trade, and to-morrow you are to go there. It is the best thing I can do for you, David, and the fullness of a mother's heart alone prompted it. If you conduct yourself properly, you may still become an honorable man, and occupy an honorable station in society; but if you persist in your vicious habits, God only knows where you will end." Here she paused for a moment, and then added: "To-night I am going away for some hours. Mrs. Williams is very sick, perhaps dying, and has sent for me. I may not return until quite late, but, in the morning before you go, we can talk this subject over fully."

There was such an earnestness and depth of feeling in his mother's remarks, that David White felt but little inclined to reply the second time, but the dark thoughts and evil feelings rankled deeply in his heart, though no tongue gave them utterance.

Widow White gazed intently into the fire for several minutes after she had ceased speaking, and then taking her bonnet from the bed, advanced to the door, but stopped a moment on its threshold, and turning to her son, said, "Should you become drowsy before I return, carefully cover up the fire ere retiring to bed." She closed it after her, and David was alone.

He stood still until the last echo of his mother's footsteps died away in the distance, and then crept stealthily to the front window, where, seeing her passing the gate into the lane, he broke out into a low laugh, and returned again to the fire-place.

"So, I must be a saddler, must I? Ahem! Well! it takes two to play at that, so we'll see who makes high, low, Jack, and the game this deal. Hurst was about right when he said things would come to a compass afore long. Guess they have, but who cares? I reckon I know which side my bread is buttered!"

Here David White again crossed over to the window, and looked out. His mother was far away in the lane, and just turning the last pannel of the garden fence, where the road branched off, and led by the old mill. Withdrawing from the window, he took a small hand-saw file, and a rudely fashioned key from his pocket, passed over to the bed, and lifting the foot-valance, drew out a large and strong oaken chest; then glancing hurriedly around the room to be sure that no one was present, he applied the key to the lock. It did not quite fit, but, after carefully filing and applying it for some time, the bolt turned in its socket, and the chest stood open before him. In rummaging the till, he at length discovered the object of his search, a purse of silver coin, the accumulated gains of months, and placed there by his mother only a few days previous. This was not her usual depository for money, but, in the present instance, it had been laid aside until the absent minister of the village should return, into whose hands she was accustomed to deliver her spare funds for safe keeping. Laying the purse by his side, he locked the chest, and having arranged every thing as nearly as possible as he found it, retired through an opposite door into his chamber.

"Twenty dollars and a shilling, I think they said," muttered he to himself. "A good round sum for one evening's work. I wonder if I had n't better take mother's fashion, and praise Heaven for it?"

Having entered his chamber, he sat down to count his newly-acquired treasure, and finding the amount as large as he expected, carefully deposited it, with the exception of a few dollars, in a leathern belt around his person. Then assuming his shot-pouch, and flinging his rifle to his shoulder, he stooped down, and taking a small bundle, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, from his trunk, retired from the house, slamming the door violently after him, and walked rapidly on, until he reached the summit of an eminence near the old moss-grown mill, which was the last place from which he could see the home he was leaving, perhaps forever. Here he stopped for a few moments, leaned his rifle and bundle against a large, long-limbed, butter-nut, and sat down upon a decaying log at its foot, to gaze, for the last time, upon the old mansion which had been his home from earliest remembrance.

It has been said that there are times when the stoniest hearts are softened; when the sternest natures are made mild, and when the most abandoned are like little children. That moment had now come for David White. It was strange, passing strange. He had committed crime upon crime, yet scarcely felt a moment's remorse; for years he had acted toward his mother as if his whole soul were naught but selfishness; but when he came to leave that mother, that old homestead, and all the bright and beautiful objects around it, a softness breathed over his iron-nature, and the fount of tears sent up its gushing libations. I have often thought that such feelings must be akin to those mysterious, indefinable, and gloomy forebodings—those dim and indescribable fears and shrinkings within self, that sometimes come over our spirits like a creeping, icy thrill—in the midst of a giddy round of pleasure, or, as we stand by the grave's brink to see our friends entombed, and yet which no earthly or human cause is able to explain.

He was beholding every thing for the last time, and he looked around him as the dying man upon his nearest friends, when he feels the cold hand of death

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pressed heavily upon his brow, and the silver chords of his spirit's harp gathering to their utmost tension, and snapping, one by one, like reeds before the blast. There was the home which had sheltered him in his helplessness, glowing in a shower of soft moonlight, and seeming more beautiful than he ever saw it before. There the only true love this wide world of cold and bitter heartlessness can know, beamed on his infant eyes; and there he had spent the only happy moments in all his boyhood existence. In that little room he had first learned to pray, and there, first forgotten the duty. There his mother had watched over him night after night, when he had a burning fever, and the grave had half-opened its terrible portals for his entrance. And now he was going to abandon that mother who had loved and cherished him so fondly—leave her all alone, a joyless, childless widow, and for what cause? He choked down the emotion that rose to his mind, and turned hurriedly in another direction. Not more than twenty paces from him, a stream went dancing and bubbling across the road like a track of liquid silver—the stream that was fed by the cool spring at home; and he remembered how he had gazed in transport, many years agone, at the bright-hued insects floating in the meek, golden-colored sunshine, now sinking their velvet feet into the moist sand upon the water's brink, and sipping tiny draughts; or, resting upon the edges of the blue and crimson flowers that looked up like gems from the verdant grass, opening and shutting their unruffled fans, woven of gold and sunlight. He turned away from the scene sick at heart, but still another object presented itself to view, awakening old memories. A little further on yonder in the green meadow, through which murmured the mill-stream, and by the drooping-willow whose long branches rippled in the current, was a deep place, in the midst of which loomed up a dark-gray rock, like a lone sentinel to the rapid waters, and the scene made his heart bound again. There he had angled for trout for many a summer, and looked down delighted into the music-breathing waters, watching the silver and mottled fishes as they went trooping swiftly past, like guests to a fairy wedding. The tears gushed into his eyes as old recollections came thronging to his mind, and he faltered in his determination. He turned, and took one step toward home, but vicious impulses triumphed, and the rainbow that had begun to arch his heart faded in darkness. He disappeared down the slope toward the old bridge, and David White was ruined forever.

Meanwhile Widow White had almost reached her destination. A few steps farther on rose a little white-washed cottage, with sloping roof, and two large china-trees embowering it in front. As she arrived at the small trellis-work gate, a light met her eye, faintly twinkling through the dark foliage of an intervening bough, and reflecting a ruddy glare upon the side-walk that lay entombed in shadow. She opened the gate, followed the narrow foot-path leading to the front door, and found herself in a dark entry, with a few rays of light shimmering through the key-hole of a door immediately before her. As she put her hand to the latch, a stifled sob broke upon her ear, and noiselessly opening the door, she glided into the apartment. It was indeed the chamber of death. On a little table by the fire-place, amidst a number of glasses and vials, burned a solitary candle over a long and lengthening wick, shedding a dim radiance throughout the room By the side of an old-fashioned bedstead, hung with snow-white valance, knelt the old gray-headed minister, and his low voice, broken and thrillingly solemn, went up in earnest prayer for a departing soul. Upon the bed itself, propped up with pillows, lay the invalid. Three days ago the flush of health had mantled her cheek, and brightened in her eye, and now, how ghastly and changed she was! The sunken and mist-covered eye; the pallid cheek; the hueless lips, and painful breath, too truly testified that the dark angel Azrael was watching by the couch-side. At the head of the bed sat the daughter, a little girl apparently five years of age, with her head bent upon her knees, and her hands clasped beneath her face, weeping bitterly. The supplicating accents of the gray-haired minister ceased, and he arose from his kneeling posture, his eyes streaming with tears, and clasping in both of his the thin white hand that rested upon the snowy counterpane, leaned gently over, and placed his lips close to the ear of the dying woman.

"My dear Mrs. Williams," said he kindly, "we all feel that you are rapidly sinking; do you die happy? Do you feel that there is a Jesus in heaven, through whose mediation you will be saved?"

There was a rustling of the bed-clothes, a faint murmur, and the sufferer languidly turned her eyes upon the speaker. A dimness was in those sunken orbs; a clamminess upon her wan brow, and her breast heaved wildly beneath the linen that lay in snowy waves across it. But she did not appear to have heard the inquiry of the minister.

"The Widow White—has she not come yet? It is getting late—quite late," feebly spoke the sufferer.

Until then Widow White had stood unnoticed in the dark shadow, unwilling to interrupt; but, hearing this inquiry, she glided to the bedside.

"Yes, Mrs. Williams, I have come," and she laid her hand upon the dewy brow of her she had named, and tenderly smoothed back the long hair that lay loosely upon it.

A gleam of satisfaction shot across the wan countenance of the sufferer as these words fell upon her ear. A light, almost preternatural, stole to her eyes, until they sparkled as the diamond, and she lifted her head upon her hand, and strove to speak. But the effort was too great for her debilitated condition—a weakness came over her, and she sunk back exhausted to her pillow. Ere long, however, she recovered sufficient strength to speak, and turning toward Widow White, clasped her hand affectionately.

"I feel that my life is fast ebbing away," she began in a subdued and thrilling voice. "A few short hours will pass by, and this body will be a soulless mass. But I do not fear to die; for me, death has no terror, nor the grave a victory. I am standing upon its very brink,

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and look down into its blackness without an emotion save that of pleasure. This is a vain and heartless world! I have found it so, again and again, and the grave is the only place where I can find rest from its temptations and persecutions, and I feel glad that the time is almost here, when rest, both for body and soul, will be attained. But there is one thing that troubles me. My husband slumbers beneath the heavy sod in the village grave-yard; I am standing upon the very brink of eternity; I have no relatives living on this side of the Atlantic, and when I am gone, what is to become of my poor friendless, motherless child? I know there is One above who has promised to take care of the orphan, but still, it would give me a pleasure to know, that when my mouldering body reposes in 'that bourne whence no traveler returns,' that the light of a pleasant home would shed its radiance on her girlish years. I fear to trust her to the world. I fear its buffetings—I fear its bitterness—I fear its seifishness!—I have keenly felt them all, and they bowed my strength of spirit almost to the dust!—they sullied my purity of purpose, and my love of God! Three years ago I took up my abode in this community. Life was in its spring-time of joyousness. Pleasure opened her thousand portals, and nature breathed in beauty. Then a stern blight came upon it all! The gloom of death shadowed my dwelling, and soon the cold and rigid form of my beloved partner was carried out, and laid in the narrow bier where the 'dust returns to dust as it was.' The feeling of desolation entered my heart; I sorrowed in tears, and life almost became a weariness. Then you, Widow White, came to me in my distress, like a ministering angel; advised me, prayed with me, and led me on, until a light broke in upon my soul, and a new life spread out its million paths to happiness. From that moment I loved you as my own mother in heaven. And now I have a request to make—the request of a dying woman—will you grant it?" and she grasped the arm of the listener with a wild eagerness, and looked into her eyes, as if she saw down into the very soul, and read her every thought.

"Mrs. Williams," began Widow White in reply, in a tone of voice thrillingly solemn, her eyes dimmed with tears, and her whole frame trembling with emotion, "Mrs. Williams, you know how endeared you are to me—that I love you as if you were my own daughter, and that if I could comply with any thing that would give you pleasure in a dying moment, I would most willingly do so."

"Thank God!—thank God!" exclaimed she fervently, clasping her hands as if in prayer. "I have prayed for this, again and again, and now it has come to pass—when the grave closes over my mouldering remains, my child will have a home and a mother still! Widow White, cherish her as your own. Educate her for heaven, and if we mortals, after death, are sent as ministering angels to the living, then will I be your guardian spirit. Our kind minister, into whose hands I have committed them, will inform you of my little worldly concerns after I am gone, for my strength is fast failing me, and I feel that I have little time left for words. Mary, dear, come to my bedside. A little nearer for I am quite weak and exhausted. I am dying, Mary. I am going far away—away to heaven. In a short time, my body will be cold and motionless, and then I cannot hear you, or speak to you any more. Then you will have no mother; she will be dead. In a few days I will be laid in the cold and dark ground, and you will never see me again in this world. When I am dead, this lady will be your mother. She will take care of you, and be kind to you, just as I am; and you must obey her, and try not to be naughty. If bad feelings come into your mind, think of your dead mother, and how she talked to you and advised you when she was dying. If you do what is right, God will love you, and bless you, and take care of you, and when death comes, you will go to live with Jesus, where there is nothing but happiness; but if you are wicked, God will hate you, and when you die, you will go down to hell, where all the bad people dwell, and where there is nothing but misery and anguish. Now kiss me, for I am too weak to talk to you any longer," and the dying woman drew the child to herself, and imprinted a lingering, burning kiss upon her forehead.

She sunk back exhausted to the pillow, and her breath came in painful gasps from her parted lips, while her hands moved about spasmodically on the white counterpane—the excitement of the last hour had been too much for her weakened condition. She lay thus for several moments, and then suddenly started from her recumbent position, and sat upright in the bed. A glorious lustre broke through the mist that whelmed her eyes, and a faint color sprung to her pallid cheek. She clasped her daughter in her arms with an hysterical sob; looked wildly into her face; pressed a burning, quivering kiss upon her forehead, and then her lips gave forth fragments of speech, broken, but beautiful. But this did not last long; a weakness came over her almost preternatural strength; she loosened the embrace that circled her child; the color fled her cheek, the brightness her eye; the death-rattle rung out shrilly upon the air, and she fell back motionless to the bed. They looked upon her countenance—a single glance was sufficient—it was cold, calm, passionless—the seal of the grave was upon it.

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The gloom of death had shadowed that cottage for two days, and now it was desolate indeed. The stealthy tread of those who came to gaze upon the dead and prepare its burial, no longer broke the solemn hush that brooded over the dwelling. The departed was in truth the departed—they had borne her over the threshold of her home, and laid her remains in the narrow house where all must one day repose—a plain head-board alone marking the grave in which slumbered what was once Eliza Williams. Like others, she had died sincerely mourned by many—like others, futurity would leave no memorial to tell that she had ever existed. Decay, and rude hands, and careless feet, after the lapse of years, would mar her last resting-place, as many in the grave-yard had already

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been marred, but the form below could never know nor feel the injury—she slept, and would sleep, as sleep the dead, until the trump of Gabriel awakens and clothes the dry bones in the habiliments of another world.

And now they were alone—the mother and her adopted daughter, making preparations for a final departure from that desolate old homestead. The ashes lay cold upon the hearth-stone, and a gloomy loneliness reigned throughout the whole building, flinging a pall over the feelings of Widow White. A chill crept over her as the large gray cat came purring to her side, and rubbed his soft coat against her ankle; and tears sprung to her eyes when she saw the countenance of the little child wearing such a sad and mournful expression, and she vowed in her heart that no blight should come over her youthful prospects, if it were in her power to prevent it.

Ere long, the necessary preparations were completed, and the two bade a final adieu to the lonely dwelling, and passed slowly along the road toward the mansion of Widow White.

PART II.

"Parent! who with speechless feeling,
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
Found each year new charms revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted
By a dream, untimely frost?
All thy labor unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost!"

Time, at whose touch the monument of a thousand ages crumbles to dust; at whose embrace empires totter to ruin, and at whose breath cities rise and sink like bursting bubbles in a pool, rolled on his car of wonderful mutations.

Ten years—ten short, rapid years had lapsed away into the infinitude of the past, and mighty changes had marked their progress. The wave of population, like the ocean at its flood, had gradually advanced over the land, and many new habitations sent up their curling smoke within sight of the old homestead of Widow White. The mansion-house itself had changed but little, though one of the tall maples had been cut away from the massive stone chimney at the south end of the building, and the moss had crept over the sloping roof in spots, giving a quaint richness of appearance to the time-honored shingles. The huge old mill below the dam had grown a little more picturesque with the lapse of years; but it was fast going to decay, for its owner was long since dead, and there being some still pending lawsuit between the heirs concerning this piece of property, no repairs had been made, or even any attention paid to its mouldering condition; and for several twelvemonths it had ceased to send up its daily medley of pleasant sounds. The old wooden bridge that spanned the river where it swept across the mouth of the valley, seemed as it ever did, save that rude hands had leveled the magnificent clump of trees that had embowered one end, and enveloped it, during half the day, in a mass of dense shadows, which always slept about this old fabric, and darkened the waters like heaps of black drapery. The scenery around was still as magnificent and entrancing as ever, though, immediately surrounding the dwelling of Widow White, it had undergone a very material change. The adjacent hills that gradually sloped down to the river's brink, were still dark with forests, though here and there the settler's axe had penetrated their sun-hidden recesses, and blocked out spaces, in the midst of which arose many a comfortable farm-house. But, at the time of which I speak, stern-browed winter had breathed over the scene, and the gnarled oak forest stood out like an army of skeletons against the stormy sky.

But ten years had not thus glided away without leaving their stern impress upon Widow White. She had become thinner and paler; many white hairs had crept in amongst the auburn that once adorned her head; and her hazel eye had assumed a milder, more subdued expression. The sudden departure of her self-willed son, and the manner of it, had caused her many a heart-pang; yet for months after it occurred she entertained serious hopes of his becoming repentant and returning; and this, for a time, had served to buoy up her depressed spirits; but when years had gone by, and no intelligence reached her concerning him, hope fell to the ground, and her ardent expectancy settled down into a stern grief. Mary, the adopted daughter, stood upon the threshold of womanhood, in all the flush and spring-time of life and enjoyment. Widow White seemed to love her as if she were her own child, and watched over her with the tenderest care and solicitude. At this period Mary was near sixteen years of age, and rather striking in her appearance, though by no means what would be strictly termed beautiful. Indeed, the contour of her features, as a whole, was rather commonplace than otherwise; but a soul beamed out through her flashing black eye, and lit up her countenance with a sweetness, a loveliness, which was strange, and sometimes startling, from the brilliancy of its expression. A ruddy glow, like the blush of a summer sunset, dwelt in either cheek, and a slight contraction at both corners of the mouth gave her face a half-mirthful look; but her forehead, full in the upper and lateral portions, seemed almost too severely intellectual for the other features. She possessed a wealth of luxuriant black hair, which she had a quaint method of coiling around her head in a single massive braid, singularly contrasting with the alabaster whiteness of the delicate temples upon which it rested. She was very happy at the home she occupied, which was often enlivened by the joyous snatches of music that broke from her ruby lips as from a bird; but she had but a faint, a dream-like remembrance of the scenes connected with her early childhood.

It was a cold afternoon in December—cold even for that ice-clad month. Dark, gloomy, stern-browed winter had spread his varied desolations around. The first snow of the season had fallen during the night previous, and lay upon the ground to the depth of several inches, in some places, drifted into the ravines, leaving the declivities almost entirely uncovered, and at others, overspreading the soil with an unruffled sheet of stainless white. The winds had awakened

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from their August slumbers, and blustered and shrieked dismally through the leafless forests, then sweeping out among the houses, sought entrance, but finding none, flung themselves despairingly against the doors, and mocked at the clattering windows, which every now and then threatened to burst from their casements; anon, swept moaning around the corners, now muttering, and now whispering at the crevices, then passing up toward the eaves, died away in sobbings and wailings. Even the dark blue cerulean wore a chilly aspect; and the huge masses of heavy, leaden-colored clouds that piled themselves up so quaintly over by the lofty-peaked, snow-capt mountains, drifted wildly before every impulse of the ice-winged lord of the storm.

Late on this afternoon a solitary traveler on horseback might have been seen winding slowly along the serpentine road that led over the hill above the falls. This traveler was David White. At his heart, were the same fierce and turbulent passions—the same dark thoughts and bad feelings—the same willful and perverse nature that dwelt there, when I left him, ten years ago, forsaking home and happiness; time had only served to deepen the impressions, and crime almost entirely to blot out the few remaining influences of a religious education, while the vicious impulses strengthened. But, in person, he was greatly changed. From the stripling he had become the man. A half sneer was on his countenance as in boyhood; and the same restless, wicked eye lighted up his features with an evil fire. It was a face that told the wily hypocrite—the man who could assume any character he chose—now, high-minded and honorable, and again, crime-seeking and fiendish, just as circumstances required. The cheeks were thin and sunken, and the deep pallor which had stolen away the rosy tints of health, plainly showed a course of continual dissipation. In person, he was somewhat above the standard height, and slender in his make, though his frame exhibited great powers of endurance, and no common share of muscular strength.

He wound slowly down the hill, stopped for a moment to gaze at the falls, adorned with huge, long icicles, and a shore of frozen foam; then moved on again, passed leisurely along the curving lane, and paused once more at the old bridge, to look up and down the river; after which he advanced a short distance into the magnificent grove of evergreens which skirted the road, and fastening his horse securely to one of the strongest pine saplings, bent his steps toward the home of his childhood. By this time the last flashing gleams of sunset were dying away in the west, and dark-hued twilight began to shroud the east in a mist-like dimness.

David White had been a wanderer in foreign lands. More than once had he stood amidst a field of the ghastly dead and shrieking wounded, when the tide of a great battle raged fiercest and strongest, his foothold bathed in the life-blood of his comrades. Such scenes ever tend to pervert the kinder tendencies of our nature, and to render the mind adamantine in its manifestations; nor were his less susceptible to these influences than others. When first he entered the ranks of the army, and joined in the death-dealing battle, he saw the daily commission of crimes which made his soul shrink even to contemplate; but, by degrees, he learned to look upon them merely as the amusements of a passing hour, and finally, to lend a ready hand to their accomplishment. Then his heart grew still colder and more feelingless. He thirsted for excitement, lawful or unlawful. He longed for the bloody onset to come; the deafening roar of the cannon was a music in his ears, and the murderous combat brought a restlessness that pleased him. But human nature is strange—passing strange. At intervals he was mild and gentle. Standing upon the battle-field, when night had drawn her silvery curtain over the ghastly and hideous spectacle, when the booming shot and frightful discord—the shriek, the groan, the shout, and ceaseless rush of angered men were passed away, he had looked round upon the cold and bloody scene, and wept—his sternness softened, and he became as other men. He brought water to the wounded and dying soldier; staunched the flowing blood; pillowed his head upon his knee, and as the body shuddered in the last fierce agony, and the enfranchised spirit went trembling up to God, tears fell like jewels on the pallid face of the dying, and thoughts, of which the good might have been proud, flashed through his mind. Who, at such moments, would recognize David White, the bold, dark, dangerous man? But thus it is; mirthful feelings will sometimes obtrude when the heavy clod is falling upon the coffin of a friend, and the grave closing over him forever; thoughts of the last agony, the bourne of death, and the curtained futurity, will sometimes come like a pall over our minds, when the dance is at its flush, and pleasure in its spring-time; and moments will sometimes roll round when a softness breathes upon the hearts of hardened men.

David White was again amongst the scenes of his boyhood; but he looked upon them merely as the passing traveler—with an idle curiosity. Change had been more busy than he expected, yet nothing around him served to awaken emotion. Not even when he stood upon the little eminence, and on almost the very spot where he had stood ten years agone, to bid a final adieu to home, and then to pass on to ruin, did he seem to remember, save by a faint and sickly smile, half-sneering in its expression. Yet, had he seen it when environed by other circumstances, perhaps his heart might have been touched—but now it was feelingless.

Arrived at the old homestead, he knocked loudly at the door—but no one answering the call, he lifted the latch and entered the apartment. A large hickory fire was blazing on the hearth, casting a ruddy glare upon the floor, and radiating a pleasant heat throughout the room. Upon a worsted hearth-rug reclined a large gray cat, which he thought the very same he had kicked across the room on the evening of his departure, and which started up at his approach, and took refuge beneath the bed. Finding that no one was conscious of his presence, he flung off his dark overcoat, and laying it on a little pine table by the window, drew a large rocking-chair from its nook in the corner,

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and seating himself by the hearth, began very complacently to contemplate the ornaments upon the mantle-piece. But soon growing tired of this employment, he left his seat and crossed over to some pictures that hung against the opposite wall. At this moment a door opened to his left, and turning, he beheld Mary entering the apartment, her cheeks rosier than ever with recent exercise.

"Good evening to you, my pretty lass," he observed in his blandest tones, and slightly bowing as she drew back in surprise at his sudden appearance. "A widow was once the occupant of this dwelling—the Widow White she was usually called; is she still living, and a resident here? and if so, will you be so kind as to inform her of my presence."

Mary replied briefly in the affirmative, and hastened out to call her mother from an out-house, a new building which had lately been erected to subserve the two-fold purpose of kitchen and dairy, where they both had been busily engaged at the time of his arrival, while he sauntered familiarly to his seat by the fire, and commenced drumming a tune upon the head-board of the mantle-piece. In a few moments the widow made her appearance, and politely requested her guest to be seated.

He flung himself carelessly into the chair he had occupied, and slightly turning in his seat, fixed his dark eyes on her face, and remarked, "You seem to be quite comfortably situated, Mistress White; this pleasant fire and comfortable apartment contrast finely with the cold and dreariness without doors."

"Yes, thanks to Providence! things have gone especially well with me for many years, indeed, much more so perhaps than I really deserve. Though this world often requires much care and toil from us frail mortals, it also yields many blessings for which to be thankful."

"That is true," replied he; and then breaking off suddenly from the topic of conversation, remarked, "But I perceive, Mistress White, that you do not recognize your quondam friend. I hope you do not suffer prosperity to dampen your recollection of old times."

The widow stopped her knitting for a few moments, leaned slightly forward, and scrutinized the features of the stranger; then recovering her former position, answered, "I have a faint, a dream-like recollection of your countenance. It seems that I have seen it before, yet I cannot distinctly remember where."

"Look again!" exclaimed he, divesting himself of a pair of false whiskers, and again bending his dark eyes searchingly upon her face. "Now do you know me?"

She gazed but an instant, a deathly pallor sprung to her cheeks, and extending her arms as if to embrace, she tottered toward him, exclaiming, "It is!—I cannot be mistaken!—it is my long lost son, David White! Oh, David! David!" and she fell upon his neck, and twined her arms around him, sobbing aloud in her ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Tut-tut, mother—what 's the use of carrying on so? To be sure I am your son, in flesh and blood, and just the same as ever, only changed a little for the better. But where 's the use in crying? I reckon I am not going to die, that you should take on after this fashion."

Here he rudely shook off her embrace, and reseated himself, while a sharp pang, such as she had not known since the years of his boyhood and unfeeling transgressions, struck deeply into her heart as his light mocking tones smote upon her ear, and sinking into a chair, she gave vent to her feelings in a gush of tears.

Who, at that moment, to have looked upon the dark countenance of David White, and to have witnessed his heartless and unmanly actions, would have recognized the cradle-joy of his mother's early widowhood—the babe that smiled so sweetly upon the beholder—the little prattler for whom she had pictured out such a bright and glorious future. She had loved him—still loved him with all the devotedness and dewy freshness of life's morning hours; she had cherished and watched over him with the tenderest care and most affectionate solicitude, and now, when the fountains of deep-toned feeling and sympathetic emotion should have sent up their gushing libations, and she should have been reaping the rich benefits of her manifold attentions, the son, so fondly cherished, and so dearly loved, turns, like the frozen serpent that the shepherd warmed in his own bosom, to sting his benefactor.

But if we look back to this man's infancy, it will be found that much of this harvest was unconsciously sown by the mother. Domestic education exerts a great power in forming the manners and regulating the conduct which is to guide the future man; and as the system of Widow White had been injudicious, though she discovered her error at the last, it was too late for reform—her son was ruined, and an ingratitude engendered which would tinge the whole stream of her future life with bitterness. The mother is almost always the arbiter of her child's destiny; and if she misguide the bark of his life so that it finally anchors in a gulf of base and stormy passions, can it be wondered that his sympathies should be blunted, and the manifestations of his mind vile and ignoble?

"There, now! I did n't mean to hurt your feelings," again spoke the son, first breaking the silence which had existed for several minutes, and the mother looked up half smilingly through her tears as these gentle words came to her ear, they were so unlike the mocking tones with which he had sought to evade her welcome. The kind manner of their utterance went to her heart, and the best affections of her nature gushed to meet them.

"You look worn and tired with your journey, David—would you not be the better of some supper? something warm might refresh you," and she took a step toward the door in execution of her kind purpose.

"No, no—my time is precious, and I have none to waste in eating. I must be back to the Bend before nine, and there is famous little moon left to light the way."

"So soon! Why not remain with us to-night, and then return in a more comfortable manner in the morning? You surely have no imperative necessity to visit the Bend on such a blustering night as this. The

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north, too, is black with a gathering storm. You had better stay."

"I can't. It is impossible. I have a very urgent necessity to return, and quickly told, too—money; I must have money, and in no small amount either. It is absolutely necessary that I have twenty-five dollars, and that I have it now. I am in debt, and the debt must be paid—paid to-night. It has been a long time since I asked you for money, but I reckon you have enough of the mother about you to let me have that sum."

"In debt, David! to whom?"

"To the boat for my passage. But it is getting late, and I have no time to ask or answer questions; so, once for all, will you let me have it or not?"

The mother was deeply imposed upon, but never, even for an instant, did the thought flash across her mind that his statements were false, and only used for the purpose of extortion. Obtaining the specified amount, she placed it in his hands with a gush of tears, for her feelings were greatly hurt at his harsh words.

He received the money, bade her farewell in blander tones than his previous conversation, and hastened from the dwelling. When he arrived at the spot where was fastened his horse, his mind was fired to a high degree of excitement by the dark thoughts rankling within. His face was pale with anger; his heavy brows worked and knit themselves over eyes that flashed like fire, and he was muttering slowly to himself in broken expressions, while his fingers played unconsciously about the handle of the bowie-knife which slightly protruded from beneath his vest. Having taken a sudden turn in the undergrowth, he unexpectedly stood immediately before the horse, which, seeing him indistinctly, became affrighted, and ran back with an impetuosity that almost tore up the sapling by its roots.

"So, so," he muttered between his clenched teeth, as composedly as his anger would permit. "Easy, Oliver, easy!" and advancing, he tenderly patted him on the neck, while the restive animal, recognizing his voice, greeted him with a low neigh.

Detaching the bridle from the mass of twigs that entangled it, he carefully led the way out into the road, and brushing off the snow which had collected upon the saddle, leaped to his seat, still agitated with the deep passion he was in vain endeavoring to control.

"On!" burst from his lips in a hoarse whisper, which seemed like a low shout suppressed by a strong will. "On!" and he struck the spurs fiercely into the sides of his steed, and dashed swiftly across the old bridge, the clattering hoofs ringing out upon the still night with a strange distinctness.

At first, the moon looked down brightly from the starry sky, shedding around a shower of flashing beams, which rested upon the sheeted snow until it became dazzling in its whiteness. Soon, however, the heavy masses of clouds in the northeast, that drove wildly before every ice-winged impulse of the storm-king, overwhelmed and shrouded the silver disc from sight, and gave forth the tempest they had so long threatened. Still, now and then, as the wrathful clouds would separate for a moment, a faint lustre would dart forth, sprinkling, as with the purple glories of the orient morn, the torn and ragged opening, and illuminating the landscape with a quaint beauty—half light and half shadow—then all would become dark again. But soon, even this ceased, and the heavens were hung with black. Still his horse plunged on amid sheets of driving and whirling snow, never stopping his speed for an instant.

Ere long the impetuous rider drew up before a dark, weather-beaten, dilapidated building, at the north end of the village, and dismounted. The old chestnut by the fence creaked dismally as the winds swept fiercely up from the valley below, and through one of the swaying boughs came a faintly twinkling light, which seemed forcing itself through the folds of a window-curtain. Knocking loudly at the front door, it was presently opened, and giving some hasty directions concerning his horse, he hurried through a dark, narrow entry, and guiding his way up a creaking staircase by the aid of a balustrade which ran along either side, at length stood before a small door, through whose key-hole issued a narrow stream of light, slightly illuminating the thick gloom around him. Here he paused for a short time to recuperate his exhausted energies, and to subdue the passion that still somewhat agitated him. Then pushing open the door, he entered the apartment.

It was a gaming-room. Six or eight small tables stood about on the floor, at each of which, where the forgotten candles burned dimly over the long and lengthening wicks, sat several men—some, with faces brightly haggard, gloating over their unhallowed gains—others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, gazing furtively at their piles of lost money. Here rattled the dice-box, and yonder fell the dirty cards—all were busily engaged—all were motionless, save their hands and eyes—all were hushed, save when they uttered solitary words to tell their bets.

David White had almost reached the centre of this room before any one was cognizant of his presence; then, several looked up with a nod of recognition, and once more bent themselves, pale, watchful, though weary, to the duties of the game. The emotion which had so recently agitated him was passed away, and his countenance wore the same expression which most frequently lurked over it. Crossing over to a table at the farthest end of the apartment from the door, he addressed a few words to its occupants; assumed a vacant chair by its side, and joined in the play. For hours he sat grasping the cards with trembling avidity, winning and losing, apparently unmindful of either. But this was merely the gilded outwardness—within, rankled fierce passions, like the lightning in the summer-evening cloud. The night glided on; its dank air grew fresher; the fire burned low on the hearth-stone; the raging storm was hushed to stillness, and three was sounding from the antique clock that adorned the mantle-piece. Save two men the room was deserted. One by one the rest had stolen away, until these two were its only occupants. The last stake of David White was in the pool; the cards had been dealed, and the game was about to be played which was to determine the

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ownership of the large pile of silver that lay in the middle of the table. He had lost, won, and lost again—doubled his bets—trebled them, until all had been swept away—money, horse, and even his Bowie-knife. Then he had contrived to borrow—won again, and now the last stake trembled in the scales. The game was played—once more he was penniless. He sat still for several minutes, his eyes gazing on vacancy, and when he arose he seemed like a strange man, his face was so changed with the workings of evil passions.

"There! now you have it all, and I am ruined! Do you hear?" exclaimed the frenzied man, his lips quivering with emotion as his voice became elevated with excitement. "And who is the dastardly craven that made me so? Who was it found me pure, and innocent, and stainless as the babe unborn, and lured me from happiness to scenes of madness and debauchery—of crime and wretchedness? Say! who was it did all this? Who was it first placed the cards in my hands, and trained my youthful mind to the cheateries of the gaming-table? And who, when I became older, taught me to revel in human gore, and to delight in carnage and distress, making me the heartless villain that I am? Who was it did all this, I say? Was it not you, Wilson Hurst—was it not you that did it?" and the frantic man struck the table a tremendous blow with his clenched fist as this last question trembled on his white lips, while he glared fiercely upon the listener.

His mind had now worked itself up to the highest pitch of excitement; his countenance wore a deathly pallor; his heavy brows lowered fearfully above eyes that flashed like fire; his nostrils were widely distended, and, as the air breathed through it seemed to choke him; his teeth chattered with rage, while the white foam oozed between, gathering in a thick froth about the parted lips, and with an exclamation that almost froze the blood to hear, he flung himself upon his companion. But his adversary had foreseen the whole, and was fully prepared to meet this sudden attack. Taking advantage of his cat-like eagerness, he threw him to the floor, overpowered, and finally, exhausted with struggling, thrust him out the street door, and shut it in his face.

Left to himself, he gradually became calm and collected, and then other and gentler thoughts grew busy. He stood there in the still moonlight, the cool breezes of morning fanning his feverish brow, from which distilled great drops of moisture in the anguish of his spirit.

"What a change! what a change!" exclaimed he wildly, smiting his breast with his hands. He was thinking of childhood, of those hours of innocence forever gone, and he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. The strong man was bowed—yes! he who, undaunted, had stood amidst the angered rush of battle; he who, fearless, had seen his comrades falling around him like trees before the hurricane; he who, unappalled, had heard the shrieks of the wounded and dying, wept at the recollection of childhood. What a scene for God and the angels to look down upon!

David White sedulously strove to renew the acquaintanceships of his boyhood, but amongst none, either of those who remembered him, or others to whom he was a perfect stranger, did he contrive to make a friend. His company, however, was not avoided, for his conversation abounded with strange and interesting adventures in various foreign lands, often instructive; but there were too many demands for the possessor of an able body, and too extensive a prevalence of sound morality, for him to find a spirit any way congenial to his own in the vicinity of his home. He therefore took up his residence at the Bend, which was a kind of stopping-place for boats passing up and down the river, and where congregated all grades of society. His pursuits were now undisguisedly those of a gambler—and still further, though unknown—those of a smuggler. His mother received frequent, though indirect communications concerning her son's course of conduct at the neighboring village—indeed, few days passed in which she did not incidentally obtain such intelligence. He appeared occasionally at the old homestead, but his stay was seldom prolonged beyond a few hours. His conduct cost his mother many a heart-pang, but the day when she could influence his mind had long since gone by, and she entertained no hope of a reformation—indeed, such an occurrence would have appeared almost a miracle in the eyes of those acquainted with his character and mode of action. Thus months lapsed away into the infinitude of the past; summer came round, and soon an eventful and crime-stained night rolled into its place.

The moon waxed high in her career. Midnight was gathering slowly over the earth; that hallowed and mysterious hour, the isthmus between two days. But the deep-toned thunder was muttering at intervals in the sky, and the torn clouds swept on in massy columns, dark and aspiring, growing blacker and blacker as they rolled up the great heavens, and portending a terrible convulsion of the elements. The night was far advanced, and in all respects suited to the purpose of David White. Twelve o'clock was already striking, when he issued from a private door of the time-worn building, where had occurred the gambling scene on the stormy night of the winter before. Since then, the two men had made friends; fortune had changed, rechanged, and changed again; and now, almost penniless, he had resolved on a bold stroke, by which to replenish his purse, and furnish means whereby to indulge his consuming and all absorbing love of gaming. After entering the street, he glanced cautiously around, and then advancing to the iron-gray charger that was tied with a stout bridle to the horse-shoe at the door-post, adjusted the accoutrements, leaped to the saddle, and rode hurriedly along the road leading to the old homestead.

Meantime the aspect of the heavens had materially changed. The black, opaque mass of vapors had extended its dark and jagged front a third of the way around the horizon, piling its frowning steeps high up toward the zenith. Here and there overhead, the sky was blotted with isolated black clouds, which

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were fast increasing in size and joining into one. The thunder, which had been occasionally muttering on high, now rattled incessantly, and the forked lightning rushed down in sheets of lurid flame. Ere long, the huge mass of sweeping clouds had reached the zenith, and were rolling darkly onward toward the opposite horizon. Directly the wild uproar died nearly altogether away, and intense darkness shrouded the skies and earth in its folds. The air grew heavy, and seemed to be forcibly pressed toward the ground. This was that strange pause in the strife of the elements, apparently as if the combatants were gathering all their strength for the fearful contest that was to follow. But this pause was only momentary, and soon was at an end. Then a distant, sullen, bellowing murmur came surging up from the depths of the forest, followed by the sorrowful moaning of the trees along the road-side. David White grew pale, and could almost hear the beating of his own heart as he bent forward in the saddle, and listened to the approaching rush and roar of the lashed winds. He had not expected such a wild fierceness in the storm, but now he had gone too far to recede; he was in the very midst of the forest, and the danger was the same either way, so he spurred on the plunging animal beneath him with a desperate energy. At that instant a blinding flash shot down from a cloud almost directly overhead, drank up the thick darkness, and wrapped the air in sheets of lurid flame, while the tall trees stood out like a spectral throng in its supernatural glare. Before a clock could tick, the report followed with a roar, deafening and tremendous, rattling and echoing along the sky like the simultaneous discharge of a thousand deeply freighted cannon. Terrified at the unearthly glare and stunning thunder-bolt, the horse plunged aside with a fierce impetuosity, that would have flung the rider to the earth had he not clung to the mane with his utmost strength; and even for minutes after "the jaws of darkness" had devoured up the scene, and the fearful report had died away in the distance, his eyes still ached with the intense light, and his ears rung with the deafening bolt that had followed.

Now came the arrowy flight and form of the hurricane itself. It crushed the tall and sturdy trees to the ground as if they had been a forest of reeds. On it came, darker, fiercer, and more impetuous, as if under the influence of some angry fiend enjoying a triumph. The shrieking of the lashed winds; the crashing thunder; the noise of the giant monarchs of the forest upheaving from their deep-set foundations, and toppling to the ground; the rush and howling of the tempest—all mingled in one swelling uproar, and deafened the very heavens. Now the whole malignity and embodied power of the hurricane was upon them. The shivering horse sprang forward into the shelter of a huge rock that frowned upon the road like some stern sentinel guarding the passage, and David White leaped from the saddle, and crouched in terror against the dark mass that towered above and afforded protection.

On it came, winding its tortuous pathway from right to left and from left to right, crushing and twisting the Titans of the woods from their trunks in its awful rush of destruction. The wheeling clouds and tumultuous atmosphere were lashed through and through with the fiery lightning, and masses of loose leaves, and branches, with all their wealth of mangled foliage—saplings twisted up by the roots, and bunches of shrubs tossed themselves impetuously into the air, flung into the wildest and most rapid agitation—now rushing together as if consolidating into masses—now scattered abroad in the deepest confusion, while a stubborn oak, disdaining to bend, was dashed headlong across the road, where the horse and his rider had stood only a few moments previous, and hurling the soil to their very feet.

Rush after rush of the trooping winds went by—each succeeding onset wilder and more impetuous than the last, until at length the sullen distant roar—and then the low, surging murmurs announced that the greatest danger had overblown, and that the hurricane was winding its tortuous pathway through the forests many miles away to the right.

Gradually the devastations of the awful skies became mellowed down; the wheeling clouds began to dispart, and a gush of heavy drops came pattering from above. Moaning pitifully, the prostrate and bowed trees and undergrowth lifted their mangled boughs from the compressed state into which they had been forced—those which had survived the tempest, seemingly with a painful effort, regaining their upright and natural position.

Soon the heavy and dank air grew fresher; the wrathful clouds separated, and the moon once more gleamed forth in resplendent beauty and brightness. By degrees the gloom retired from the face of the heavens, the stars looked down gloriously from their sapphire thrones, and a silvery gush played amidst the swaying foliage, where the rain-drops glistened on their leaflet platforms like so many diamonds. Then the lucid milky-way, whose loveliness flushes the firmament, bent itself across the concave above, one broad flame of pure transparent white, as if some burning orb had fled along the sky with so swift a flight, that, for a moment, it had left its lustre in the vault of heaven. Gradually all was lulled into stillness, and nature became as one great solitude.

Awe-stricken and bewildered, David White remounted his quivering steed, and slowly wound his way along the ruin-covered road. One by one the appearances which told n near approach to his destination came into view; and finally he stood before the home of his childhood, which was now to be the scene of a great and heinous crime. Carefully hitching his horse in the dark shadows of some ancient oaks at the head of the lane, he softly opened the gate, and glided round the house until he stood at a little window which looked out from his mother's chamber, and next the old stone chimney. For the night, she was absent at a distant neighbor's, which circumstance, together with that of her having withdrawn a large amount of funds from the possession of the village minister, had induced the present visit.

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But when he saw the shutter open, a thing wholly unexpected, it flashed through his mind that he was watched—that this was an allurement to ensnare him; so he shrunk back into the dense shadows of the maples, and glanced hurriedly around him. Satisfied with his investigation, he ventured to the window, and peered cautiously into the chamber, but seeing nothing to excite his fears, gently raised the sash, and leaped into the apartment. The moon shone so brightly that he had no occasion to strike a light, but its silver disc was fast verging toward the horizon, and warned him to haste, else be left to return in darkness. Fumbling in his coat-pocket, he at length produced a large bunch of keys, and stooping down, applied one to the heavy oaken chest beneath the window-sill. Fortunately it suited the lock; the bolt turned without difficulty, and he lifted the massive lid, which he upheld with one hand, while he rummaged the till with the other. At this moment a slight rustling reached his ears from the furthest corner of the apartment from the window.

"What the deuce is that?" exclaimed he, starting up from his kneeling posture, and turning anxiously in the direction whence the disturbance had proceeded, at the same time thoughtlessly relinquishing his grasp of the lid, which fell with a heavy crash upon the arm still resting beneath.

"Furies!" shouted he, writhing in agony, and releasing the bruised member from its painful position.

At these words a faint scream of terror issued from the bed which stood only a few feet distant. Mary White had been awakened by his outcry, and starting up in alarm, beheld a man standing by the window, which occasioned the involuntary exclamation that had just burst from her lips. She had sat up until quite late, every moment expecting the young lady who was to have been her companion for the night; and then the convulsions of the tempest had kept her wakeful, and prevented her retiring. The tedium of the hours becoming irksome, she had sauntered into her mother's chamber, and opened the window to gaze out upon the lulling war of the elements; but growing wearied of this employment, and a drowsiness stealing over her, she had flung herself upon the bed, and almost immediately sunk into a refreshing slumber, from which the late disturbances in the apartment had just awakened her. The first impulse that entered her mind was to gain the door and escape, but her nature was one on which fear acts as a sudden paralysis. All power of volition deserted her; and she stood motionless as carved marble, with her eyes glaring, and her finger pointed toward the spot where was the object of her terrors.

"Who's there? stand back!" burst from his lips in nervous agitation as the shriek rung out upon the air, and turning round, he rushed to the bedside, but started back; and there was the confusion of cowardice in his manner as he exclaimed, "You here, Mary! what in the world brought you into this room at such a time of night as this?"

"David White!" exclaimed she, shrinking back, when the moonlight fell upon his features, and she recognized the intruder.

"No one else, my pretty lass," replied the vile man, becoming emboldened by the time and situation; and with a graceful bend of his fine form, he threw his arm around her waist, and attempted to press his lips to her cheek; but fear gave her an almost preternatural strength, and she thrust him forcibly from her.

"What! are you determined to fight shy?" said he, with a dark sneer, again advancing toward her.

"Off! off!—do you dare to lay that vile hand on me again?" and as he caught her arm, she struck him forcibly in the face with her clenched fist, and releasing his grasp, darted toward the door with the swiftness of the deer.

He sprung after her with arms outstretched, and his eyes on fire with fierce rage. His hand clutched the folds of her dress as she reached the door, and he jerked her toward himself with a violence that was almost stunning.

"Ha!" shouted he, inebriate with passion, as her pallid face turned to his, "is this your game? Take that, then!" and he plunged a glittering knife deeply into her bosom.

She clasped her hands convulsively, turned her eyes heavenward, and with a single groan, the utterance of the last mortal agony swelling in her soul, sunk, pale and quivering, slowly to the floor. Then a deep stillness reigned around, broken only by the gurgling sound of the blood as it gushed from the deep wound near her heart, and gathered in a dark, clotted pool by her side.

"'T was quickly done!" muttered he, in stifled tones of still unsubdued ferocity. "Let this finish it well!" and he made a random stab, which was followed by a spasmodic movement of the body; and drawing the blade from its fleshy sheath, he composedly wiped off the warm blood against the bedclothes, and thrust it back into his bosom with a low, savage laugh.

He then crossed over to the chest, and cursing his carelessness, abstracted the money from its careful hiding-place, and quitted the scene of his exploit with hurried steps, passing out the front way, and flinging the door wide open as he departed. Within an hour and a half more he was at home. There all was silent and dreary, but he had no observation to fear. Striking a light, he carefully washed the blood from his hands, and disarraying himself of the cast-off clothing which he had assumed for the occasion, thrust them into the fire, and watched until the whole was entirely consumed. Having thus guarded against direct evidence, he made some artful dispositions of negative disproof, that he might be provided with full armor against all suspicions; and then retiring to his homely bed with a feelingless heart, and unmurmuring conscience, he slept soon and deeply.

PART III.

"Alas! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down, e'en in their hottest hour!
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove,
Who live to weep the blasted tree or flower.
Oh, woe! deep woe to earthly love's fond trust,
When all it once has worshiped lies in dust!"

Time glided on—days dawned and waned—weeks came and went—soon months were numbered with

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the ruins of the past, and when the old year, with sober meekness, took up his bright inheritance of luscious fruits, a pomp and pageant filled the splendid scene. The yellow maize and golden sheaves stood up in the fields, and the fading meadow, like a crushed flower, gave out a dying fragrance to the fresh, cool winds, that, sporting playfully amongst the tree-tops, swept downward from their high communion, and stooped to dally with its sweet decay. Then the apple-boughs were heavily laden with crimson fruit, peeping like roses from their garniture of woven foliage; the purple grape-clusters dotted the creeping vine, half transparent in their tempting lusciousness; the red cherries seemed, in the distance, like the burning brilliancy of a summer sunset struggling through the branches and tangled leaves that intervened; and the downy peach peered provokingly from amongst the sheltering green, where, all the summer long, it had stolen the first blush of saffron-vested Aurora, when seraph hands unbar the gates of morning, and the last ray of golden light that paused at the flame-wrought portals of expiring day to look reluctant back. Another change came over the face of nature, and delicate-footed spring seemed to have come again with her lap full of leaves and blossoms. The trees cast aside their long-worn garniture of green, and flaunted proudly in gorgeous robes of gold and crimson. The blushing rose once more sought the thorny stem that had slept so long desolate; and the changeful-hued touch-me-not looked up smilingly from the pallid grass, where nestled thousands of purple violets peeping out timidly from their shady nooks; and the waning year smiled—smiled as smiles the dying man, when the life-blood quickens in his veins, for almost the last time to linger on the cheek and lip, brighten in the eye, and give a joyous swell to the heart that lies in ruins. The gorgeous pageant went by, and the trees put on their robes of mourning—anon, tossed their huge branches to the sky, leafless and desolate, save where the ivy, creeping gracefully up the twisted trunk, or the sacred mistletoe, luxuriant on the dying bough, wore a fadeless green amidst the desolations that surrounded them. The clear, unsullied sky assumed a deeper, peculiar blue; the night reigned with a clearer, intenser brilliancy, and the thronging stars beamed with an almost unnatural brightness; the cold, hurrying winds awoke from their sluggishness, and took their way over hill and meadow with a dismal tone, like the midnight howl that comes to the ear of the dying with hideous tales of the noisome grave; and the fleecy mass of trooping clouds, driving wildly before every ice-winged impulse of the wintry storm, seemed like sheets of floating snow dotting the vast cerulean. Still another change—the earth was clad in a robe of spotless ermine, and the gray dawn opened her pale eye on icicles and desolation; men hurried to and fro as nature were a plague, and they its victims; the sparkling, tripping, garrulous brooks, whose sweet voices had so long gone up like a spirit's on the air, now sped their way with a faint and death-like gurgle; the laurel, pine, and cedar, disdaining to be poor pensioners on the bounties of a gushing sunshine, or, with a cringing obsequiousness, to yield conformity to the golden mutations of a passing hour, expanded their foliage of living green, unchanged amidst the bleakest ruins of winter, while the stern-browed year, old, wrinkled, and hoary, drew nearer and nearer his death-time. Ere long spring came. As the grim darkness flees before the many-tinted dawn, until at last she stands blushing upon the eastern horizon in perfect beauty, so fled the stern winter before the radiant footsteps of this flower-goddess. At her approach the wooing south-winds swept downward from their sky-built thrones, and stooping to the hill-tops, laid their soft fingers on the expanding buds, stealing a fragrance, and whispering their heaven-taught melody amongst the gnarled old branches; then crept stealthily into the valleys below, and drinking in their rich gush of pleasant sounds, glided back exulting to their high communion. The merry-voiced waters, freed from their icy fetters, and sparkling like a sheet of silver sheen, went dancing and leaping on—on with a winged impetuosity to their ocean home. Anon, the yellow violets shook off their winter slumbers, and opened their smiling cups to the arrowy sunshine; then came a wealth of painted flowers, and soon the life-breathing spring had attained its zenith. A thousand glad voices rose and swelled amid the forest's leaf-wrought canopy; its breezes were awake with spicy odors, and the bird warbled as life were new, and this creation's morn. In the orchards, the peach-trees were glorious with pink blossoms, sprinkling the tall, waving grass with rosy flakes at every gush of the wooing zephyr, which, laden with sweetness, swept sighing across the meadows.

Anon, a spring sunset came on. The lurid disc of the sun wheeled slowly down to the western horizon. Pile on pile of clouds, heaped up in gorgeous magnificence, varying from red to purple, and from purple to gold, gathered fantastically in the sky—now like a molten ocean with uplifting rocks, and then like toppling steeps whose summits reached the stars. Gradually the day went down behind the everlasting hills, and the brilliant hues insensibly died away through all the variations of the many-tinted rainbow, until only a faint golden mellowness suffused the western sky, slowly fading into a deep azure as it approached the zenith. At length twilight, twin sister to the cold, gray dawn, shrouded the heavens in misty dimness. Universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of nature. The voice of the feathered songsters was hushed in the grove, and the breeze, which all day long had refreshed the deep woods with its joyous ministrations, lulled into stillness, as if its kind office were now completed. Then the brighter stars came out, one by one, and assumed their sapphire thrones in the vaulted cerulean, and the round, bright front of the full moon floated over the eastern mountains, whose dark umbrage glowed with the silver glories of the thronging night—the night whose morrow had but its dawn for David White, the condemned felon. Ten long, weary months had come and passed away with their pomp and mutation, finding and leaving him within a

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prison's walls; and now, the lapse of a few short, rapid hours would behold a tenement in ruins, and a soul set free. Another day-break, and he would know the untried and unimaginable realities of a shoreless eternity, from whose everlasting portals men have so often shrunk back appalled. Oh, what a bewildering rush of thoughts crowded upon his mind. He stood by the prison-window, through whose iron bars came drooping the silent moonbeams, lighting up his countenance, ghastly and contracted with anguish, then flashing along the darkness, rested upon the floor in mellow radiance. At the farthermost verge of the western horizon, just where the gray outlines of the mountains stood forth like shadows against the deep blue of the sky, huge masses of clouds piled themselves up into strange and fantastic forms, indistinct and dark, from whose bright centre, ever and anon, leaped the fierce lightning, like the tongues of a thousand adders forked in flame, and boomed the loud thunder as the din of a far-off battle. While he gazed, old memories thronged from the past; the fount of tears sent up its gushing libations, and he buried his face in his hands, and strove to pray. Oh, how sorrow, and suffering, and solitude, and the certainty of a near death bow the strong spirit! It may have become darkened by fierce and unruly passions; grown callous and crime-stained amidst the roll of years, and almost destitute of a single virtuous impulse, yet, for a time, under such circumstances, a softness will gather about the heart; a thousand little harps, untuned before, quiver with a rich gush of melody, and the angel in our nature spring up and assert its influence. But no one, in whom the mind has not been crushed or debilitated by the decay of the body, has stood upon time's furthest brink in perfect consciousness, as David White did at that moment, without thinking with an aching intenseness on the dread hour when life must end; and as he leaned his head against the iron bars of the narrow lattice, the balmy breeze laying its cool hands upon his feverish brow, and the soft moonlight playing upon his wan features like the kiss of a tender bride, his soul was wrought with a stern agony, and his frame with a shudder—for dark thoughts and sad images of death and eternity came thronging—for no JESUS was there to light the breathless darkness of the grave—no HOPE stood by to point exultant to a sinless heaven!—for him, futurity was a dark and impenetrable gulf, without a wanderer or a voice.

Suddenly he started. An overpowering, yet unutterable awe crept over him—a fearful but undefined sensation—a presentiment that something terrible was about to happen. He strove to shake it off, but could not—like an icy thrill it ran, slow and curdling, through his veins. A low rustling, as of silken drapery, struck upon his ear. He turned to know the cause, and leaned eagerly forward. A shriek, wild and agonizing, burst from his pallid lips; his hair stood upright, and his arms fell nerveless to his side—his blood ebbed back upon the heart, returned with tenfold violence throughout his system, seemed to thicken, and then stagnate; his pulses bounded, staggered and ceased; cold moisture bathed his wan forehead, and his whole frame appeared stiffening with the death-chill. A few feet distant, by a window the very counterpart of the one near which he stood, loomed forth a shape—a substance, yet it cast no shadow—the moonlight shone through it, resting on the floor like slightly tarnished silver. He looked on speechless and motionless; his whole soul concentrated into an intense and aching gaze. At first, it floated before his fixed and dilating vision, indistinct and mist-like; but, as he gazed, it assumed the outline of a human form—then the features of Mary White, the foster-sister whom he had murdered. The apparition grew still plainer. The ghastly countenance; the fallen lip; the sightless eye, dull and open with a vacant stare; the deep, solemn, mysterious repose which ever accompanies the aspect of death; the deep wound near the heart, from which gushed life's crimson torrent, falling at her feet without a sound—each—all, for one short, passing, fearful, agonizing moment, trembled into terrible distinctness. Then she lifted an arm reeking with blood, and pointing through the window at a new-made gibbet and its dangling rope, smiled a faint and sickly smile, and vanished as a dying spark. The trance passed from his spirit, and nature recommenced her operations like the clanking of a vast machinery. Yet his eye, as if it could not recover from its vision of terror, remained glaring upon the spot where the spectre had been; and it was not until several minutes had elapsed that the sharp agony which had contracted his features died away. He sprung forward with a wild cry, but the echo alone replied. No voice but his own awoke the awful stillness, pulseless it reigned around him. The stars glittered as brightly, the moon shone as gloriously, and, as he held his breath, the faint and confused murmur of the distant water-fall, and the caroling of the night-wind in the gnarled old forest, almost seeming to be a part of the silence, came up through the window to his ear as distinctly and steadily as ever—every thing belied the scene he had just witnessed. Was it a dream? He grasped his arm until it pained him—he was awake—there was no change—all appeared as it had been. He attempted to shake the iron bars of the lattice—they were firm in their sockets. He groped his way to the other side of the room, passed his hands along the walls—nothing but darkness was there. He stood where first he had stood when he beheld the apparition—the unearthly visitant was there no longer. He bent forward, and strained an aching gaze—in vain; nothing underwent a change. Then he felt that he had seen the dead—the murdered. His mind recoiled upon itself, and the very marrow in his bones crept at the thought. He flung himself upon his pallet, and for the hundredth time strove to sleep. Black despair had eaten down into his very heart's core, and remorse, like an old vulture, gnawed at his vitals; yet for a few brief, agonizing moments he slept, but only as the fiends of hell might be supposed to sleep. A dream, a series of change and torture, bewildering and terrible, came, like a blight, over his spirit.

Now he felt the cold hand of death upon his brow, and his whole body seemed to be encompassed in a

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mass of ice. His blood waxed thick in its courses; his heart staggered, fluttered, gave one agonizing throb, and for a moment ceased to pulsate; cold dews gathered on his brow, and a stinging sensation pervaded his whole system; his eyelids trembled, and the balls rolled, gave out a dying lustre, glazed, grew fixed and sightless in their sockets—then came the last convulsive and impotent contest with the King of Terrors—the groan, the gasping breath, the half-uttered words upon the quivering lip—the death-rattle, the soulless face, and the pulseless silence. He recovered. Above him was a sky of livid flame, upon whose high zenith dread darkness sat enthroned. Around him spread a shoreless ocean of molten fire. No wave agitated its placid bosom—no sound—no wind breathed over its fearful stillness. A lone rock, cold, barren, and dismal, yet like an oasis in a desert, lifted its gray summit from the sluggish surface. Upon this he stood, rigid and motionless, like a marble statue on its pedestal; and, ever and ever, around and above him, rushed to and fro shadowy forms, upon whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish. Suddenly, over the vast and dreary profound, went the low, deep, muffled tolling of a bell, bursting on the red air like the knell of hope, peace, and mercy, lost forever to another soul. As it ceased, the boundless sea of ebbless and unextinguishable flame, that glowed with a lurid but intolerable light at his feet, began to uplift in one mighty and unbroken mass. Slowly—slowly it rose up—up—up, until the liquid fire was frothing, and the sky and ocean seemed to blend—then flowed back, returned, and closed hissing around him. A groan, deep, intense, and fearful, bubbled up in a gush of blood, and echoed in the distance like fiendish laughter. Higher and higher rose the living flames. They were about to close over him—his head sunk upon his bosom, and a voice—the voice of her whom he had murdered, shrieked in his ear—"THE OCEAN OF REMORSE!"

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

He stood upon the narrow verge of an awful precipice. Night, black, rayless night, enshrouded the yawning gulf below, save that, ever and anon, hideous and fleshless forms—skeletons wrought in lurid and undying flame—strode to and fro within the thick panoply of gloom; while, at intervals, howls of despair came up from its midst, like howls from the lips of the damned in hell. With a thrill of horror, he turned hurriedly from the scene, and cast his despairing eyes heavenward. In the centre of a massive cloud, burning with the brilliancy of a summer sunset, appeared a vast city, with domes and palaces of pearl and ruby, and whose gates were gates of burnished gold. As he gazed, they were flung open on silent hinges, and a host, clothed in spotless white, entered their portals, welcomed with swelling anthems and seraphic songs. Then the toppling precipice began to reel and stagger beneath his feet—a fierce bright flame burst from amidst the night below, more brilliant than the sun's intensest ray. It drank up the darkness, and filled the gulf with liquid fire. It flashed through his eye-balls like a glance of lightning. He felt his foothold totter on the eve of its awful rush of destruction, and turned to flee, but started aside with a wild cry. The same voice was in his ear, and it shrieked in exulting tones—"THE MURDERER'S DOOM!"

But where was the mother during these fearful and agonizing moments! Had *she* forgotten the son that once nestled on her bosom? Had *she* forsaken the child she bore, now that the dark hour of adversity had come? Ah! no. It is not a mother's nature to forget or to forsake! Though crime and infamy enshroud his name; though base heartlessness and vile ingratitude shut-to the portals of his soul; though he fling off the hoarded wealth of her affections as the oak the clinging ivy when the storm comes, yet the mother will love—must love—it is the thirst of her immortal nature. No, no! Widow White had not forgotten, neither had she forsaken her son. Villain as he was, and stained with the blood of her foster-child, her heart warmed toward him—the mother was the mother still! Though absent, her mind was racked with agony—stern agony. For hours had she paced up and down her dim-lit chamber, her hands folded across her breast, and her eyes fixed upon the floor—thought and feeling were busy. To the casual observer her features exhibited scarcely an evidence of internal emotion; but the arched lip, bloodless with pressure, and the swollen veins upon her high forehead betokened how severe was the struggle going on within. There are some persons who can stand by the bedside of a dying relative, and, with an almost unruffled countenance, behold him stiffened in the cold arms of death—who can look upon the corpse for the last time, follow it to the grave, and see it laid beneath the heavy sod with so little apparent concern, that the beholder considers him heartless; but draw aside the curtain which separates the inner from the outer being, and the features of the spirit are seen to be distorted with anguish. To this class of individuals belonged Widow White. Oh, how she felt as she trod to and fro within that dim-lit room! Her son—her only son, in the endearing playfulness of whose infantile smiles she had so often exulted; upon whose boyish accents she had so frequently hung with transport, and for whom she had pictured out such a bright and glorious future, was a condemned felon, and the morrow would open its great eye upon him for the last time. The lapse of another day!—and that son, so cherished, and so fondly loved, would fill a murderer's grave, and she would look upon his face no more. She knew that it was appointed for all to "pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death," but what a horrible, detestable, and ignominious death was his! Could it be true? Was he—her son, in the prime of manhood and enjoyment—the life-blood coursing freely and strongly throughout his system—unshattered by disease—to die—to be a sport for the winds—to hang—ay—ay—to hang!—to be cut down—to be thrust into the coffin, blackened, distorted, and hideous, the rope still around his neck—to be laid in the ground with infamy around his name—to rot—to be a banquet for the worms? Horror of horrors! She would not believe it! Surely it was a dream!

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Thus that agony-fraught night lapsed away, and the morning, which, from the birth of creation, has never failed, dawned once more—dawned as it ever dawns, bright, glorious, and magnificent, bearing the impress of a mighty God. That morning witnessed a terrible—a horrible scene. Another human being took his exit from the transitory splendors of this decaying world, and entered upon the untried and unimaginable realities of a futurity, whose secrets none can ever know until the silver chord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken. Upon what state of existence David White entered when eternity closed its everlasting portals, and the enfranchised spirit went up to the Eternal Judge, it is not for me to say. God is just, and whatever was apportioned, it was good and right. Let it suffice to know, that, be his doom what it may, it is irrevocable—sealed forever.

From that eventful day, Widow White became thinner and paler, and the expression of her countenance was that of a strong heart in ruins, and with its energies prostrated. Three weeks went by, and she, too, was gone. They carried her out from the desolate homestead, and laid her cold remains beneath the grassy sod, where neither the war of the elements, nor of human passions could ever disturb her more. Since then many years have lapsed away into the dim and shadowy past, and now, a sunken grave alone marks the last resting-place of Widow White—the victim of a broken heart, and of her own injudicious education of a son in his infancy and boyhood.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MARION H. RAND.

Alas, the romances! the beautiful fancies!
We fling round our thoughts of a poet;
How can we believe that the web which we weave
Has no solid basis below it?

Youth, beauty and grace—a soul-speaking face,
And eyes full of genius and fire;
The softest dark hair, with a curl here and there;
All this, without fail, we require.

A warm feeling heart, affectation or art
Unknown to its deepest recesses;
A brow fair and high, where her thoughts open lie
To him who admiringly gazes.

But let this bright thought, this idol, be brought
To nearer and closer inspection—
Alas! 'tis a dream! 'tis a straying sunbeam,
Of far more than human perfection.

Then turn for awhile from the heavenly smile
That haunts thy fond fancy, young dreamer;
Turn from the ideal to gaze on the real,
And see if she be what you deem her.

She is young, it is true, her eyes dark and blue,
But sadly deficient in lustre,
While often is seen in one hand a pen,
In the other a mop or a duster.

Her hair, of a shade inclining to red,
Is tied up and carefully braided;
And the forehead below (not as white the snow)
By no drooping ringlet is shaded.

Her little hands write, but they 're not always white,
With marks of good usage they 're speckled,
While the face, once so fair, has been kissed by the air,
Until 't is considerably freckled.

She has her full part of a true woman's art,
Her share of a woman's warm feeling!
She knows what to hide, with a true woman's pride,
When the world would but scorn the revealing.

This earth is no place fancy beauties to trace,
Or seek for perfection uncertain;
Then why mourn our fate, when sooner or late,
Reality peeps through the curtain.

But if we *must* cling to the form lingering
And cherished within us so dearly,
We must gaze from afar, as upon some bright star,
And never approach it more nearly.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We all love the music of sky, earth and sea—
The chirp of the cricket—the hum of the bee—
The wind-harp that swings from the bough of the tree—
The reed of the rude shepherd boy:
All love the bird-carols when day has begun,
When rock-fountains gush into song as they run,
When the stars of the morn sing their hymns to the sun,
And hills clap their hands in their joy.

All love the invisible lutes of the air—
The chords that vibrate to the hands of the fair—
Whose minstrelsy brightens the midnight of care,
And steals to the heart like a dove:
But even in melody there is a choice,
And, though we in all her sweet numbers rejoice,
There 's none thrills the soul like the tones of the voice,
When breathed by the beings we love.

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VENICE AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

[WRITTEN IN 1820.]

BY PROFESSOR GOODRICH, YALE COLLEGE.

Bright glancing in the sun's last rays,
The Fairy City rose to view:
It seemed to "swim in air"—a blaze
Of parting glory round she threw.

Midst silent halls and mouldering towers,
And trophies fallen from side to side,
Awe-struck, I saw a few brief hours,
The grave of Venice' ruined pride.

Light from her native surge she sprung,
The Venus of the Adrian wave;
And o'er the admiring nations flung
The *spell* of "BEAUTIFUL and BRAVE"

Her Winged Lion's terror shook
The Sultan's throne:—o'er prostrate piles,
"Breaker of Chains," she proudly spoke
Her mandate to a hundred isles.

Astonished Europe saw that hour
Her blind old chieftain guide her wars,
And *twice*, in one brief season, pour
Her fury on Byzantium's towers!

Saw when in Mark's proud porch,
Abased in dust the eastern crown was laid,
And when, with frantic pride, she placed
Her foot on Barbarosa's head!

Gone, like a dream! wealth, pomp and power!
And Learning's tools, so nobly urged!
Doomed 'neath a tyrant's lash to cower,
She gnaws the chain *she* once had forged.

And still that tyrant bids to stand,
In mockery of her former state,
Those emblems of her wide command,
The three tall Masts where glory sate:

And high upreared on column proud,
And glancing to the wide-spread sea,
Her Winged Lion stands, aloud
To tell a nation's infamy!

Oh, how unlike the day, when round
These Masts and 'neath that Lion's wings,
Exulting thousands thronged the ground,
And spoke the fate of distant kings.

When brightly in the morning beam
Her galleys, ranged in stern array,
Impatient stood, till PONTIFF came
To bless the parting warrior's way.

They go beneath the drum's long roll,
The cymbal's clang, the trumpet's breath;
While Beauty's glances fire the soul,
And Honor smooths the road to death.

Trend *now* that court! The unbended sail
Flaps idly in the passing wind;
And dark below, each dull canal
Is stagnant as its *owner's* mind!

Yet here, how many a burning soul
Has poured at moon-lit eve the song,
While conscious Beauty, panting, stole
To hear the strain *her* praise prolong!

Hark to that shout! Her nobles come,
In many a galley ranged, and gay
With waving flag and nodding plume,
To grace fair Venice' bridal day.

See! on the foremost prow, a *King*
In form—eye—soul!—again
The exulting Doge has *cast the ring*
That weds him to the Adrian Main!

Mark *now* that wretch with downcast eye,
And abject mien, *once* free, once brave!
It is the *People's Doge!* and he
Is now an Austrian tyrant's slave.*

And she, the Beautiful One, lies
Fallen to earth; while by her side
Moulder her towers and palaces,
The grave of VENICE' *ruined pride!*

* I have here used the license, in order to carry out the contrast, of supposing that the Office of Doge, like most of the institutions of Venice, is preserved by the Austrian government; though I believe it has been abolished.

SONG.—THOU REIGN'ST SUPREME.

Thou reign'st supreme, love, in my heart,
O'er every secret thought;
Thou canst not find the smallest part
Where thou abidest not.
All blest emotions, every sense
Are consecrate to thee;
Would that affection so intense,
But filled thy heart for me!

Thou reign'st supreme, love, eyes that burn
With the soul's restless fire,
Their liquid glances on me turn,
Yet no fond thoughts inspire.

E'en in that hour for thee I long,
Like a wild bird set free;
Ah! would that love so true and strong
But filled thy heart for me!

Thou reign'st supreme, love, while I live
Thine shall be every breath;
And be thou near me to receive
My last fond sighs in death;
Thus to expire were joy, were bliss,
May such my portion be!
Oh! would that love as deep as this,
But filled thy heart for me!

C. A. F.

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THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY GIRL.

A SKETCH OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

For naught its power to STRENGTH can teach
Like EMULATION—and ENDEAVOR. SCHILLER.

(*Concluded from page* 292.)

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN—THE LOSS.

How vexatious is delay of any kind when one's mind is prepared for a journey, "made up to go," as a good aunt used to say. Mary grew anxious and almost impatient as April passed and found her still an inhabitant of the city of looms and spindles. The more so, that spring was the favorite season, and she longed to watch its coming in the haunts of her childhood; and in the busy, bustling atmosphere by which she was surrounded, none gave heed to the steps of "the light-footed maiden," save that our heroine's companions availed themselves of the balmier air to dress more gayly. In our larger cities the ladies are the only spring blossoms. It is they who tell us by bright tints and fabrics, that the time has come when nature puts on her gay appareling; yet it is in vain that they imitate the lilies of the field, there is a grace, a delicacy in those frail blossoms, that art never can rival.

Mary had so longed for the winter to pass, she had even counted the days that must intervene before she could hope to see her mother, and all the dear ones at home. The little gifts she had prepared for them were looked over again and again; and each time some trifle had been added until she almost began to fear she was growing extravagant. But she worked cheerfully, and most industriously, through the pleasant days, and when evening came, she would dream, in the solitude of her little room, of the meeting so soon to arrive.

"A letter for you, Mary—from home, I imagine," said her gay friend, Lizzie Ellis, bursting into her room one bright May morning. "I called at the post-office for myself and found this, only. It's too bad the people at home don't think enough of their sister to write once a month; but I'm not sorry that your friends are more punctual. There's good news for you, I hope, or you'll be more mopish than ever."

"Mary's lip quivered as she looked up. The instant the sheet was unfolded in her hand, she saw that it bore no common message. There was but a few lines written in a hurried, nervous manner; and as her eye glanced hastily over the page, she found that she was not mistaken.

"Poor little Sue is very ill," said she, in reply to her friend's anxious queries; "mother has written for me to come directly, or I may never see her again"—her tone grew indistinct as she ceased to speak; and leaning her face upon Lizzie's shoulder, a burst of tears and choking sobs relieved her. Poor Sue—and poor Mary! It would not have been so hard could she have watched by her sister's bedside and aided to soothe the pain and the fear of the dear little one who had from the time of her birth been Mary's especial care.

Delay had before been vexatious, but it was now agony. The few hours that elapsed before she was on the way, were as weeks to Mary's impatient spirit; and then the miles seemed *so* endless, the dreary road most solitary. The night was passed in sleepless tossing, and the afternoon of the second day found her scarcely able to control her restless agitation. She was then rapidly nearing home. Every thing had a familiar aspect; the farm-houses—the huge rocks that lifted their hoary heads by the road-side—the dark, deep woods—the village church—were in turn recognized. Then came the long ascent of the hill, which alone hid her home from view. Even that was at last accomplished, and she caught a glimpse of the dear old homestead, its rambling dark-brown walls, half-hidden by the clump of broad-leaved maples that clustered about it. Could it be reality, that she was once more so near all whom she loved? There was no deception; it was not the delusive phantom of a passing dream; her brother's glad greeting was too earnest; her mother's sobbed blessing too tender. After the hopes and plans of many weeks, even months, such was her "welcome home."

"You are in time to see your sister once more," said Mrs. Gordon, as she released Mary from a fond embrace; and a feeble voice from the adjoining room, a whisper, rather than a call, came softly to her ears.

"Dear Susie—my poor darling!" were all the spoken words, as she clasped the little sufferer in her arms. The child made no sound, not even a murmur of delight escaped her wan lips. She folded her thin, pale hands about her sister's neck, and gently laying her head upon the bosom which had so often pillowed it, lay with her large spiritual eyes fixed upon those regarding her so tenderly, as if she feared a motion might cause the loved vision to vanish. Fast flowing tears fell silently upon her face, but she heeded them not; then came fierce pain, that distorted every feature, but still no moan, no sound.

"Speak to me, Susie, will you not!" whispered

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Mary, awed by the fixed, intense gaze of those mournful eyes.

"I knew you would come, sister, to see me once more before I go," was the murmured reply. "I knew God would let me meet you here, before he takes me to be an angel in heaven. I am ready now, for I said good-by to mother and Jamie, and all, long ago. I only waited for you, dear Mary. Kiss me, wont you—kiss me again, and call mother—I feel very strangely."

Her mother bent over her, but she was not recognized; her father took one of those emaciated hands within his own, but it was cold, and gave back no pressure. Awe fell upon every heart in that hushed and stricken group; there was no struggle with the dark angel, for the silver chord was gently loosened. The calm gaze of those radiant eyes grew fixed, unchangeable—a faint flutter, and the heart's quick pulsations forever ceased—wings had been given that balmy eve to a pure and guileless spirit.

Mary calmly laid the little form back upon the pillow. Her mother's hand closed the already drooping lids; a sweet smile stole gently round the mouth, and its radiance dwelt upon the marble forehead.

"It is well with the child," said the bereaved parent—and her husband bending beside the bed of death, prayed fervently, while the sobs of his remaining children fell upon his ears, that they might be also ready.

"Oh, mother, how can I bear this! how can you be so calm and resigned!" said Mary, as her mother sat down beside her in the twilight, and spoke of the sorrowful illness of their faded flower. "I had planned so much for Susie; I thought as much of her as of myself, and here are the books, and all these things that I thought would make her so happy; she did not even see them. Why was she taken away, so good, so loving as she always was?"

"And would you wish her back again, my child; has she not more cause to mourn for us, than we for her? Think—she has passed through the greatest suffering that mortal may know; she has entered upon a world the glory of which it 'hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of;" and would you recall her to this scene of trial and temptation? Rather pray, dear Mary, that we may meet her again in her bright and glorious home. I, her mother, though mourning for my own loneliness and bereavement, thank God that my child is at rest."

"If I could only feel as you do, mother; but I cannot. Poor Susie!" and Mary's tears burst forth afresh.

She begged to be allowed to watch through the night beside the form of the lost one, even though she knew the spirit had departed. But her mother would not allow this—some young friends whom Mary could not greet that night, though she loved them very dearly, claimed the sad duty. And again, after a year of new and strange life, she found herself reposing in her own quiet room, with sighing trees, the voice of the brook, and the low cry of the solitary whippo-wil, to lull her to sweet sleep.

—

It was Sabbath morning, calm and holy. The bell of the little village church tolled sadly and reverentially, as the funeral train wound through the shaded lane. All the young people for miles around had gathered in the church-yard; and as the coffin was borne beneath the trees that waved over its entrance, they joined in the procession. It passed toward the place of worship, and for the last time the form of their little friend entered the sacred walls.

The simple coffin was placed in the broad central aisle, the choir sung a sweet yet mournful dirge; then the voice of music and of weeping was hushed, for the man of God communed, with faltering voice, with the Father in heaven, who had seen fit in his mercy to take this lamb to his bosom; and when the prayer was ended, and an earnest and impressive address was made to those who had been bereaved, and those who sympathized with them, the friends and playmates of the little one clustered about the coffin to take a farewell glance of those lifeless yet beautiful features.

The pure folds of the snowy shroud were gathered about the throat, and upon it were crossed the slender hands, in which rested a fading sprig of white violets, placed there by some friend, as a fit emblem of the sleeper. Her sunny curls were smoothly bound back beneath the cap, and its border of transparent lace, threw a slight shadow upon the deeply-fringed lids that were never more to be stirred. Oh! the exceeding beauty and holiness of that childish face, in its perfect repose! None shuddered as they gazed; the horror of death had departed; but tears came to the eyes of many, as they bent down to kiss that pure forehead for the last time.

Aye, "the last time!" for the lid was closed as the congregation passed, one by one, once more into the church-yard, shutting out the light of day from that still, pale face forever. The mother gazed no more upon her child—brother and sister must henceforth dwell upon her loveliness but in memory—the father wept—and man's tears are scalding drops of agony.

Many lingered until the simple rites were ended, and then turned away under the shade of sombre pines, to think of the loneliness that must dwell in the hearts of those from whom such a treasure had been taken; and they, as they turned to a home that seemed almost desolate, tried in vain to subdue the bitterness of their anguish. *They had seen her grave*—and who that has stood beside the little mound of earth that covers the form of some one loved and lost—has forgotten the crushing agony that comes with the first full realization that all is over—that hope—prayer—lamentation—is of no avail, for the "grave giveth not up its dead until such a time as the mortal shall put on immortality."

The dark hearse, with its nodding plumes, bears the rich man from his door, to a grave whose proud monument shall commemorate his life, be its deeds good or evil. Perhaps an almost endless train of costly equipages follow; and there are congregated many who seem to weep, but I question if in all that splendor there lingers half the love, or half the regret which was felt for the little one whose mournful

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burial we have recorded; or if the grave, with its richly wrought pile of sculptured marble, be as often visited, and wept over, as was the low, grassy mound marked only by a clambering rose-tree, whose pure petals, as they floated from their stems, were symbols of the life and death of the village favorite.

It was many days before the household of Deacon Gordon regained any thing like serenity; but the business of life must go on, come what may, and in the petty detail of domestic cares, the keenness of grief is worn away, and a mournful pleasure mingles with memories of the past. It was in this case as in all others; gradually it became less painful to see everywhere around traces of the child and the sister; they could talk of her with calmness, and recall the many pleasant little traits of character which she had even at so early an age exhibited. The robin that she had fed daily, came still at her brother's call to peck daintily at the grain which he threw toward it. The pet kitten gamboled upon the sunny porch, or peered with curious face over the deep well, as if studying her own reflection, unconscious that the one who had so loved to watch her ceaseless play was gone forever. Even Mary could smile at its saucy ways; and though the memory of her sister was ever present, she could converse without shedding tears, of her gentleness and truth, thanking God she had been taken from evil to come.

Then she felt doubly attached to her mother. She was now the only daughter; and though Mrs. Gordon seemed perfectly resigned, and even cheerful, she knew that many lonely and solitary hours would come when Mary was once more away. And James had so much to tell, for he, *too*, was home for a few days of the spring vacation, the rest being passed in the poor student's usual employment—school teaching. They would wander away in the pleasant afternoon to the depths of the cool green wood, and sit with the shadows playing about them, and the wind whispering mystic prophecies as it wandered by, recalling for each other the incidents of the past year, and speculating with the hopefulness of eager youth, on the dim and unknown future.

A new friend sometimes joined them in their woodland walks. The young pastor of the village church, who had sorrowed with them at their sister's death, and who, having made Mary's acquaintance in a time of deep affliction, felt more drawn toward her than if he had known her happy and cheerful for many years. Somehow they became less and less restrained in his presence, and at last James confided to him his hopes and prospects. Mary was not by when the disclosure was made, or she would have blushed at her brother's enthusiastic praise of the unwavering self-denial which had led her away from home and friends, and made her youth a season "of toil and endeavor;" and she might have wondered why tears came to the eyes of their friend while he listened; and why he so earnestly besought James to improve to the utmost the advantages thus put before him. Allan Loring was alone in the world and almost a stranger to the people of his charge, for he had been scarce a twelvemonth among them. Of a proud and somewhat haughty family, and prejudiced by education, he had in early youth looked upon labor of the hands as a kind of degradation; but the meek and humble faith which he taught, and which had chastened his spirit, made him now fully appreciate the loving and faithful heart, which Mary in every act exhibited, and he looked upon her with renewed interest when next they met.

Again the time drew near when Mary was to leave her home. A month had passed of mingled shadow and sunshine within those dear walls. It was hard to part with her mother, who seemed to cling more fondly than ever to her noble-minded daughter; her father and Stephen, each in their blunt, honest way, expressed their sorrow that the time of her departure was so near at hand; but still Mary did not waver in her determination, though a word from her mother would have changed the whole color of her plans. That mother saw that for her children's sake it was best that they should part again for a season—and she stifled the wish to have them remain by her side. So Mary went forth into the world once more with a stronger and bolder spirit, to brave alike the sneers and the temptations which might there beset her pathway; with the blessings of her parents, the thanks of an idolized brother, and "a conscience void of offence," she could but be calmly happy, even though surrounded by circumstances which often jarred upon her pure and delicate nature, and which would have crushed one less conscious of future peace and present rectitude.

Beside, Mr. Loring had seemed, she knew not why, to take a deep interest in all her movements. He had begged permission, at parting, to write to her occasionally; and his letters, full of friendly advice and inquiry, became a great and increasing source of pleasure. There was nothing in them that a kind brother might not have addressed to a young and gentle sister; and Mary's replies were dictated in the same spirit of candor and esteem. So gradually her simple and child-like character was unfolded to her new friend, who encouraged all that was noble, and strove to check each lighter and vainer feeling which sprung up in her heart. At times she wondered why one so wise and so good should seem interested in her welfare; but gradually she ceased to wonder why he wrote, so that his letters did not fail to reach her. Still noisy and fatiguing labor claimed her daily care; but in the long quiet evenings she found time for study and reflection; thus becoming, even in that rude school, "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REWARD.

Are you fond of *tableaux*, dear readers? If so, let me finish my simple recital by placing before you two scenes in the life of our little heroine—something after the fashion of dissolving views.

Four years had passed since first we looked in upon that quiet country home. Four years of cheerful toil—of mingled trial—despondency and hope to

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those who then gathered around that blazing hearth. One, as we have seen, had been taken to a higher mansion—others had gone forth into the world, strong only in noble hearts, firm in the path of rectitude. We have witnessed the commencement of the struggle, followed in part its progress—and now let us look to its end. No, not the end—for life is ever a struggle—there may be a cessation of care for a season, but till the weary journey be accomplished, who shall say that all danger is passed.

It was the annual examination at one of our largest New England female schools. The pretty seminary-building gleamed through the clustering trees that lovingly encircled it, and its snowy pillars and porticoes—vine-wreathed by fairy-fingers—gave it an air of lightness and grace which village architecture rarely shows. Now the shaded path which led to its entrance was thronged, as group after group pressed upward. Carriages, from the simple "Rockaway" to equipages glittering with richly plated harness, and drawn by fiery, impatient steeds, stood thickly around. It was the festival-day of the village, and each cottage was filled to overflowing—for strangers from all parts of the Union were come to witness the *debut* of the sister, the daughter, or the friend.

Many were the bright eyes that scarcely closed in sleep the night preceding this eventful anniversary. There was so much to hope—so much to fear. "If I *should* fail," was repeated again and again; and their hearts throbbed wildly as the signal-bell was heard, which called them to pass the dread ordeal. Such a display of beauty—genuine, unadorned beauty—rarely greets the eye of man. More than a hundred young girls, from timid fifteen to more assured one-and-twenty, robed in pure white, with tresses untortured by the prevailing mode, decorated only by wreaths of delicate wild flowers, or the rich coral berry of the ground-ivy, shaded by its own dark-green leaves. A simple sash bound each rounded form, and a knot of the same fastened the spotless dress about the throat. Then excitement flushed the cheeks which the mountain air had already tinged with the glow of health, and made bright eyes still brighter as they rested on familiar faces.

The exercises of the day went on, and yet those who listened and those who spoke did not weary. The young students had won all honor to themselves and their teachers; and as the shadows lengthened in the grove around them, but one class remained to be approved or censured.

"Now sister—there!" exclaimed a manly-looking Virginian, as the graduates came forward to the platform. "Who is that young lady at their head. I have tried all day to find some one that knew her, but she seems a stranger to all."

"With her hair in one plain braid, and large, full eyes? Oh, that is Miss Gordon; she has the valedictory, though why, I'm sure I don't know, for she has been in school but about a year, and Jenny Dowling, my room-mate, has gone through the whole course. Miss Gordon entered two years in advance. She was a factory girl, brother—just think of *that;* and worked in Lowell three or four years. Miss Harrison wished me to room with her this term—but not I; there is too much Howard spirit in me to associate with one no better than a servant-girl. Some of them seem to like her though; and as for the teachers, they are quite carried away with her. Miss Harrison had the impertinence to say to me only last week, that I would do well to take pattern by her. Not in dress, I hope—" and the young girl's lip curled, as she contrasted her own richly embroidered robe with the simple muslin which Mary Gordon wore.

Clayton Howard had not attended to half that his sister said, for with low and earnest voice Mary had commenced reading the farewell address which she, as head of her class, had been chosen to prepare in its behalf; and his eyes were riveted on the timid but graceful girl. We have never spoken of our heroine's personal attractions, choosing first to display if possible, the beauty of heart and character which her humble life exhibited. The young Southerner thought, as he eagerly listened, that the flattered and richly attired belle of the fashionable watering-place he had just left, was not half as worthy of the homage which she received, as was this lowly maiden. If beauty consists in regularity of features, Mary would have little in the eye of those who dwell upon outline alone; but there was a high intelligence beaming from her full, dark eyes, a sweet smile ever playing about the small exquisitely formed mouth, and a mass of soft, rich hair, smoothly braided back, added not a little to perfect the contour of her queenly head.

Her voice grew tremulous with deep feeling as she proceeded, her eyes were shaded by gathering tears, and when, in behalf of those who were about to leave this sheltered nook, she bade farewell to the companions whose love and sympathy had made their school days pleasant; the teachers who had been their friends as well as guides; scarce one in that crowded hall deemed it weakness to weep with those now parting. Never more could those cherished friends meet again; they were going forth, each on a separate mission, and though in after years, greetings might pass between them, the heart would be utterly changed. The unreserved confidence, the warm affection of girlhood passes forever away, when rude contact with the world has chilled trust and childlike faith. And they knew this, though it was *felt* more fully in after years.

But tears were dried, as the enthusiasm which lighted the face of the reader—as her topic turned to their future life—was communicated to those who listened. She spoke to her classmates of the duties which devolved on them as women; of the strength which they should gather in life's sunshine, for the storm and the trial which *would* come. That their part in life was to shed a hallowed but *unseen* influence over its strife and discord—

> "Sitting by the fireside of the heart
> Feeding it flames."
> "In that stillness which best becomes a woman,
> Calm and holy."

And when she ceased, and the gathered crowd turned slowly from the threshold, many hearts—beating in proud and manly bosoms—felt stronger

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and purer for the words they had that hour listened to, from one who, young as she was, had learned to think, and to act, with a sound judgment, and bold independence in the cause of truth, which shamed them in their vacillation.

Young Howard was leaning behind a vine-wreathed pillar, to watch the one in whom he had that day become strangely interested. His heart beat fast as she approached his hiding-place, and then sunk within him, as he noted the warm blush which stole over her face, as two gentlemen, whom he had not before noticed, came to greet her.

"Dear sister," said one, kissing her burning cheek, "have I not reason to be proud of you."

The other, older by ten years than the first speaker, grasped the hand which she timidly extended to him, and whispered, "I, too, am proud of my future wife."

Howard did not hear the words, but the look which accompanied that warm pressure of the hand did not escape him. It destroyed at once hopes, which he had not dreamed before were fast rising in his breast, and he turned almost sadly away from that happy group to join his sister.

"See," said the young girl, as she took his arm, "there is Mr. Loring, one of the finest-looking men I know of, and belongs to as proud family as any in Boston, yet he is going to throw himself away on Mary Gordon. To be sure he is only a poor country clergyman, but he might do better if he chose, I'm sure."

Her brother thought *that* was hardly possible, though he did not say so; neither did he add—lest he should vex his foolishly aristocratic sister—that but for Mr. Loring the chances were that she would be called upon, so far as his inclinations were concerned, to receive Miss Gordon not as a room-mate, but as a sister, before the year was ended.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRIDE AND THE WIFE.

A stranger would have asked the reason of the commotion in the village, though every one of its inhabitants, from highest to lowest, knew that it was the morning of their pastor's bridal. None, not even the oldest and gravest of the community, wondered—or shook their heads in disapprobation of the choice. They had known Mary Gordon from her earliest childhood—they saw her now an earnest and thoughtful woman, with a heart to plan kind and charitable deeds, and a hand that did not pause in their execution. They knew, moreover, that for two years she had refused to take new vows upon herself because she felt that her mother needed her care; but now that health once more reigned in the good deacon's dwelling, she was this day to become a wife, and leave her father's roof, for a new home and more extended duty.

Again we look upon the village church, but it is no mournful procession that passes up its shaded aisles. There are white-robed maidens thronging around, and men with sun-burned faces. Children, too, scarce large enough to grasp the flowers which they tear from the shrubs that climb to the very windows of the sanctuary; and through the crowd comes the bridal train. Mary Gordon, leaning upon the arm of her betrothed, is more beautiful than ever, for a quiet dignity is now added to the grace that ever marked her footsteps; and he, in the pride of his manhood, looks with pride and tenderness upon her.

The deacon is there, with his heavy, good-natured face, lighted by an expression of profound content; and his wife is by his side, looking less calm and placid than usual, though she is very happy. It may be that she fears for her daughter's future welfare, though that can scarcely be when the dearest wish of her heart is about to be fulfilled; or, perhaps, as her eye wanders from the gay group around her, it rests upon a little grassy mound not far away, and she is thinking of one who would have been the fairest and the best beloved of all.

Stephen seemed to feel a little out of place, as he stood there with a gay, laughter-loving maiden clinging to his arm; but the happiest of all, if we may judge from the exterior, was James; arrived but the night before, after an absence of nearly two years. He had just been admitted to the bar, and Mr. Hall, who was present at the examination, said it was rare to meet with a young man of so much promise, and knowing his untiring industry, he had little doubt of his success in after life. So James—now a manly-looking fellow of three-and-twenty—was, after the bride, the observed of all observers; and not a few of the bride's white-robed attendants put on their most witching smile when he addressed them.

Despite of all the sunshine and festivity at a bridal, there is to me more of solemnity, almost sadness, in the scene than in any other we are called upon to witness, save that more mournful rite, when dust is returned to dust. There is a young and often thoughtless maiden, taking upon herself vows which but few understand, in the depth of their import, vows lasting as life, and on the full performance of them depends, in a great measure, the joy or misery of her future years. Then, too, in her trust and innocence, she does not dream that change can come, that the loved one will ever be less considerate, less tender, than at the present hour. True, she has been told that it may be so—but the thought is not harbored for an instant. "He never could speak coldly or unkindly to me," she murmurs, as eyes beaming with deep affection meet her own. Then, too, the proud man that stands beside her, may be but taking that gentle flower to his bosom, to cast it aside when its perfume may have become less grateful—leaving it crushed and faded; or, worse still—and still more improbable, though it is sometimes so—there may be poison lurking in the seemingly pure blossom, that will sting and embitter his future life. Oh, that woman should ever prove false to the vow of her girlhood!

All these thoughts, I say, and many more scarcely less sorrowful, come to my mind when I look upon a bridal; and tears will start, unbidden it is true, when the faces of those around are radiant with

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smiles. But perhaps few have learned with me the truthful lesson of the poet—

"Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade, and fade away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours."

How could I call up such a train of sombre thought when speaking of Mary Gordon's marriage? None doubted her husband's truth, her own deep devotion, as they crowded around when the simple rite was ended to congratulate them, and breathe a fervent wish that their joy might increase as the years of their life rolled onward. They went forth from that quiet church with new and strange feelings springing up, and as Mary looked upon the throng who still reiterated their friendly wishes, she felt an inward consciousness that God had blessed and sustained her through those years of trial and probation.

"Who *would have thought* that the deacon's Mary would ever have grown up such a fine woman?" said Aunty Gould, as she wiped her spectacles upon the corner of her new gingham apron. "The deacon himself aint got much sperit in him, and as for *Miss Gordon*, I don't believe she ever whipped one of them children in her life. She always let 'em have their own way a great deal too much to suit me. Jest think of her letting Mary go off to Lowell, in the midst of that city of iniquity, and stay three or four years, jest because James must be college larned. As if it war'n't as respectable to stay to home and be a farmer, as his father and his grandfather was before him. I have'n't much 'pinion of *him*, but Stephen Gordon is going to make the man. Steddy and industrious a'most as the deacon himself."

So we see the differences of opinion which exist in the narrowest community; for Mrs. Hall, as she turned toward her own bright home, said to her husband that Mary Gordon was a pattern to the young girls now growing up in the village. But for her honest independence and hardihood in braving the opinion of the world, her family might have been living without education, and without refinement. Now she had won for herself the love of a noble heart—could see her brother successful through her efforts, and knew that their parents were happy in feeling that they were so. "She has been the sun of that household," replied her husband, "and I doubt not will ever be the happiness of her own."

They were sitting alone—the newly made husband and wife—on the eve of their marriage-day. They were in their home, which was henceforth to be the scene of all their love and labors. The last kind friend had gone, and for the first time that day they could feel the calm, unclouded serenity which the end of a long and often wearisome toil had brought.

The moonlight trembled through the shaded casement, and surrounded as with a halo the sweet, serious face that looked out upon the night; and far around, even to the rugged mountains that rose as sentinels over the green valley, earth and air were bathed in that pure and tender radiance. The flowering shrubs that twined about the little porch seemed to give forth a more delicious perfume than when scorched by the sun's warm kiss. The neighboring orchards almost bending beneath the clusters of buds and blossoms that covered the green boughs, waved gently in the light breeze that showered the sunny petals as it passed upon the freshly springing grass beneath. The low cry of the whippo-wil came now and then from a far-off wood; save that, and the rustle of the vines clinging about the casement, no sound broke the sabbath-like repose. The church—scarce a stone's throw from the little parsonage—stood boldly relieved by the dark trees which rose beside it; and not far away—not too far for them to see by day the loved forms of its inmates—they could distinguish the sloping roofs and brown walls of Mary's early home.

The young bride turned from the scene without, and when she looked up into her husband's face he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Are you not happy, my Mary?" said he, as he drew her more closely to his bosom.

"Happy! oh, only too happy!" was the murmured response, as he kissed the tears away. "I was but thinking of my past life; how strange it seems that I should have been so prompted, so guided through all. Then, stranger than the rest that you should love one so humble, so ignorant as myself. I may tell you now—now that I am your own true wife, how your love has been the happiness of many years. Ere I dared to hope that your letters breathed more than a friendly interest—and believe me I would not indulge the thought for an instant until you had given me the right so to do—though the wish would for an instant flit across my mind—I knew that one less wise, less noble than yourself would never gain the deep affection of my heart. I almost felt that I could live through life without dearer ties, if so you would always watch my path with interest, awarding, as then, praise and blame.

"But, strange as it may seem, you did love me through all, deeply, devotedly. Oh, what is there in me to deserve such affection! and when I read those blessed words—'I love you, *Mary*, have loved you from an early period of our correspondence,' it seemed as if my heart were breaking with the excess of wild happiness which rushed like a flood upon it. How could you love me? what was there in me to create such an emotion?"

Allan Loring thought that the wife was far more beautiful than the maiden, as she stood encircled by his arms, gazing with deep earnestness, as if she would read his very soul.

"I cannot tell you all there is in you to love and admire," said he, tenderly, "and, indeed, my little wife would blush too deeply at a recital of her own merits and graces. But this I now recall, that the first emotion of deep interest which I felt for you, arose as I listened to your brother's recital of your wonderful self-denial, and persevering effort for his sake. I saw, young as you were, the germ of a high and noble nature, best developed, believe me, in the rough and untoward circumstances by which you were surrounded. I wrote to you at first, thinking, perhaps, to aid you in the struggle for knowledge and truth; and as your mind and heart were laid open

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before me, how could I help loving the guileless sincerity which every act exhibited.

I knew that the good sister, the affectionate child, could but make a true and gentle wife. So I thought myself fortunate, beyond my own hopes even, when I found you could grant me the only boon I asked, a deep and steadfast affection."

What heart is there that would not have been satisfied with such praise; and who, witnessing the calm spirit of content which animated both the husband and the wife, could have prophesied evil as the result of such a union.

We might follow our heroine still farther—might show her to you as the companion and assistant in her husband's labors of love, as he fulfilled the high mission to which he had been appointed—as the mother, training her little ones to usefulness and honor. But we will leave her now, assured that whatever storms may cloud the unshadowed morn of her wedded life—and all know that in this existence no home, however lofty or lowly, is exempt from suffering and trial—she bore a talisman to pass through all unscathed—strength, gained by patient endurance, and the knowledge of duties rightly performed.

It may be, dear lady—you who are now glancing idly over these pages—that you are surrounded by every luxury wealth can command. You are lounging, perhaps, upon a softly cushioned divan, with tiny, slippered feet half buried in the glowing carpet. There are brilliants blazing upon the delicate hand which shields your face from the warm sunlight, and as you glance around, a costly mirror reveals at full length your graceful and yielding form.

"I have no interest in such as these," you say, as the simple narrative is ended.

I pray, in truth, that you may never learn the harsh lessons of adversity; but remember, as you enjoy the elegancies of a luxurious home, that change comes to all when least expected. And if misfortune should not spare even one so young and so beautiful; if poverty or desolation overshadow the household, it may be your part to sustain and to strengthen, not only by words, but by deeds. Well rewarded should I feel, if words from this pen could aid in removing one pang, could give a tithe of the strength of mind and heart such a lesson would call forth. God shield you, dear lady; but if the storm come, *remember that honest labor elevates rather than degrades;* and those whose opinions are of value will not hesitate to confirm the truth of the moral.

LINES TO ——.

BY W. HORRY STILWELL.

A sister's love I did not ask from thee,
Though that were much—oh, more than earth hath given;
None live to bear that gentle name for me,
Though one may lisp it now, perchance, in Heaven.
I know not even, for I never felt,
The quiet yearnings of such love as this;
Thou should'st have known a deeper feeling dwelt
In the rapt glow of that impassioned kiss!

"I had no wish a *brother's* love to share"—
I did not read thy features dreamingly,
And peer into thine eye's deep azure, there
Searching *another's* depths, in revery!
I did not press, all passionless, thy hand
Or idly dally with thy taper finger,
Or coldly gaze, for I could not withstand
The high and holy hope which bade me linger!

I was not thinking of *another* then,
In thy sweet face her features imaging,
Tracing each thought-print o'er them—watching when
Hope's earnest breathings to my lips might spring;
Nor this—nor fame—though her ascending star
Might shed its glory in a halo o'er me;
No thought like this, that moment, rose to mar
The vision that in beauty stood before me!

But it was marr'd, for even then the feeling
Came o'er me, that thou never couldst be mine!
And in the cloud of sadness, gently stealing
Like a dim shadow o'er that brow of thine,
I read my destiny. Oh! life can bring
No darker doom—no woe that may inherit
So much of bitterness—no rack to ring
With deeper agony, my fainting spirit.

To dwell, in thought, upon one image still,
Till it becomes a portion of our being,
Hath fix'd its features in the eye, until
It hath become a part of sight—thus seeing,
Even in tree, and rock, and rill, and flower,
A form of borrow'd beauty, and a spell—
A spirit of unspeakable heart—power—
To move the waters in our soul's deep well!

Till every thought, that like a wavelet, breaks
Upon the surface of life's charmed pool,
Circling instinctively, unbidden, takes
Form, hue, direction, from that magic rule!
What is it but the yearning of the soul
Toward one allied to it by heavenly birth?
And seeking to unite, blend, melt the whole
Into one miracle of love on earth!

Such have my feelings been—thy soul to mine
Came robed in radiance of such heavenly hue,
My spirit clasped it as a thing divine;
And while I dreamed they into oneness grew,
I suddenly awaked, to know that vision
Had not appeared to any one but me!
Why did I learn, waked from that dream elysian,
A sister's love was all I shared with thee!

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THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF THE "DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

THERE was no inhabitant of all the East more favored by nature and by fortune than Adakar, son of Benhadad, of the famous city of Damascus, which Musselmen call the Paradise of the earth. He was young, rich, and beautiful; and being early left without parents, had run the race of sensual pleasures by the time his beard was grown. He became sated with enjoyment, and now passed much of his time in a spacious garden which belonged to him, through which the little river Barady, which flows from Mount Hermon, meandered among beds of flowers, and groves of oranges, pomegranates, and citrons, whose mingled odors perfumed the surrounding air.

Here he would recline on a sofa in listless apathy, or peevish discontent, sometimes half dozing, and, at others, inwardly complaining of the lot of man, which seemed to have ordained that the possession of that wealth which it is said can purchase all which is necessary to human enjoyment, should yet be incapable of conferring happiness. He became the victim of spleen and disappointment; and as he watched the butterflies flitting gayly about among the groves and beds of many-colored flowers, sipping their sweets, without labor or satiety, he often wished that he was like them gifted with wings to cut the trackless regions of the air, and freed from all the miseries of disappointed hope, inflamed imagination, and memory, which too often brings with it nothing but the sting of remorse. By degrees he rendered himself still more miserable by envying the happiness of these gilded epicures, and it became the dearest wish of his heart to become a butterfly, that he might pass his life among the flowers, and banquet on their sweets like them.

One day as he sat buried in these contemplations, his attention was attracted by a butterfly more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. Its body was of imperial purple, glossy and soft as velvet; its eyes shone like the diamonds of Golconda; its wings were of the color of the deep blue skies of Damascus, sprinkled with glittering stars; its motions were swift and graceful beyond all others, and it seemed to revel in the bliss of the dewy roses and honeysuckles, with a zest which made Adakar only repine the more, that he had lost the capacity of enjoyment by abusing the bounties of fortune.

"Allah!" exclaimed he, "if I were only that butterfly!" At that moment the luxurious vagrant, in the midst of its careless sports, and voluptuous banquet, became entangled in a web woven by a great black spider, which sat with eager impatience waiting until it had wound itself into the toils by its fruitless exertions, that he might seize and devour his prey. The heart of Adakar melted with pity; starting up from the spot where he was reclining, he gently seized the little glittering captive and rescued it from the fangs of the spider, which at the same instant disappeared among the foliage of the orange trees.

Adakar sat down with the butterfly in his hand, and was contemplating its beautiful colors with increasing envy as well as admiration, when he thought he heard a low silvery whisper come from he knew not whither. He gazed around wistfully, but could see no tiny thing but the little captive in his hand, and was about setting it free, when another whisper, more distinct met his ear. "Adakar," it seemed to say, "thou hast saved me from the jaws of a devouring monster. I am a fairy transformed for a time by the malice of a wicked enchanter, and fairies are never ungrateful. Ask what thou wilt and it shall be granted. Wealth thou hast already more than enough. Thou art in the enjoyment of youth, beauty and a distinguished name, for thou art descended from the Prophet, and wearest the green turban. Dost thou wish to be any thing more? If so thou hast only to ask and it shall be given thee."

"Make me a butterfly like thee!" exclaimed Adakar with eager impetuosity; and at one and the same moment the butterfly disappeared, while he became transformed into its likeness.

At first his astonishment rendered him incapable of estimating the immediate consequences of the change, and he remained on the spot where it was accomplished, until seeing the great black spider cautiously emerging from his retreat and coming toward him, he spread his glittering wings, and mounting over the tops of the minarets of Damascus, at length settled down among the flowery meadows that environ the city. Here, for a time, he was delighted with his change of being, and eagerly enjoyed the freedom of thus roaming at will, and sipping the flowery banquet. But while he was thus solacing himself, a little boy, who had approached unseen, suddenly covered him with his cap, and he became a prisoner. The boy was however greatly puzzled to secure his prey, and while slipping his hand under the cap, raised it sufficiently to permit Adakar to escape.

From this time Adakar encountered unceasing perils from wanton boys, who sought the meadows to sport or gather flowers, and soon learned that his safety depended on perpetual watchfulness. If he lighted on a flower he felt his heart beating least some secret enemy was near, and the honeyed dew, sweet as it was, became embittered by the apprehension of being caught at the banquet. In short, he lived in continual terror, and soon learned from experience that a life of fear is one of unceasing misery. Every living thing that approached was an object of dismay, and at length Adakar, who, though trans-

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formed in appearance, was not divested of the consciousness of his identity, resolved to leave the haunts of men, for the purpose of seeking refuge in some unfrequented solitude, where he might repose in peace, enjoy his freedom and his flowers, and spread his gilded wings without the great drawback of perpetual apprehension.

Accordingly, he once more mounted high into the air, and spreading his silken wings directed his course toward Mount Horeb, at the foot of which lies the city of Damascus, in whose deep recesses he sought to escape from the dangers that beset him in the neighborhood of man. Here he sported among the flowers that nodded over the precipices which border the little river Barady, as it plunges its way through the gorges of the mountain.

"Here," thought he, "I shall surely be safe, since the foot of man can never reach these inaccessible cliffs." Scarcely, however, had the thought passed over his mind, when hearing a whistling noise in the air, he cast his eyes fearfully upward and perceived a bird darting toward him with such inconceivable swiftness, that he had scarcely time to shelter himself from its talons by crouching into a hole in the rock, where he remained throbbing with fear, not daring to look out to see whether his enemy was still on the watch.

"There is no safety for me here," exclaimed Adakar, who at length gathered sufficient courage to look out from his retreat, and seeing the bird had disappeared, once more flitted away. He visited the recesses of the forest, the cultivated plains, and the solitudes of the desert, but wherever he went he found enemies watching to make him their prey, and his life was only one long series of that persecution which strength ever wages against unresisting weakness. "What," thought he, "is the use of my wings, since they only enable me to encounter new dangers, and to what purpose do I sip the dews of the opening flowers, when death is every moment staring me in the face, and enemies beset me on every side? O, that I were a man again; I would willingly resign the unbounded freedom I enjoy, for that slavery which is accompanied by security."

Thus he continued to become every day more discontented with his lot, until by degrees the autumn came, and the flowers withered and died. The frosts, too, began to shed their hoary lustre over the green fields that gradually changed their hue to that of melancholy brown, and Adakar became pinched with both hunger and cold. The brilliant colors of his body and wings faded, as if in sympathy with the waning beauties of nature; his strength and activity yielded to the approach of expiring weakness; he had provided neither food nor shelter against the coming winter; and once more death stared him in the face with an aspect more dreary and terrible than it had ever presented before. The bare earth afforded no shelter, and the withered fields no food. "O," thought he, as he felt himself dying, "O, that the fairy would once more change me into a man!"

He had scarcely uttered these words when he found himself transformed according to his wish, and the fairy butterfly once more in his place.

"Adakar," said she, in her whispering, silvery voice, "thou hast first played the butterfly as a man, and now as an insect. In both situations thou didst pursue the same course. As a man thou livedst only for the present moment, regardless of the consequences of reveling in perpetual sweets, without looking to the period when the frosts of age would chill thy imagination, and the ice of winter freeze up thy capacity for those enjoyments of sense which constituted thy sole happiness, if happiness it may be called. As a butterfly thou didst sport through the spring-time and summer without for a moment thinking of providing food and refuge against the wintry barrenness and wintry cold. Thou hast learned that the beings which live in air, sport among gardens, groves, and flowers, and traverse the climes of the earth at will, are not necessarily happier than man, since they live in perpetual fear. Be wiser in future. Be content with thy lot, assured that the only way to be happy in this and every other state of existence, is to use the blessings bestowed on us by a beneficent Providence with sober moderation, and share them among others with a chastened liberality. Thou hast been a benefactor to me, and I have repaid the obligation by enabling thee thus to learn wisdom from bitter experience. The lesson has been dearly bought, but is fully worth the price. Go, and be thankful that thou wast created a man instead of a butterfly."

The fairy disappeared, and Adaker took his way toward Damascus, where his appearance caused great surprise, most especially to a bump-backed cousin, who had taken possession of his estate, after having convinced the bashaw of Damascus, by twelve purses of gold, that he was certainly dead. Adakar was obliged to appeal to the bashaw for the restoration of his property, but failed to establish his identity. He could only account for his absence by relating his transformation into a butterfly, of which the bashaw, being blinded to the truth by the glitter of gold, would not believe one word. He decreed the estate to the cousin, and consoled the other for his loss by inflicting the bastinado. Adakar passed several years as a water-carrier, until the benevolent fairy, finding that he had completed the circle of his experience by drinking at both extremes of the fountain, wrought a second transformation, by which Adakar became changed into the likeness of his cousin, and the latter into that of Adaker, who thus regained his estate at the expense of his beauty. He became a wise as well as a good man; and devoting himself to the study of philosophy, wrote a famous treatise, in which he clearly demonstrated that men were at least as well off in this world as butterflies.

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CINCINNATI.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

When Columbus discovered the new world, he was in search of a western route to Cathay and India, whence he expected to bring back, if not treasures of gold and gems, intelligence of the wonderful land Marco Polo had described. It was not until long after the discovery of the continents of North and South America, that it was ascertained that a new region, broad as the Atlantic, lay between the ocean and the Indian Sea, as the Pacific was then called. So deep-rooted was this belief that the French colonists in Canada, long after they had begun to be formidable to their English and Hollandish neighbors, in spite of many disappointments, followed the tracery of the Ohio and Mississippi in the full confidence that this mighty current could end only in the Western Sea. They could not realize that nature in America had always acted on a grander scale than they were used to, and would have laughed, if told that not far above the mouth of the Ohio was another great artery which, by its tributaries, watered one valley, the superfices of which was larger than all Europe.

They, with their limited views, were the discoverers to Europe of the *Ohio*, which, in the language of the tribe that dwelt on the bank from which the white man first beheld it, signified *Beautiful Water*. This the French translated into their own language, and by the term of *La Belle River* it was long known in the histories of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, which, until the land the Ohio watered became the property of the second North American race, were its only chronicles. Not until a later day did it become known to the English colonists, and then so slightly, that even in the reign of Charles II authority was given to the English governor of Virginia, Sir William Berkeley, to create an hereditary order of knighthood, with high privileges and brilliant insignia, eligibility to which depended on the aspirant having crossed the Alleghany Ridge, and added something to the stock of intelligence of the region beyond, the title to all of which had been conferred by royal patent on the colony at Jamestown.

Possessed of Canada, with strongly defended positions at Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) and Fort Chartres, near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, with the even then important city of New Orleans, the wily statesmen of the reign of Louis XIV. conceived the plan of enclosing the English colonies in a network of fortifications, and ultimately of controlling the continent. So cherished was this policy that treaties made in Europe between the crowns of France and England never extended their influence to America, and for almost a century continued a series of contests, during which Montcalm, de Levi, Wolf and Braddock distinguished themselves and died. The result is well known, Canada became English, the northern point *d'appui* of the system was lost, and the Ohio was no longer under their control This prologue to the beautiful engraving of Cincinnati is given because, though Pittsburg and Louisville are important cities, Cincinnati is the undoubted queen of the river.

It was not, however, until the war of the Revolution that serious attention was generally directed to the Ohio, for the brilliant expedition of Clarke against Kaskaskia (which is almost unknown, though in difficulty and daring it far exceeded Arnold's against Quebec,) was purely military. Immediately on the termination of the war, emigrants began to hurry to the Ohio, and by one of the hardiest of these, Cincinnati was commenced in 1789. By the gradual influx of population into the west Cincinnati throve, and soon became the chief city of the region.

For a long while Cincinnati was merely the depot of the Indians and fur trade, the most valuable of the products of which required to be transported across the mountains and through forests to the sea-board. At that time Cincinnati presented a strange appearance; the houses were of logs, and here and there through the broad streets its founders so providentially prepared, were seen the hunter, in his leathern jerkin, the Indian warrior in full paint, and the husbandman returning home from his labors. Almost from the establishment of the northwest territory Cincinnati had been the home of the governor; and it was the residence of St. Clair, long the only delegate in congress of the whole north-west—a wilderness then, but now teeming with three million of men, and sending to Washington thirty-four representatives.

Cincinnati was the *point de depart* of many of the expeditions against the Indians between the revolution and the war of 1812. When that war broke out it acquired new importance. Military men replaced the hunter and Indian, and every arrival brought a reinforcement of troops. From it Taylor and Croghan marched with Gen. Harrison northward, and to it the victorious army returned from the Thames. When peace returned, a new activity was infused into Cincinnati; the vast disbursements made by the government had attracted thither many adventurers. Then commenced the era of bateau navigation, and the advent of a peculiar race of men, of whom now no trace remains. Rude boats were built and freighted with produce, which descended the river to New Orleans, where the cargo was disposed of, and the boat itself broken up and sold. The crew, after a season of dissipation, returned homeward by land, through the country inhabited by the Chactas and Chickasas, and the yet wilder region infested by thieves and pirates. It was no uncommon thing for the boatmen never to return. Exposure

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to danger made them reckless; and they were often seen floating down the bosom of the stream, with the violin sounding merrily, but with their rifles loaded, and resting against the gunwales, ready to be used whenever an emergency arose. All the west even now rings with traditions of the daring of this race; and the traveler on the waters of the west often has pointed out to him the scene of their bloody contests and quarrels.

The era of steam began, and this state of things passed away. The mighty discovery of Fulton created yet more activity in the west; and a current of trade, second in importance to none on the continent, except, perhaps, those of New York and Philadelphia, sprung from it. As the States of Kentucky and Ohio began to fill up, the farmers and planters crowded to Cincinnati with their produce, and the character of the population changed. The day of the voyageur was gone, and lines of steamboats crowded its wharf. The peculiar character of the country around it, teeming with the sustenance for animals and grazing, made it the centre of a peculiar business which, unpoetical as it may seem, doubled every year, until in 1847 it amounted to more than the value of the cotton crop of the whole Atlantic frontier.

Other branches of industry also grew up. Shipyards lined the banks of the river, and more than one stately vessel has first floated on the bosom of the Ohio, in front of Cincinnati, been freighted at its wharves, and sailed thence to the ocean, never again to return to the port of its construction.

Long before the reign of merchant princes began, stately churches, colleges, and commodious dwellings had arisen, and replaced the hut of the early settlers, so that Cincinnati, with the exception of Philadelphia, is become the most regular and beautiful city of the Union. The scene of the accumulation of large fortunes, cultivation has followed in their train, so that it is difficult for one who first visits it from the east to realize that he is seven hundred miles from the seaboard.

Fulton had by his discovery overcome the difficulties of communication, and opened a market for its immense products; but yet another discovery was to contribute to its prosperity. By means of the magnetic telegraph communication between the seaboard of the Atlantic and the lakes is more easy than between New York and Brooklyn, and with the whole west Cincinnati has acquired new importance. It can not but continue to advance and acquire yet more influence than now it has.

CLEOPATRA.

BY ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

Enchantress queen! whose empire of the heart
With sovereign sway o'er sea and land extended,
Whose peerless, haunting charms, and syren art,
Won from the imperial Cæsar conquests splendid;
Rome sent her thousands forth, and foreign powers,
Poured in thy woman's hand an empire's treasures;
Was *Fate* beside thee in those gorgeous hours
When monarchs knelt, slaves to thy merest pleasures?
When but a gesture of thy royal hand
Was to the proud Triumvirs a command.

O, bright Egyptian Queen! thy day is past
With the young Cæsar—lo! the spell is broken
That thy all-radiant beauty o'er him cast;
His eye is cold—woe! for thy grief unspoken!
Yet thy proud features wear a mask, which tells
How true thou art to thy commanding nature:—
Once more, in all thy wild bewildering spells,
Thou standest robed and crowned, imperial creature:
Thy royal barge is on the sunny sea,
Oh! sceptered queen—goest thou victoriously?

But hark! a trumpet's thrilling call "to arms!"
O'er the soft sounds of lute and lyre ringeth.
Doubt not thy matchless sovereignty of charms,
But haste—the victor of Philippi bringeth
His shielded warriors and lords renowned—
With spear and princely crest they come to meet thee,
Arrayed for triumph, and with laurels crowned,
How will their stern and haughty leader treat thee?
He comes to conquer—lo! on bended knee
The spell-bound Roman pleads, and yields to thee!

Once more the world is thine. Exultingly
Thy beautiful and stately head is lifted;
He lives but in thy smile—proud Antony—
The crowned of empire—he, the grandly gifted.
The spoils of nations at thy feet are laid—
The wealth of kingdoms for thy favor scattered:
Oh! Syren of the Nile! thy love has made
The royal Roman's ruin! crowns were shattered
And kingdoms lost. Fame, honor, glory, power,
Were playthings given to grace thy triumph-hour.

Another change!—the last for thee, doomed queen,
Now calmly on thine ivory couch reclining—
The impassioned glow hath left thy marble mien—
And from thine night-black eyes hath past the shining.
But *still* a queen! that brow, so icy cold,
Its diadem of starry jewels beareth—
Robed in the royal purple, and the gold,
No conqueror's chain that form imperial beareth.
To grace *Death*'s triumph was but left for thee,
Daughter of Afric, by the asp set free!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Universal History of the Most Remarkable Events of All Nations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, forming a Complete History of the World. Vol. 1. Ancient History. William H. Graham: New York.

This is one of the most useful works now issuing from the American press. Its publication has been commenced in this country somewhat in advance of the London and Leipsic editions, which have been previously advertised; thus securing an immediate circulation in the three great reading nations of the world. The entire work will embrace about twenty numbers, appearing at intervals of a month. The first four of these, two numbers of which are before us, are devoted to Ancient History, extending to the Fall of the Roman Empire.

No province of literature has been so modified by the vast increase of books as the writing of History. While the republican idea, which has struck such deep root into the world's politics, seems to tend toward an equalization of human intellect, it has, perhaps, made the deeps of thought shallower, and weakened the concentration and devotion of mind which marked the scholars of former centuries. The fields of knowledge, once but a small manor, have broadened into a kingdom; and, grasping at total possession, men prefer the shortest and easiest ways of obtaining it. Works of the imagination, and fictions, illustrative of life and society, which are now multiplied to an indefinite extent, unfit the common mind for those grave and serious studies which were once almost the only road to literary distinction.

The consequence of this is, that books are written with a view to their being *read;* and where the subject is addressed to the understanding alone, polished and classic language, or more frequently an assumed peculiarity of style, is used to hold the ear captive, and through it the intellect. The modern writers of history especially, seize upon scenes and situations which involve strong dramatic effect, endeavoring, as it were, to reproduce the past, by painting its events with the most vivid colors of description. They do not give the polished, stately *bas-reliefs* of the old historians, but glowing *pictures*, perhaps less distinct in their outlines, but conveying a stronger impression of real life. The works of Prescott, (who has maintained, however, a happy medium between these styles,) Michelet, Lamartine, and Carlyle, furnish striking examples of this.

The present work fills a blank which has long existed among historical works—that of a Universal History, which, embracing the prominent events of all ages, placed before the reader in a clear and comprehensive arrangement, shall yet be so simple and brief as to command the perusal of the great laboring classes, who would shrink from the study of Rollin or Rotteck, as a task too serious to be undertaken. The abridgment of Schlosser's "Weltgeschichte," which we believe has never been translated, contains these qualifications in an eminent degree; yet its high philosophical tone is rather adapted to the scholar than the general reader. Gibbon's great work, from its magnificence of language, long retained a place in popular favor, and will always be read by the diligent historical student, but of late years it has ceased to be in common use. Our knowledge of ancient history has been wonderfully extended by the study of the modern Asiatic languages, and the restoration of tongues, which had been forgotten for centuries, and the Roman Empire, which once included in its history that of the greater part of the ancient world, is almost equaled in interest and importance by the records of Egypt, India, and China. What is wanted, therefore, is a concise abstract, which shall embody the labor of all former histories and the discoveries of modern research.

The author of this work, judging from that portion of it already published, is equal to this task. He comes to it prepared by twenty years of study, and a familiar acquaintance with all the necessary authorities, not only those to whom we look for the solid record of fact, but those who have gone beneath the surface of events, and tracked the source of political convulsions by a thousand pulses back to the hidden heart of some great principle. This Philosophy of History, which has become almost a distinct branch of literature, gives vitality to the narrative, by leading us to causes which may still exist; thus connecting our interest in the Present with the fate of the Past. In this country, where every man is more or less a political philosopher, a history possessing merit of this character, is likely to become exceedingly popular.

The utility of the present work to the general reader is greatly increased by the geographical and statistical accounts of the countries, which are given in connection with their history. In fact, some knowledge of their physical character, climate, and productions is necessary to a comprehensive idea of the people who sprung up and flourished upon them. These descriptions would become still more valuable if they were accompanied with maps; and we would suggest that this defect be remedied, if possible, in the succeeding numbers.

The author has chosen the epistolary form, as combining ease of style with a certain familiar license of language, and therefore better adapted for popular instruction. Commencing at the traditionary period from which we date the origin of man, he describes the gradual formation of society, and marks out the first broad divisions of the race from which sprung the great empires of Egypt and the East. The geographical account of these countries is extended and complete, embracing also a graphic view of their modern condition. We notice that in common with several distinguished German historians, the author gives to the Hindoos the distinction of being the earliest race of men. "Above all the historical records of other nations," says he, "the Hindoos have brought forth the best evidence of the highest antiquity, and the earliest civilization. Therefore the supposition of those may be correct, who presume that man's first abode was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Himalaya mountains, which are the most stupendous on the globe."

The two remaining numbers devoted to Ancient History, will bring us down to A. D. 476. The author dedicates his work to M. A. Thiers, as the "orator, statesman, historian, and friend of liberty."

Lectures on Shakspeare. By H. N. Hudson. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

We suppose that few of our readers are unacquainted with Mr. Hudson, the lecturer on Shakspeare, and the writer of various brilliant and powerful articles in the American Review. The lectures which compose the present volume have been delivered, at various times, in the principal cities of the Union, and have everywhere been welcomed as productions of the highest merit in one of the most difficult departments of critical art. The author has delayed the publication until the present time, in order that they might

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be subjected to repeated revision, and every opinion they contain cautiously scanned. Many of the lectures have been re-written a dozen times; and probably few books of the size ever published in the country, have been the slow product of so much toil of analysis and research. Almost every sentence gives evidence of being shaped in the "forge and working-house of thought." All questions which rise naturally in the progress of the work are sturdily met and answered, however great may be their demand on the intellect or the time of the author. Every thing considered, subtilty, depth, force, brilliancy, comprehension, we know of no work of criticism ever produced in the United States which equals the present, either in refinement and profundity of thought, or splendor and intensity of expression. Indeed, none of our critics have devoted so much time as Mr. Hudson to one subject, or been content to confine themselves so rigidly to the central sun of our English literary system. We doubt, also, if there be any work on Shakspeare, produced on the other side of the Atlantic, which is so complete as the present in all which relates to Shakspeare's mind and characters. It not only comprehends the highest results of Shaksperian criticism, but it is a step forward.

This may to some appear extravagant praise, but for its justice we confidentially appeal to the record. The plays which have most severely tried the sagacity of Shakspeare's critics, are Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, and Othello. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Hudson's analysis and representation of these are the most thorough, accurate, and comprehensive which exist at present either in English or German. Compare him or these tragedies with Goethe, with Schlegel, with Coleridge, with Hazlitt, with Ulrici, and it will be found that he excels them all in completeness. It is needless to add that he is able to excel them only by coming after them; and that it is by diligently digesting all the positive results of Shaksperian criticism that he has been enabled to advance the science. He has grasped the principles which Schlegel and Coleridge established, and applied them to the discovery of new truths. By the most patient and toilsome analysis he has fully brought out many things which they simply hinted, and distinctly set forth conclusions which lay dormant in their premises. And in the analysis of individual character, meaning by that the resolving each Shaksperian personage into its original elements, and indicating the degree of general truth it covers, our countryman has hardly a rival. Few even of Shakspeare's diligent readers are aware of the vast stores of thought and knowledge implied in Shakspeare's characters, because the fact is so commonly stated in general terms. Mr. Hodson proves that the characters are classes intensely individualized, by showing how large is the number of persons each character represents, or of whom it is the ideal. He thus indicates the extent of Shakspeare's range over the whole field of humanity, and the degree of his success in *classifying* mankind. No one, therefore, can read Mr. Hudson's interpretative criticisms without new wonder at the amazing reach and depth of Shakspeare's genius.

It would be impossible in the space to which we are necessarily confined, to do justice to Mr. Hudson's powers of analysis and representation, as exercised through the wide variety of the Shaksperian drama. The volumes swarm with strong and striking thoughts on so many suggested topics, that it is difficult to fix upon any particular excellence for especial praise. The first quality which will strike the reader will be the author's opulence of expression and profusion of wit. Analogies with him are as cheap as commonplaces are to other men. He has no hesitation in announcing his analysis in a witticism, and condensing a principle into an epigram. His page often blazes and burns with wit. South, Congreve, and Sheridan are hardly richer in the precious article. In Mr. Hudson, also, the quality has an individual character, and is the racier from its genuineness and from its root in his intellectual constitution. This wit is, perhaps, the leading characteristic of his style, though his diction varies sufficiently with the varying demands of his subjects, and often glides from the tingling concussion of antithesis into the softest music, or rises from sarcastic brevity and stinging emphasis into rich and sonorous amplification. The analysis of Iago, and the analysis of the Weird Sisters, indicate, perhaps, the extremes of his manner. Throughout the volumes, whether the subject be comic or tragic, humorous or sublime, there is never any lack of verbal felicities. These seem to grow spontaneously in the soil of his mind; and there is no American writer whose style is more wholly free from worn and wasted images, phrases, and forms of expression. He is neither mediocre in thought nor expression.

We cannot resist the temptation to give a few of Mr. Hudson's sentences, illustrative of his manner of stinging the minds of his readers and enforcing their attention. Speaking of Sir Thomas Lucy, on whose manor Shakspeare is said to have poached, Hudson remarks: "This Warwickshire esquire, once so rich and mighty, is now known only as the block over which the Warwickshire peasant stumbled into immortality." Referring to those purists who regard words more than things in their strictures on licentiousness, he calls them persons "whose morality seems to be all in their ears." Speaking of Hume, "an exquisite voluptuary among political and metaphysical abstractions," he puts him in a class of men who "study art as they study nature, only in the process of dissection—a process which, of course, scares away the very life which makes her nature; so that they get, after all, but a *sort of post-mortem knowledge of her*." Again, he observes—"Pope, for example, was the prince of versifiers, and Hume the prince of logicians: with the one versification strangled itself in a tub of honey; with the other logic broke its neck in trying to fly in a vacuum. It is by no means strange, therefore, that the thousand-eyed philosophy of Shakspeare should have seemed a perfect monster to the one-eyed logic of Hume." Perhaps the finest answer to the charge that Shakspeare was an unregulated genius, full of great absurdities and great beauties, is contained in Hudson's ironical statement of it: "He has sometimes been represented as a sort of inspired and infallible idiot, who practiced a species of poetical magic without knowing what he did or why he did it; who achieved the greatest wonders of art, not by rational insight and design, but by a series of lucky accidents and *lapsus naturæ*; who, in short, went through life stumbling upon divinities, and blundering into miracles."

By the publication of these lectures Mr. Hudson takes his place among the first thinkers and writers of the country. He has that in his writings which will make him popular, and that which will make him permanent. It is unnecessary to say that a book so strongly marked by individuality as his is calculated to provoke criticism. It contains many things which will be severely assailed by those whose opinions on certain theories of government and society are in exact opposition to those of the author. Some positions, critical and political, which he confidently states as settled, are still open to discussion. But take the work as a whole, as an embodiment of mental power, and there are few men in the country on whom it would not confer honor. It needs but a very small prophetic faculty to predict for a work so fascinating and instructive a circulation commensurate with its merits.

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The Military Heroes of the Revolution. With a Narrative of the War of Independence. By Charles J. Peterson. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Leary. 487 pp. octavo.

This is one of the most elegant books which has ever been issued from the American press. The type is large and clear, and the paper is of the finest quality. It is embellished with nearly two hundred engravings, consisting of portraits of all the chief actors of the Revolution, spirited representations of almost every engagement, with numerous views of noted places. This, together with the picturesque style in which the book is written, gives a peculiar charm, and leaves on the mind of the reader impressions more vivid and lasting than any other work which we have seen on the same subject.

The design of the work is to furnish brief analytical portraits of those military heroes who, either from their superior ability or superior good fortune, played the most prominent part in the war of independence. The volume contains thirty-three biographies. Of these Washington's, Putnam's, Arnold's, Moultrie's, Warren's, Marion's, Hamilton's, and Burr's, are, in our opinion, the most spirited. The biography of Washington affords a keen analysis of that great hero's character, and conclusively proves, we think, that he was not only a great patriot, but a great general. This is a somewhat new view of his character, the fashion having been to extol his undoubted goodness at the expense of his skill, the result of positive ignorance of his character during the war of independence. Those were no weak achievements which Napoleon acknowledged to have been the examples which first fired him with the spirit and plan of his own victories! And our author justly remarks, that "if four generals in succession, beside several entire armies, failed to conquer America, it was not on account of want of talent or means on the part of the enemy, but because the genius of Washington proved too gigantic for any or all of his competitors."

The most of these biographies are, as it were, the frames to battle pictures: thus, in the history of Putnam, we have a graphic description of the contest on Bunker Hill; in that of Moultrie, of the defence of Fort Sullivan; and in that of Washington, of the battle of Trenton. The actions from the skirmish at Lexington to the surrender of Cornwallis, are all admirably and graphically told in a style animated without being florid, and chaste without being stiff. The straight forward honesty of the diction, leaves the mind of the reader to be carried on with the simple but intense spirit of the action, as if he were a spectator rather than reader. The description of the battle of Trenton is the most complete ever published.

The author, in his preface, says he does not claim exemption from errors, that no one can who writes on a subject so obscure in many respects as that of the Revolution. We think his decisions, however, are generally unimpeachable. Wherever we have been able of testing them, we have found them accurate; and this induces us to believe that in other cases he is correct. But we should like to have seen his evidence of the second battle of Assunpink, for Hull, in his diary, mentions nothing of it. We think, too, that Arnold was not personally present at Stillwater, though Burgoyne was of opinion that he was, for he complimented him for his behaviour on that occasion. We notice some misprints in the volume, a thing almost unavoidable in a book of this size; one or two are glaring ones—but these can be corrected in a second edition.

The narrative of the war, in all its relations, is well told. It gives a comprehensive picture of the rise and progress of the contest, and abounds with much new matter, showing a thorough knowledge of the great history of that period. We notice many anecdotes which we have never before seen in print.

The public has long needed a good popular history of the Revolution; for Botta's, and others of that stamp, are too long; and, beside, much new light has been lately thrown on that portion of our annals. We have such a book here, and it is for this reason that we hail it with peculiar pleasure.

We cannot close this notice without quoting the following somewhat remarkable passage from Mr. Peterson's preliminary chapter, which was evidently written long before the late events in Europe—more than two years ago, according to the preface.

"It is evident," he says, "that the old world is worn out. There are cycles in empires as well as dynasties; and Europe, after nearly two thousand years, seems to have finished another term of civilization. The most polite nation in the eastern hemisphere is now where the Roman empire was just before it verged to a decline—the same system of government—the same extremes of wealth and poverty—the same delusive prosperity characterizing both. *Europe stands on the crust of a decayed volcano, which at any time may fall in.* The social fabric in the old world is in its dotage." Part of this prediction has already been verified, and we wait with impatient expectation for the fulfillment of the rest.

Old Hicks, the Guide; or Adventures in the Comanche Country in Search of a Gold Mine. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 parts.

Here is a book "to stir a fever in the blood of age"—full of wild adventure, and running over with life. It seems to have been composed on horseback. The sentences trot, gallop, leap, toss the mane, and give all other evidences of strength and activity in the race of expression. The author fairly gives the reins to his thoughts and fancies, and they sweep along the dizziest edges of rhetoric with a jubilant hip! hip! hurrah! We have rarely known so much daring rewarded with so much success. The critic is expecting every moment to see the author break his neck by a sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, but is continually disappointed. The vigor of old Kentucky bounds in the veins and "lives along the heart" of this most stalwart and defiant Kentuckian. He charges critical batteries with the force of Harney's dragoons. We accordingly surrender at discretion. Captain Scott need but to point his rifle, and the coon comes down at once.

Seriously, Mr. Webber's book is one of the most captivating of its kind ever produced in the United States. It shows the scholar and the practiced writer amid all its rampant energy, and many passages are full of eloquence. The scenery and events are of that kind most calculated to fasten on the popular imagination. The author has a singular faculty of condensing narration and description, and bringing the scene and deed right before the eye, without any of the tedious minutiæ in which most descriptive writers indulge. Consequently his observations are flashed upon the mind of the reader rather than conveyed to it, piece by piece. If Mr. Webber would soften a little the ravenousness of his style, and treat his subjects with a little more regard to artistic propriety, he might produce a work of fiction of very great merit, both as regards plot and characterization. The present volume indicates a vitality of mind, to which creation is but an appropriate exercise. It evinces more genius than Typee or Omoo.

Cookery in America. Illustrated by Martin the Younger. Wm. H. Graham, New York.

Fair and funny. It is time that the *lex talionis* should be applied to those who have so often made themselves merry at our expense.

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MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

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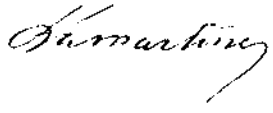
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Lamartine

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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ORNITHOLOGOI.*

BY J. M. LEGARE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Thou, sitting on the hill-top bare,
Dost see the far hills disappear
In Autumn smoke, and all the air
Filled with bright leaves. Below thee spread
Are yellow harvests, rich in bread
For winter use; while over-head
The jays to one another call,
And through the stilly woods there fall,
Ripe nuts at intervals, where'er
The squirrel, perched in upper air,
From tree-top barks at thee his fear;
His cunning eyes, mistrustingly,
Do spy at thee around the tree;
Then, prompted by a sudden whim,
Down leaping on the quivering limb,
Gains the smooth hickory, from whence
He nimbly scours along the fence
To secret haunts.

But oftener,
When Mother Earth begins to stir,
And like a Hodji who hath been
To Mecca, wears a caftan green;
When jasmines and azalias fill
The air with sweets, and down the hill
Turbid no more descends the rill;
The wonder of thy hazel eyes,
Soft opening on the misty skies—
Dost smile within thyself to see
Things uncontained in, seemingly,
The open book upon thy knee,
And through the quiet woodlands hear
Sounds full of mystery to ear
Of grosser mould—the myriad cries
That from the teeming world arise;
Which we, self-confidently wise,
Pass by unheeding. Thou didst yearn
From thy weak babyhood to learn
Arcana of creation; turn
Thy eyes on things intangible
To mortals; when the earth was still,
Hear dreamy voices on the hill,
In wavy woods, that sent a thrill
Of joyousness through thy young veins.
Ah, happy thou! whose seeking gains
All that thou lovest, man disdains
A sympathy in joys and pains
With dwellers in the long, green lanes,
With wings that shady groves explore,
With watchers at the torrent's roar,
And waders by the reedy shore;
For thou, through purity of mind,
Dost hear, and art no longer blind.

Croak! croak!—who croaketh over-head
So hoarsely, with his pinion spread,
Dabbled in blood, and dripping red?
Croak! croak!—a raven's curse on him,
The giver of this shattered limb!
Albeit young, (a hundred years,
When next the forest leaved appears,)
Will Duskywing behold this breast
Shot-riddled, or divide my nest
With weaver of so tattered vest?
I see myself, with wing awry,
Approaching. Duskywing will spy
My altered mien, and shun my eye.
With laughter bursting, through the wood
The birds will scream—she 's quite too good
For thee. And yonder meddling jay,
I hear him chatter all the day,
"He 's crippled—send the thief away!"
At every hop—"do n't let him stay."
I 'll catch thee yet, despite my wing;
For all thy fine blue plumes, thou 'lt sing
Another song!

Is 't not enough
The carrion festering we snuff,
And guttering down upon the breeze,
Release the valley from disease;
If longing for more fresh a meal,
Around the tender flock we wheel,
A marksman doth some bush conceal.
This very morn, I heard an ewe
Bleat in the thicket; there I flew,
With lazy wing slow circling round,

* Bird-voices.

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Until I spied unto the ground
A lamb by tangled brians bound.
The ewe, meanwhile, on hillock-side,
Bleat to her young—so loudly cried,
She heard it not when it replied.
Ho, ho!—a feast! I 'gan to croak,
Alighting straightway on an oak;
Whence gloatingly I eyed aslant
The little trembler lie and pant.
Leapt nimbly thence upon its head;
Down its white nostril bubbled red
A gush of blood; ere life had fled,
My beak was buried in its eyes,
Turned tearfully upon the skies—
Strong grew my croak, as weak its cries.

No longer couldst thou sit and hear
This demon prate in upper air—
Deeds horrible to maiden ear.
Begone, thou spokest. Over-head
The startled fiend his pinion spread,
And croaking maledictions, fled.

But, hark! who at some secret door
Knocks loud, and knocketh evermore?
Thou seest how around the tree,
With scarlet head for hammer, he
Probes where the haunts of insects be.
The worm in labyrinthian hole
Begins his sluggard length to roll;
But crafty Rufus spies the prey,
And with his mallet beats away
The loose bark, crumbling to decay;
Then chirping loud, with wing elate,
He bears the morsel to his mate.
His mate, she sitteth on her nest,
In sober feather plumage dressed;
A matron underneath whose breast
Three little tender heads appear.
With bills distent from ear to ear,
Each clamors for the bigger share;
And whilst they clamor, climb—and, lo!
Upon the margin, to and fro,
Unsteady poised, one wavers slow.
Stay, stay! the parents anguished shriek,
Too late; for venturesome, yet weak,
His frail legs falter under him;
He falls—but from a lower limb
A moment dangles, thence again
Launched out upon the air, in vain
He spread his little plumeless wing,
A poor, blind, dizzy, helpless thing.

But thou, who all didst see and hear,
Young, active, wast already there,
And caught the flutterer in air.
Then up the tree to topmost limb,
A vine for ladder, borest him.
Against thy cheek his little heart
Beat soft. Ah, trembler that thou art,
Thou spokest smiling; comfort thee!
With joyous cries the parents flee
Thy presence none—confidingly
Pour out their very hearts to thee.
The mockbird sees thy tenderness
Of deed; doth with melodiousness,
In many tongues, thy praise express.
And all the while, his dappled wings
He claps his sides with, as he sings,
From perch to perch his body flings:
A poet he, to ecstasy
Wrought by the sweets his tongue doth ply.

Stay, stay!—I hear a flutter now
Beneath yon flowering alder bough.
I hear a little plaintive voice
That did at early morn rejoice,
Make a most sad yet sweet complaint,
Saying, "my heart is very faint
With its unutterable wo.
What shall I do, where can I go,
My cruel anguish to abate.
Oh! my poor desolated mate,
Dear Cherry, will our haw-bush seek,
Joyful, and bearing in her beak
Fresh seeds, and such like dainties, won
By careful search. But they are gone
Whom she did brood and dote upon.
Oh! if there be a mortal ear
My sorrowful complaint to hear;
If manly breast is ever stirred
By wrong done to a helpless bird,
To them for quick redress I cry."
Moved by the tale, and drawing nigh,
On alder branch thou didst espy
How, sitting lonely and forlorn,
His breast was pressed upon a thorn,
Unknowing that he leant thereon;
Then bidding him take heart again,
Thou runnest down into the lane
To seek the doer of this wrong,
Nor under hedgerow hunted long,
When, sturdy, rude, and sun-embrowned,
A child thy earnest seeking found.
To him in sweet and modest tone
Thou madest straight thy errand known.
With gentle eloquence didst show
(Things erst he surely did not know)
How great an evil he had done;
How, when next year the mild May sun
Renewed its warmth, this shady lane
No timid birds would haunt again;
And how around his mother's door
The robins, yearly guests before—
He knew their names—would come no more;
But if his prisoners he released,
Before their little bosoms ceased
To palpitate, each coming year
Would find them gladly reappear
To sing his praises everywhere—
The sweetest, dearest songs to hear.
And afterward, when came the term
Of ripened corn, the robber worm
Would hunt through every blade and corn,
Impatient thus his smile to earn.

At first, flushed, angrily, and proud,
He answered thee with laughter loud
And brief retort. But thou didst speak
So mild, so earnestly did seek
To change his mood, in wonder first
He eyed thee; then no longer durst
Raise his bold glances to thy face,
But, looking down, began to trace,
With little, naked foot and hand,
Thoughtful devices in the sand;
And when at last thou didst relate
The sad affliction of the mate,
When to the well-known spot she came,
He hung his head for very shame;

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His penitential tears to hide,
His face averted while he cried;
"Here, take them all, I've no more pride
In climbing up to rob a nest—
I've better feelings in my breast."

Then thanking him with heart and eyes,
Thou lookest from his grasp the prize,
And bid the little freedmen rise.
But when thou sawest how too weak
Their pinions were, the nest didst seek,
And called thy client. Down he flew
Instant, and with him Cherry too;
And fluttering after, unt s few
Of the minuter feathered race
Filled with their warbling all the place.
From hedge and pendent branch and vine,
Recounted still that deed of thine;
Still sang thy praises o'er and o'er,
Gladly—more heartily, be sure,
Were praises never sung before.

Beholding thee, they understand
(These Minne-singers of the land)
How thou apart from all dost stand,
Full of great love and tenderness
For all God's creatures—these express

Thy hazel eyes. With life instinct
All things that are, to thee are linked
By subtle ties; and none so mean
Or loathsome hast thou ever seen,
But wonderous in make hath been.
Compassionate, thou seest none
Of insect tribes beneath the sun
That thou canst set thy heel upon.
A sympathy thou hast with wings
In groves, and with all living things.
Unmindful if they walk or crawl,
The same arm shelters each and all;
The shadow of the Curse and Fall
Alike impends. Ah! truly great,
Who strivest earnestly and late,
A single atom to abate,
Of helpless woe and misery.
For very often thou dost see
How sadly and how helplessly
A pleading face looks up to thee.
Therefore it is, thou canst not choose,
With petty tyranny to abuse
Thy higher gifts; and justly fear
The feeblest worm of earth or air,
In thy heart's judgment to condemn,
Since God made thee, and God made them.

DEATH:—AN INVOCATION.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Thou art no king of terrors—sweet Death!
But a maiden young and fair;
Thine eyes are bright as the spring starlight,
And golden is thy hair;
While the smile that flickers thy lips upon
Has a light beyond compare.

Come then, Death, from the dark-brown shades
Where thou hast lingered long;
Come to the haunts where sins abound
And troubles thickly throng,
And lay thy bridal kiss on the lips
Of a child of sorrow and song.

For I can gaze with a rapture deep
Upon thy lovely face;
Many a smile I find therein,
Where another a frown would trace—
As a lover would clasp his new-made bride
I will take thee to my embrace.

Come, oh, come! I long for thy look;
I weary to win thy kiss—
Bear me away from a world of wo
To a world of quiet bliss—
For in that I may kneel to God alone,
Which I may not do in this.

For woman and wealth they woo pursuit,
And a winning voice has fame;
Men labor for love and work for wealth
And struggle to gain a name;
Yet find but fickleness, need and scorn,
If not the brand of shame.

Then carry me hence, sweet Death—my Death!
Must I woo thee still in vain?
Come at the morn or come at the eve,
Or come in the sun or rain;
But come—oh, come! for the loss of life
To me is the chiefest gain.

GOLD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Alas! my heart is sick when I behold
The deep engrossing interest of wealth,
How eagerly men sacrifice their health,
Love, honor, fame and truth for sordid gold;
Dealing in sin, and wrong, and tears, and strife,
Their only aim and business in life
To gain and heap together shining store;—

Alchemists, mad as e'er were those of yore,
Transmuting every thing to glittering dross,
Wasting their energies o'er magic scrolls,
Day-books and ledgers leaden, gain and loss—
Casting the holiest feelings of their souls
High hopes, and aspirations, and desires,
Beneath their crucibles to feed th' accursed fires!

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FIEL A LA MORTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THERE was a mighty stir in the streets of Paris, as Paris' streets were in the olden time. A dense and eager mob had taken possession, at an early hour of the day, of all the environs of the Bastile, and lined the way which led thence to the Place de Greve in solid and almost impenetrable masses.

People of all conditions were there, except the very highest; but the great majority of the concourse was composed of the low populace, and the smaller bourgeoisie. Multitudes of women were there, too, from the girl of sixteen to the beldam of sixty, nor had mothers been ashamed to bring their infants in their arms into that loud and tumultuous assemblage.

Loud it was and tumultuous, as all great multitudes are, unless they are convened by purposes too resolutely dark and solemn to find any vent in noise. When that is the case, let rulers beware, for peril is at hand—perhaps the beginning of the end.

But this Parisian mob, although long before this period it had learned the use of barricades, though noisy, turbulent, and sometimes even violent in the demonstrations of its impatience, was any thing but angry or excited.

On the contrary, it seemed to be on the very tip-toe of pleasurable expectation, and from the somewhat frequent allusions to *notre bon roi*, which circulated among the better order of spectators, it would appear that the government of the Fifteenth Louis was for the moment in unusually good odor with the good folks of the metropolis.

What was the spectacle to which they were looking forward with so much glee—which had brought forth young delicate girls, and tender mothers, into the streets at so early an hour—which, as the day advanced toward ten o'clock of the morning, was tempting forth laced cloaks, and raplers, and plumed hats, and here and there, in the cumbrous carriages of the day, the proud and luxurious ladies of the gay metropolis?

One glance toward the centre of the Place de Greve was sufficient to inform the dullest, for there uprose, black, grisly, horrible, a tall stout pile of some thirty feet in height, with a huge wheel affixed horizontally to the summit.

Around this hideous instrument of torture was raised a scaffold hung with black cloth, and strewed with saw-dust, for the convenience of the executioners, about three feet lower than the wheel which surmounted it.

Around this frightful apparatus were drawn up two companies of the French guard, forming a large hollow-square facing outwards, with muskets loaded, and bayonets fixed, as if they apprehended an attempt at rescue, although from the demeanor of the people nothing appeared at that time to be further from their thoughts than any thing of the kind.

Above was the executioner-in-chief, with two grim, truculent-looking assistants, making preparations for the fearful operation they were about to perform, or leaning indolently on the instruments of slaughter.

By and bye, as the day wore onward, and the concourse kept still increasing both in numbers and in the respectability of those who composed it, something of irritation began to show itself, mingled with the eagerness and expectation of the populace, and from some murmurs, which ran from time to time through their ranks, it would seem that they apprehended the escape of their victim.

By this time the windows of all the houses which overlooked the precincts of that fatal square on which so much of noble blood has been shed through so many ages, were occupied by persons of both sexes, all of the middle, and some even of the upper classes, as eager to behold the frightful and disgusting scene, which was about to ensue, as the mere rabble in the open streets below.

The same thing was manifest along the whole line of the thoroughfare by which the fatal procession would advance, with this difference alone, that many of the houses in that quarter belonging to the high nobility, and all with few exceptions being the dwellings of opulent persons, the windows, instead of being let like seats at the opera, to any who would pay the price, were occupied by the inhabitants, coming and going from their ordinary avocations to look out upon the noisy throng, when any louder outbreak of voices called their attention to the busy scene.

Among the latter, in a large and splendid mansion, not far from the Porte St. Antoine, and commanding a direct view of the Place de la Bastille, with its esplanade, drawbridge, and principal entrance, a group was collected at one of the windows, nearly overlooking the gate itself, which seemed to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings of the day, although that interest was entirely unmixed with any thing like the brutal expectation, and morbid love of horrible excitement which characterized the temper of the multitude.

The most prominent person of this group was a singularly noble-looking man, fast verging to his fiftieth year, if he had not yet attained it. His countenance, though resolute and firm, with a clear, piercing eye, lighted up at times, for a moment, by a quick, fiery flash, was calm, benevolent, and pensive in its ordinary mood, rather than energetical or active.

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Yet it was easy to perceive that the mind, which informed it, was of the highest capacity both of intellect and imagination.

The figure and carriage of this gentleman would have sufficiently indicated that, at some period of his life, he had borne arms and led the life of a camp—which, indeed, at that day was only to say that he was a nobleman of France—but a long scar on his right brow, a little way above the eye, losing itself among the thick locks of his fine waving hair, and a small round cicatrix in the centre of his cheek, showing where a pistol ball had found entrance, proved that he had been where blows were falling thickest, and that he had not spared his own person in the *melée*.

His dress was very rich, according to the fashion of the day, though perhaps a fastidious eye might have objected that it partook somewhat of the past mode of the Regency, which had just been brought to a conclusion as my tale commences, by the resignation of the witty and licentious Philip of Orleans.

If, however, this fine-looking gentleman was the most prominent, he certainly was not the most interesting person of the company, which consisted, beside himself, of an ecclesiastic of high rank in the French church, a lady, now somewhat advanced in years, but showing the remains of beauty which, in its prime, must have been extraordinary, and of a boy in his fifteenth or sixteenth year.

For notwithstanding the eminent distinction, and high intellect of the elder nobleman, the dignity of the abbé, not unsupported by all which men look for as the outward and visible signs of that dignity, and the grace and beauty of the lady, it was upon the boy alone that the eye of every spectator would have dwelt, from the instant of its first discovering him.

He was tall of his age, and very finely made, of proportions which gave promise of exceeding strength when he should arrive at maturity, but strength uncoupled to any thing of weight or clumsiness. He was unusually free, even at this early period, from that heavy and ungraceful redundance of flesh which not unfrequently is the forerunner of athletic power in boys just bursting into manhood; for he was already as conspicuous for the thinness of his flanks, and the shapely hollow of his back, as for the depth and roundness of his chest, the breadth of his shoulders, and the symmetry of his limbs.

His head was well set on, and his whole bearing was that of one who had learned ease, and grace, and freedom, combined with dignity of carriage, in no school of practice and mannerism, but from the example of those with whom he had been brought up, and by familiar intercourse from his cradle upward with the high-born and gently nurtured of the land.

His long rich chestnut hair fell down in natural masses, undisfigured as yet by the hideous art of the court hair-dresser, on either side his fine broad forehead, and curled, untortured by the crisping-irons, over the collar of his velvet jerkin. His eyes were large and very clear, of the deepest shade of blue, with dark lashes, yet full of strong, tranquil light. All his features were regular and shapely, but it was not so much in the beauty of their form, or in the harmony of their coloring that the attractiveness of his aspect consisted, as in the peculiarity and power of his expression.

For a boy of his age, the pensiveness and composure of that expression were indeed almost unnatural, and they combined with a calm firmness and immobility of feature, which promised, I know not what of resolution and tenacity of purpose. It was not gravity, much less sternness, or sadness, that lent so powerful an expression to that young face; nor was there a single line which indicated coldness or hardness of heart, or which would have led to a suspicion that he had been schooled by those hard monitors, suffering and sorrow. No, it was pure thoughtfulness, and that of the highest and most intellectual order, which characterized the boy's expression.

Yet, though it was so thoughtful, there was nothing in the aspect whence to forebode a want of the more masculine qualifications. It was the thoughtfulness of a worker, not of a dreamer—the thoughtfulness which prepares, not unfits a man for action.

If the powers portrayed in that boy's countenance were not deceptive to the last degree, high qualities were within, and a high destiny before him.

But who, from the foreshowing and the bloom of sixteen years, may augur of the finish and the fruit of the three-score and ten, which are the sum of human toil and sorrow?

It was now nearly noon, when the outer drawbridge of the Bastile was lowered and its gate opened, and forth rode, two a-breast, a troop of the mousquetaires, or life-guard, in the bright steel casques and cuirasses, with the musquetoons, from which they derived their name, unslung and ready for action. As they issued into the wider space beyond the bridge, the troopers formed themselves rapidly into a sort of hollow column, the front of which, some eight file deep, occupied the whole width of the street, two files in close order composing each flank, and leaving an open space in the centre completely surrounded by the horsemen.

Into this space, without a moment's delay, there was driven a low black cart, or hurdle as it was technically called, of the rudest construction, drawn by four powerful black horses, a savage-faced official guiding them by the ropes which supplied the place of reins. On this ill-omened vehicle there stood three persons, the prisoner, and two of the armed wardens of the Bastile, the former ironed very heavily, and the latter bristling with offensive weapons.

Immediately in the rear of this car followed another troop of the life-guard, which closed up in the densest and most serried order around and behind the victim of the law, so as to render any attempt at rescue useless.

The person, to secure whose punishment so strong a military force had been produced, and to witness whose execution so vast a multitude was collected, was a tall, noble-looking man of forty or forty-five years, dressed in a rich mourning-habit of the day, but wearing neither hat nor mantle. His dark hair,

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mixed at intervals with thin lines of silver, was cut short behind, contrary to the usage of the times, and his neck was bare, the collar of his superbly laced shirt being folded broadly back over the cape of his pourpoint.

His face was very pale, and his complexion being naturally of the darkest, the hue of his flesh, from which all the healthful blood had receded, was strangely livid and unnatural in its appearance. Still it did not seem that it was fear which had blanched his cheeks, and stolen all the color from his compressed lip, for his eye was full of a fierce, scornful light, and all his features were set and steady with an expression of the calmest and most iron resolution.

As the fatal vehicle which bore him made its appearance on the esplanade without the gates of the prison, a deep hum of satisfaction ran through the assembled concourse, rising and deepening gradually into a savage howl like that of a hungry tiger.

Then, then blazed out the haughty spirit, the indomitable pride of the French noble! Then shame, and fear, and death itself, which he was looking even now full in the face, were all forgotten, all absorbed in his overwhelming scorn of the people!

The blood rushed in a torrent to his brow, his eye seemed to lighten forth actual fire, as he raised his right hand aloft, loaded although it was with such a mass of iron, as a Greek Athlete might have shunned to lift, and shook it at the clamorous mob, with a glare of scorn and fury that showed how, had he been at liberty, he would have dealt with the revilers of his fallen state.

"*Sacré canaille!*" he hissed through his hard-set teeth, "back to your gutters and your garbage, or follow, if you can, in silence, and learn, if ye lack not courage to look on, how a man should die."

The reproof told; for, though at the contemptuous tone and fell insult of the first words the clamor of the rabble rout waxed wilder, there was so much true dignity in the last sentiment he uttered, and the fate to which he was going was so hideous, that a key was struck in the popular heart, and thenceforth the tone of the spectators was changed altogether.

It was the exultation of the people over the downfall and disgrace of a noble that had found tongue in that savage conclamation—it was the apprehension that his dignity, and the interest of his great name, would win him pardon from the partial justice of the king, that had rendered them pitiless and savage—and now that their own cruel will was about to be gratified, as they beheld how dauntlessly the proud lord went to a death of torture, they were stricken with a sort of secret shame, and followed the dread train in sullen silence.

As the black car rolled onward, the haughty criminal turned his eyes upward, perchance from a sentiment of pride, which rendered it painful to him to meet the gaze, whether pitiful or triumphant, of the Parisian populace, and as he did so, it chanced that his glance fell on the group which I have described, as assembled at the windows of a mansion which he knew well, and in which, in happier days, he had passed gay and pleasant hours. Every eye of that group, with but one exception, was fixed upon himself, as he perceived on the instant; the lady alone having turned her head away, as unable to look upon one in such a strait, whom she had known under circumstances so widely different. There was nothing, however, in the gaze of all these earnest eyes that seemed to embarrass, much less to offend the prisoner. Deep interest, earnestness, perhaps horror, was expressed by one and all; but that horror was not, nor in anywise partook of, the abhorrence which appeared to be the leading sentiment of the populace below.

As he encountered their gaze, therefore, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his right hand upon his heart bowed low and gracefully to the windows at which his friends of past days were assembled.

The boy turned his eye quickly toward his father as if to note what return he should make to that strange salutation. If it were so, he did not remain in doubt a moment, for that nobleman bowed low and solemnly to his brother peer with a very grave and sad aspect; and even the ecclesiastic inclined his head courteously to the condemned criminal.

The boy perhaps marveled, for a look of bewilderment crossed his ingenuous features; but it passed away in an instant, and following the example of his seniors, he bent his ingenuous brow and sunny locks before the unhappy man, who never was again to interchange a salute with living mortal.

It would seem that the recipient of that last act of courtesy was gratified even beyond the expectation of those who offered it, for a faint flush stole over his livid features, from which the momentary glow of indignation had now entirely faded, and a slight smile played upon his pallid lip, while a tear—the last he should ever shed—twinkled for an instant on his dark lashes. "True," he muttered to himself approvingly—"the nobles are true ever to their order!"

The eyes of the mob likewise had been attracted to the group above, by what had passed, and at first it appeared as if they had taken umbrage at the sympathy showed to the criminal by his equals in rank; for there was manifested a little inclination to break out again into a murmured shout, and some angry words were bandied about, reflecting on the pride and party spirit of the proud lords.

But the inclination was checked instantly, before it had time to render itself audible, by a word which was circulated, no one knew whence or by whom, through the crowded ranks—"Hush! hush! it is the good Lord of St. Renan." And therewith every voice was hushed, so fickle is the fancy of a crowd, although it is very certain that four fifths of those present knew not, nor had ever heard the name of St. Renan, nor had the slightest suspicion what claims he who bore it, had either on their respect or forbearance.

The death-train passed on its way, however, unmolested by any further show of temper on the part of the crowd, and the crowd itself following the

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progress of the hurdle to the place of execution, was soon out of sight of the windows occupied by the family of the Count de St. Renan.

"Alas! unhappy Kerguelen!" exclaimed the count, with a deep and painful sigh, as the fearful procession was lost to sight in the distance. "He knows not yet half the bitterness of that which he has to undergo."

The boy looked up into his father's face with an inquiring glance, which he answered at once, still in the same subdued and solemn voice which he had used from the first.

"By the arrangement of his hair and dress I can see that he imagines he is to die as a nobleman, by the axe. May Heaven support him when he sees the disgraceful wheel."

"You seem to pity the wretch, Louis," cried the lady, who had not hitherto spoken, nor even looked toward the criminal as he was passing by the windows—"and yet he was assuredly a most atrocious criminal. A cool, deliberate, cold-blooded poisoner! Out upon it! out upon it! The wheel is fifty times too good for him!"

"He was all that you say, Marie," replied her husband gravely; "and yet I do pity him with all my heart, and grieve for him. I knew him well, though we have not met for many years, when we were both young, and there was no braver, nobler, better man within the limits of fair France. I know, too, how he loved that woman, how he trusted that man—and then to be so betrayed! It seems to me but yesterday that he led her to the altar, all tears of happiness, and soft maiden blushes. Poor Kerguelen! He was sorely tried."

"But still, my son, he was found wanting. Had he submitted him as a Christian to the punishment the good God laid upon him—"

"The world would have pronounced him a spiritless, dishonored slave, father," said the count, answering the ecclesiastic's speech before it was yet finished, "and gentlemen would have refused him the hand of fellowship."

"Was he justified then, my father?" asked the boy eagerly, who had been listening with eager attention to every word that had yet been spoken. "Do you think, then, that he was in the right; that he could not do otherwise than to slay her? I can understand that he was bound to kill the man who had basely wronged his honor—but a woman!—a woman whom he had once loved too!—that seems to me most horrible; and the mode, by a slow poison! living with her while it took effect! eating at the same board with her! sleeping by her side! that seems even more than horrible, it was cowardly!"

"God forbid, my son," replied the elder nobleman, that I should say any man was justified who had murdered another in cold blood; especially, as you have said, a woman, and by a method so terrible as poison. I only mean exactly what I said, that he was tried very fearfully, and that under such trial the best and wisest of us here below cannot say how he would act himself. Moreover, it would seem that mistaken as he was perhaps in the course which he seems to have imagined that honor demanded at his hands, he was much mistaken in the mode which he took of accomplishing his scheme of vengeance. It was made very evident upon his trial that he did nothing, even to that wretched traitress, in rage or revenge, but all as he thought in honor. He chose a drug which consumed her by a mild and gradual decay, without suffering or spasm; he gave her time for repentance, nay, it is clearly proved that he convinced her of her sin, reconciled her to the part he had taken in her death, and exchanged forgiveness with her before she passed away. I do not think myself that to commit a crime himself can clear one from dishonor cast upon him by another's act, but at the same time I cannot look upon Kerguelen's guilt as of that brutal and felonious nature which calls for such a punishment as his—to be broken alive on the wheel, like a hired stabber—much less can I assent to the stigma which is attached to him on all sides, while that base, low-lived, treacherous, cogging miscreant, who fell too honorably by his honorable sword, meets pity—God defend us from such justice and sympathy!—and is entombed with tears and honors, while the avenger is crushed, living, out of the very shape of humanity by the hands of the common hangman."

The churchman's lips moved for a moment, as if he were about to speak in reply to the false doctrines which he heard enunciated by that upright and honorable man, and good father, but, ere he spoke, he reflected that those doctrines were held at that time, throughout Christian Europe, unquestioned, and confirmed by prejudice and pride beyond all the power of argument or of religion to set them aside, or invalidate them. The law of chivalry, sterner and more inflexible than that Mosaic code requiring an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, which demanded a human life as the sacrifice for every rash word, for every wrongful action, was the law paramount of every civilized land in that day, and in France perhaps most of all lands, as standing foremost in what was then deemed civilization. And the abbé well knew that discussion of this point would only tend to bring out the opinions of the Count de St. Renan, in favor of the sanguinary code of honor, more decidedly, and consequently to confirm the mind of the young man more effectually in what he believed himself to be a fatal error.

The young man, who was evidently very deeply interested in the matter of the conversation, had devoured every word of his father, as if he had been listening to the oracles of a God; and, when he ceased, after a pause of some seconds, during which he was pondering very deeply on that which he had heard, he raised his intelligent face and said in an earnest voice.

"I see, my father, all that you have alleged in palliation of the count's crime, and I fully understand you—though I still think it the most terrible thing I ever have heard tell of. But I do not perfectly comprehend wherefore you ransack our language of all its deepest terms of contempt which to heap upon the head of the Chevalier de la Rochederrien? He

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was the count's sworn friend, she was the count's wedded wife; they both were forsworn and false, and both betrayed him. But in what was the chevalier's fault the greater or the viler?"

Those were strange days, in which such a subject could have been discussed between two wise and virtuous parents and a son, whom it was their chiefest aim in life to bring up to be a good and honorable man—that son, too, barely more than a boy in years and understanding. But the morality of those times was coarser and harder, and, if there was no more real vice, there was far less superficial delicacy in the manners of society, and the relations between men and women, than there is nowadays.

Perhaps the true course lies midway; for certainly if there was much coarseness then, there is much cant and much squeamishness now, which could be excellently well dispensed with.

Beside this, boys were brought into the great world much earlier at that period, and were made men of at an age when they would have been learning Greek and Latin, had their birth been postponed by a single century.

Then, at fifteen, they held commissions, and carried colors in the battle's front, and were initiated into all the license of the court, the camp, and the forum.

So it came that the discussion of a subject such as that which I have described, was very naturally introduced even between parents and a beloved and only son by the circumstances of the day. Morals, as regards the matrimonial contract, and the intercourse between the sexes, have at all times been lower and far less rigid among the French, than in nations of northern origin; and never at any period of the world was the morality of any country, in this respect, at so low an ebb as was France under the reign of the Fifteenth Louis.

The Count de St. Renan replied, therefore, to his son with as little restraint as if he had been his equal in age, and equally acquainted with the customs and vices of the world, although intrigue and crime were the topics of which he had to treat.

"It is quite true, Raoul," replied the count, "that so far as the unhappy Lord of Kerguelen was concerned, the guilt of the Chevalier de la Rochederrien was, as you say, no deeper, perhaps less deep than that of the miserable lady. He was, indeed, bound to Kerguelen by every tie of friendship and honor; he had been aided by his purse, backed by his sword, nay, I have heard and believe, that he owed his life to him. Yet for all that he seduced his wife; and to make it worse, if worse it could be, Kerguelen had married her from the strongest affection, and till the chevalier brought misery, and dishonor, and death upon them, there was no wedded couple in all France so virtuous or so happy."

"Indeed, sir!" replied Raoul, in tones of great emotion, staring with his large, dark eyes as if some strange sight had presented itself to him on a sudden.

"I know well, Raoul, and if you have not heard it yet, you will soon do so, when you begin to mingle with men, that there are those in society, *those* whom the world regards, moreover, as honorable men, who affect to say that he who loves a woman, whether lawfully or sinfully, is at once absolved from all considerations except how he most easily may win—or in other words—ruin her; and consequently such men would speak slightly of the chevalier's conduct toward his friend, Kerguelen, and affect to regard it as a matter of course, and a mere affair of gallantry! But I trust you will remember this, my son, that there is nothing *gallant*, nor can be, in lying, or deceit, or treachery of any kind. And further, that to look with eyes of passion on the wife of a friend, is in itself both a crime, and an act of deliberate dishonor."

"I should not have supposed, sir," replied the boy, blushing very deeply, partly it might be from the nature of the subject under discussion, and partly from the strength of his emotions, "that any cavalier could have regarded it otherwise. It seems to me that to betray a friend's honor is a far blacker thing than to betray his life—and surely no man with one pretension to honor, would attempt to justify that."

"I am happy to see, Raoul, that you think so correctly on this point. Hold to your creed, my dear boy, for there are who shall try ere long to shake it. But be sure that is the creed of honor. But, although I think La Rochederrien disgraced himself even in this, it was not for this only that I termed him, as I deem him, the very vilest and most infamous of mankind. For when he had led that poor lady into sin; when she had surrendered herself up wholly to his honor; when she had placed the greatest trust—although a guilty trust, I admit—in his faith and integrity that one human being can place in another, the base dog betrayed her. He boasted of her weakness, of Kerguelen's dishonor, of his own infamy."

"And did not they to whom he boasted of it," exclaimed the noble boy, his face flushing fiery red with excitement and indignation, "spurn him at once from their presence, as a thing unworthy and beyond the pale of law."

"No, Raoul, they laughed at him, applauded his gallant success, and jeered at the Lord of Kerguelen."

"Great heaven! and these were gentlemen!"

"They were called such, at least; gentlemen by name and descent they were assuredly, but as surely not right gentlemen at heart. Many of them, however, in cooler moments, spoke of the traitor and the braggart with the contempt and disgust he merited. Some friend of Kerguelen's heard what had passed, and deemed it his duty to inform him. The most unhappy husband called the seducer to the field, wounded him mortally, and—to increase yet more his infamy—even in the agony of death the slave confessed the whole, and craved forgiveness like a dog. Confessed the *woman's crime*—you mark me, Raoul!—had he died mute, or died even with a falsehood in his mouth, as I think he was bound to do in such extremity, affirming her innocence with his last breath, he had saved her, and perhaps spared her wretched lord the misery of knowing certainly the depth of his dishonor."

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The boy pondered for a moment or two without making any answer; and although he was evidently not altogether satisfied, probably would not have again spoken, had not his father, who read what was passing in his mind, asked him what it was that he desired to know further.

Raoul smiled at perceiving how completely his father understood him, and then said at once, without pause or hesitation—

"I understand you to say, sir, that you thought the wretched man of whom we spoke was bound, under the extremity in which he stood, to die with a falsehood in his mouth. Can a gentleman ever be justified in saying the thing that is not? Much more can it be his bounden duty to do so?"

"Unquestionably, as a rule of general conduct, he cannot. Truth is the soul of honor; and without truth, honor cannot exist. But this is a most intricate and tangled question. It never can arise without presupposing the commission of one guilty act—one act which no good or truly moral man would commit at all. It is, therefore, scarcely worth our while to examine it. But I do say, on my deliberate and grave opinion, that if a woman, previously innocent and pure, have sacrificed her honor to a man, that man is bound to sacrifice every thing, his life without a question, and I think his truth also, in order to preserve her character, so far as he can, scathless. But we will speak no more of this. It is an odious subject, and one of which, I trust, you, Raoul, will never have the sad occasion to consider."

"Oh! never, father, never! I," cried the ingenuous boy, "I must first lose my senses, and become a madman."

"All men are madmen, Raoul," said the churchman, who stood in the relation of maternal uncle to the youth, "who suffer their passions to have the mastery of them. You must learn, therefore, to be their tyrant, for if you be not, be well assured that they will be yours—and merciless tyrants they are to the wretches who become their subjects."

"I will remember what you say, sir," answered the boy, "and, indeed, I am not like to forget it, for, altogether, this is the saddest day I ever have passed; and this is the most horrible and appalling story that I ever have heard told. It was but just that the Lord of Kerguelen should die, for he did a murder; and since the law punishes that in a peasant, it must do so likewise with a noble. But to break him upon the wheel!—it is atrocious! I should have thought all the nobles of the land would have applied to the king to spare him that horror."

"Many of them did apply, Raoul; but the king, or his ministers in his name, made answer, that during the Regency the Count Horn was broken on the wheel for murder, and therefore that to behead the Lord of Kerguelen for the same offence, would be to admit that the Count was wrongfully condemned."

"Out on it! out on it! what sophistry. Count Horn murdered a banker, like a common thief, for his gold, and this unhappy lord hath done the deed for which he must suffer in a mistaken sense of honor, and with all tenderness compatible with such a deed. There is nothing similar or parallel in the two cases; and if there were, what signifies it now to Count Horn, whether he were condemned rightfully or no; are these men heathen, that they would offer a victim to the offended manes of the dead? But is there no hope, my father, that his sentence may be commute?"

"None whatsoever. Let us trust, therefore, that he has died penitent, and that his sufferings are already over; and let us pray, ere we lay us down to sleep, that his sins may be forgiven to him, and that his soul may have rest."

"Amen!" replied the boy, solemnly, at the same moment that the ecclesiastic repeated the same word, though he did so, as it would seem, less from the heart, and more as a matter of course.

Nothing further was said on that subject, and in truth the conversation ceased altogether. A gloom was cast over the spirits of all present, both by the imagination of the horrors which were in progress at that very moment, and by the recollection of the preceding enormities of which this was but the consummation; but the young Viscount Raoul was so completely engrossed by the deep thoughts which that conversation had awakened in his mind, that his father, who was a very close observer, and correct judge of human nature, almost regretted that he had spoken, and determined, if possible, to divert him from the gloomy revery into which he had fallen.

"Viscount," said he, after a silence which had endured now for many minutes, "when did you last wait upon Mademoiselle Melanie d'Arpenson?"

Raoul's eyes brightened at the name, and again the bright blush, which I noticed before, crossed his ingenuous features; but this time it was pleasure, not embarrassment, which colored his young face so vividly.

"I called yesterday, sir;" he answered, "but she was abroad with the countess, her mother. In truth, I have not seen her since Friday last."

"Why that is an age, Raoul! are you not dying to see her again by this time. At your age, I was far more gallant."

"With your permission, sir, I will go now and make my compliments to her."

"Not only my permission, Raoul, but my advice to make your best haste thither. If you go straightways, you will be sure to find her at home, for the ladies are sure not to have ventured abroad with all this uproar in the streets. Take Martin the equerry, with you, and three of the grooms. What will you ride? The new Barb I bought for you last week? Yes! as well him as any; and, hark you, boy, tell them to send Martin to me first, I will speak to him while you are beautifying yourself to please the *beaux yeux* of Mademoiselle Melanie."

"I am not sure that you are doing wisely, Louis," said the lady, as her son left the saloon, her eye following him wistfully, "in bringing Raoul up as you are doing."

"Nor I, Marie," replied her husband, gravely. "We poor, blind mortals cannot be sure of any thing,

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least of all of any thing the ends of which are incalculably distant. But in what particular do you doubt the wisdom of my method?"

"In talking to him as you do, as though he were a man already; in opening his eyes so widely to the sins and vices of the world; in discussing questions with him such as those you spoke of with him but now. He is a mere boy, you will remember, to hear tell of such things."

"Boys hear of such things early enough, I assure you—far earlier than you ladies would deem possible. For the rest, he must hear of them one day, and I think it quite as well that he should hear of them, since hear he must, with the comments of an old man, and that old man his best friend, than find them out by the teachings, and judge of them according to the light views of his young and excitable associates. He who is forewarned is fore-weaponed. I was kept pure, as it is termed—or in other words, kept ignorant of myself and of the world I was destined to live in, until one fine day I was cut loose from the apron-strings of my lady mother, and the tether of my abbé tutor, and launched head-foremost into that vortex of temptation and iniquity, the world of Paris, like a ship without a chart or a compass. A precious race I ran in consequence, for a time; and if I had not been so fortunate as to meet you, Marie, whose bright eyes brought me out, like a blessed beacon, safe from that perilous ocean, I know not but I should have suffered shipwreck, both in fortune, which is a trifle, and in character, which is every thing. No, no; if that is all in which you doubt, your fears are causeless."

"But that is not all. In this you may be right—I know not; at all events you are a fitter judge than I. But are you wise in encouraging so very strongly his fancy for Melanie d'Argenson?"

"I'faith, it is something more than a fancy, I think; the boy loves her."

"I see that, Louis, clearly; and you encourage it."

"And wherefore should I not. She is a good girl—as good as she is beautiful."

"She is an angel."

"And her mother, Marie, was your most intimate, your bosom friend."

"And now a saint in Heaven!"

"Well, what more; she is as noble as a De Rohan, or a Montmorency. She is an heiress with superb estates adjoining our own lands of St. Renan. She is, like our Raoul, an only child. And what is the most of all, I think, although it is not the mode in this dear France of ours to attach much weight to that, it is no made-up match, no cradle plighting between babes, to be made good, perhaps, by the breaking of hearts, but a genuine, natural, mutual affection between two young, sincere, innocent, artless persons—and a splendid couple they will make. What can you see to alarm you in that prospect?"

"Her father."

"The Sieur d'Argenson! Well, I confess, he is not a very charming person; but we all have our own faults or weaknesses; and, after all, it is not he whom Raoul is about to marry."

"I doubt his good faith, very sorely."

"I should doubt it too, Marie, did I see any cause which should lead him to break it. But the match is in all respects more desirable for him than it is for us. For though Mademoiselle d'Argenson is noble, rich, and handsome, the Viscount de Douarnez might be well justified in looking for a wife far higher than the daughter of a simple Sieur of Bretagne. Beside, although the children loved before any one spoke of it—before any one saw it, indeed, save I—it was d'Argenson himself who broke the subject. What, then, should induce him to play false?"

"I do not know, yet I doubt—I fear him."

"But that, Marie, is unworthy of your character, of your mind."

"Louis, she is *too* beautiful."

"I do not think Raoul will find fault with her on that score."

"Nor would one greater than Raoul."

"Whom do you mean?" cried the count, now for the first time startled.

"I have seen eyes fixed upon her in deadly admiration, which never admire but they pollute the object of their admiration."

"The king's, Marie?"

"The king's."

"And then—?"

"And then I have heard it whispered that the Baron de Beaulieu has asked her hand of the Sieur d'Argenson."

"The Baron de Beaulieu! and who the devil is the Baron de Beaulieu, that the Sieur d'Argenson should doubt for the nine hundredth part of a minute between him and the Viscount de Douarnez for the husband of his daughter?"

"The Baron de Beaulieu, count, is the very particular friend, the right hand man, and most private minister of his most Christian Majesty King Louis the Fifteenth!"

"Ha! is it possible? Do you mean that?—"

"I mean even *that*. If, by that, you mean all that is most infamous and loathsome on the part of Beaulieu, all that is most licentious on the part of the king. I believe—nay, I am well nigh sure, that there is such a scheme of villany on foot against that sweet, unhappy child; and therefore would I pause ere I urged too far my child's love toward her, lest it prove most unhappy and disastrous."

"And do you think d'Argenson capable—" exclaimed her husband—

"Of any thing," she answered, interrupting him, "of any thing that may serve his avarice or his ambition."

"Ah! it may be so. I will look to it, Marie; I will look to it narrowly. But I fear that if it be as you fancy, it is too late already—that our boy's heart is devoted to her entirely—that any break now, in one word, would be a heart-break."

"He loves her very dearly, beyond doubt," replied the lady; and she deserves it all, and is, I think, very fond of him likewise."

"And can you suppose for a moment that she will lend herself to such a scheme of infamy!"

"Never. She would die sooner."

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"I do not apprehend, then, that there will be so much difficulty as you seem to fear. This business which brought all of us Bretons up to Paris, as claimants of justice for our province, or counters of the king's grace, as they phrase it, is finished happily; and there is nothing to detain any of us in this great wilderness of stone and mortar any longer. D'Argenson told me yesterday that he should set out homeward on Wednesday next; and it is but hurrying our own preparations a little to travel with them in one party. I will see him this evening and arrange it."

"Have you ever spoken with him concerning the contract, Louis?"

"Never, directly, or in the form of a solemn proposal. But we have spoken oftentimes of the evident attachment of the children, and he has ever expressed himself gratified, and seemed to regard it as a matter of course. But hush, here comes the boy; leave us awhile and I will speak with him."

Almost before his words were ended the door was thrown open, and young Raoul entered, splendidly dressed, with his rapier at his side, and his plumed hat in his hand, as likely a youth to win a fair maid's heart as ever wore the weapon of a gentleman.

"Martin is absent, sir. He went out soon after breakfast, they tell me, to look after a pair of fine English carriage horses for the countess my mother, and has not yet returned. I ordered old Jean François to attend me with the four other grooms."

"Very well, Raoul. But look you, your head is young, and your blood hot. You will meet, it is very like, all this canaille returning from the slaughter of poor Kerguelen. Now mark me, boy, there must be no vaporing on your part, or interfering with the populace; and even if they should, as very probably may, be insolent, and utter outcries and abuse against the nobility, even bear with them. On no account strike any person, nor let your servants do so, nor encroach upon their order, unless, indeed, they should so far forget themselves as to throw stones, or to strike the first."

"And then, my father?"

"Oh, then, Raoul, you are at liberty to let your good sword feel the fresh air, and to give your horse a taste of those fine spurs you wear. But even in that case, I should advise you to use your edge rather than your point. There is not much harm done in wiping a saucy burgher across the face to mend his manners, but to pink him through the body makes it an awkward matter. And I need not tell you by no means to fire, unless you should be so beset and maltreated that you cannot otherwise extricate yourself—yet you must have your pistols loaded. In these times it is necessary always to be provided against all things. I do not, however, tell you these things now because you are likely to be attacked; but such events are always possible, and one cannot provide against such too early."

"I will observe what you say, my father. Have I your permission now to depart?"

"Not yet, Raoul, I would speak with you first a few words. This Mademoiselle Melanie is very pretty, is she not?"

"She is the most beautiful lady I have ever seen," replied the youth, not without some embarrassment.

"And as amiable and gentle as she is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. She is all gentleness and sweetness, yet is full of mirth, too, and graceful merriment."

"In one word, then, she seems to you a very sweet and lovely creature."

"Doubtless she does, my father."

"And I beseech you tell me, viscount, in what light do you appear in the eyes of this very admirable young lady?"

"Oh, sir!" replied the youth, now very much embarrassed, and blushing actually from shame.

"Nay, Raoul, I did not ask the question lightly, I assure you, or in the least degree as a jest. It becomes very important that I should know on what terms you and this fair lady stand together. You have been visiting her now almost daily, I think, during these three months last past. Do you conceive that you are very disagreeable to her?"

"Oh! I hope not, sir. It would grieve me much if I thought so."

"Well, I am to understand, then, that you think she is not blind to your merits, sir."

"I am not aware, my dear father, that I have any merits which she should be called to observe."

"Oh, yes, viscount! That is an excess of modesty which touches a little, I am afraid, on hypocrisy. You are not altogether without merits. You are young, not ill-looking, nobly born, and will, in God's good time, be rich. Then you can ride well, and dance gracefully, and are not generally ill-educated or unpolished. It is quite as necessary, my dear son, that a young man should not undervalue himself, as that he should not think of his deserts too highly. Now that you have some merits is certain—for the rest I desire frankness of you just now, and beg that you will speak out plainly. I think you love this young girl. Is it not so, Raoul?"

"I do love, sir, very dearly; with my whole heart and spirit."

"And do you feel sure that this is not a mere transient liking—that it will last, Raoul?"

"So long as life lasts in my heart, so long will my love for her last, my father."

"And you would wish to marry her?"

"Beyond all things in this world, my dear father."

"And do you think that, were her tastes and views on the subject consulted, she would say likewise?"

"I hope she would, sir. But I have never asked her."

"And her father, is he gracious when you meet him?"

"Most gracious, sir, and most kind. Indeed, he distinguishes me above all the other young gentlemen who visit there."

"You would not then despair of obtaining his consent?"

"By no means, my father, if you would be so kind as to ask it."

"And you desire that I should do so?"

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"You will make me the happiest man in all France, if you will."

"Then go your way, sir, and make the best you can of it with the young lady. I will speak myself with the Sieur d'Argenson to-night; and I do not despair any more than you do, Raoul. But look you, boy, you do not fancy, I hope, that you are going to church with your lady-love to-morrow or the next day. Two or three years hence, at the earliest, will be all in very good time. You must serve a campaign or two first, in order to show that you know how to use your sword."

"In all things, my dear father, I shall endeavor to fulfill your wishes, knowing them to be as kindly as they are wise and prudent. I owe you gratitude for every hour since I was born, but for none so much as for this, for indeed you are going to make me the happiest of men."

"Away with you, then, Sir Happiness! Betake yourself on the wings of love to your bright lady, and mind the advice of your favorite Horace, to pluck the pleasures of the passing hour, mindful how short is the sum of mortal life."

The young man embraced his father gayly, and left the room with a quick step and a joyous heart; and the jingling of his spurs, and the quick, merry clash of his scabbard on the marble staircase, told how joyously he descended its steps.

A moment afterward his father heard the clear, sonorous tones of his fine voice calling to his attendants, and yet a few seconds later the lively clatter of his horse's hoofs on the resounding pavement.

"Alas! for the happy days of youth, which are so quickly flown," exclaimed the father, as he participated the hopeful and exulting mood of his noble boy. "And, alas! for the promise of mortal happiness, which is so oft deceitful and a traitress." He paused for a few moments, and seemed to ponder, and then added with a confident and proud expression, "But I see not why one should forebode aught but success and happiness to this noble boy of mine. Thus far, every thing has worked toward the end as I would wish it. They have fallen in love naturally and of their own accord, and d'Argenson, whether he like it or no, cannot help himself. He must needs accede, proudly and joyfully, to my proposal. He knows his estates to be in my power far too deeply to resist. Nay, more, though he be somewhat selfish, and ambitious, and avaricious, I know nothing of him that should justify me in believing that he would sell his daughter's honor, even to a king, for wealth or title! My good wife is all too doubtful and suspicious. But, hark! here comes the mob, returning from that unfortunate man's execution. I wonder how he bore it."

And with the words he moved toward the window, and throwing it open, stepped out upon the spacious balcony. Here he learned speedily from the conversation of the passing crowd, that, although dreadfully shocked and startled by the first intimation of the death he was to undergo, which he received from the sight of the fatal wheel, the Lord of Kerguelen had died as becomes a proud, brave man, reconciled to the church, forgiving his enemies, without a groan or a murmur, under the protracted agonies of that most horrible of deaths, the breaking on the wheel.

Meanwhile the day passed onward, and when evening came, and the last and most social meal of the day was laid on the domestic board, young Raoul had returned from his visit to the lady of his love, full of high hopes and happy anticipations. Afterward, according to his promise, the Count de St. Renan went forth and held debate until a late hour of the night with the Sieur d'Argenson. Raoul had not retired when he came home, too restless in his youthful ardor even to think of sleep. His father brought good tidings, the father of the lady had consented, and on their arrival in Britanny the marriage contract was to be signed in form.

That was to Raoul an eventful day; and never did he forget it, or the teachings he drew from it. That day was his fate. *[To be continued.*

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Thou land whose deep forest was wide as the sea,
And heaved its broad ocean of green to the day,
Or, waked by the tempest, in terrible glee
Flung up from its billows the leaves like a spray;
The swift birds of passage still spread their fleets there,
Where sails the wild vulture, the pirate of air.

Thou land whose dark streams, like a hurrying horde
Of wilderness steeds without rider or rein,
Swept down, owning Nature alone for their lord,
Their foam flowing free on the air like a mane:—
Oh grand were thy waters which spurned as they ran
The curb of the rock and the fetters of man!

Thou land whose bright blossoms, like shells of the sea,
Of numberless shapes and of many a shade,
Begemmed thy ravines where the hidden springs be,
And crowned the black hair of the dark forest maid:—
Those flowers still bloom in the depth of the wild
To bind the white brow of the pioneer's child.

Thou land whose last hamlets were circled with maize,
And lay like a dream in the silence profound,
While murmuring its song through the dark woodland ways
The stream swept afar through the lone hunting-ground:—
Now loud anvils ring in that wild forest home
And mill-wheels are dashing the waters to foam.

Thou land where the eagle of Freedom looked down
From his eyried crag through the depths of the shade,
Or mounted at morn where no daylight can drown
The stars on their broad field of azure arrayed:—
Still, still to thy banner that eagle is true,
Encircled with stars on a heaven of blue!

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GOING TO HEAVEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Whatever our gifts may be, the love of imparting them for the good of others brings HEAVEN into the soul. MRS. CHILD.

AN old man, with a peaceful countenance, sat in a company of twelve persons. They were conversing, but he was silent. The theme upon which they were discoursing was Heaven; and each one who spoke did so with animation.

"Heaven is a place of rest," said one—"rest and peace. Oh! what sweet words! rest and peace. Here, all is labor and disquietude. There we shall have rest and peace."

"And freedom from pain," said another, whose pale cheeks and sunken eyes told many a tale of bodily suffering. "No more pain; no more sickness—the aching head will be at rest—the weary limbs find everlasting repose."

"Sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away," spoke up a third one of the company. "No more grief, no more anguish of spirit. Happy, happy change!"

"There," added a fourth, "the wounded spirit that none can bear is healed. The reed long bruised and bent by the tempests of life, finds a smiling sky, and a warm, refreshing, and healing sunshine. Oh! how my soul pants to escape from this world, and, like a bird fleeing to the mountains, get home again from its dreary exile."

"My heart expands," said another, "whenever I think of Heaven; and I long for the wings of a dove, that I may rise at once from this low, ignorant, groveling state, and bathe my whole soul in the sunlight of eternal felicity. What joy it will be to cast off this cumbersome clay; to leave this poor body behind, and spread a free wing upon the heavenly atmosphere. I shall hail with delight the happy moment which sets me free."

Thus, one after another spoke, and each one regarded Heaven as a state of happiness into which he was to come after death; but the old man still sat silent, and his eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the floor. Presently one said,

"Our aged friend says nothing. Has he no hope of Heaven? Does he not rejoice with us in the happy prospect of getting there when the silver chord shall be loosened, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain?"

The old man, thus addressed, looked around upon his companions. His face remained serene, and his eye had a heavenly expression.

"Have you not a blessed hope of Heaven? Does not your heart grow warm with sweet anticipations?" continued the last speaker.

"I never think of going to Heaven," the old man said, in a mild, quiet tone.

"Never think of going to Heaven!" exclaimed one of the most ardent of the company, his voice warming with indignation. "Are you a heathen?"

"I am one who is patiently striving to fill my allotted place in life," replied the old man, as calmly as before.

"And have you no hopes beyond the grave?" asked the last speaker.

"If I live right here, all will be right there." The old man pointed upward. "I have no anxieties about the future—no impatience—no ardent longings to pass away and be at rest, as some of you have said. I already enjoy as much of Heaven as I am prepared to enjoy, and this is all that I can expect throughout eternity. You all, my friends, seem to think that men come into Heaven when they die. You look ahead to death with pleasure, because then you think you will enter the happy state you anticipate—or rather *place*; for it is clear you regard Heaven as a place full of delights, prepared for those who may be fitted to become inhabitants thereof. But in this you are mistaken. If you do not enter Heaven before you die, you will never do so afterward. If Heaven be not formed within you, you will never find it out of you—you will never *come into it*."

These remarks offended the company, and they spoke harshly to the old man, who made no reply, but arose and retired, with a sorrowful expression on his face. He went forth and resumed his daily occupations, and pursued them diligently. Those who had been assembled with him, also went forth—one to his farm, another to his merchandize, each one forgetting all he had thought about Heaven and its felicities, and only anxious to serve natural life and get gain. Heaven was above the world to them, and, therefore, while in the world, they could only act upon the principle that governed the world; and prepare for Heaven by pious acts on the Sabbath. There was no other way to do, they believed—to attempt to bring religion down into life would only, in their view, desecrate it, and expose it to ridicule and contempt.

The old man, to whom allusion has been made, kept a store for the sale of various useful articles; those of the pious company who needed these articles as commodities of trade, or for their own use, bought of him, because they believed that he would sell them only what was of good quality. One of the most ardent of these came into the old man's store one day, holding a small package in his hand; his eye was restless, his lip compressed, and he seemed struggling to keep down a feeling of excitement.

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"Look at that," he said, speaking with some sternness, as he threw the package on the old man's counter.

The package was taken up, opened, and examined.

"Well?" said the old man, after he had made the examination, looking up with a steady eye and a calm expression of countenance.

"Well? Do n't you see what is the matter?"

"I see that this article is a damaged one," was replied.

"And yet you sold it to me for good." The tone in which this was said implied a belief that there had been an intention of wrong.

A flush warmed the pale cheek of the old man at this remark. He examined the sample before him more carefully, and then opened a barrel of the same commodity and compared its contents with the sample. They agreed. The sample from which he had bought and by which he had sold was next examined —this was in good condition and of the best quality.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the visiter with an air of triumph.

"Of what?" the old man asked.

"That you sold me a bad article for a good one."

"Intentionally?"

"You are the best judge. That lies with God and your own conscience."

"Be kind enough to return every barrel you purchased of me, and get your money."

There was a rebuke in the way this was said, which was keenly felt. An effort was made to soften the aspersion tacitly cast upon the old man's integrity, but it was received without notice.

In due time the damaged article was brought back, and the money which had been paid for it returned.

"You will not lose, I hope?" said the merchant, with affected sympathy.

"I shall lose what I paid for the article."

"Why not return it, as I have done?"

"The man from whom *I* purchased is neither honest nor responsible, as I have recently learned. He left the city last week in no very creditable manner, and no one expects to see him back again."

"That is hard; but I really do n't think you ought to lose."

"The article is not merchantable. Loss is, therefore, inevitable."

"You can, of course, sell at some price."

"Would it be right to sell, at any price, an article known to be useless—nay, worse than useless, positively injurious to any one who might use it?"

"If any one should see proper to buy from you the whole lot, knowing that it was injured, you would certainly sell. For instance, if I were to offer you two cents a pound for what I bought from you at six cents, would you not take me at my offer?"

"Will you buy at that price?"

"Yes. I will give you two cents."

"What would you do with it?"

"Sell it again. What did you suppose I would do with it? Throw it in the street?"

"To whom would you sell?"

"I 'd find a purchaser."

"At an advance?"

"A trifle."

The inquiries of the old man created a suspicion that he wished to know who was to be the second purchaser, in order that he might go to him and get a better price than was offered. This was the cause of the brief answers given to his questions. He clearly comprehended what was passing in the other's mind, but took no notice of it.

"For what purpose would the individual who purchased from you buy?" he pursued.

"To sell again."

"At a further advance, of course?"

"Certainly."

"And to some one, in all probability, who would be deceived into purchasing a worthless article."

"As likely as not; but with that I have no concern. I sell it for what it is, and ask only what it is worth."

"Is it worth anything?"

"Why—yes—I can 't say—no." The first words were uttered with hesitation; the last one with a decided emphasis. "But then it has a market value, as every article has."

"I cannot sell it to you, my friend," said the old man firmly.

"Why not?" I am sure you can't do better."

"I am not willing to become a party in wronging my neighbors. That is the reason. The article has no real value, and it would be wrong for me to take even a farthing per pound for it. You might sell it at an advance, and the purchaser from you at a still further advance, but some one would be cheated in the end, for the article never could be used."

"But the loss would be divided. It is n't right that one man should bear all. In the end it would be distributed amongst a good many, and the loss fall lightly upon each.

The good old man shook his head. "My friend," he said, laying his hand gently upon his arm—"Not very long since I heard you indulging the most ardent anticipations of Heaven. You expected to get there one of these days. Is it by acts of over-reaching your neighbor that you expect to merit Heaven? Will becoming a party to wrong make you more fitted for the company of angels who seek the good of others, and love others more than themselves? I fear you are deceiving yourself. All who come into Heaven love God: and I would ask with one of the apostles, 'If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' You have much yet to learn, my friend. Of that true religion by which Heaven is formed in man, you have not yet learned the bare rudiments."

There was a calm earnestness in the manner of the old man, and an impressiveness in the tone of his voice, that completely subdued his auditor. He felt rebuked and humbled, and went away more serious than he had come. But though serious, his mind was not free from anger, his self-love had been too deeply wounded.

After he had gone away, the property about which so much had been said, was taken and destroyed as privately as it could be done. The fact, however,

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could not be concealed. A friend of a different order from the pious one last introduced, inquired of the old man why he had done this. His answer was as follows:

"No man should live for himself alone. Each one should regard the common good, and act with a view to the common good. If all were to do so, you can easily see that we should have Heaven upon earth, from whence, alas! it has been almost entirely banished. Our various employments are means whereby we can serve others—our own good being a natural consequence. If the merchant sent out his ships to distant parts to obtain the useful commodities of other countries, in order to benefit his fellow citizens, do you not see that he would be far happier when his ships came in laden with rich produce, than if he had sought only gain for himself? And do you not also see that he would obtain for himself equal, if not greater advantages. If the builder had in view the comfort and convenience of his neighbors while erecting a house, instead of regarding only the money he was to receive for his work, he would not only perform that work more faithfully, and add to the common stock of happiness, but would lay up for himself a source of perennial satisfaction. He would not, after receiving the reward of his labor in a just return of this world's goods, lose all interest in the result of that labor; but would, instead, have a feeling of deep interior pleasure whenever he looked at a human habitation erected by his hands, arising from a consciousness that his skill had enabled him to add to the common good. The tillers of the soil, the manufacturers of its products into useful articles, the artisans of every class, the literary and professional man, all would, if moved by a regard for the welfare of the whole social body, not only act more efficiently in their callings, but would derive therefrom a delight now unimagined except by a very few. Believing thus, I could not be so blind as not to see that the only right course for me to pursue was to destroy a worthless and injurious commodity, rather than sell it at any price to one who would, for gain, either himself defraud his neighbor, or aid another in doing it. The article was not only useless, it was worse than useless. How, then, could I, with a clear conscience sell it? No—no, my friend. I am not afraid of poverty; I am not afraid of any worldly ill—but I am afraid of doing wrong to my neighbors; or of putting it in the power of any one else to do wrong. As I have said before, if every man were to look to the good of the whole, instead of turning all his thoughts in upon himself, his own interests would be better served and he would be far happier."

"That is a beautiful theory," remarked the friend, "but never can be realized in actual life. Men are too selfish. They would find no pleasure in contemplating the enjoyments of others, but would, rather, be envious of others' good. The merchant, so little does he care for the common welfare, that unless he receives the gain of his adventures, he will let his goods perish in his ware-house—to distribute them, even to the suffering, would not make him happier. And so with the product of labor in all the various grades of society. Men turn their eyes inward upon the little world of self, instead of outward upon the great social world. Few, if any, understand that they are parts of a whole, and that any disease in any other part of that whole, must affect the whole, and consequently themselves. Were this thoroughly understood, even selfishness would lead men to act less selfishly. We should indeed have Heaven upon earth if your pure theories could be brought out into actual life."

"Heaven will be found no where else by man," was replied to this.

"What!" said the friend, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that there is no Heaven for the good who bravely battle with evil in this life? Is all the reward of the righteous to be in this world?"

One of the pious company, at first introduced, came up at this moment, and hearing the last remark, comprehended, to some extent, its meaning. He was one who hoped, from pious acts of prayer, fastings, and attendance upon all the ordinances of the church, to get to Heaven at last. In the ordinary pursuits of life he was eager for gain, and men of the world dealt warily with him—they had reason; for he separated his religious from his business life.

"A most impious doctrine," he said, with indignant warmth. "Heaven upon earth! A man had better give all his passions the range, and freely enjoy the world, if there is to be no hereafter. Pain, and sorrow, and self-denial make a poor kind of Heaven, and these are all the Christian man meets here. Far better to live while we do live, say I, if our Heaven is to be here."

"What makes Heaven, my friend?" calmly asked the old man.

"Happiness. Freedom from care, and pain, and sorrow, and all the ills of this wretched life—to live in the presence of God and sing his praises forever—to make one of the blessed company who, with the four-and-twenty elders forever bow before the throne of God and the Lamb—to have rest, and peace, and unspeakable felicity forever."

"How do you expect to get into Heaven? How do you expect to unlock the golden gates of the New Jerusalem?" pursued the old man.

"By faith," was the prompt reply. "Faith unlocks these gates."

The old man shook his head, and turning to the individual with whom he had first been conversing, remarked—

"You asked me if I meant to say that there was no Heaven for the good who bravely battle with evil in this life? If all the reward of the righteous was to be in this world? God forbid! For then would I be of all men most miserable. What I said was, that Heaven would be *found* no where else but in this world, by man. Heaven must be entered into here, or it never can be entered into when men die."

"You speak in a strange language," said the individual who had joined them, in a sneering tone. "No one can understand what you mean. Certainly I do not."

"I should not think you did," quietly replied the

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old man. "But I will explain my meaning more fully—perhaps you will be able to comprehend something of what I say. Men talk a great deal about Heaven, but few understand what it means. All admit that in this life they must prepare for Heaven; but nearly all seem to think that this preparation consists in the *doing* of something as a means by which they will be entitled to enter Heaven after death, when there will be a sudden and wonderful change in all their feelings and perceptions."

"And is not that true?" asked the one who had previously spoken.

"I do not believe that it is, in the commonly understood sense."

"And pray what do you believe?"

"I believe that all in heavenly societies are engaged in doing good, and that heavenly delight is the delight which springs from a gratified love of benefiting others. And I also believe, that the beginning of Heaven with every one is on this earth, and takes place when he first makes the effort to renounce self and seek from a true desire to benefit them, the good of others. If this coming into Heaven, as I call it, does not take place here, it can never take place, for '*As the tree falls so it lies.*' Whatever is a man's internal quality when he dies that it must remain forever. If he have been a lover of self, and sought only his own good, he will remain a lover of self in the next life. But, if he have put away self-love from his heart and shunned the evils to which it would prompt him, as sins, then he comes into Heaven while still upon earth, and when he lays aside his mortal body, his heavenly life is continued. Thus you can see, that if a man do not find Heaven while in this world, he will never find it in the next. He must come into heavenly affections here, or he will never feel their warmth hereafter. Hundreds and thousands live on from day to day, thinking only of themselves, and caring only for themselves, who insanely cherish the hope that they shall get into Heaven at last. Some of these are church-going people, and partakers of its ordinances; while others expect, some time before they die, to become pious, and thus, by a 'saving faith,' secure an entrance into Heaven. Their chances of finding Heaven, at last, are about equal. And if they should be permitted to come into a heavenly society they would soon seek to escape from it. Where all were unselfish, how could one who was utterly selfish dwell? Where all sought the good of others, how could one who cared simply for his own good, remain and be happy? It could not be. If you wish to enter Heaven, my friend, you must bring heavenly life into your daily occupations."

"How can that be? Religion is too tender a plant for the world."

"Your error is a common one," replied the old man, "and arises from the fact that you do not know what religion is. Mere piety is not religion. There is a life of charity as well as a life of piety, and the latter without the former is like sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

"All know that," was replied.

"All profess to know it, but all do not know what is meant by charity."

"It is love. That every Christian man admits."

"It is love for the neighbor in activity; not a mere idle emotion of the heart. Now, how can a man best promote the good of his neighbor?—love, you know, always seeks the good of its object; in no way, it is clear, so well as by faithfully and diligently performing the duties of his office, no matter what it may be. If a judge, let him administer justice with equity and from a conscientious principle; if a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, a merchant, or an artisan, let him with all diligence do the works that his hands find to do, not merely for gain, but because it is his duty to serve the public good in that calling by which he can most efficiently do it. If he act from this high motive, from this religious principle, all that he does will be well and faithfully done. No wrong to his neighbor can result from his act. True charity is not that feeling which prompts merely to the bestowment of worldly goods for the benefit of others—in fact, true charity has very little to do with alms-giving and public benefactions. It is not a mere "love for the brethren" only, as many religious denominations think, but it is a love that embraces all mankind, and regards good as its brother wherever and in whomever it is seen."

"That every one admits."

"Admission and practice, my friend, are not always found walking in the same path. But I am not at all sure that every one admits that charity consists in a man's performing his daily uses in life with justice and judgment. By most minds charity, as well as religion, is viewed as separate from the ordinary business of man; while the truth is, there can be neither religion nor charity apart from a man's business life. If he be not charitable and religious here, he has neither charity nor religion; if he love not his neighbor whom he hath seen; if he do not deal justly and conscientiously with his neighbor whom he hath seen, how can he love God, or act justly and conscientiously toward God whom he hath not seen? How blind and foolish is more than half of mankind on this subject! They seem to think, that if they only read the Bible and attend to the ordinances of the church, and lead very pious lives on the Sabbath, that this service will be acceptable to God, and save them; while, at the same time, in their business pursuits, they seek to gain this world's goods so eagerly, that they trample heedlessly upon the rights and interests of all around them; in fact, act from the most selfish, and, consequently, infernal principles. You call R—— a very pious man, do you not?"

"I believe him to be so. We are members of the same church, and I see a good deal of him. He is superintendent of our Sabbath-school, and is active in all the various secular uses of the church."

"Do you know any thing of his business life?"

"No."

"I do. Men of the world call him a shark, so eager is he for gain. He will not steal, nor commit murder, nor break any one of the commandments so far as the laws of the state recognize these divine laws

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to be laws of common society. But, in his heart, and in act, so far as the law cannot reach him, he violates them daily. He will overreach you in a bargain, and think it all right. If your business comes in contact with his, he will use every means in his power to break you down, even to the extent of secretly attacking your credit. He will lend his money on usury, and when he has none to lend, will play the jackal to some money-lion, and get a large share of the spoil for himself. And further, if you differ in faith from him, in his heart will send you to hell with as much pleasure as he would derive from cheating you out of a dollar."

"You are too severe on R——. I cannot believe him to be what you say."

"A man's reputation among business men gives the true impression of his character, for, in business, the eagerness with which men seek their ends causes them to forget their disguises. Go and ask any man who knows R—— in business, and he will tell you that he is a sharper. That if you have any dealings with him you must keep your eyes open. I could point you to dozens of men who are as pious as he is on the Sabbath, who, in their ordinary life are no better than swindlers. The Christian religion is disgraced by thousands of such, who are far worse than those who never saw the inside of a church."

"I am afraid that you, in the warmth of your indignation against false professors, are led into the extreme of setting aside all religion; or of making it to consist alone in mere honesty and integrity of character—your moral man is all; it is morality that opens Heaven. Now mere morality, mere good works, are worth nothing, and cannot bring a man into Heaven."

"There is a life of piety, and a life of charity, my friend, as I have before said," replied the old man, "and they cannot be separated. The life of charity regards man, and the life of piety God. A man's prayers, and fastings, and pious duties on the Sabbath are nothing, if love to the neighbor, showing itself in a faithful performance of all life's varied uses that come within his sphere of action, is not operative through the week, vain hopes are all those which are built upon so crumbling a foundation as the mere life of piety. Morality, as you call it, built upon man's pride, is of little use, but morality, which is based upon a sincere desire to do good, is worth a thousand prayers from the lips of a man who inwardly hates his neighbor."

"Then I understand you to mean that religious, or pious duties are useless"—was remarked with a good deal of bitterness.

"I said," was mildly returned, "that the life of piety and the life of charity could not be separated. If a man truly loves his neighbor and seeks his good, he will come into heavenly states of mind, and will have his heart elevated, and from a consciousness that every good and perfect gift comes from God, worship him in a thankful spirit. His life of piety will make one with his life of charity. The Sabbath to him will be a day of true, not forced, spiritual life. He will rest from all natural labors, and gain strength from that rest to recommence those labors in a true spirit."

Much more was said, that need not be repeated here. The closing remarks of the old man were full of truth. It will do any one good to remember them.

"Our life is twofold. We have a natural life and a spiritual life," he said. "Our natural life delights in external things, and our spiritual life in things internal. The first regards the things of time and sense, the latter involves states and qualities of the soul. Heaven is a state of mutual love from a desire to benefit others, and whenever man's spiritual life corresponds with the life of Heaven, he is in Heaven so far as his spirit is concerned, notwithstanding his body still remains upon the earth. His heavenly life begins here, and is perfected after death. If, therefore, a man does not enter Heaven here, he cannot enter it when he dies. His state of probation is closed, and he goes to the place for which he is prepared. The means whereby man enters Heaven here, are very simple. He need only shun as sin every thing that would in any way injure his neighbors, either naturally or spiritually, and look above for the power to do this. This will effect an entrance through the straight gate. After that, the way will be plain before him, and he will walk in it with a daily increasing delight."

TO LYDIA—WITH A WATCH.

BY G. O. FOSTER

So well has time kept you, my love,
Unfaded in your prime,
That you would most ungrateful prove,
If you did not keep time.

Then let this busy monitor
Remind you how the hours
Steal, brook-like, over golden sands,
Whose banks love gems with flowers.

And when the weary day grows dark,
And skies are overcast,
Watch well this token—it will bring
The morning true and fast.

This little diamond-footed sprite,
How soft he glides along!
How quaint, yet merry, singeth he
His never-ending song!

So smoothly pass thine hours and years,
So calmly beat thy heart—
While both our souls, in concert tuned,
Nor hope nor dream apart!

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A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

BY SOLITAIRE.

A LOVE for amusement is one of those national peculiarities of the French people which neither time nor situation will ever eradicate, for, be their lot cast where it may, amid the brilliant *salons* of Paris, or on the outskirts of civilization on the western continent, they will set apart seasons for innocent mirth, in which they enter into its spirit with a joyousness totally devoid of calculation or of care. I love this trait in their character, because, perhaps, my own spirits incline to the volatile. I like not that puritanical coldness of intercourse which acts upon men as the winter winds do upon the surface of the mountain streams, freezing them into immovable propriety; and less do I delight in that festivity where calculation seems to wait on merriment. Joy at such a board can never rise to blood heat, for the jingle in the mind of cent. per cent., which rises above the constrained mirth of the assembly, will hold the guests so anchored to the consideration of profit and loss, that in vain they spread a free sail—the tide of gayety refuses to float their barks from the shoal beside which they are moored. In their seasons of gayety the French are philosophers, for while they imbibe the mirth they discard the wassail, and wine instead of being the body of their feasts, as with other nations, it is but the spice used to add a flavor to the whole. I know not that these remarks of mine have aught to do with my story, but I throw them out by way of a prelude to—some will say excuse for—what may follow.

In the winter of 1830 it was my good fortune to be the guest of an old French resident upon the northwestern frontier, and while enjoying his hospitality I had many opportunities of mingling with the *habitans* of Detroit, a town well known as one of the early French settlements on the American continent. At the period of which I write, the stranger met a warm welcome in the habitation of the simple residents—time, progress and speculation, I am told, have somewhat marred those friendly feelings. The greedy adventurer, by making his passport to their hospitality a means of profit, has planted distrust in their bosoms, and the fire of friendship no longer flashes up at the sound of an American's voice beneath their roof. To the all absorbing spirit of Mammon be ascribed the evil change.

While residing with my friend Morell, I received many invitations to join sleighing parties upon the ice, which generally terminated on the floor of some old settler's dwelling upon the borders of the Detroit, Rouge, or Ecorse rivers; where, after a merry jaunt over the frozen river, we kept the blood in circulation by participating in the pleasures of the dance. At one of these parties upon the Rouge I formed two very interesting acquaintances, one of them a beautiful girl named Estelle Beaubien, the other, Victor Druissel. Estelle was one of those dark-eyed lively brunettes formed by nature for the creation of flutterings about the hearts of the sterner sex. She was full of naive mischief, and coquetry, and having been petted into imperial sway by the flattery of her courtiers, she punished them by wielding her sceptre with autocratic despotism—tremble, heart, that owned her sway yet dared disobey her behests! In the dance she was the nimblest, in mirth the most gleeful, and in beauty peerless. Victor Druissel was a tall, dark haired young man, of powerful frame, intelligent countenance, quiet easy manners, and possessed of a bold, dark eye, through which the quick movings of his impassioned nature were much sooner learned than through his words. He appeared to be devoid of fear, and in either expeditions of pleasure or daring, with a calmness almost unnatural he led the way. He loved Estelle with all that fervor so inherent in men of his peculiar temperament, and when others fluttered around her, seemingly winning lasting favor in her eyes, he would vainly try to hide the jealousy of his nature.

When morning came Druissel insisted that I should take a seat in his cutter, as he had come alone. He would rather have taken Estelle as his companion to the city, but her careful aunt, who always accompanied her, would not trust herself behind the heels of the prancing pair of bays harnessed to Victor's sliding chariot. The sleighs were at length filled with their merry passengers, and my companion shouting *allons!* led the cavalcade. We swept over the chained tide like the wind, our horses' hoofs beating time to the merry music of their bells, and our laughter ringing out on the clear, cold air, free and unrestrained as the thoughts of youth.

"I like this," said Victor, as he leaned back and nestled in the furry robes around us. "This is fun in the old-fashioned way; innocent, unconstrained, and full of real enjoyment. A fashionable ball is all well enough in its way, but give me a dance where there is no formality continually reminding me of my 'white kids,' or where my equanimity is never disturbed by missing a figure; there old Time seldom croaks while he lingers, for the heart merriment makes him forget his mission."

On dashed our steeds over the glassy surface of the river, and soon the company we had started with was left far behind. We in due time reached Detroit, and as I leaped from the sleigh at the door of my friend's residence, Victor observed:

"To-morrow night we are invited to a party at my uncle Yeson's, at the foot of Lake St. Clair, and if you will accept a seat with me, I shall with pleasure be your courier. I promise you a night of rare enjoyment."

"You promise then," said I, "that Estelle Beaubien will be there."

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He looked calmly at me for a moment.

"What, another rival?" he exclaimed. "Now, by the mass one would think Estelle was the only fair maiden on the whole frontier. Out of pity for the rest of her sex I shall have to bind her suddenly in the bonds of Hymen, for while she is free the young men will sigh after no other beauty, and other maids must pine in neglect."

"You flatter yourself," said I. "Give me but a chance, and I will whisper a lay of love in the fair beauty's ear that will obliterate the image you have been engraving on her heart. She has listened to you, no other splendid fellow being by, but when I enter the lists look well to your seat in her affections, for I am no timid knight when a fair hand or smile is to be won."

"Come on," cried he, laughing, "I scorn to break lance with any other knight. The lists shall be free to you, the fair Estelle shall be the prize, and I dare you to a tilt at Cupid's tourney."

With this challenge he departed, and as his yet unwearied steeds bore him away, I could hear his laugh of conscious triumph mingling with the music of his horses' bells.

After a troubled sleep that day, I awoke to a consciousness of suffering. I had lost my appetite, was troubled with vertigo, and obstructed breathing, which were sure indications that the sudden change from heated rooms to the clear, cold air, sweeping over the ice-bound river, had given me a severe influenza. My promise of a tilt with Victor, or participation in further festivity, appeared abrogated, for a time at least. I kept my bed during the day, and at night applied the usual restoratives. Sleep visited my pillow, but it was of that unrefreshing character which follows disease. I tossed upon my couch in troubled dreams, amid which I fancied myself a knight of the olden time, fighting in the lists for a wreath or glove from a tourney queen. In the contest I was conscious of being overthrown, and raised myself up from the inglorious earth upon which I had been rolled, a bruised knight from head to heel. When I awoke in the morning the soreness of every joint made me half think, for a moment, that I had suffered some injury while in sleeping unconsciousness; but, waking recollection assigned a natural cause, and I bowed my fevered head to the punishment of my imprudence. An old and dignified physician was summoned to my bed-side, who felt my pulse, ordered confinement to my room, and the swallowing of a horrible looking potion, which nearly filled a common-sized tumbler. A few days care, he said, would restore me, and with his own hands he mixed my dose, placed it beside me upon a table, and departed. I venerate a kind and skillful physician; but, like all the rest of the human family, his nauseous doses I abhor. I looked at the one before me until, in imagination, I tasted its ingredients. In my fevered vision the vessel grew into a monster goblet, and soon after it assumed the shape of a huge glass tun. Methought I commenced swallowing, fearful that if I longer hesitated it would grow more vast, and then it seemed as if the dose would never be exhausted, and that my body would not contain the whole of the dreadful compound. I dropped off again from this half-dreamy state into the oblivion of deep sleep, and remained unconscious of every thing until awoke in the evening by the chiming of bells beneath my window. I had scarcely changed my position before Victor, wrapped in his fur-lined coat, walked into my room.

"Why, my dear fellow," cried he, on seeing me nestled beneath the cover, with a towel round my head by way of a night-cap, "what is all this? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh no," answered I, "only sore bones, and an embargo on the respiratory organs That mixture"—calling his attention to the tumbler—"will no doubt set all right again."

"*Pah!*" he exclaimed, twisting his face as if he had tasted it, "I hope you do n't resort to such restoratives."

"So goes the doctor's orders," said I.

"Oh, a pest on his drugs," says Victor. "Why did n't you call me in? I'm worth a dozen *regular* practitioners in such cases, especially where I am the patient. Come, up and dress, and while you are about it I will empty this potion out of the window, we will then take a seat behind the 'tinklers,' and before the night is over, I will put you through a course of exercise which has won more practice among the young than ever the wisest practitioner has been able to obtain for his most skillfully concocted healing draughts."

"I can't, positively, Victor," said I. "It would cost me my life."

"Then I will lend you one of mine, without interest," said he. "Along you must go, any how, so up at once. Think, my dear boy, of the beauty gathering now in the old mansion at the foot of Lake St. Clair."

"Think," said I, "of my sore bones."

"And then," he continued, unmindful of my remark, "think of the dash along the ice, the moon lighting your pathway, while a cluster of star-bright eyes wait to welcome your coming."

"Oh, *nonsense*," said I, "and by that I mean *your* romance. If through my imprudence I should have the star of my existence quenched, the lustre of those eyes would fail in any effort to light me up again, and that is a matter worth consideration."

Even while I talked to him I felt my health rapidly improving.

"What would the doctor say, Victor," inquired I, "if he came here and *found me out?* Nothing would convince him that it was n't a hoax, shamelessly played off upon his old age, and he would never forgive me."

"Not so," says Victor, "you can take my prescription without his knowing it, and it is as follows: First and foremost, toss his medicine out of the window, visit uncle's with me and dance until morning, get back by daylight, go to bed and take a nap before he comes, and take my word for it he will pronounce your improved state the effect of *his* medicine."

"It would be madness, and I cannot think of it," replied I, half disposed at the same time to yield.

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"Then I pronounce you no true knight," said he, "I will report to Estelle the challenge that passed between us, and be sure she will set you down in her memory as a *timid gentleman!*"

"Oh, stop," said I, "and I will save you that sneer. I know that out of pure dread of my power you wish to kill me off; but I will go, nevertheless, if it is to death, in the performance of my duty."

"What *duty* do you speak of," inquired he.

"Taking the conceit out of a coxcomb," said I.

"Bravo!" he shouted, "your blood is already in circulation, and there are hopes of you. I will now look to the horses." Indulging in a quiet laugh at his success, he descended the staircase.

It was a work of some labor to perform the toilet for my journey, but at length Dr. B.'s patient, well muffled up, placed himself beneath a load of buffalo robes, and reversing the doctor's orders, which were peremptory to keep quiet, he was going like mad, in the teeth of a strong breeze, over the surface of Detroit river.

The moon was yet an hour high above the dark forest line of the American shore, and light fleecy clouds were chasing each other across her bright disc, dimming her rays occasionally, but not enough to make traveling doubtful. A south wind swept down from the lake, along the bright line of the river, but it was not the balmy breeze which southern poets breathe of in their songs. True it had not the piercing power of the northern blast, but in passing over those frozen regions it had encountered its adversary and been chilled by his embrace. It was the first breath of spring combating with the strongly posted forces of old winter, and as they mingled, the mind could easily imagine it heard the roar of elemental strife. Now the south wind would sound like the murmur of a myriad of voices, as it rustled and roared through the dark woods lining the shore, and then it would pipe afar off as if a reserve were advancing to aid in holding the ground already occupied; anon the echo of a force would be heard close in by the bluff bordering the stream, and in a moment more, it was sweeping with all its strength and pride of power down the broad surface of the glittering ice, as if the rightfulness of its invasion scorned resistance. Sullen old winter with his frosty beard and snow-wreathed brow, sat with calm firmness at his post, sternly resolved to yield only when his power *melted* before the advancing tide of the enemy.

"Our sport on the ice is nearly at an end," remarked Victor. "This south wind, if it continues a few days, will set our present pathway afloat. Go along!" he shouted, excitedly, to his horses, following the exclamation by the lash of his whip. They dashed ahead with the speed of lightning, while the ice cracked in a frightful manner beneath the runners of our sleigh for several rods. I held my breath with apprehension, but soon we were speeding along as before.

"That was nigh being a cold bath," quietly observed Victor.

"What do you mean?" inquired I.

"Did you not see the air-hole we just passed?" he inquired in turn.

"It was at least ten yards long, and we came within six inches of being emptied into it before I noticed the opening."

I could feel my pores open—moisture was quickly forced to the surface of my skin at this announcement, and I inwardly breathed a prayer of thanks for our escape.

But a short time elapsed ere the hospitable mansion of Victor's uncle appeared in sight, with lights dancing from every window, and our good steeds, like couriers of the air, scudded over the polished surface toward these pleasant beacons. We were soon able to descry forms flitting before the window, and as we turned up the road leading from the lake to the dwelling, Victor whispered—

"I recognize the person of Estelle standing by yonder window, remember our challenge."

"I shall not forget it," said I, as we drew up before the portal.

Consigning our panting steeds to two negro boys, and divesting ourselves of extra covering, we were soon mingling in the "merrie companie." Estelle was there in all her beauty, her dark eyes beaming mischief, her graceful actions inviting attention, and her merry laugh infecting all with its gleeful cadences. Victor was deep in the toils, and willingly he yielded to the bondage of the gay coquette. Now she smiled winningly upon him, and again laughed at his tender speeches. He besought her to dance with him, and she refused, but with such an artless grace, such witching good humor, and playful cruelty, that he could not feel offended. I addressed her and she turned away from him. I had not presumption enough to suppose I could win a maiden's heart where he was my rival, but I thought that, aided by the coquetry of Estelle, I could help to torture the victim—and I set about it; nay, further, I confess that as she leaned her little ear, which peeped out from a cluster of dark curls, toward my flattering whisper, I fancied that she inclined it with pleasure; but, then, the next moment my hopes were dissipated, for she as fondly smiled on my rival.

A flourish of the music, and with one accord the company moved forward to the dance. Estelle consented to be my partner. Victor was not left alone, but his companion in the set might as well have been, for she frequently had to call his attention to herself and the figure—his eye was continually wandering truant to the next set, where he was one moment scanning with a lover's jealousy a rival's enjoyment, and the next gazing with wrapt admiration upon the beautiful figure and graceful movements of his mistress. The set was ended, and the second begun—Victor being too slow in his request for her hand, she yielded it to another eager admirer. The third set soon followed, and laughingly she again took my arm. The fourth, and she was dancing with a stranger guest. As she wound through the mazes of the dance, arching her graceful neck with a proud motion, her eye, maliciously sportive, watched the workings of jealousy which clouded Victor's brow. He did not solicit her hand again, but stood with fixed eye and swelling throat, looking out upon the

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lake. I rallied him upon his moodiness, and told him he did not bear defeat with philosophy.

"Your dancing," said he, "would win the admiration of an angel;" and his lip curled with a slight sneer.

I did not feel flattered much, that he attributed my success to my *heels* instead of my *head*, and I carelessly remarked that perhaps he felt inclined to test my superior powers in some other method. He looked at me firmly for a moment, his large, dark eye blazing, and then burst into a laugh.

"Yes," said he, "I should like to try a waltz with you upon the icy surface of the lake."

"Come on," said I, thoughtlessly, "any adventure that will cure you of conceit—you know that is my purpose here to-night."

Laughing at the remark, he led the way from the ball-room. I observed by Victor's eye and pale countenance, that he was chagrined at Estelle's treatment, and thought he was making an excuse to get out in the night air to cool his fevered passions.

"See," he said, when he descended, "there burns the torch of the Indian fishermen, far out on the lake—they are spearing salmon-trout—we will go see the sport."*

I looked out in the direction he indicated, and far away upon its glasey surface glimmered a single light, throwing its feeble ray in a bright line along the ice. The moon was down, and the broad expanse before us was wrapped in darkness, save this taper which shone through the clear, cold atmosphere.

"You are surely mad," said I, "to think of such an attempt."

"If the bare thought fills you with *fear*," he answered, "I have no desire for your company. The *dance* within, I see, is more to your mind."

Without regarding his sneer, I remarked that if he was disposed to play the madman, I was not afraid to become his keeper, it mattered not how far the fit took him.

"Come on, then," said he; and we started on our mad jaunt.

"Sam, have you a couple of saplings?" inquired Victor of the eldest negro boy.

"Yes, massa Victor, I got dem ar fixins; but what de lor you gemmen want wid such tings at de ball?"

"It is too hot in the ball-room," answered Victor; "myself and friend, therefore, wish to try a waltz on the ice."

"Yah, yah, h-e-a-h!" shouted the negro, wonderfully tickled at the novelty of the idea, "well, dat is a high kick, please goodness—guess you can't git any ob de ladies to try dat shine wid you, *h-e-a-h!*"

"We shall not *invite* them," said Victor, through his teeth.

"Well, dar is de poles, massa," said the negro, handing him a couple of saplings about twelve feet long. "You better hab a lantern wid you, too, else you can't see dat dance berry well."

"A good thought," said Victor; "give us the lantern."

* The Indians cut holes in the ice, and holding a torch over the opening, spear the salmon-trout which are attracted to the surface by the blaze.

It was procured, lighted, and together we descended the steep bluff to the lake's brink. He paused for a moment to listen—revelry sounded clearly out upon the air of night, nimble feet were treading gayly to the strains of sweet music, and high above both, yet mingling with them, was heard the merry laughter of the joyous guests. Ah, Victor, thought I, trout are not the only fish captured by brilliant lights; there is a pair dancing above, yonder, which even now is driving you to madness. I shrunk from the folly we were about to perpetrate, yet had not courage enough to dare my companion's sneer, and turn boldly back; vainly hoping he would soon tire of the exploit I followed on.

Running one pole through the ring of our lantern, and placing ourselves at each end, we took up our line of march for the light ahead. Victor seizing the end of the other sapling slid it before him to feel our way. At times the beacon would blaze up as if but an hundred yards ahead, and again it would sink to a spark, far away in the distance. The night wind was now sweeping down the lake in a tornado, sighing and laboring in its course as if pregnant with evil—afar off, at one moment, heard in a low whistle, and anon rushing around us like an army of invisible spirits, bearing us along with the whirl of their advance, and yelling a fearful war-cry in our ears. The beacon-light still beckoned us on. My companion, as if rejoicing in the fury of the tempest which roared around us, burst into a derisive laugh.

"Thunder would be fit music, now," said he, "for this pleasant little party"—and the words were scarcely uttered, ere a sound of distant thunder appeared to shake the frozen surface of the lake. The pole he was sliding before him, and of which he held but a careless grip, fell from his hands. He stooped to pick it up, but it was gone; and holding up our lantern to look for it, we beheld before us a wide opening in the ice, where the dark tide was ruffled into mimic waves by the breeze. Our sapling was floating upon its surface.

"This way," said Victor, bent in his spirit of folly to fulfill his purpose, and skirting the yawning pool, where the cold tide rolled many fathoms deep, we held on our way. We thus progressed nearly two miles, and yet the *ignus fatuus* which tempted us upon the mad journey shone as distant as ever. Our own feeble light but served to show, indistinctly, the dangers with which we were surrounded. I was young, and loved life; nay, I was even about to plead in favor of turning toward the shore that I might preserve it, when my companion, his eye burning with excitement, turned toward me, and raising his end of the sapling until the light of the lantern fell upon my face, remarked,

"You are pale—I am sorry I frightened you thus, we will return."

With a reckless pride that would not own my fears, even though death hung on my footsteps, I answered with a scornful laugh,

"Your own fears, and not mine, counsel you to such a proceeding."

"Say you so," says he, "then we will hold on

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until we cross the lake;" and with a shout he pressed forward; bending my head to the blast, I followed.

I had often heard of the suddenness with which Lake St. Clair cast off its winter covering, when visited by a southern breeze; and whether the heat of my excitement, or an actual moderation of cold in the wind sweeping over us was the fact, I am unable to determine, but I fancied its puff upon my cheek had grown soft and balmy in its character; a few drops of rain accompanied it, borne along as forerunners of a storm. While we thus journeyed, a sound like the reverberation of distant thunder again smote upon our ears, and shook the ice beneath our feet. We suddenly halted.

"There is no mistaking that," said Victor. "The ice is breaking up—we will pursue this folly no further."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a report, like that of cannon, was heard in our immediate neighborhood, and a wide crevice opened at our very feet, through which the agitated waters underneath bubbled up. We leaped it, and rushed forward.

"Haste!" cried my companion, "there is sufficient time for us yet to reach the shore before the surface moves."

"*Time*, for us, Victor," replied I, "is near an end—if we ever reach the shore, it will be floating lifeless amid the ice."

"Courage," says he, "do not despond;" and seizing my arm, we moved with speed in the direction where lights streamed from the gay and pleasant mansion which we had so madly left. Ah, how with mingled hope and fear our hearts beats, as with straining eyes we looked toward that beacon. In an instant, even as we sped along, the ice opened again before us, and ere I could check my impetus, I was, with the lantern in my hand, plunged within the flood. My companion retained his hold of me, and with herculean strength he dragged me from the dark tide upon the frail floor over which we had been speeding. In the struggle, the lantern fell from my grasp, and sunk within the whirling waters.

"Great God!" exclaimed Victor, "the field we stand upon is *moving!*—and so it was. The mass closed up the gap into which I had fallen; and we could hear the edges which formed the brink of the chasm, crushing and crumbling as they moved together in the conflict. We stood breathlessly clinging to each other, listening to the mad fury of the wind, and the awful roar of the ice which broke and surged around us. The wind moaned by us and above our heads like the wail of nature in an agony, while mingling with its voice could be distinctly heard the ominous reverberations which proclaimed a general breaking up of the whole surface of the lake. The wind and current were both driving the ice toward the Detroit river, and we could see by the lights on the shore that we were rapidly passing in that direction. A dark line, scarcely discernible, revealed where the distant shore narrowed into the straight; but the hope of ever reaching it died within me, as our small platform rose and sunk on the troubled waves.

While floating thus, held tightly in the grasp of my companion, his deep breathing fanning my cheek, I felt my senses gradually becoming wrapt with a sweet dream, and so quickly did it steal upon me, that in a few moments all the peril of our position was veiled from my mind, and I was reveling in a delightful illusion. I was floating upon an undulating field of ice, in a triumphal car, drawn by snow-white steeds, and in my path glittered a myriad gems of the icy north. My progress seemed to be as quiet as the falling of the snow-flake, and swift as the wind, which appeared drawn along with my chariot-wheels. To add to this dreamy delight, many forms of beauty, symmetrical as angels, with eyes radiant as the stars of night, floated around my pathway. Though their forms appeared superior to earth, the tender expression of their eyes was altogether human. Their etherial forms were clad in flowing robes, white as the wintry drift; coronets of icy jewels circled their brows, and glittered upon their graceful necks; their golden hair floated upon the sportive wind, as if composed of the sun's bright rays, and the effect upon the infatuated gazer at these spirit-like creations, was a desire not to break the spell, lest they should vanish from before his *entranced* vision. To add to the charm of their power they burst into music wild as the elements, but yet so plaintively sweet, that the senses yielded up in utter abandon to its soothing swell. I had neither the power nor the wish to move, but under the influence of this ravishing dream, floated along in happy silence; a blest being, attended by an angel throng, whose voluptuous forms delighted, and whose pleasing voices lulled into all the joys of fancied elysium.

From this dream I was aroused to the most painful sensations. The pangs of death can bear no comparison to the agony of throwing off this sleep. Action was attended with torture, and every move of my blood seemed as if molten lead was coursing through my veins. My companion, by every means he could think of, was forcing me back to consciousness; but I clung with the tenacity of death to my sweet dream. He dashed my body upon our floating island; he pinched my flesh, fastened his fingers into my hair, and beat me into feeling with the power of his muscular arm. Slowly the figures of my dream began to change—my triumphal car vanished—dark night succeeded the soft light which had before floated around me, and the fair forms, which had fascinated my soul by their beauty, were now changed into furies, whose voices mingling in the howl of the elements, sounded like a wail of sorrow, or a chaunt of rage. They looked into my eyes with orbs lit by burning hatred, while they seemed to lash me with whips of the biting wind, until every fibre in my frame was convulsed with rage and madness. I screamed with anguish, and grasping the muscular form of my companion, amid the loud howl of the storm, amid the roar of the crushing ice, amid the gloom of dark night upon that uncertain platform of the congealed yet moving waters, I fought with him, and struggled for the mastery. I rained blows upon his body, and he

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returned them with interest. I tried to plunge with him into the dark waters that were bubbling around us, but he held me back as if I were a child; and in impotent rage I wept at my weakness. Slowly our perilous situation again forced itself upon my mind. I became conscious that a platform, brittle as the thread of life, was all that separated me from a watery grave; and I fancied the wind was murmuring our requiem as it passed. Hope died within me; but not so my companion.

"Speak to me!" he cried; "arouse, and let me hear your voice! Shake off this stupor, or you are lost!"

"Why did you wake me?" I inquired; "while in that lethargy I was happy."

"While there is hope you should never yield to despair," said Victor. "I discovered you freezing in my arms. Come, arouse yourself more fully; Providence has designed us for another grave than the waters of Lake St. Clair, or ere this we would have been quietly resting in some of the chasms beneath. We are floating rapidly into the river, and will here find some chance to escape."

"Here, at last," answered I, despondingly, "we are likely to find our resting-place."

"Shake off this despondency!" exclaimed Victor, "it is unmanly. If we are to die, let it be in a struggle against death. We have now only to avoid being crushed between the fields of ice. Oh! that unfortunate lantern! if we had only retained it—but no matter, we will escape yet; aye, and have another dance among our friends in yonder old hospitable mansion. Courage!" he exclaimed, "see, lights are dancing opposite us upon the shore. Hark! I hear shouts."

A murmur, as of the expiring sound of a shout, rose above the roar of the ice and waters—but it failed to arouse me. The lights, though, we soon plainly discerned; and on the bluff, at the very mouth of the river, a column of flame began to rise, which cast a lurid light far over the surface of the raging lake. Some persons stood at the edge of the flood waving lighted torches; and I thought from their manner that we were discovered.

"We are safe, thank God!" says Victor. "They have discovered us!"

Hope revived again within me, and my muscles regained their strength. We were only distant about one hundred yards from shore, and rapidly nearing it, when a scene commenced, which, for the wildly terrific, exceeded aught I had ever before beheld. The force of the wind and the current had driven vast fields of ice into the mouth of the river, where it now gorged; and with frightful rapidity, and a stunning noise, the ice began to pile up in masses of several feet in height, until the channel was entirely obstructed. The dammed-up waters here boiled and bubbled, seeking a passage, and crumbling the barrier which impeded their way, dashed against it, and over it, in the mad endeavor to rush onward. The persons seen a few moments before were driven up to the bluff; and they no sooner reached there than Victor and myself, struggling amid the breaking ice and the rising flood, gained the shore; but in vain did we seek a spot upon the perpendicular sides of the bluff, where, for an instant, we could rest from the struggle. We shouted to those above, and they hailed us with a cheer, flashed their torches over our heads—but they had no power to aid us, for the ground they stood upon was thirty feet above us. Even while we were thus struggling, and with our arms outstretched toward heaven, imploring aid, the gorge, with a sound like the rumbling of an earthquake, broke away, and swept us along in its dreadful course. Now did it seem, indeed, as if we had been tempted with hope, only that we might feel to its full extent of poignancy the bitterness of absolute despair. I yielded in hopeless inactivity to the current; my companion, in the meantime, was separated from me—and I felt as if fate had singled out me, alone, as the victim; but, while thus yielding to despondency, Victor again appeared at my side, and held me within his powerful grasp. He seized me as I was about to sink through exhaustion, and dragging me after him, with superhuman strength he leaped across the floating masses of ice, recklessly and boldly daring the death that menaced us. We neared the shore where it was low; and all at once, directly before us, shot up another beacon, and a dozen torches flashed up beside it. The river again gorged below us, and the accumulating flood and ice bore us forward full fifty feet beyond the river's brink—as before, the tide again swept away the barrier, leaving us lying among the fragments of ice deposited by the retreating flood, which dashed on its course, foaming, and roaring, and flashing in the light of the blazing beacons. Locked in each other's arms, and trembling with excitement, we lay collecting our scattered senses, and endeavoring to divest us of the terrible thought that we were still at the mercy of the flood. Our friends, who had learned from the negroes the mad adventure we had started upon, now gathered around us, lifted us up from our prostrate position, and moved toward Yesson's mansion. Victor, who through the whole struggle had borne himself up with that firmness which scorns to shrink before danger, now yielded, and sunk insensible. The excitement was at an end, and the strong man had become a child. I, feeble in body, and lacking his energy in danger, now that the peril was past, felt a buoyancy and strength which I did not possess at starting out.

My companion was lifted up and borne toward his uncle's. No music sounded upon the air as we approached—no voice of mirth escaped from the portal, for all inside were hushed into grief—that grief which anticipates a loss but knows not the sum of it. Several who entered the mansion first, and myself among the number, announced the coming of Victor, who had fallen in a fainting fit; but they would not believe us—they supposed at once that we came to save them from the sudden shock of an abrupt announcement of his death, and Estelle, with a piercing cry, rushed toward the hall—those bearing his body were at the moment entering the house—rushing toward them she clung to his inanimate form, uttering the most poignant cries of anguish. A few restora-

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tives brought Victor to consciousness, and sweet were the accents of reproof which fell upon his ear with the first waking into life, for they betrayed to him the tender feelings of love which the fair Estelle had before concealed beneath her coquetry. While the tears of joy were bedewing her cheeks, on finding her lover safe, he like a skillful tactician pursued the advantage, and in a mock attitude of desperation threatened to rush out and cast himself amid the turbid waters of the lake, unless she at once promised to terminate his suspense by fixing the day of their marriage. The fair girl consented to throw around him, merely as she said for his preservation, the gentle authority of a wife, and I at once offered to seal a "quit claim" of my pretensions upon her rosy lips, but she preferred having Victor act as my attorney in the matter, and the tender negotiation was accordingly closed.

After partaking of a fragrant cup of Mocha, about the hour day was breaking, I started for home, and having arrived, I plunged beneath the blankets to rest my wearied body. Near noon I was awakened by the medical attendant feeling my pulse. On opening my eyes, the first impulse was to hide the neglected potions, which I had carelessly left exposed upon the table, but a glance partially relieved my fears about its discov ry, for I had fortunately thrown my cravat over it and hid it from view. As Victor predicted, the doctor attributed the healthy state in which he found me entirely to his prescription, and following up its supposed good effect, with a repetition of his advice to keep quiet, he departed. I could scarcely suppress a smile in his presence. Little did he dream of the remedy which had banished my fever—cold baths and excitement had produced an effect upon me far more potent than drugs, either vegetable or mineral.

A month after the events here above mentioned, I made one of a gay assembly in that same old mansion at the foot of Lake St. Clair. It was Victor's wedding-night, about to be consummated where the confession was first won, and while he sat upon one side of a sofa holding his betrothed's hand, in all the joy of undisputed possession, I on the other gave her a description of the winter-spirits which hold their revel upon the ice of the lake. While she listened her eye kindled with excitement, and she clung unconsciously and with a convulsive shudder to the person of her lover.

"You are right, Estelle," said I, "hold him fast, or they will steal him away to their deep caves beneath the waters, where their dance is, to mortal, a dance of death."

Bidding me begone, for a spiteful croaker, who was trying out of jealousy to mar her happiness, she turned confidingly to the manly form beside her, and from the noble expression beaming from his eyes imbibed a fire which defied the whole spirit-world, so deep and so strong was their assurance of devoted affection. The good priest now bade them stand up, the words were spoken, the benediction bestowed, the bride and groom congratulated, and a general joy circled the company round.

The causes which led to, and the incidents which befel, a "night on the ice," I have endeavored faithfully to rehearse, and now let me add the pleasing sequel. Victor Druissel, folded in the embrace of beauty, now pillows his head upon a bosom as fond and true as ever in its wild pulsations of coquetry made a manly heart to ache with doubt.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE SORROWFUL.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"THANKSGIVING," said the preacher.
"What hast thou,
Oh heart"—I asked—"for which to render thanks!
What—crushed and stricken—canst thou here recall
Worthy for this rejoicing. That thy home
Hath suddenly been made so desolate;
Or that the love for which thy being yearned
Through years of youth, was given but to show
How fleet are life's enjoyments? For the smile
That never more shall greet thee at the dawn,
Or the low, earnest blessing, which at eve
Merged thoughts of human love in dreams of Heaven;
That these are taken wilt thou now rejoice?
That thou art censured, where thou seekest love—
And all thy purest thoughts, are turned to ill
Soon as they knew expression? Offerest praise
That such has been thy lot in earliest youth?
"*Thou murmurer!*"—thus whispered back my heart,
"Thou—of all others—shouldst this day give thanks:
Thanks for the love which for a little space
Made thy life beautiful, and taught thee well
By precept, and example, so to act
That others might in turn be blessed by thee.
The patient love, that checked each wayward word;
The holy love, that turned thee to thy God—
Fount of all pure affection! Hadst thou dwelt
Longer in such an atmosphere, thy strength
Had yielded to the weakness of idolatry,
Forgetting Him, the Giver, in his gifts.
So He recalled them. Ay, for that rejoice,
That thou hast added treasure up in Heaven;
O, let thy heart dwell with thy treasure there;
The dream shall thus become reality.
The blessing may be resting on thy brow
Cold as it is with sorrow. Thou hast lost
The love of earth—but gained an angel's care.
And that the world views thee with curious eyes,
Wronging the pure expression of thy thoughts,—
Censure may prove to thee as finer's fire,
That purifies the gold."
Then gave I thanks,
Reproved by that low whisper. FATHER hear!
Forgive the murmurer thus in love rebuked;
And may I never cease through all to pay
This tribute to thy bounty.

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DE LAMARTINE,

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of France, was born in 1792, at Saint Pont, near Mâcon, in the Department of the Saone and Loire. His true family name is De Prat; but he took the name of De Lamartine from his uncle, whose fortune he inherited in 1820. His father and uncle were both royalists, and suffered severely from the Jacobins during the revolution. Had they lived in Paris their heads might have fallen from the block, but even in the province they did not escape persecution—a circumstance which, from the earliest youth of Lamartine, made a deep and indelible impression on his mind. His early education he received at the College of Belley, from which he returned in 1809, at the age of 18 years.

The splendor of the empire under Napoleon had no attractions for him. Though, at that period, Napoleon was extremely desirous to reconcile some of the old noble families, and for that purpose employed confidential ladies and gentlemen to correspond with the exiles and to represent to them the nobility of sentiment, and the magnanimity of the emperor; Lamartine refused to enter the service of his country under the new *régime*. So far from taking an interest in the great events of that period, he devoted himself entirely to literary studies, and improved his time by perambulating Italy. The fall of Napoleon did not affect him, for he was no friend of the first revolution, (whose last representative Napoleon still continued to be, though he had tamed it;) and when, in 1814, the elder line of Bourbons was restored, Lamartine returned from Naples, and entered, the service of Louis XVIII., as an officer of the *garde-du-corps*. With the return of Napoleon from Elba he left the military service forever.

A contemporary of Chateaubriand, Delavigne and Beranger, he now devoted himself to that species of lyric and romantic poetry which at first exasperated the French critics, but, in a very short time, won for him the European appellation of "the French Schiller." His first poems, "Méditations Poëtiques," which appeared in Paris in 1820, were received with ten times the bitter criticism that was poured out on Byron by the Scotch reviewers, but with a similar result; in less than two months a second edition was called for and published. The spirit of these poems is that of a deep but undefined religion, presentiments and fantastic dreams of another world, and the consecration of a noble and disinterested passion for the beau ideal of his youth, "Elvire," separated from him forever by the chilly hand of death. In the same year Lamartine became Secretary of the French Legation at Naples, and in 1822, Secretary of the Legation in London—Chateaubriand being at the time minister plenipotentiary.

But the author of the *Génie du Christianism, les Martyrs*, and *Bonaparte et des Bourbons*, "did not seem to have been much pleased with Lamartine, whom he treated with studied neglect, and afterward entirely forgot as minister of foreign affairs. Chateaubriand, shortly before taking the place of Mons. Decazes in London, had published his *Mémoires, lettres, et pièces authentiques touchant la vie et la mort du Duc de Berri*,"* and was then preparing to accompany the Duke of Montmorency, whom, in December 1822, he followed as minister of foreign affairs to the Congress of Verona. It is very possible that Chateaubriand, who was truly devoted to the elder branch of the Bourbons,† may at that time have discovered in Lamartine little of that political talent or devotion which could have recommended him to a diplomatic post. Chateaubriand was a man of positive convictions in politics and religion, while Lamartine, at that period, though far surpassing Chateaubriand in depth of feeling and imagination, had not yet acquired that objectiveness of thought and reflection which is indispensable to the statesman or the diplomatist.

After the dismission of Chateaubriand from the ministry, in July, 1824, Lamartine became Secretary to the French Legation at Florence. Here he wrote "*Le dernier chant du pèlerinage d'Harold*," (the Last Song of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,) which was published in Paris in 1825. Some allusions to Italy which occur in this poem, caused him a duel with Col. Pepe, a relation of General Pepe—who had commanded the Neapolitan Insurgents—in which he was severely wounded. In the same year he published

* Memoirs, Letters and Authentic Papers Touching the Life and Death of the Duke de Berry.

† He followed them in 1815 into exile; and in 1830, after the Revolution of July, spoke with fervor in defence of the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux. Chateaubriand refused to pledge the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, and left in consequence the Chamber of Peers, and a salary of 12,000 francs. From this period he devoted himself entirely to the service of the unfortunate duchess and her son. Against the exclusion of the elder branch of Bourbons he wrote "*De la nouvelle proposition relative au bannissement de Charles X. et de sa famille*." (On the New Proposition in regard to the Banishment of Charles X. and his Family,) and "*De la restoration et de la monarchie elective*." (On the Restoration and on the Elective Monarchy,) and several other pamphlets, which, after the apprehension of the duchess in France, caused his own imprisonment.

Chateaubriand, in fact, was a *political* writer as well as a poet. His "Genius of Christianity, published in 1802, reconciled Napoleon with the clergy, and his work, "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," was by Louis XVIII. himself pronounced "equal to an army."

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his "*Chant du Sacre*," (Chant of the Coronation,) in honor of Charles X., just about the time that his contemporary, Beranger, was preparing for publication his "*Chansons inédittes*," containing the most bitter sarcasm on Charles X., and for which the great *Chansonnier* was afterward condemned to nine month's imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The career of Lamartine commences in 1830, after he had been made a member of the Academy, when Beranger's muse went to sleep, because, with Charles X.'s flight from France, he declared his mission accomplished. Delavigne, in 1829, published his *Marino Faliери*.

While in London, Lamartine married a young English lady, as handsome as *spirituelle*, who had conceived a strong affection for him through his poems, which she appreciated far better than his compeer, Chateaubriand, and requited with the true *troubadour's* reward. With the accession of Louis Philippe, Lamartine left the public service and traveled through Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. Here he lost his daughter, a calamity which so preyed on his mind that it would have incapacitated him for further intellectual efforts, had he not been suddenly awakened to a new sphere of usefulness. The town of Bergues, in the Department of the North, returned him, in his absence, to the Chamber of Deputies. He accepted the place, and was subsequently again returned from his native town, Mâcon, which he represented at the period of the last Revolution, which has called him to the head of the provisional government.

It is here worthy of remark, that Lamartine, from the commencement of his political career, did not take that interest in public affairs which seriously interferred with his poetical meditations; on the contrary, it was his muse which gave direction to his politics. He took a poetical view of religion, politics, morals, society, and state; the Chambers were to him but the medium for the realization of his beaux ideals. But it must not be imagined that Lamartine's beaux ideals had a distinct form, definitive outlines, or distinguishing lights and shades. His imagination has never been plastic, and his fancy was far better pleased with the magnitude of objects than with the artistical arrangement of their details. His conceptions were grand; but he possessed little power of elaboration; and this peculiarity of his intellect he carried from literature into politics.

Shortly after his becoming a member of the French Academy, he publishes his "*Harmonies politiques et religieuses*."* Between the publication of these "Harmonies," and the "Poetical Meditations," with which he commenced his literary career, lies a cycle of ten years; but no perceptible intellectual progress or developement. True, the first effusions of a poet are chiefly marked by intensity of feeling and depth of sentiment. (What a world of emotions does not pervade Schiller's "Robbers," or Goethe's "Götz of Berlichingen, with the iron hand!") but the subsequent productions must show some advancement toward objective reality, without which it is impossible to individualize even genius. To *our* taste, the "Meditations" are superior to his "Harmonies," in other words, we prefer his præludium to the concert. The one leaves us full of expectation, the other disappoints us. Lamartine's religion is but a sentiment; his politics at that time were but a poetical conception of human society. His religion never reached the culmination point of *faith*; his politics were never condensed into a system; his liquid sympathies for mankind never left a precipitate in the form of an absorbing patriotism. When his contemporary, Beranger, electrified the masses by his "*Roi d'Yvetot*," and "*le Senateur*," (in 1813,) Lamartine quietly mused in Naples, and in 1814 entered the body guard of Louis XVIII, when Cormenin resigned his place as counsellor of state, to serve as a volunteer in Napoleon's army.

Lamartine's political career did not, at first, interfere with his literary occupation, it was merely an agreeable pastime—a respite from his most ardent and congenial labors. In 1835 appeared his "*Souvenirs, impressions, pensées et paysages pendant un voyage en Orient, &c.*"* This work, though written from personal observations, is any thing but a description of travels, or a faithful delineation of Eastern scenery or character. It is all poetry, without a sufficient substratum of reality—a dream of the Eastern world with its primitive vigor and sadness, but wholly destitute of either antiquarian research or living pictures. Lamartine gives us a picture of the East by candle-light—a high-wrought picture, certainly; but after all nothing but canvas. Shortly after this publication, there appeared his "*Jocelyn, journal trouvé chez un curé de village*,"† a sort of imitation of the Vicar of Wakefield; but with scarcely an attempt at a faithful delineation of character. Lamartine has nothing to do with the village parson, who may be a very ordinary personage; his priest is an ideal priest, who inculcates the doctrines of ideal Christianity in ideal sermons without a text. Lamartine seems to have an aversion to all positive forms, and dislikes the dogma in religion as much as he did the principles of the *Doctrinaires*. It would fetter his genius or oblige it to take a definite direction, which would be destructive to its essence.

As late as in 1838 Lamartine published his "*La chute d'un ange*."‡ This is one of his poorest productions, though exhibiting vast powers of imagination and productive genius. The scene is laid in a chaotic antediluvian world, inhabited by Titans, and is, perhaps, descriptive of the author's mind, full of majestic imagery, but as yet undefined, vague, and without an object worthy of its efforts. Lamartine's time had not yet come, though he required but a few years to complete the fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

The year following, in 1839, he published his

* Political and Religious Harmonies. Paris, 1830. 2 vols.

* Souvenirs, Impressions, Thoughts and Landscapes, during a Voyage in the East. Paris, 1835. 4 vols.

† Jocelyn, a Journal found at the House of a Village Priest. Paris, 1836. 2 vols.

‡ The Fall of an Angel. Paris, 1838. 2 vols.

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"*Recueillements poétiques*," which must be looked upon as the commencement of a new era in his life. Mahomed was past forty when he undertook to establish a new religion, and built upon it a new and powerful empire; Lamartine was nearly fifty when he left the fantastic for the real; and from the inspiration without an object, returned to the only real poetry in this world—the life of man. Lamartine, who until that period had been youthful in his conceptions, and wild and *bizarre* in his fancy, did not, as Voltaire said of his countrymen, pass "from childhood to old age," but passed at a green manhood, with a definite purpose, and the mighty powers of his mind directed to an object large enough to afford it scope for its most vigorous exercise. His muse was now directed to the interests of humanity; he was what the French call *un poete humanitaire*.

Thus far it was proper for us to follow the life of the poet to understand that of the statesman, orator, and tribune. Men like Lamartine must be judged in their totality, not by single or detached acts of their lives. Above all men it is the poet who is a self-directing agent, whose faculties receive their principal impulse from *within*, and who stamps his own genius on every object of his mental activity. Schiller, after writing the history of the most remarkable period preceding the French Revolution, "the thirty years' war," (for liberty of conscience,) and "the separation of the Netherlands from the crown of Spain," felt that his energies were not yet exhausted on the subject; but his creative genius found no theatre of action such as was open to Lamartine in the French Chamber, in the purification of the ideas engendered by the Revolution; and he had therefore to content himself with bringing *his* poetical conceptions on the *stage*. Instead of becoming an actor in the great world-drama, he gave us his *Wallenstein* and *Don Carlos;* Lamartine gave us *himself* as the best creation of his poetic genius. The poet Lamartine has produced the statesman. This it will be necessary to bear in mind, to understand Lamartine's career in the Chamber of Deputies, or the position he now holds at the head of the provisional government.

Lamartine, as we have above observed, entered the French Chamber in 1833, as a cosmopolite, full of love for mankind, full of noble ideas of human destiny, and deeply impressed with the degraded social condition not only of his countrymen, but of all civilized Europe. He knew and felt that the Revolution which had destroyed the social elements of Europe, or thrown them in disorder, had not reconstructed and arranged them; and that the reorganization of society on the basis of humanity and mutual obligation, was still an unfinished problem. Lamartine felt this; but did the French Chambers, as they were then organized, offer him a fair scope for the development of his ideas, or the exercise of his genius? Certainly not. The French Chamber was divided into two great dynastic interests—those of the younger and elder Bourbons. The Republican party (the extreme left) was small, and without an acknowledged leader; and the whole assembly, with few individual exceptions, had taken a material direction. During seventeen years—from 1830 to 1847—no organic principle of law or politics was agitated in the Chambers, no new ideas evolved. The whole national legislation seemed to be directed toward material improvements, to the exclusion of every thing that could elevate the soul or inspire the masses with patriotic sentiments. The government of Louis Philippe had at first become stationary, then reactionary; the mere enunciation of a general idea inspired its members with terror, and made the centres (right and left) afraid of the horrors of the guillotine. The government of Louis Philippe was not a reign of terror, like that of 1793, but it was a reign of prospective terror, which it wished to avoid. Louis Philippe had no faith in the people; he treated them as the keeper of a menagerie would a tame tiger—he knew its strength, and he feared its vindictiveness. To disarm it, and to change its ferocious nature, he checked the progress of political ideas, instead of combating them with the weapons of reason, and banished from his counsel those who alone could have served as mediators between the throne and the liberties of the nation. The French people seemed stupified at the *contre-coups* to all their hopes and aspirations. Even the more moderate complained; but their complaints were hushed by the immediate prospect of an improved material condition. All France seemed to have become industrious, manufacturing, mercantile, speculating. The thirst for wealth had succeeded to the ambition of the Republicans, the fanaticism of the Jacobins, and the love of distinction of the old monarchists. The Chamber of Deputies no longer represented the French people—its love, its hatred, its devotion—the elasticity of its mind, its facility of emotion, its capacity to sacrifice itself for a great idea. The Deputies had become stock-jobbers, partners in large enterprises of internal improvements, and *timidly* conservative, as are always the representatives of mere property. The Chamber, instead of representing the essence of the nation, represented merely the moneyed classes of society.

Such was the Chamber of Deputies to which Lamartine was chosen by an electoral college, devoted to the Dynastic opposition. He entered it in 1833, not a technical politician or orator as Odillon Barrot, not as a skilful tactitioner like Thiers, not as a man with one idea as the Duke de Broglie, not as the funeral orator of departed grandeur like Berryer, nor as the embodiment of a legal abstraction like Dupin, or a man of the devouring ambition and skill in debate of François Pierre Guillaume Guizot: Lamartine was simply a *humanitaire*. Goaded by the sarcasm of Cormenin, he declared that he belonged to no party, that he sought for no parliamentary conquest—that he wished to triumph through the force of ideas, and through no power of persuasion. He was the very counterpart of Thiers, the most sterile orator and statesman of France. Lamartine had studied the French Revolution, he saw the anarchical condition of society, and the ineffectual attempt to compress instead of organizing it; and he con-

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ceived the noble idea of collecting the scattered fragments, and uniting them into a harmonious edifice. While the extreme left were employed in removing the pressure from above, Lamartine was quietly employed in laying the foundation of a new structure, and called himself *un démocrate conservateur*.* He spoke successfully and with great force against the political monopoly of real property, against the prohibitive system of trade, against slavery, and the punishment of death.† His speeches made him at once a popular character; he did not address himself to the Chamber, he spoke to the French people, in language that sunk deep into the hearts of the masses, without producing a striking effect in the Legislature. At that time already had the king singled him out from the rest of the opposition. He wished to secure his talents for his dynasty; but Lamartine was not in search of a *portefeuille*, and escaped without effort from the temptation.

In November, 1837, he was re-elected to the Chamber from Bergues and Mâcon, his native town. He decided in favor of the latter, and took his seat as a member for that place. He supported the Molé ministry, not because he had become converted to the new dynasty, but because he despised the *Doctrinaires*, who, by their union with the Liberals, brought in the new Soult ministry. He was not satisfied with the purity of motives, he also wanted proper means to attain a laudable object. In the Oriental question, which was agitated under Soult, Lamartine was not felt. His opposition was too vague and undefined: instead of pointing to the interests of France, he pointed to the duties of humanity of a great nation; he read Milton in a counting-room, and a commercial Maclaurin asked him "what does it prove?"

In 1841 his talent as an orator (he was never distinguished as a debater) was afforded ample scope by Thiers' project to fortify the capital. He opposed it vehemently, but without effect. In the boisterous session of 1842 he acted the part of a moderator; but still so far seconded the views of Thiers as to consider the left bank of the Rhine as the proper and legitimate boundary of France against Germany. This debate, it is well known, produced a perfect storm of popular passions in Germany. In a few weeks the whole shores of the Rhine were bristling with bayonets; the peasantry in the Black Forest began to clean and polish their rusty muskets, buried since the fall of Napoleon, and the princes perceiving that the spirit of nationality was stronger than that of freedom, encouraged this popular declaration against French usurpation. Nicolas Becker, a modest German, without pretension or poetic genius, but inspired by an honest love of country and national glory, then composed a war-song, commencing thus:

No, never shall they have it,
The free, the German Rhine;

which was soon in every man's mouth, and being set to music, became for a short period the German Marseillaise. Lamartine answered the German with the *Marseillaise de paix*, (the Marseillaise of peace,) which produced a deep impression; and the fall of the Thiers' ministry soon calmed the warlike spirit throughout Europe.

On the question of the Regency, Lamartine declared himself in favor of the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, should Louis Philippe die during the minority of the Count of Paris, and it is our firm belief that he would have accepted that Regency even in February last, if the king had abdicated a day sooner. Lamartine never avowed himself a Republican; but was left no alternative but to eclipse himself forever, or become its champion.

The star of Lamartine's political destiny rose in the session of 1843, when, utterly disgusted with the reactionary policy of Guizot, he conceived the practical idea of uniting all the elements of opposition, of whatever shade and color, against the government. But he was not satisfied with this movement in the Chamber, which produced the coalition of the Dynastic right with the Democratic left, and for a moment completely paralyzed the administration of Guizot: he carried his new doctrine right before the people, as the legitimate source of the Chamber, and thus became the first political agitator of France since the restoration, in the legitimate, legal, English sense of the word. Finding that the press was muzzled, or subsidized and bought, he moved his countrymen through the power of his eloquence. He appealed from the Chamber to the sense and the virtue of the people. In September, 1843, he first addressed the electors of Mâcon on the necessity of extending the franchise, in order to admit of a greater representation of the French people—generous, magnanimous, bold and devoted to their country. Instead of fruitlessly endeavoring to reform the government, he saw that the time had come for reforming the Chamber.

In the month of October, of the same year—so rapidly did his new political genius develop itself—he published a regular programme for the opposition; a thing which Thiers, up to that moment, had studiously avoided, not to break entirely with the king, and to render himself still "possible" as a minister of the crown. Lamartine knew no such selfish consideration, which has destroyed Thiers as a man of the people, and declared himself entirely independent of the throne of July. He advocated openly *the abolition of industrial feudalism, and the foundation of a new democratic society under a constitutional throne.*

Thus, then, had Lamartine separated himself not only from the king and his ministers, but also from the ancient *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie*, without approaching or identifying himself with the Republican left wing of the Chamber. He stood alone, admired for his genius, his irreproachable rectitude, his devoted patriotism, but considered rather as a poetical abstraction, an impracticable Utopist; and yet he was the only man in the Chamber who had

* A conservative Democrat.

† He had already, in 1830, published a pamphlet, *Contre la peine de mort au peuple du 29 Octobre*, 1830. (Against the Punishment of Death to the People of the 29th October, 1830.)

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devised a practical means of regenerating the people and the government. Lamartine was now considered a parliamentary oddity rather than the leader of a faction, or the representative of a political principle; but he was indeed far in advance of the miserable routine of his colleagues. He personated, indeed, no principle represented in the Chamber, but he was already the Tribune of the unrepresented masses! The people had declared the government a fraud—the Chamber an embodied falsehood. At last Marrast, one of the editors of the National, (now a member of the provisional government,) pronounced it in his paper that the French people had no representation, that it was in vain to attempt to oppose the government in the legislature: "*La Chambre*," said Marrast, "*n'est qu'un mensonge.*"*

Lamartine had thus, all at once, as if by a *coup-de-main*, become "a popular greatness." He was the man of the people, without having courted popularity—that stimulus (as he himself called it) to so many noble acts and crimes, as the object of its caresses remains its conscious master or its pandering slave. Lamartine grew rapidly in public estimation, because he was a new man. All the great characters of the Chamber, beginning with Casimir Perrier, had, in contact with Louis Philippe, become either eclipsed or tarnished. Lamartine avoided the court, but openly and frankly confessed that he belonged to no party. He had boldly avowed his determination to oppose the government of Louis Philippe, not merely this or that particular direction, which it took in regard to its internal and external relations; but in its whole general tendency. He was neither the friend nor the enemy of a particular combination for the ministry, and had, during a short period, given his support to Count Molé, not because he was satisfied with his administration, but because he thought the opposition and its objects less virtuous than the minister. In this independent position, supported by an ample private fortune, (inherited, as we before observed, by his maternal uncle, and the returns of his literary activity,) Lamartine became an important element of parliamentary combination, from the weight of his *personal* influence, while at the same time his "utopies," as they were termed by the tactitioners of Alphonse Thiers, gave but little umbrage to the ambition of his rivals. He alone enjoyed some credit with the masses, though his social position ranked with the first in the country, while, from the peculiar bend of his mind, and the idealization of his principles, he was deemed the most harmless aspirant to political power. The practical genius of the opposition, everlastingly occupied with unintellectual details of a venal class-legislature, saw in Lamartine a useful co-operator: they never dreamt that the day would come when they would be obliged to serve under him.

And, in truth, it must be admitted that without the Revolution of February, Lamartine must have been condemned to a comparative political inactivity. With the exception of a few friends, personally devoted to him, he had no party in the Chamber. The career which he had entered, as the people's Tribune, placed him, in a measure, in *opposition* to all existing parties; but it was even this singular position of parliamentary impotence, which confirmed and strengthened his reputation as an honest man, in contradistinction to a notoriously corrupt legislature. His eloquence in the Chamber had no particular direction; but it was the sword of justice, and was, as such, dreaded by all parties. As a statesman his views were tempered by humanity, and so little specific as to be almost anti-national. In his views as regards the foreign policy of France he was alike opposed to Guizot and Thiers; and, perhaps, to a large portion of the French people. He wished the external policy of France governed by a general principle, as the internal politics of the country, and admitted openly the solidarity of interests of the different states of Europe. He thus created for himself allies in Germany, in Italy, in Spain; but he lacked powerful supporters at home; and became the most impracticable man to carry out the aggressive views of the fallen Dynasty. Thiers never considered him a rival; for he considered him incapable of ever becoming the exponent of a leading popular passion: neither the present nor the future seemed to present a chance for Lamartine's accession to power. *L'homme positive*, as Thiers was pleased to call himself at the tribune of the Chamber, almost commiserated the poet statesman and orator.

Lamartine never affected, in his manner or in his mode of living, that "republican simplicity" which is so often nothing but the frontispiece of demagoguism. He despised to flatter the people, for whom he cherished a generous sentiment, by vulgar appeal to their ignoble prejudices. He gratified his tastes where they did not come in conflict with morality or justice, and thus preserved his individuality and his friends, in the midst of the swelling tide of popular commotion and conflicting opinions. Guizot affected in his *dehors* that severity and simplicity of style, which won for him the *soubriquet* of "the Puritan;" bestowed by the sarcasm of the Parisians, to punish his egotism, his craving ambition and his love of power. While Guizot was penetrating the mysteries of European diplomacy, under the guidance of Princess Lieven, Lamartine's hôtel, in the *Rue de l'Université* was the *réunion* of science, literature, wit, elegance and grace. His country-seat near Paris was as elegantly furnished and artistically arranged as his palace in the Faubourg St. Germain; and his weekly receptions in Paris were as brilliant as they were attractive by the intelligence of those who had the honor to frequent them. The *élite* of the old nobility, the descendants of the notabilities of the Empire, the historical remnants of the Gironde and the Jacobins, the versatility of French genius in every department, and distinguished strangers from all parts of the world were his guests; excluded were only the men of mere accidental position—the mob in politics, literature and the arts.

But the time for Lamartine had not yet come, though the demoralization of the government, and the

* The Chamber is but a lie.

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sordid impulses given by it to the national legislature were fast preparing that anarchy of passions which no government has the power to render uniform, though it may compress it. The ministry in the session of 1845 was defeated by the coalition; but the defection of Emil de Girardin saved it once more from destruction. Meanwhile Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, had found means, by a gigantic system of internal improvement, (by a large number of concessions for new rail-ways and canals,) to obtain from the same Chamber a ministerial majority, which toward the close of the session amounted to nearly eighty members. Under such auspices the new elections were ushered in, and the result was an overwhelming majority for the administration. The government was not to be shaken in the Chambers, but its popular ascendancy had sunk to zero. The opposition from being parliamentary had become organic. The opposition, seeing all hopes of success vanish in the Chambers, now embraced Lamartine's plan of agitating the people. They must either fall into perfect insignificance or dare to attack the very basis of the government. The party of Thiers and Odillon Barrot joined the movement, and by that means gave it a practical direction; while Lamartine, Marrast, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin were operating on the masses, Thiers and Odillon Barrot indoctrinated the National Guards. While Thiers was willing to stake his life to dethrone Guizot, the confederates of Lamartine aimed at an organic change of the constitution

Was Lamartine a conspirator? may here be asked. We answer most readily, no! Lamartine is what himself says of Robespierre, "a man of general ideas;" but not a man of a positive system; and hence, incapable of devising a plan for attaining a specific political object. His opposition to Louis Philippe's government was general; but it rested on a noble basis, and was free from individual passions. He may have been willing to batter it, but he did not intend its demolition. The Republic of France was proclaimed in the streets, partly as the consequence of the king's cowardice. Lamartine accepted its first office, because he had to choose between it and anarchy, and he has thus far nobly discharged his trust. If he is not a statesman of consummate ability, who would devise means of extricating his country from a difficult and perilous situation, he will not easily plunge it into danger; if he be not versed in the intrigues of cabinets, his straight forward course commands their respect, and the confidence of the French people. This is not the time for Europe to give birth to new ideas—the old Revolution has done that sufficiently—but the period has arrived for elaborating them, with a view to a new and lasting organization of society. The present revolution in Europe need not forcibly overthrow any established political creed; for there is no established political conviction in Europe. The people have arrived at a period of universal political scepticism, which, like scepticism in religion, always prepares the soil for the reception of the seed of a new faith. The great work of the revolution is done, if the people will but seize and perpetuate its consequences. Such, at least, are the views of Lamartine, and with him of a majority of European writers, as expressed in the literature of the day.

The history of the Girondists contains Lamartine's political faith. It is not without its poetry and its Utopian visions; but it is full of thought and valuable reflections, and breathes throughout the loftiest and most noble sentiments. Lamartine, in that history, becomes the panegyrist and the censor of the French Revolution. He vindicates with a powerful hand the ideas which it evolved; while he castigates, and depicts with poetic melancholy its mournful errors and its tragic character. He makes Vergniaud, the chief of the Girondists, say before his execution—"In grafting the tree, my friend, we have killed it. It was too old. Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more successful than ourselves? No. This soil is too unsteady to nourish the roots of civil liberty; this people is too childish to handle its laws without wounding itself. It will come back to its kings as children come back to their rattle. We made a mistake in our births, in being born and dying for the liberty of the world. We imagined that we were in Rome, and we were in Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which, in a single, night turn men's hair gray. They ripen the people fast. The blood in our veins is warm enough to fecundate the soil of the Republic. Let us not take with us the future, and let us bequeath to the people our hope in return for the death which it gives us."*

It is impossible that Lamartine should not have felt as a poet what he expressed as a historian, and his character is too sincere to prevent him from acting out his conviction. In describing the death of the founders of the first French Republic, Lamartine employs the whole pathos of his poetic inspiration.

"They (the Girondists) possessed three virtues which in the eyes of posterity atone for many faults. They worshiped liberty; they founded the Republic—this precautious truth of future governments;—at last, they died, because they refused blood to the people. Their time has condemned them to death, the future has judged them to glory and pardon. They died because they did not allow Liberty to soil itself, and posterity will yet engrave on their memory the inscription which Vergniaud, their oracle, has, with his own hand, engraved on the wall of his dungeon: 'Rather death than crime!' '*Potius mori quam foedari!*'"

Lamartine is visibly inclined in favor of the Girondists—the founders of the Republic; but his sense of justice does not permit him to condemn the Jacobins without vindicating their memory from that crushing judgment which their cotemporaries pronounced upon them. He thus describes, in a few masterly strokes, the character of Robespierre:

"Robespierre's refusal of the supreme power was

* This and the following versions of Lamartine are our own; for we have not as yet had time to look into the published translation. We mention this to prevent our own mistakes, if we should have committed any, from being charged to the American translator of the work.

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sincere in the motives which he alleged. But there were other motives which caused him to reject the sole government. These motives he did not yet avow. The fact is that he had arrived at the end of his thoughts, and that himself did not know what form was best suited to revolutionary institutions. More a man of ideas than of action, Robespierre had the sentiment of the Revolution rather than the political formula. The soul of the institutions of the future was in his dreams, but he lacked the mechanism of a popular government. His theories, all taken from books, were brilliant and vague as perspectives, and cloudy as the far distance. He contemplated them daily; he was dazzled by them; but he never touched them with the firm and precise hand of practice. He forgot that Liberty herself requires the protection of a strong power, and that this power must have a head to conceive, and hands to execute. He believed that the words Liberty, Equality, Disinterestedness, Devotion, Virtue, incessantly repeated, were themselves a government. He took philosophy for politics, and became indignant at his false calculations. He attributed continually his deceptions to the conspiracies of aristocrats and demagogues. He thought that in extinguishing from society the aristocrats and demagogues, he would be able to suppress the vices of humanity, and the obstacles to the work of liberal institutions. His notion of the people was an illusion, not a reality. He became irritated to find the people often so weak, so cowardly, so cruel, so ignorant, so changeable, so unworthy the rank which nature has assigned them. He became irritated and soured, and challenged the scaffold to extricate him from his difficulties. Then, indignant at the excesses of the scaffold, he returned to words of justice and humanity. Then once more he seized upon the scaffold, invoked virtue and suscitated death. Floating sometimes on clouds, sometimes in human gore, he despaired of mankind and became frightened at himself. 'Death, and nothing but death!' he cried, in conversation with his intimate friends, 'and the villains charge it upon me. What memory shall I leave behind me if this goes on? Life is a burthen to me!'"

Once, says Lamartine, the truth became manifest. He (Robespierre) exclaimed, with a gesture of despair, "*No, I was not made to govern, I was made to combat the enemies of the people!*"

These meditations on the character of Robespierre, show sufficiently that Lamartine, though he may not as yet have taken a positive direction in politics, has at least, from his vague poetical conceptions, returned to a sound state of political criticism, the inevitable precursor of sound theories. His views on the execution of the royal family are severe but just.

"Had the French nation a right to judge Louis XVI. as a legal tribunal?" demands Lamartine. "No! Because the judge ought to be impartial and disinterested—and the nation was neither the one nor the other. In this terrible but inevitable combat, in which, under the name of revolution, royalty and liberty were engaged for emancipting or enslaving the citizen, Louis XVI. personified the throne, the nation personified liberty. This was not their fault, it was their nature. All attempts at a mutual understanding were in vain. Their natures warred against each other in spite of their inclination toward peace. Between these two adversaries, the king and the people, of whom the one, by instinct, was prompted to retain, the other to wrest from its antagonist the rights of the nation, there was no tribunal but combat, no judge but victory. We do not mean to say that there was not above the parties a moral of the case, and acts which judge even victory itself. This justice never perishes in the eclipse of the law, and the ruin of empires; but it has no tribunal before which it can legally summon the accused; it is the justice of state, the justice which has neither regularly appointed judges, nor written laws, but which pronounces its sentences in men's consciences, and whose code is equity."

"Louis XVI. could not be judged in politics or equity, but by a process of state. Had the nation a right to judge him thus? As well might we demand whether she had a right to fight and conquer, in other words, as well might we ask whether despotism is inviolable—whether liberty is a revolt—whether there is no justice here below but for kings—whether there is, for the people, no other right than to serve and obey? The mere doubt is an act of impiety toward the people."

So far the political philosophy of Lamartine, the legal argument against the king, strikes us as less logical and just. We may agree with him in principle, but we cannot assent to the abstract justice of his conclusions.

"The nation," says the head of the present provisional government of France, "possessing within itself the inalienable sovereignty which rests in reason, in the right and the will of each citizen, the aggregate of which constitutes the people, possesses certainly the faculty of modifying the exterior form of its sovereignty, to level its aristocracy, to dispossess its church of its property, to lower or even to suppress the throne, and to govern themselves through their proper magistrates. But as the nation had a right to combat and emancipate itself, she also had a right to watch over and consolidate the fruits of its victories. If, then, Louis XVI., a king too recently dispossessed of sovereign power—a king in whose eyes all restitution of power to the people was tantamount to a forfeiture—a king ill satisfied with what little of government remained in his hands, aspiring to reconquer the part he had lost—torn in one direction by a usurping assembly, and in another by a restless queen or humble nobility, and a clergy which made Heaven to intervene in his cause, by implacable emigrants, by his brothers running all over Europe to drum up enemies to the Revolution; if, in one word, Louis XVI., KING, appeared to the nation a living conspiracy against her liberty; if the nation suspected him of regretting in his soul too much the loss of supreme power—of causing the new constitution to stumble, in order to profit by its fall—of conducting liberty into snares to rejoice in anarchy—of disarming the country be-

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cause he secretly wished it to be defeated—then the nation had a right to make him descend from the throne, and to call him to her bar, and to depose him in the name of her own dictatorship, and for her own safety. If the nation had not possessed this right, the right to betray the people with impunity, would, in the new constitution, have been one of the prerogatives of the crown."

This is a pretty fair specimen of revolutionary reasoning; but it is rather a definition of Democracy, as Lamartine understands it, than a constitutional argument in favor of the decapitation of "*Louis Capet.*" Lamartine is, indeed, a "Conservative Democrat," that is, ready to immolate the king to preserve the rights of the people; but he does not distinguish in his mind a justifiable act from a righteous one. But it is a peculiarity of the French mind to identify itself so completely with the object of its reflection, that it is impossible for a Frenchman to be impartial, or as they will have it, not to be an enthusiast. The French are partisans even in science; the Academy itself has its factions.

We have thus quoted the most important political opinions expressed in his "Girondists," because these are his *latest* political convictions, and he has subscribed to them his name. We look upon this his last work, as a public confession of his faith—as a declaration of the principles which will guide him in the administration of the new government. Lamartine has been indoctrinated with the spirit of revolution; but it is not the spirit of his youth or early manhood. Liberty in his hands becomes something poetical—perhaps a lyric poem—but we respectfully doubt his capacity to give her a practical organization, and a real existence. High moral precepts and sublime theories may momentarily elevate a people to the height of a noble devotion; but laws and institutions are made for ordinary men, and must be adapted to their circumstances. Herein consists the specific talent of the statesman, and his capacity to govern. Government is not an ideal abstraction—a blessing showered from a given height on the abiding masses, or a scourge applied to mortify their passions; it is something natural and spontaneous, originating in and coeval with the people, and must be adapted to their situation, their moral and intellectual progress, and to their national peculiarities. It consists of details as well as of general forms, and requires labor and industry as well as genius. The majority of the people must not only yield the laws a ready submission, but they must find, or at least believe, it their interest to do so, or the government becomes coercion. The great problem of Europe is to discover the laws of labor, not to invent them, for without this question being practically settled in some feasible manner, all fine spun theories will not suffice to preserve the government.

Lamartine closes his history of the Girondists with the following sublime though mystic reflection: "A nation ought, no doubt, to weep her dead, and not to console itself in regard to a single life that has been unjustly and odiously sacrificed; but it ought not to regret its blood when it was shed to reveal eternal truths. God has put this price on the germination and maturation of all His designs in regard to man. Ideas vegetate in human blood; revolutions descend from the scaffold. All religions become divine through martyrdom. Let us, then, pardon each other, sons of combatants and victims. Let us become reconciled over their graves to take up the work which they have left undone. Crime has lost every thing in introducing itself into the ranks of the republic. To do battle is not to immolate. Let us take away the crime from the cause of the people, as a weapon which has pierced their hands and changed liberty into despotism. Let us not seek to justify the scaffold with the cause of our country, and proscriptions by the cause of liberty. Let us not pardon the spirit of outrage by the sophism of revolutionary energy, let humanity preserve its heart; it is the safest and most infallible of its principles, and *let us resign ourselves to the condition of human things.* The history of the Revolution is glorious and sad as the day after the victory, or the eve of another combat. But if this history is full of mourning, it is also full of faith. It resembles the antique drama where, while the narrator recites his story, the chorus of the people shouts the glory, weeps for the victims and raises a hymn of consolation and hope to God."

All this is very beautiful, but it does not increase our stock of historical information. It teaches the people resignation, instead of pointing to their errors, and the errrors of those who claimed to be their deliverers. Lamartine has made an apotheosis of the Revolution, instead of treating it as the unavoidable consequence of misgovernment. To an English or American reader the allusion to "the blood sacrifice," which is necessary in politics as in religion, would border on impiety; with the French it is probably a proof of religious faith. Lamartine, in his views and conceptions, in his mode of thinking and philosophizing, is much more nearly allied to the German than to the English schools; only that, instead of a philosophical system, carried through with a rigorous and unsparing logic, he indulges in philosophical reveries. As a statesman Lamartine lacks speciality, and for this reason we think that his administration will be a short one.

With respect to character, energy, and courage, Lamartine has few equals. He has not risen to power by those crafty combinations which destroy a man's moral greatness in giving him distinction. "Greatness" was, indeed, "thrust upon him," and thus far he has nobly and courageously sustained it. He neither courted power, nor declined it. When it was offered, he did not shrink from assuming the responsibility of accepting it. He has no vulgar ambition to gratify, no insults to revenge, no devotion to reward. He stands untrammeled and uncommitted to any faction whatever. He may not be able to solve the social problem of the age; but will, in that case, surrender his command unstained as he received it, and serve once more in the ranks.

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SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the admiral. *Belknap's American Biography, I.* 203.]

Southward with his fleet of ice
  Sailed the Corsair Death;
Wild and fast, blew the blast,
  And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
  Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
  Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
  The book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
  He said "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
  Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
  Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
  Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
  At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
  Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
  They drift in close embrace;
With mist and rain to the Spanish main;
  Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
  They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,
  Sinking vanish all away.

THE NIGHT.

This day, the bitter day, divides us, sweet—
  Tears from our souls the wings with which we soar
To Heaven. All things are cruel. We may meet
  Only by stealth, to sigh—and all is o'er:
We part—the world is dark again, and fleet;
  The phantoms of despair and doubt once more
Pursue our hearts and look into our eyes,
Till Memory grows dismayed, and sweet Hope dies.

But the still night, with all its fiery stars,
  And sleep, within her world of dreams apart—
These, these are ours! Then no rude tumult mars
  Thy image in the fountain of my heart—
Then the faint soul her prison-gate unbars
  And springs to life and thee, no more to part,
Till cruel day our rapture disenchants,
And stills with waking each fond bosom's pants. M. A. T.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Merrily sings the fluttering Bob-o-link,
  Whose trilling song above the meadow floats;
The eager air speeds tremulous to drink
  The bubbling sweetness of the liquid notes,
Whose silver cadences arise and sink,
  Shift, glide and shiver, like the trembling motes
In the full gush of sunset. One might think
  Some potent charm had turned the auroral flame
Of the night-kindling north to melody,
  That in one gurgling rush of sweetness came
Mocking the ear, as once it mocked the eye,
With varying beauties twinkling fitfully;
Low hovering in the air, his song he sings
As if he shook it from his trembling wings.

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MY AUNT POLLY.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

EVERY body has had an Aunt Peggy—an Aunt Patty—an Aunt Penelope, or an aunt something else; but every body has n't had an Aunt POLLY—i. e. *such* an Aunt Polly as mine! Most Aunt Pollies have been the exemplars and promulgators of "single blessedness"—not such was *she!* But more of this anon. Aunt Polly was the only sister of my father, who often spoke of her affectionately; but would end his remark with "poor Polly! so nervous—so unlike her self-possessed and beautiful mother"—whose memory he devoutly revered. Children are not destitute of the curiosity native to the human mind, and we often teased papa about a visit from Aunt Polly, who, he replied, never left home; but not enlightening us on the *why*, his replies only served to whet the edge of curiosity more and more. I never shall forget the surprise that opened my eyelids early and wide one morning, when it was announced to me that Aunt Polly and her spouse had unexpectedly arrived at the homestead. It would be difficult to analyze the nature of that eagerness which hastily dressed and sent me down stairs. But unfortunately did I enter the breakfast-room just as the good book was closing, and the family circle preparing to finish its devotions on the knee; however, a glance of the eye takes but little time, and a penetrating look was returned me by Aunt Polly, in which the beaming affection of her sanguine nature, and the scowl of scarce restrained impatience to get hold of me, were mixed so strangely as to give her naturally sharp black eyes an expression almost fearful to a child; but on surveying her unique apparel, and indescribably uneasy position on the chair—for she remained seated while the rest of us knelt, giving me thus an opportunity to scrutinize her through the interstices of my chair-back—so excited my girlish risibilities, that fear became stifled in suppressed laughter. "Amen" was scarce pronounced, when a shrill voice called out—"Come here, you little good-for-nothing—*what* 's your name?" The inviting smile conveyed to me with these startling tones left no doubt who was addressed, and I instantly obeyed the really fervent call. Both the stout arms of my aunt were opened to receive me, but held me at their length, while—with a nervous sensibility that made the tears gush from her eyes—she hurriedly exclaimed—"*What* shall I do with you? Do you love to be *squeezed?* When, suiting the action to the question, she embraced me with a tenacity that almost choked my breath. From that moment I loved Aunt Polly! The fervid outpouring of her affection had mingled with the well-springs of a heart that—despite its mischievousness—was ever brimming with love. The first gush of feeling over, Aunt Polly again held me at arm's distance, while she surveyed intently my features, and traced in the laughing eye and golden ringlets the likeness of her "*dearest* brother in the world!" Poor aunty had but one! Nor was my opportunity lost of looking right into the face I had so often desired to see. It would be hard to draw a picture of Aunt Polly in words, so good as the reader's fancy will supply. There was nothing peculiar in her tall, stout figure; in her well developed features—something between the Grecian and the Roman—in her complexion, which one could see had faded from a glowing brunette to a pale Scotch snuff color. But her eyes, they *were* peculiar—so black—so rapid in their motions—so penetrating when looking forward—so flashing when she laughed, that really—*I* never saw such eyes!

It would be still more puzzling to describe her dress. She wore a real chintz of the olden time, filled with nosegays, as unlike to Nature's flowers as the fashion of her gown was to the dresses of modern dames of her sixty years. Though I do n't believe Aunt Polly's attire looked like any body else's at the time it was made; at any rate, it was put on in a way that differed from the pictures I had seen of the old-school ladies. Her cap was indeed the crowner! but let that pass, for the old lady had these dainty articles so carefully packed in what had been a sugar-box, that no doubt they were *sweet* to any *taste* but mine. I said that Aunt Polly was not a spinster. A better idea of her lord cannot be given than in her own words to my eldest sister, who declared in her hearing that she would never marry a minister. "Hush, hush, my dear!" said Aunt Polly, "I remember saying, when I was a girl, that whatever faults my husband might have, he should never be younger than myself—have red hair, or stammer in his speech: all these objections were united in the man I married!"

One more fact will convey to the imagination all that I need say of Aunt Polly's husband. Late one evening came a thundering knock at my father's door, and as all the servants had retired, a youth who happened to be staying with us at the time, started, candle in hand, to answer it: Now the young man was of a credulous turn, and had just awakened from a snooze in his chair. Presently a loud shriek called all who were up in the house to the door, where, lying prostrate and faint, was found the youth, and standing over him, with eye-balls distended—making ineffectual efforts to speak—was the husband of Aunt Polly. When the lad recovered, all that he could tell of his mishap was, that on opening the street-door a man, wrapped in a large over-coat, with glassy eyes staring straight at him, opened and shut his mouth four times without utter-

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ing a syllable—when the candle fell from his hands, and he to the floor! Aunt Polly's spouse was the prince of stammerers! But if he could seldom *begin* a sentence, so Aunt Polly could seldom *finish* one: indeed the most noticeable *point* in her conversation was, that it had *no* point, or was made up of sentences broken off in the middle. This may have been physiologically owing to the velocity with which the nervous fluid passed through her brain, giving uncommon rapidity to her thoughts, and correspondingly to the motions of her body. It soon became a wonder to my girlish mind how Aunt Polly ever kept still long enough to listen to a declaration of love—especially from a stutterer—or even to respond to the marriage ceremony.

My wonder now is, how the functions of her system ever had time to fulfill their offices, or the flesh to accumulate, as it did, to a very respectable consistency; for she never, to my knowledge, finished a meal while under our roof; nor do I believe that she ever slept *out* a nap in her life. As she became a study well fitted to interest one of my novel, fun-loving age, I used often to steal out of bed at different times in the night and peep from my own apartment into hers, which adjoined it, where a night lamp was always burning; for she insisted on having the door between left open. I invariably found those eyes of hers wide awake, and my own room being dark, took pleasure in watching her unobserved, as she fidgeted now with her ample-bordered night-cap, and now with the bed-clothes. Once was I caught by a sudden cough on my part, which brought Aunt Polly to her feet before I had time to slip back to bed; and the only plea that my guiltiness could make her kind remonstrance on my being up in the cold, was the very natural and very wicked fib, that I heard her move and thought she might want something. Unsuspecting old lady! May her ashes at least rest in peace! How she caught me in her arms, kissed and carried me to bed, tucking in the blankets so effectually that all attempts to get up again that night were vain! Oh, she was a love of an aunt! The partiality of her attachment to me might have been accounted for by her having had no children of her own; or to the evident interest which she excited in me, causing my steps to follow her wherever she went; though all the family endeavored to make her first and last visit as agreeable as possible. But every attempt to fasten her attention to an object of interest or curiosity long enough to understand it, was unavailing. Sometimes I sallied out with her into the street, and while rather pleased than mortified by the observation which her grotesque costume and nervous, irregular gait attracted, it was different with me when she attempted to shop; as more often than otherwise, she would begin to pay for articles purchased, and putting her purse abruptly in her pocket, hurry toward the door, as if on purpose to avoid a touch on the elbow, which sometimes served to jog her memory also, and sometimes the very purchases were forgotten, till I became their witness.

On the whole, Aunt Polly's visit was a source of more amusement to me than all the visits of all my school-mates put together. When we parted—for I truly loved her—I forgave the squeeze—a screw-turn tighter than that at our meeting—and promised through my tears to make her a visit whenever my parents would consent to it. The homestead was as still for a week after her departure, as a ball-room after the waltzers have all whirled themselves home. Hardly had the family clock-work commenced its methodical revolutions again, when a letter arrived; and who that knew Aunt Polly, could have mistaken its characteristic superscription.

My father was well-known at the post office, or the half-written-out-name would never have found its way into his box. Internally, the letter was made up of broken sentences, big with love, like the large, fragmentary drops of rain from a passing summer cloud. By dint of patient perseverance we "gathered up the fragments, so that nothing was lost" of Aunt Polly's itinerant thoughts or wishes.

Among the latter was an invitation for me to visit her, on which my father looked silently and negatively; but I was not thus to be denied a desire of the heart, and insisted on having an audible response to my request of permission to fulfill the parting promise to Aunt Polly. In vain did my father give first an evasive answer, and then hint at the disappointment likely to await such a step—recall to my mind the eccentricities of his "worthy sister"—endeavor by all gentle means of persuasion to deter me from my purpose, and finally try to frighten me out of it. I was incorrigible.

Not long after, a gentleman who resided in the town with my aunt, came to visit us, and being alone in a comfortable one-horse vehicle, was glad enough to accept my offered company on his way home; so, gaining the reluctant consent of my mother, I started, full of an indefinite sort of pleasurable expectation, nourished by the changing diorama of a summer afternoon's ride through a cultivated part of the country.

Arriving at the verge of a limpid stream, my companion turned the horse to drink, so suddenly, that the wheels became cramped, and we were precipitated into the water, the wagon turning a somerset directly over our heads. Strange to say, neither of us were hurt, and the stream was shallow, though deep enough to give us a thorough cold bath, and to deluge the trunk containing my clothes, the lock of which flew open in the fall. My mortified protector crept from under our capsized ark as soon as he could, and let me out at the window; when I felt myself to be in rather a worse condition than was Noah's dove, who "found no rest for the sole of her foot;" for beside dripping from all my garments, like a surcharged umbrella, my soul, too, found no foothold of excuse on which to stand justified before my father for exposing myself to such an *emergence* without his knowledge. However, *return* we must. Nor was the situation of my conductor's body or mind very enviable, being obliged to present me to my parents, drooping like a water-lily. But if ill-luck had pursued us, good luck awaited our return; for we found that my father had

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not yet arrived from his business, and my mother's conscience kept our secret; so that frustration in my first attempt to visit Aunt Polly, was all the evil that came out of the adventure. Notwithstanding my ardor had been so damped with cold water, it was yet warm enough for another effort; though it must be confessed, that for a few days subsequent to the accident, my animal spirits were something in the state of over-night—uncorked champagne.

The first sign of their renewed vitality was the again expressed desire to visit Aunt Polly. I, however, learned obedience by the things I had suffered, and resolved not to venture on another expedition without the approval and protection of my father, who, because of my importunity, at length consented to accompany me, provided I would not reveal to Aunt Polly the proposed length of my visit until I had spent a day and night under her roof. This I readily consented to, thinking only at the time what a strange proviso it was. Accordingly, arrangements were soon completed for the long coveted journey; but not until I had remonstrated with my mother on her limited provision for my wardrobe, furnishing me only with what a small carpet-bag would contain.

After a ride of some forty miles, through scenery that gave fresh inspiration to my hopes, we arrived at the witching hour of sunset, before a venerable-looking farm-house. Its exterior gave no signs in the form of shrubbery or flowers of the decorating, refining hand of woman; but the sturdy oak and sycamore were there to give shade, and the life-scenes that surrounded the farm-yard were plenty in promise of eggs and poultry for the keen appetites of the travelers.

As we drove into the avenue leading to a side-door of the mansion, I caught a glimpse of Aunt Polly's unparalleled cap through a window, and the next moment she stood on the steps, wringing her hands and crying for joy. An involuntary dread of another *squeezing* came over me, which had scarce time to be idealized ere it was realized almost to suffocation. My father's more graduated look of pleasure, called from Aunt Polly an out-bursting—"*Forgive* me, *forgive* me! It's my only brother in the world! It's my dear little puss all over again! *Forgive* me, *forgive* me!" But during these ejaculations I was confirmed in a discovery that had escaped all my vigilance while Aunt Polly sojourned with us. She was a snuff-taker! That she took snuff, as she did every thing else, by *snatches*, I had also ascertained, on seeing her in the door, when she thought herself yet beyond the reach of our vision, forgetting that young eyes can see further than old eyes; *mine* could not be deceived in the convulsive motion that carried her fore-finger and thumb to the tip of her olfactory organ, which drew up one snuff of the fragrant weed—as hurriedly as a porpoise puts his head out of water for a snuff of the sweet air of morning—when scattering the rest of the pinch to the four winds, she forgot, in her excitement, for once, to wipe the traces from her upper lip. Had I only suspected before, the hearty sneeze on my part that followed close upon her kiss, would have made that suspicion a certainty. Aunt Polly was, indeed, that inborn abhorrence of mine, a snuff-taker! Thus my rosy prospects began to assume a yellowish tinge before entering the house; what color they took afterward it would be difficult to tell; for the wild confusion of its interior, gave to my fancy as many and as mixed hues as one sees in a kaleidoscope.

The old-fashioned parlor had a corner cupboard, which appeared to be put to any use but the right one, while the teacups and saucers—no whole set alike—were indiscriminately arranged *on* the side-board, and *in* it I saw, as the door stood ajar, Aunt Polly's bonnet and shawl; a drawer, too, being half open, disclosed one of her *sweetish* caps, side by side with a card of gingerbread. The carpet was woven of every color, in every form, but without any definite *figure*, and promised to be another puzzle for my curious eyes to unravel; it seemed to have been just *thrown* down with here and there a tack in it, only serving to make it look more awry. While amusing myself with this carpet, it recalled an incident that a roguish cousin of mine once related to me after he had been to see Aunt Polly, connected with this parlor, which she always called her "*square*-room!" One day during his visit the old lady having occasion to step into a neighbor's house, while a pot of lard was trying over the kitchen fire, and not being willing to trust her half-trained servants to watch it, she gave the precious oil in charge to this youth, who was one of her favorites, bidding him, after a stated time, remove it from the chimney to a cooling-place; now not finishing her directions, the lad indulged his mischievous propensities by attempting to place the kettle of boiling lard to cool in the square-room fireplace; but finding it heavier than his strength could carry, its contents were suddenly deposited on the carpet, save such sprinklings as served to brand his face and hands as the culprit of the mischief.

The terrified boy hearing Aunt Polly's step on the threshold, took the first way that was suggested to him of escaping her wrath, which led out at the window. Scarce had his agile limbs landed him safe on *terra firma*, when the door opened, and, preceded by a shriek that penetrated his hiding-place, he heard Aunt Polly's lamentable lamentation—"It's my *square*-room! my square-room *carpet*! Oh! that *I* should live to see it come to this!" and again, and again, were these heart-thrilling exclamations reiterated. The lad, finding that all the good lady's excitement was likely to be spent on the square-room—though, alas! all would n't exterminate the grease—recovered courage and magnanimity enough to reveal himself as the author of the catastrophe, which he did with such contrition, showing at the same time his wounds, that Aunt Polly soon began "to take on" about her dear boy, to the seeming forgetfulness, while anointing his burns, of the kettle of lard and her unfortunate square-room.

But I must take up again the broken thread of my own adventures in this square-room, where I

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left Aunt Polly flourishing about in joy at our unexpected arrival.

A large, straight-backed rocking-chair stood in one corner of this apartment, and on its cushion—stuffed with feathers, and covered with blazing chintz—lay a large gray cat curled up asleep—decidedly the most comfortable looking object in the room—till Aunt Polly unceremoniously shook her out of her snug quarters to give my father the chair. I then discovered that poor puss was without a tail! On expressing my surprise, aunt only replied—"Oh, *my* cats are all so!" And, true enough, before we left, I saw some half dozen round the house, all deficient in this same graceful appendage of the feline race. The human domestics of the family were only half-grown—but half did their work, and seemed altogether naturalized to the whirligig spirit of their mistress. The reader may anticipate the consequences to the culinary and table arrangements. For supper we had, not unleavened bread, but that which contained "the little leaven," that having had no time to "leaven the whole lump," rendered it still heavier of digestion; butter half-worked, tea made of water that did not get time to boil, and slack-baked cakes. I supped on cucumbers, and complaining of fatigue, was conducted by my kind aunt to the sleeping apartment next her own, as it would seem like old times to have me so near. What was wanting to make my bed comfortable, might have been owing to the fact, that the feathers under me had been only half-baked, or were picked from geese of Aunt Polly's raising; at any rate, I was as restless as the good lady herself until daylight, when I fell into an uneasy dreams—blessing the ducking that saved me a more lingering fate before. After a brief morning-nap I arose, and seeing fresh eggs brought in from the farm-yard, confidently expected to have my appetite appeased, knowing that they could be cooked in "less than no time;" but here again disappointment awaited me. For once, Aunt Polly's mis-hit was in *over*-doing. The coffee sustained in part her reputation, being half-roasted, half-ground, half-boiled, and, I may add, half-swallowed. After this breakfast—or keepfast—my father archly inquired of me aside, how long I wished him to leave me with Aunt Polly, as he must return immediately home. Horror at the idea of being left at all overcame the mortification that my reaction of feeling naturally occasioned, and throwing my arms around his neck, I implored him to take me back with him. This reply he took as coolly as if he were prepared for it. Not so did Aunt Polly receive the announcement of my departure. She insisted that I had promised her a *visit*, and this was no visit at all. My father humored her fondness with his usual tact; but on telling her that it was really necessary for me to return to school, the kind woman relinquished at once her selfish claims, in view of a greater good to me.

Poor Aunt Polly! if my affection for her was less disinterested than her own, it was none the less in quantity; and I never loved her more than when she gave me that cruelest of squeezes at our parting, which proved to be the last—for I never saw her again. But in proof that she loved me to the end, I was remembered in her will; and did I not believe that if living, her generous affection, that was the precious oil through which floated her eccentricities like "flies as big as bumble-bees," would smooth over all appearance of ridicule in these reminiscences, they should never amuse any one save myself. But really, I cannot better carry out her restless desire of pleasing others, than by reproducing the merriment which throughout a long life was occasioned by her, who of all the Aunt Pollies that ever lived, was *the* AUNT POLLY!

STUDY. (EXTRACT.)

LIFE, like the sea, hath yet a few green isles
Amid the waste of waters. If the gale
Has tossed your bark, and many weary miles
Stretch yet before you, furl the buttered sail,
Fling out the anchor, and with rapture hail
The pleasant prospect—storms will come too soon.
They are but suicides, at best, who fail
To seize when'er they can Joy's fleeting boon—
Fools, who exclaim "'tis night," yet always shun the noon.

Live not as though you had been born for nought.
Save like the brutes to perish. What do they
But crop the grass and die? Ye have been taught
A nobler lesson—that within the clay,
Upon the minds high altar, burns a ray
Flashed from Divinity—and shall it shine
Fitful and feebly? Shall it die away,
Because, forsooth, no priest is at the shrine?
Go ye with learning's lamp and tend the fire divine.

Pore o'er the classic page, and turn again
The leaf of History—ye will not heed
The noisy revel and the shouts of men,
The jester and the mime, for ye can feed,
Deep, deep, on these; and if your bosoms bleed,
At tales of treachery and death they tell,
The land that gave you birth will never need
Tarpeian rock, that rock from which there fell
He who loved Rome and Rome's, yet loved himself too well

And she, the traitress, who beneath the weight
Of Sabine shields and bracelets busily sank,
Stifled and dying, at the city-gate,
Lies buried there—and now the long weeds, dank
With baneful dews, bend o'er her, and the rank
Entangled grass, the timid lizard's home,
Covers the sepulchre—the wild flower shrank
To plant its roots in that polluted loam—
Pity that such a tomb should look o'er ruined Rome.

Rome! lovely in her ruins! Can they claim
Common humanity who never feel
The pulse beat higher at the very name,
The brain grow wild, and the rapt senses reel,
Drunken with happiness? O'er us should steal
Feelings too big for utt'rance—I should prize
Such joy above all earthly wealth and weal,
Nor barter it for love—when Beauty dies
Love spreads his silken wings. The happy are the wise

HENRY S. HAGERT.

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THE FANE-BUILDER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's memory thy most far renown. LAMENT OF TASSO.

In the olden time of the world there stood on the ocean-border a large and flourishing city, whose winged ships brought daily the costly merchandise of all nations to its overflowing store-houses. It was a place of busy, bustling, turbulent life. Men were struggling fiercely for wealth, and rank, and lofty name. The dawn of day saw them striving each for his own separate and selfish schemes; the stars of midnight looked down in mild rebuke upon the protracted labor of men who gave themselves no time to gaze upon the quiet heavens. One only of all this busy crowd mingled not in their toil—one only idler sauntered carelessly along the thronged mart, or wandered listlessly by the seashore; Adonais alone scorned to bind himself by fetters which he could not fling aside at his own wild will. Those who loved the stripling grieved to see him waste the spring-time of life in thus aimlessly loitering by the way-side; while the old men and sages would fain have taken from him his ill-used freedom, and shut him up in the prison-house where they bestowed their madmen, lest his example should corrupt the youth of the city.

But for all this Adonais cared little. In vain they showed him the craggy path which traversed the hill of Fame; in vain they set him in the foul and miry roads which led to the temple of Mammon. He bowed before their solemn wisdom, but there was a lurking mischief in his glance as he pointed to his slender limbs, and feigned a shudder of disgust at the very sight of these rugged and distasteful ways. So at last he was suffered to wend his own idle course, and save that careful sires sometimes held him up as a warning to their children, his fellow-townsmen almost forgot his existence.

Years passed on, and then a beautiful and stately Fane began to rise in the very heart of the great city. Slowly it rose, and for a while they who toiled so intently at their daily business, marked not the white and polished stones which were so gradually and silently piled together in their midst. It grew, that noble temple, as if by magic. Every morning dawn shed its rose-tints upon another snowy marble which had been fixed in its appointed place beneath the light of the quiet stars. Men wondered somewhat, but they had scarce time to observe, and none to inquire. So the superb fabric had nearly reached its summit ere they heard, with unbelieving ears, that the builder of this noble fane, was none other than Adonais, the idler.

Few gave credence to the tale, for whence could he, the vagrant, and the dreamer, have drawn those precious marbles, encrusted as they were with sculpture still more precious, and written over with characters as inscrutable as they were immortal? Some set themselves to watch for the Fane-builder, but their eyes were heavy, and at the magic hour when the artist took up his labors, their senses were fast locked in slumber. Yet silently, even as the temple of the mighty Solomon, in which was never heard the sound of the workman's tool, so rose that mystic fane. Not until it stood in grand relief against the clear blue sky; not until its lofty dome pierced the clouds even a mountain-top; not until its polished walls were fashioned within and without, to surpassing beauty, did men learn the truth, and behold in the despised Adonais, the wonder-working Fane-builder. In his wanderings the dreamer had lighted on the entrance to that exhaustless mine, whence men of like soul have drawn their riches for all time. The hidden treasures of poesy had been given to his grasp, and he had built a temple which should long outlast the sand-heaps which the worshipers of Mammon had gathered around them.

But even then, when pilgrims came from afar to gaze upon the noble fane, the men of his own kindred and people stood aloof. They cared not for this adornment of their birth-place—they valued not the treasures that had there been gathered together. Only the few who entered the vestibule, and saw the sparkle of jewels which decked the inner shrine, or they to whom the pilgrims recounted the priceless value of these gems in other lands—only they began to look with something like pride upon the dreamer Adonais.

But not without purpose had the Fane-builder reared this magnificent structure. Within those costly walls was a veiled and jeweled sanctuary. There had he enshrined an idol—the image of a bright divinity which he alone might worship. Willingly and freely did he admit the pilgrim and the wayfarer to the outer courts of his temple; gladly did he offer them refreshing draughts from the fountain of living water which gushed up in its midst; but never did he suffer them to enter that "Holy of holies;" never did their eyes rest on that enshrined idol, in whose honor all these treasures were gathered together.

In progress of time, when Adonais had lavished all his wealth upon his temple, and when with the toil of gathering and shaping out her treasures, his strength had well-nigh failed him, there came a troop of revilers and slanderers—men of evil tongue, who swore that the Fane-builder was no better than a midnight robber, and had despoiled other temples of all that adorned his own. The tale was as false and foul as they who coined it; but when they pointed to many pigmy fanes which now began to be reared

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about the city, and when men saw that they were built of like marbles as those which glittered in the temple of Adonais, they paused not to mark that the fairest stones in these new structures were but the imperfect sculptures which the true artist had scorned to employ, or perhaps the chippings of some rare gem which in his affluence he could fling aside. So the tale was hearkened unto and believed. They whose dim perceptions had been bewildered by this new uncoined and uncoinable wealth, were glad to think that it had belonged to some far off time, or some distant region. The envious, the sordid, the cold, all listened well-pleased to the base slander; and they who had cared little for his glory made themselves strangely busy in spreading the story of his shame.

Patiently and unweariedly had the dreamer labored at his pleasant task, while the temple was gradually growing up toward the heavens; skillfully had he polished the rich marbles, and graven upon them the ineffaceable characters of truth. But the jeweled adornments of the inner shrine had cost him more than all his other toil, for with his very heart's blood had he purchased those costly gems that sparkled on his soul's idol. Now wearied and worn with by-gone suffering he had no strength to stand forth and defy his revilers. Proudly and silently he withdrew from the world, and entered into his own beautiful fane. Presently men beheld that a heavy stone had been piled against the door of the inner sanctuary, and upon its polished surface was inscribed these words: "To Time the Avenger!"

From that day no one ever again beheld the dreamer. Pilgrims came as before, and rested within the vestibule, and drank of the springing fountain, but they no longer saw the dim outline of the veiled goddess in the distant shrine, only the white and ghastly glitter of that threatening stone, which seemed like the portal of a tomb, met their eyes.

Thus years passed on, and men had almost forgotten the name of him who had wasted himself in such fruitless toil. At length there came one from a country far beyond the seas, who had set forth to explore the wonders of all lands. He lacked the pious reverence of the pilgrims, but he also lacked the cold indifference of those who dwelt within the shadow of the temple. He entered the mystic fane, he gazed with unsated eye upon the treasures it contained, and his soul sought for greater beauty. With daring hand he and his companions thrust aside the marble portal which guarded the sanctuary. At first they shrunk back, dazzled and awe-stricken as the blaze of rich light met their unhallowed gaze. Again they went forward, and then what saw they? Surrounded by the sheen of jewels—glowing in the gorgeous light of the diamond, the chrysolite, the beryl, the ruby, they found an image fashioned but of common clay, while extended at its feet lay the skeleton of the Fane-builder.

Worn with toil, and pain, and disappointment, he had perished at the feet of his idol. It may be that the scorn of the world had opened his eyes to behold of what mean materials was shapen the divinity he had so honored. It may be that the glitter of the gems he had heaped around it had perpetuated the delusion which had first charmed him, and he had thus been saved the last, worst pang of wasted idolatry. It matters not. He died—as all such men must die—in sorrow and in loneliness.

But the fane he has reared is as indestructible as the soul of him who lifted its lofty summit to the skies. "Time, the Avenger," has redeemed the builder's fame; and even the men of his own nation now believe that a prophet and a seer once dwelt among them.

When that great city shall have shared the fortunes of the Babylons and Ninevahs of olden time, that snow-white fane, written all over with characters of truth, and graven with images of beauty, will yet endure; and men of new times and new states shall learn lessons of holier and loftier existence from a pilgrimage to that glorious temple, built by spirit-toil, and consecrated by spirit-worship and spirit-suffering.

DREAM-MUSIC; OR, THE SPIRIT-FLUTE.

A BALLAD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

There—Pearl of Beauty! lightly press,
With yielding form, the yielding sand;
And while you lift the rosy shells,
Within your dear and dainty hand,

Or toss them to the heedless waves,
That reck not how your treasures shine,
As oft you waste on careless hearts
Your fancies, touched with light divine,

I'll sing a lay—more wild than gay—
The story of a magic flute;
And as I sing, the waves shall play
An ordered tune, the song to suit.

In silence flowed our grand old Rhine;
For on his breast a picture burned,
The loveliest of all scenes that shine
Where'er his glorious course has turned.

That radiant morn the peasants saw
A wondrous vision rise in light,
They gazed, with blended joy and awe—
A castle crowned the beetling height!

Far up amid the amber mist,
That softly wreathes each mountain-spire,
The sky its clustered columns kissed,
And touched their snow with golden fire;

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The vapor parts—against the skies,
In delicate tracery on the blue,
Those graceful turrets lightly rise,
As if to music there they grew!

And issuing from its portal fair,
A youth descends the dizzy steps;
The sunrise gilds his waving hair,
From rock to rock he lightly leaps—

He comes—the radiant, angel-boy!
He moves with more than human grace;
His eyes are filled with earnest joy,
And Heaven is in his beauteous face.

And whether bred the stars among,
Or in that luminous palace born,
Around his airy footsteps hung
The light of an immortal morn.

From steep to steep he fearless springs,
And now he glides the throng amid,
So light, as if still played the wings
That 'neath his tunic sure are hid!

A fairy flute is in his hand—
He parts his bright, disordered hair,
And smiles upon the wondering band,
A strange, sweet smile, with tranquil air.

Anon, his blue, celestial eyes
He bent upon a youthful maid,
Whose looks met his in still surprise,
The while a low, glad tune he played—

Her heart beat wildly—in her face
The lovely rose-light went and came;
She clasped her hands with timid grace,
In mute appeal, in joy and shame!

Then slow he turned—more wildly breathed
The pleading flute, and by the sound
Through all the throng her steps she wreathed,
As if a chain were o'er her wound.

All mute and still the group remained,
And watched the charm, with lips apart,
While in those linkèd notes enchained,
The girl was led, with listening heart:—

The youth ascends the rocks again,
And in his steps the maiden stole,
While softer, holier grew the strain,
Till rapture thrilled her yearning soul!

And fainter fell that fairy tune;
Its low, melodious cadence wound,
Most like a ripling rill at noon,
Through delicate lights and shades of sound;

And with the music, gliding slow,
Far up the steep, their garments gleam;
Now through the palace gate they go;
And now—it vanished like a dream!

Still frowns above thy waves, oh Rhine!
The mountain's wild terrific height,
But where has fled the work divine,
That lent its brow a halo-light?

Ah! springing arch and pillar pale
Had melted in the azure air!
And she—the darling of the dale—
She too had gone—but how—and where?

. . . . . .

Long years rolled by—and lo! one morn,
Again o'er regal Rhine it came,
That picture from the dream-land borne,
That palace built of frost and flame.

Behold! within its portal gleams
A heavenly shape—oh! rapturous sight!
For lovely as the light of dreams
She glides adown the mountain height!

She comes! the loved, the long-lost maid!
And in her hand the charmèd flute;
But ere its mystic tune was played
She spake—the peasants listened mute—

She told how in that instrument
Was chained a world of winged dreams;
And how the notes that from it went
Revealed them as with lightning gleams;

And how its music's magic braid
O'er the unwary heart it threw,
Till he or she whose dream it played
Was forced to follow where it drew.

She told how on that marvelous day
Within its changing tune she heard
A forest-fountain's plaintive play,
A silver trill from far-off bird;

And how the sweet tones, in her heart,
Had changed to promises as sweet,
That if she dared with them depart,
Each lovely hope its heaven should meet.

And then she played a joyous lay,
And to her side a fair child springs,
And wildly cries—"Oh! where are they?
Those singing-birds, with diamond wings?"

Anon a loftier strain is heard,
A princely youth beholds his dream;
And by the thrilling cadence stirred,
Would follow where its wonders gleam.

Still played the maid—and from the throng—
Receding slow—the music drew
A choice and lovely band along—
The brave—the beautiful—the true!

The sordid—worldly—cold—remained,
To watch that radiant troop ascend;
To hear the fading fairy strain;
To see with Heaven the vision blend!

And ne'er again, o'er glorious Rhine,
That sculptured dream rose calm and mute;
Ah! would that now once more 't would shine,
And *I* could play the fairy flute!

I'd play, Marie, the dream I see,
Deep in those changeful eyes of thine,
And thou perforce should'st follow me,
Up—up where life is all divine!

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RISING IN THE WORLD.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

"This is the house that Jack built."

WHETHER it was cotton or tallow that laid the foundations of Mr. Fairchild's fortunes we forget—for people have no right now-a-days to such accurate memories—but it was long ago, when Mrs. Fairchild was contented and humble, and Mr. Fairchild happy in the full stretch of his abilities to make the two ends meet—days which had long passed away. A sudden turn of fortune's wheel had placed them on new ground. Mr. Fairchild toiled, and strained, and struggled to follow up fortune's favors, and was successful. The springs of life had well-nigh been consumed in the eager and exhausting contest; and now, breathless and worn, he paused to be happy. One half of life he had thus devoted to the one object, meaning when that object was obtained to enjoy the other half, supposing that happiness, like every thing else, was to be bought.

Mrs. Fairchild's ideas had jumped with her husband's fortunes. Once she only wanted additional pantries and a new carpet for her front parlor, to be perfectly happy. Now, a grand house in a grand avenue was indispensable. Once, she only wished to be a little finer than Mrs. Simpkins; now, she ardently desired to forget she ever knew Mrs. Simpkins; and what was harder, to make Mrs. Simpkins forget she had ever known *her*. In short, Mrs. Fairchild had grown *fine*, and meant to be fashionable. And why not? Her house was as big as any body's. Her husband gave her *carte blanche* for furniture, and the mirrors, and gilding, and candelabras, were enough to put your eyes out.

She was very busy, and talked very grand to the shopmen, who were very obsequious, and altogether was very happy.

"I don't know what to do with this room, or how to furnish it," she said to her husband one day, as they were going through the house. There are the two drawing-rooms, and the dining-room—but this fourth room seems of no use—I would make a *keeping*-room of it, but that it has only that one large window that looks back—and I like a cheerful look-out where I sit—why did you build it so?"

"I don't know," he replied, "it's just like Ashfield's house next door, and so I supposed it must be right, and I told the workmen to follow the same plan as his."

"Ashfield's!" said Mrs. Fairchild, looking up with a new idea, "I wonder what use they put it to."

"A library, I believe. I think the head carpenter told me so."

"A library! Well, then, let's *us* have a library," she said. "Book-cases would fill those walls very handsomely.

He looked at her for a moment, and said,

"But the books?"

"Oh, we can get those," she replied. "I'll go this very morning to Metcalf about the book-cases."

So forthwith she ordered the carriage, and drove to the cabinet-maker's.

"Mr. Metcalf," she said with her grandest air, (for as at present she had to confine her grandeur to her trades-people, she gave them full measure, for which, however, they charged her full price,) I want new book-cases for my library—I want your handsomest and most expensive kind."

The man bowed civilly, and asked if she preferred the Gothic or Egyptian pattern."

Gothic or Egyptian! Mrs. Fairchild was nonplused. What did he mean by Gothic and Egyptian? She would have given the world to ask, but was ashamed.

"I have not made up my mind," she replied, after some hesitation, (her Egyptian ideas being drawn from the Bible, were not of the latest date, and so she thought of Pharaoh) and added, "but Gothic, I believe"—for Gothic at least was untrenched ground, and she had no prejudices of any kind to combat there—"which, however, are the most fashionable?" she continued.

"Why I make as many of the one as the other," he replied. "Mr. Ashfield's are Egyptian, Mr. Campden's Gothic."

Now the Ashfields were her grand people. She did not know them, but she meant to. They lived next door, and she thought nothing would be easier. They were not only rich, but fashionable. He was a man of talent and information, (but that the Fairchilds knew nothing about,) head of half the literary institutions, a person of weight and influence in all circles. She was very pretty and very elegant—dressing beautifully, and looking very animated and happy; and Mrs. Fairchild often gazed at her as she drove from the door, (for the houses joined,) and made up her mind to be very intimate as soon as she was "all fixed."

"The Ashfields have Egyptian," she repeated, and Pharaoh faded into insignificance before such grand authority—and so she ordered Egyptian too.

"Not there," said Mrs. Fairchild, "you need not measure there," as the cabinet-maker was taking the dimensions of her rooms. "I shall have a looking-glass there."

"A mirror in a library!" said the man of rule and inches, with a tone of surprise that made Mrs. Fairchild color. "Did you wish a mirror here, ma'am," he added, more respectfully.

"No, no," she replied quickly, "go on"—for she felt at once that he had seen the inside of more libraries than she had.

Her ideas received another illumination from the

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upholsterer, as she was looking at blue satin for a curtain to the one large window which opened on a conservatory, who said,

"Oh, it's for a library window; then cloth, I presume, madam, is the article you wish."

"Cloth!" she repeated, looking at him.

"Yes," he replied; "we always furnish libraries with cloth. Heavy, rich materials is considered more suitable for such a purpose than silk."

"Mrs. Fairchild was schooled again. However, Mr. Ashfield was again the model.

And now the curtains were up, and the cases home, and all but the books there, which being somewhat essential to a library, Mrs. Fairchild said to her husband,

"My dear, you must buy some books. I want to fill these cases and get this room finished."

"I will," he replied. "There's an auction to-night. I'll buy a lot."

"An auction," she said, hesitatingly. "Is that the best place? I don't think the bindings will be apt to be handsome of auction books."

"I can have them rebound," he answered.

"But you cannot tell whether they will fit these shelves," she continued, anxiously. "I think you had better take the measure of the shelves, and go to some book-store, and then you can choose them accordingly."

"I see Ashfield very often at book auctions," he persisted, to which she innocently replied,

"Oh, yes—but he knows what he is buying, we don't;" to which unanswerable argument Mr. Fairchild had nothing to say. And so they drove to a great book importers, and ordered the finest books and bindings that would suit their measurements.

And now they were at last, as Mrs. Fairchild expressed it, "*all fixed*." Mr. Fairchild had paid and dismissed the last workman—she had home every article she could think of—and now they were to sit down and enjoy.

The succeeding weeks passed in perfect quiet—and, it must be confessed, profound *ennui*.

"I wish people would begin to call," said Mrs. Fairchild, with an impatient yawn. "I wonder when they will."

"There seems to be visiting enough in the street," said Mr. Fairchild, as he looked out at the window. "There seems no end of Ashfield's company."

"I wish some of them would call here," she replied sorrowfully.

"We are not fine enough for them, I suppose," he answered, half angrily.

"Not fine enough!" she ejaculated with indignant surprise. "We not fine enough! I am sure this is the finest house in the Avenue. And I don't believe there is such furniture in town."

Mr. Fairchild made no reply, but walked the floor impatiently.

"Do you know Mr. Ashfield?" she presently asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I meet him on 'change constantly."

"I wonder, then, why *she* does not call," she said, indignantly. "It's very rude in her, I am sure. We are the last comers."

And the weeks went on, and Mr. Fairchild without business, and Mrs. Fairchild without gossip, had a very quiet, dull time of it in their fine house.

"I wish somebody would call," had been repeated again and again in every note of *ennui*, beginning in impatience and ending in despair.

Mr. Fairchild grew angry. His pride was hurt. He looked upon himself as especially wronged by his neighbor Ashfield. The people opposite, too—"who were they, that the Ashfields were so intimate with them? The Hamiltons! Why he could buy them over and over again! Hamilton's income was nothing."

At last Mrs. Fairchild took a desperate resolution, "Why should not *we* call first? We'll never get acquainted in this way," which declaration Mr. Fairchild could not deny. And so she dressed one morning in her finest and drove round with a pack of cards.

Somehow she found every body "out." But that was not much, for, to tell the truth, her heart did beat a little at the idea of entering strange drawing-rooms and introducing herself, and she would be sure to be at home when they returned her calls; and that would be less embarrassing, and suit her views quite as well.

In the course of a few days cards were left in return.

"But, Lawrence, I told you to say I was at home," said Mrs. Fairchild, impatiently, as the servant handed her half a dozen cards.

"I did, ma'am," he replied.

"You did," she said, "then how is this?"

"I don't know, ma'am," he replied, "but the footman gave me the cards and said all was right."

Mrs. Fairchild flushed and looked disconcerted.

Before a fortnight had elapsed she called again; but this time her cards remained unnoticed.

"Who on earth is this Mrs. Fairchild?" said Mrs. Leslie Herbert to Mrs. Ashfield, "who is forever leaving her cards."

"The people who built next to us," replied Mrs. Ashfield. "I don't know who they are."

"What an odd idea," pursued the other, "to be calling once a week in this way. I left my card after the first visit; but if the little woman means to call every other day in this way, I shall not call again."

And so Mrs. Fairchild was dismissed from the minds of her new neighbors, while she sat in anxious wonderment at their not calling again.

Though Mr. Fairchild was no longer in business, yet he had property to manage, and could still walk down town and see some business acquaintances, and inquire into stocks, and lots, and other interesting matters; but poor Mrs. Fairchild had fairly nothing to do. She was too rich to sew. She could buy every thing she wanted. She had but two children, and they could not occupy all her time; and her house and furniture were so new, and her servants so many, that housekeeping was a mere name. As to reading, that never formed any part of either

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her or Mr. Fairchild's pleasures. They did not even know the names of half the books they had. He read the papers, which was more than she did beyond the list of deaths and marriages—and so she felt as if she would die in her grandeur for something to do, and somebody to see. We are not sure but that Mrs. Simpkins would have been most delightedly received if she had suddenly walked in upon her. But this Mrs. Simpkins had no idea of doing. The state of wrath and indignation in which Mrs. Fairchild had left her old friends and acquaintances is not easily to be described.

"She had begun to give herself airs," they said, "even before she left —— street; and if she had thought herself a great lady then, in that little box, what must she be now?" said Mrs. Thompson, angrily.

"I met her not long ago in a store, and she pretended not to see me," replied Mrs Simpkins. "So I shall not trouble myself to call," she continued, with considerable dignity of manner; not telling, however, that she *had* called soon after Mrs. Fairchild moved, and her visit had never been returned.

"Oh, I am sure," said the other, "I don't want to visit her if she don't want to visit me;" which, we are sorry to say, Mrs. Thompson, was a story, for you know you were dying to get in the house and see and "hear all about it."

To which Mrs. Simpkins responded,

"That, *for* her part, she did not care about it—there was no love lost between them;" and these people, who had once been kind and neighborly friends, would not have been sorry to hear that Mr. Fairchild had failed—or rather would have been glad (which people mean when they say, "they would not be sorry,") to see them humbled in any way.

So much for Mrs. Fairchild's first step in prosperity.

Mrs. Fairchild pined and languished for something to do, and somebody to see. The memory of early habits came strongly over her at times, and she longed to go in the kitchen and make a good batch of pumpkin pies, by way of amusement; but she did not dare. Her stylish pampered menials already suspected she was "nobody," and constantly quoted the privileges of Mrs. Ashfield's servants, and the authority of other fashionable names, with the impertinence and contempt invariably felt by inferiors for those who they instinctively know to be ignorant and vulgar, and "not to the manor born."

She accidently, to her great delight, came across a young mantuamaker, who occasionally sewed at Mrs. Ashfield's; and she engaged her at once to come and make her some morning-dresses; not that she wanted them, only the opportunity for the gossip to be thence derived. And to those who know nothing of the familiarity with which ladies can sometimes condescend to question such persons, it would be astonishing to know the quantity of information she extracted from Miss Hawkins. Not only of Mrs. Ashfield's mode of living, number of dresses, &c., but of many other families of the neighborhood, particularly the Misses Hamilton, who were described to be such "nice young ladies," and for whom she chiefly sewed, as "Mrs. Ashfield chiefly imported most of her dresses," but she lent all her patterns to the Miss Hamiltons; and Miss Hawkins made up all their dresses after hers, only not of such expensive materials. And thus she found out all the Hamiltons' economies, which filled her with contempt and indignation—contempt for their poverty, and indignation at their position in society, and the company they saw notwithstanding.

She could not understand it. Her husband sympathized with her most fully on this score, for, like all ignorant, purse-proud men, he could comprehend no claims not based in money.

A sudden light broke in, however, upon the Fairchild's dull life. A great exertion was being made for a new Opera company, and Mr. Fairchild's money being as good as any body else's, the subscription books were taken to him. He put down his name for as large a sum as the best of them, and felt himself at once a patron of music, fashion, and the fine arts.

Mrs. Fairchild was in ecstasies. She had chosen seats in the midst of the Ashfields, Harpers, and others, and felt now "that they would be all together."

Mr. Fairchild came home one day very indignant with a young Mr. Bankhead, who had asked him if he would change seats with him, saying his would probably suit Mr. Fairchild better than those he had selected, as they were front places, &c., that his only object in wishing to change was to be next to the Ashfields, as it would be a convenience to his wife, who could then go often with them when he was otherwise engaged."

Mr. Fairchild promptly refused in what Mr. Bankhead considered a rude manner, who rather haughtily replied "that he should not have offered the exchange if he had supposed it was a favor, his seats being generally considered the best. It was only on his wife's account, who wished to be among her friends that he had asked it, as he presumed the change would be a matter of indifference to Mr. Fairchild."

The young man had no idea of the sting conveyed in these words. Mrs. Fairchild was very angry when her husband repeated it to her. "It was *not* a matter of indifference at all. Why should not *we* wish to be among the Ashfields and Harpers as well as any body?" she said, indignantly. "And who is this Mrs. Bankhead, I should like to know, that I am to yield my place to *her*;" to which Mr. Fairchild replied, with his usual degree of angry contempt when speaking of people of no property,

"A pretty fellow, indeed! He's hardly worth salt to his porridge! Indeed, I wonder how he is able to pay for his seats at all!"

While on the Bankhead's side it was,

"We cannot change our places, Mrs. Ashfield. Those Fairchilds refused."

"Oh, how provoking!" was the reply. "We should have been such a nice little set by ourselves. And so disagreeable, too, to have people one don't

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know right in the midst of us so! Why what do the creatures mean—your places are the best?"

"Oh, I don't know. He 's a vulgar, purse-proud man. My husband was quite sorry he had asked him, for he seemed to think it was a great favor, and made the most of the opportunity to be rude."

"Well, I am sorry. It 's not pleasant to have such people near one; and then I am so very, very sorry, not to have you and Mr. Bankhead with us. The Harpers were saying how delightful it would be for us all to be together; and now to have those vulgar people instead—too provoking!"

Ignorant, however, of the disgust in which her anticipated proximity was held, Mrs. Fairchild, in high spirits, bought the most beautiful of white satin Opera cloaks, and ordered the most expensive paraphernalia she could think of to make it all complete, and determined on sporting diamonds that would dazzle old acquaintances, (if any presumed to be there,) and make even the fashionables stare.

The first night opened with a very brilliant house. Every body was there, and every body in full dress. Mrs Fairchild had as much as she could do to look around. To be sure she knew nobody, but then it was pleasant to see them all. She learnt a few names from the conversation that she overheard of the Ashfields and Harpers, as they nodded to different acquaintances about the house. And then, during the intervals, different friends came and chatted a little while with them, and the Bankheads leaned across and exchanged a few animated words; and, in short, every body seemed so full of talk, and so intimate with every body, except poor Mrs. Fairchild, who sat, loaded with finery, and no one to speak to but her husband, who was by this time yawning wearily, well-nigh worn out with the fatigue of hearing two acts of a grand Italian Opera.

As Mrs. Fairchild began to recover self-possession enough to comprehend what was going on among them, she found to her surprise, from their conversation, that the music was not all alike; that one singer was "divine," another "only so so;" the orchestra admirable, and the choruses very indifferent. She could not comprehend how they could tell one from another. "They all sang at the same time; and as for the chorus and orchestra, she did not know 'which was which.'"

Then there was a great deal said about "*contraltos*" and "*sopranos*;" and when her husband asked her what they meant, she replied, "she did not know, it was *French*!" They talked, too, of Rossini and Bellini, and people who *read* and *wrote* music, and that quite passed her comprehension. She thought "music was only played and sung;" and what they meant by reading and writing it, she could not divine. Had they talked of eating it, it would have sounded to her about as rational.

Occasionally one of the Hamiltons sat with some of the set, for it seemed they had no regular places of their own. "Of course not," said Mrs Fairchild, contemptuously. "They can't afford it," which expressive phrase summed up, with both husband and wife, the very essence of all that was mean and contemptible, and she was only indignant at their being able to come there at all. The Bankheads were bad enough; but to have the Hamiltons there too, and then to hear them all talking French with some foreigners who occasionally joined them, really humbled her.

This, then, she conceived was the secret of success. "They *know* French," she would reply in a voice of infinite mortification, when her husband expressed his indignant astonishment at finding these "nobodies" on 'change, "somebodies" at the Opera. To "*know* French," comprehended all her ideas of education, information, sense, and literature. This, then, she thought was the "Open Sesame" of "good society," the secret of enjoyment at the Opera; for, be it understood, all foreign languages were "French" to Mrs. Fairchild.

She was beginning to find the Opera a terrible bore, spite of all the finery she sported and saw around her, with people she did not know, and music she did not understand. As for Mr. Fairchild, the fatigue was intolerable; and he would have rebelled at once, if he had not paid for his places for the season, and so chose to have his money's worth, if it was only in tedium.

A bright idea, a bold resolution occurred to Mrs. Fairchild. She would learn French.

So she engaged a teacher at once, at enormous terms, who was to place her on a level with the best of them.

Poor little woman! and poor teacher, too! what work it was! How he groaned in spirit at the thick tongue that *could not* pronounce the delicate vowels, and the dull apprehension that knew nothing of moods and tenses.

And she, poor little soul, who was as innocent of English Grammar as of murder, how was she to be expected to understand the definite and indefinite when it was all indefinite; and as for the participle past, she did not believe *any* body understood it. And so she worked and puzzled, and sometimes almost cried, for a week, and then went to the Opera and found she was no better off than before.

In despair, and angry with her teacher, she dismissed him. "She did not believe any body ever learnt it that way out of books;" and "so she would get a French maid, and she 'd learn more hearing her talk in a month, than Mr. A. could teach her, if she took lessons forever." And so she got a maid, who brought high recommendations from some grand people who had brought her from France, and then she thought herself quite set up.

But the experiment did not succeed. She turned out a saucy thing, who shrugged her shoulders with infinite contempt when she found "madame" did not comprehend her; and soon Mrs. Fairchild was very glad to take advantage of a grand flare-up in the kitchen between her and the cook, in which the belligerent parties declared that "one or the other must leave the house," to dismiss her.

In deep humility of spirit Mrs. Fairchild placed her little girl at the best French school in the city, almost grudging the poor child her Sundays at home

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when she must hear nothing but English. She was determined that she should learn French young; for she now began to think it must be taken like measles or whooping-cough, in youth, or else the attack must be severe, if not dangerous.

Mrs. Fairchild made no acquaintances, as she fondly hoped, at the Ope a. A few asked, "Who is that dressy little body who sits in front of you, Mrs. Ashfield?"

"A Mrs. Fairchild. I know nothing about them except that they live next door to us."

"What a passion the little woman seems to have for jewelry," remarked the other. "It seems to me she has a new set of something once a week at least."

"Yes," said one of the Hamiltons, laughing, "she's as good as a jeweler's window. It's quite an amusement to me to see the quantity of bracelets and chains she contrives to hang around her."

"I would gladly have dispensed with that amusement, Ellen," replied Mrs. Ashfield, "for they have the places the Bankheads wanted; and he is so clever and well-informed, and she such a bright, intelligent little creature, that it would have added so mu.h to our pleasure to have had hem with us."

"Oh, to be sure! the Bankheads are jewels of the first water. And how they enjoy every thing. What a shame it is they have not those Fairchilds' money."

"No, no, Ellen, that is not fair," replied Mrs. Ashfield. "Let Mrs. Fairchild have her finery—it's all, I suppose, the poor woman has. The Bankheads don't require wealth for either enjoyment or consequence. They are b g t and flushing in their own lustre, and like all pure brilliants, are the brighter for their simple se ting."

"May be," replied the gay Ellen, "but I do love to see some people have every thing."

"Nay, Ellen," said Mrs. Ashfield, "Is that quite just? Be satisfied with Mrs. Bankhead's having so much more than Mrs. Fairchild, without robbing poor Mrs. Fa rc ild of the little she has."

Could Mrs. Fairchild have believed her ears had she heard this? Could she have believed that little Mrs. Bankhead, whose simple book-muslin and plainly braided dark hair excited her nightly contempt, was held in such respect and admiration by those who would not know her. And Bankhead, whom her husband spoke of with such infinite contempt, as having "nothing at all," "not salt to his porridge." And yet as Mrs. Fairchild saw them courted and gay, she longed for some of their porridge, "for they knew French."

And thus the season wore on in extreme weariness and deep mortification. The Fairchilds made no headway at all. She made no acquaintances at all at the opera, as she had fondly hoped. She even regretted that her husband had refused their seats to the Bankheads. Had he yielded them a favor may be they would have spoken to them.

Desperate, at last, she determined she would do something. She would give a party. But who to ask?

Not old friends and acquaintance. That was not to be thought of. But who else? She knew nobody.

"It was not necessary to know them," she told her husband. "She would send her card and invitations to all those fine people, and they'd be glad enough to come. The Bankheads, too, and the Hamiltons, she would ask them."

"You are sure of them, at any rate," said her husband contemptuously. "Poor devils! it's not often they get such a supper as they'll get here."

But somehow the Hamiltons and Bankheads were not as hungry as Mr. Fairchild supposed, for very polite regrets came in the course of a few days, to Mrs. Fairchild's great wrath and mortification.

This was but the beginning, however. Refusals came pouring in thick and fast from all quarters.

The lights were prepared, the music sounding, and some half dozen ladies, whose husbands had occasionally a business transaction with Mr. Fairchild, looked in on their way to a grand fashionable party given the same evening by one of their own *clique*, and then vanished, leaving Mrs. Fairchild with the mortified wish that they had not come at all, to see the splendor of preparations and the beggary of guests. Some few young men dropped in and took a look, and bowed themselves out as soon as the Fairchilds gave them a chance; and so ended this last and most desperate effort.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fairchild one day to her husband in perfect desperation, "let us go to Europe."

"To Europe," he said, looking up in amazement.

"Yes," she replied, with energy. "That's what all these fine people have done, and that's the way they know each other so well. All the Americans are intimate in Paris, and then when they come back they are all friends together."

Mr. Fairchild listened and pondered. He was as tired as his wife with nothing to do; and moreover deeply mortified, though he said less about it, at not being admitted among those with whom he had no tastes or associations in common, and he consented.

The house was shut up and the Fairchilds were off.

—

"Who are those Fairchilds," asked somebody in Paris, "that one sees every where, where money can gain admittance?"

"Oh, I do n't know," replied Miss Rutherford. "They traveled down the Rhine with us last summer, and were our perfect torment. We could not shake them off."

"What sort of people are they?" was the next question.

"Ignorant past belief: but that would not so much matter if she were not such a spiteful little creature. I declare I heard more gossip and ill-natured stories from her about Americans in Paris than I ever heard in all the rest of my life put together."

"And rich?"

"Yes, I suppose so—for they spent absurdly. They are just those ignorant, vulgar people that one only meets in traveling, and that make us blush for our country and countrymen. Such people should not have passports."

"Fairchild," said Mrs. Castleton. "The name is

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familiar to me. Oh, now I remember. But they can't be the same. The Fairchilds I knew were people in humble circumstances. They lived in —— street."

"Yes. I dare say they are the very people," replied Miss Rutherford. "He has made money rapidly within a few years."

"But she was the best little creature I ever knew," persisted Mrs. Castleton. "My baby was taken ill while we were in the country boarding at the same house, and this Mrs. Fairchild came to me at once, and helped me get a warm bath, and watched and nursed the child with me as if it had been her own. I remember I was very grateful for her excessive kindness and attention."

"Well, I dare say," replied Miss Rutherford. "But that was when she was poor, and, as you say, humble, Mrs. Castleton. Very probably she may have been kind-hearted originally. She does love her children dearly. She has that merit; but now that she is rich, and wants to be fine and fashionable, and don't know how to manage it, and can't succeed, you never knew any body so spiteful and jealous as she is of all those she feels beyond her reach."

"Pity," said Mrs. Castleton almost sorrowfully. "She was such a good little creature. How prosperity spoils some people."

And so Mrs. Fairchild traveled and came home again.

They had been to Paris, and seen more things and places than they could remember, and did not understand what they could remember, and were afraid of telling what they had seen, lest they should mispronounce names, whose spelling was beyond their most ambitious flights.

They had gone to the ends of the earth to be in society at home. But ignorant they went and ignorant they returned.

"Edward and Fanny shall know every thing," said Mrs. Fairchild, and teachers without end were engaged for the young Fairchilds, who, to their parents' great delight were not only chatting in "unknown tongues," but becoming quite intimate with the little Ashfields and other baby sprigs of nobility.

"Who is that pretty boy dancing with your Helen, Mrs. Bankhead?" asked some one at a child's party.

"Young Fairchild," was the reply.

"Fairchild! What, a son of that overdressed little woman you used to laugh at so at the opera?" said the other.

"The same," replied Mrs. Bankhead laughing.

"And here's an incipient flirtation between your girl and her boy," continued the other archly.

"Well, there's no leveler like Education. The true democrat after all," she pursued.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Bankhead. "Intelligence puts us all on a footing. What other distinction can or should we have?"

"I doubt whether Mrs. Fairchild thinks so," replied her friend.

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Bankhead earnestly. "She would not perhaps express it in those words: but her humble reverence for education is quite touching. They are giving these children every possible advantage, and in a few years, when they are grown up," she continued, laughing, "We mothers will be very glad to admit the young Fairchilds in society, even if they must bring the mother with them."

"I suppose so," said the other. "And old people are inoffensive even if they are ignorant. Old age is in itself a claim to respect."

"True enough," returned Mrs. Bankhead; "and when you see them engrossed and happy in the success of their children, you forgive them a good deal. That is the reward of such people."

"They have fought through a good deal of mortification though to attain it," rejoined the other. "I wonder whether the end is worth it?"

"Ah! that's a question hard to settle," replied Mrs. Bankhead seriously. "Society at large is certainly improved, but I doubt whether individuals are the happier. No doubt the young Fairchilds will be happier for their parents' rise in the world—but I should say the "transition state" had been any thing but a pleasant one to the parents. The children will have the tastes as well as the means for enjoyment; the one Mrs. Fairchild having found to be quite as necessary as the other."

"This is the march of intellect, the progress of society, exemplified in the poor Fairchilds," replied the other laughing. "Well, thank Heaven my mission has not been to *rise* in the world."

TWILIGHT.—TO MARY.

Oh! how I love this time of ev'n,
When day in tender twilight dies;
And the parting sun, as it falls from heaven,
Leaves all its beauty on the skies.
When all of rash and restless Nature,
Passion—impulse—meekly sleeps,
And loveliness, the soul's sweet teacher,
Comes like religion in its deeps.
And now is trembling through my senses
The melting music of the trees,
And from the neat and rose-crowned fences
Comes the balm and fragrant breeze;
And from the bowers, not yet shrouded
In the coming gloom of night,
Breaks the bird-song, clear, unclouded,
In trembling tones of deep delight.
But not for this alone I prize
This witching time of ev'n,
The murmuring breeze, the blushing skies,
And day's last smile on heaven.
But thoughts of thee, and such as thou art,
That mingle with these sacred hours,
Give deeper pleasure to my heart
Than song of birds and breath of flowers.
Then welcome the hour when the last smile of day
Just lingers at the portal of ev'n,
When so much of life's tumults are passing away,
And earth seems exalted to heaven. E. P. O.

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THE SAGAMORE OF SACO.

A LEGEND OF MAINE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storms career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever. WHITTIER.

NEVER was country more fruitful than our own with rich materials of romantic and tragic interest, to call into exercise the finest talents of the dramatist and novelist. Every cliff and headland has its aboriginal legend; the village, now thrifty and quiet, had its days of slaughter and conflagration, its tale of devoted love or cruel treachery; while the city, now tumultuous with the pressure of commerce, in its "day of small things," had its bombardment and foreign army, and its handful of determined freemen, who achieved prodigies of single handed valor. Now that men are daily learning the worth of humanity, its hopes and its trials coming nearer home to thought and affection; now that the complicated passions of refined and artificial life are becoming less important than the broad, deep, genuine manifestations of the common mind, we may hope for a bolder and more courageous literature: we may hope to see the drama free itself from sensualism and frivolity, and rise to the Shaksperian dignity of true passion; while the romance will learn better its true ground, and will create, rather than portray—delineate, rather than dissect human sentiment and emotion.

The State of Maine is peculiarly rich in its historically romantic associations. Settled as it was prior to the landing of the Pilgrims, first under Raleigh Gilbert, and subsequently by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, whose colony it is fair, in the absence of testimony, to infer never left the country after 1616, but continued to employ themselves in the fisheries, and in some commerce with the West Indies, up to the time of their final incorporation with the Plymouth settlement. Indeed the correspondence of Sir Richard Vines, governor of the colony under Sir Ferdinando Gorges, with the Governor of Plymouth, leaves no doubt upon this head; and it is a well known fact that the two settlements of De Aulney and De la Tour at the mouths of the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, even at this early age, were far from being contemptible, both in a commercial and numeric point of view. Added to these was the handful of Jesuits at Mont Desert, and we might say a colony of Swedes on the sea-coast, between the two large rivers just named, the memory of which is traditional, and the vestiges of which are sometimes turned up by the ploughshare. These people probably fell beneath some outbreak of savage vengeance, which left no name or record of their existence.

Subsequently to these was the dispersion of the Acadians, that terrible and wanton piece of political policy, which resulted in the extinction and denationalizing of a simple and pious people. The fugitive Acadians found their way through a wilderness of forests, suffering and dying as they went, some landing in distant states, (five hundred having been consigned to Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia,) and others, lonely and bereft, found a home with the humble and laborious farmers of this hardy state, whose finest quality is an open-handed hospitality. These intermarrying with our people here, have left traces of their blood and fine moral qualities to enhance the excellence of a pure and healthful population.

Then followed the times of the Revolution, when Maine did her part nobly in the great and perilous work. Our own Knox was commandant of the artillery, and the bosom friend of Washington: our youth sunk into unknown graves in the sacred cause of freedom; and our people, poor as they were, for the resources of the state were then undeveloped, cast their mite of wealth into the national treasury. Northerly and isolated as she is, her cities were burned, and her frontiers jealously watched by an alert and cruel enemy. Here, too, Arnold sowed his last seeds of virtue and patriotism, in his arduous march through the wilderness of Maine to the capital of the Canadas, an exploit which, considering the season, the poverty of numbers and resources, combined with the wild, unknown, and uncleared state of the country, may compete with the most heroic actions of any great leader of any people.

A maratime state, Maine suffers severely from the fluctuations of commerce, but is the first to realize the reactions of prosperity. Her extended seaboard, her vast forests, her immense mineral resources, together with a population hardy, laborious, virtuous, and enterprising; a population less adulterated by foreign admixture than any state in the Union, all point to a coming day of power and prosperity which shall place her foremost in the ranks of the states, in point of wealth, as she is already in that of intelligence.

We have enumerated but a tithe of the intellectual resources of Maine—have given but a blank sheet as it were of the material which will hereafter make

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her renowned in story, and must confine ourselves to but a single point of historic and romantic interest, connected with the earlier records of the country. We have alluded to the first governor, Sir Richard Vines, a right worthy and chivalric gentleman, the friend and agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, of Walter Raleigh, and other fine spirits of the day. His residence was at the Pool, as it is now called, or "Winter Harbor," from the fact that the winter of 1616–17 was passed by Vines and his followers at this place. After a residence of eighteen or twenty years, devoted to the interests of the colony, the death of his patron, the transfer of the Maine plantation to the Plymouth proprietors, together with domestic and pecuniary misfortunes, induced Sir Richard Vines to retire to the Island of Barbadoes, where we find him prosperous and respected, and still mindful of the colony for which he had done and suffered so much.

Prior to his departure, and probably not altogether unconnected with it, he had incurred the deadly hatred of John Bonyton, a young man of the colony, who in after years was called, and is still remembered in tradition as the "Sagamore of Saco." The cause of this hatred was in some way connected with the disappearance of Bridget Vines, the daughter of the governor, for whom John Bonyton had conceived a wild and passionate attachment. Years before our story she had been suddenly missing, to the permanent grief and dismay of the family, and the more terrible agony of John Bonyton, who had conceived the idea that Bridget had been sent to a European convent, to save her from his presence. This idea he would never abandon, notwithstanding the most solemn denials of Sir Richard, and the most womanly and sympathizing asseverations of Mistress Vines. The youth listened with compressed lip, his large, remarkable eye fixed with stern and searching scrutiny upon the face of the speaker, and when he was done the reply was always the same, "God knows if this be true; but, true or false, my hand shall be against every man till she be found."

Accordingly we find the youth, who seems to have been possessed of those rare and strong points of character which go to make the hero, in constant collision with the people of the times. Moody and revengeful, he became an alien to his father's house, and with gun and dog passed months in the wildest regions of that wild country. With the savage he slept in his wigwam, he threaded the forest and stood upon the verge of the cataract; or penetrated up to the stormy regions of the White Mountains; and anon, hushed the tumultuous beatings of his heart in accordance with the stroke of his paddle, as he and his red companions glided over that loveliest of lakes, Winnepisogé, or "the smile of the Great Spirit."

There seemed no rest for the unhappy man. Unable to endure the formalities and intermeddlings, which so strongly mark the period, he spent most of his time on the frontiers of the settlement, admitting of little companionship, and yielding less of courtesy. When he appeared in the colony, the women regarded his fine person, his smile, at once sorrowful and tender, and his free, noble bearing with admiration, not unmingled with terror; while men, even in that age of manly physique looked upon his frame, lithe yet firm as iron, athletic and yet graceful, with eyes of envious delight. Truth to say, John Bonyton had never impaired a fine development by any useful employment, or any elaborate attempts at book-knowledge. He knew all that was essential for the times, or the mode of life which he had adopted, and further he cared not. His great power consisted in a passionate yet steady will, by which all who came within his sphere found themselves bent to his purposes.

The Pilgrims even, unflinching and uncompromising as they were, felt the spell of his presence, and were content to spurn, to persecute, and set a price upon the head of a man whom they could not control. Yet for all this John Bonyton died quietly in his bed, no one daring to do to him even what the law would justify. He slept in perfect security, for he knew this, and knew, too, that the woods were alive with ardent and devoted adherents, who would have deluged the soil with blood had but a hair of his head been injured. The Sagamore of Saco was no ordinary man; and the men of the times, remarkable as they were, felt this; and hence is it, that even to this day his memory is held in remembrance with an almost superstitious awe, and people point out a barrow where lie the ashes of the "Sagamore," and show the boundaries of his land, and tell marvelous tales of his hardihood and self-possession.

They tell of a time when a price had been set upon his head, how, when the people were assembled in the little church for worship, John Bonyton walked in with gun in hand, and stood through the whole service, erect and stern as a man of iron, and no one dared scarcely look upon him, much less lift a finger against him; and how he waited till all had gone forth, even the oracle of God, pale and trembling, and then departed in silence as he came. Surely there was greatness in this—the greatness of a Napoleon, needing but a field for its exercise.

CHAPTER II.

Methought, within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.
It seemed of sable night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.—ALLSTON.

Among the great rivers of Maine the Penobscot and Kennebec stand preëminent, on account of their maritime importance, their depth and adaptability to the purposes of internal navigation; but there are others less known, yet no less essential to the wealth of the country, which, encumbered with falls and rapids, spurn alike ship and steamer, but are invaluable for the great purposes of manufacture. The Androscoggin is one of these, a river, winding, capricious and most beautiful; just the one to touch the fancy of the poet, and tempt the cupidity of a

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millwright. It abounds with scenery of the most lovely and romantic interest, and falls already in bondage to loom and shuttle. Lewiston Falls, or Pe-jip-scot, as the aboriginals called this beautiful place, are, perhaps, among the finest water plunges in the country. It is not merely the beauty of the river itself, a broad and lengthened sheet of liquid in the heart of a fine country, but the whole region is wild and romantic. The sudden bends of the river present headlands of rare boldness, beneath which the river spreads itself into a placid bay, till ready to gather up its skirts again, and thread itself daintily amid the hills. The banks present slopes and savannas warm and sheltered, in which nestle away finely cultivated farms, and from whence arise those rural sounds of flock and herd so grateful to the spirit, and that primitive blast of horn, winding itself into a thousand echoes, the signal of the in-gathering of a household. Cliffs, crowned with fir, overhang the waters; hills, rising hundreds of feet, cast their dense shadows quite across the stream; and even now the "slim canoe" of the Indian may be seen poised below, while some stern relic of the woods looks upward to the ancient hunting sites of his people, and recalls the day when, at the verge of this very fall, a populous village sent up its council smoke day and night, telling of peace and the uncontested power of his tribe.

But in the times of our story the region stood in its untamed majesty; the whirling mass of waters tumbling and plunging in the midst of an unbroken forest, and the great roar of the cataract booming through the solitude like the unceasing voice of the eternal deep. Men now stand with awe and gaze upon those mysterious falls, vital with traditions terribly beautiful, and again and again ask, "Can they be true? Can it be that beneath these waters, behind that sheet of foam is a room, spacious and vast, and well known, and frequented by the Indian."

An old man will tell you that one morning as he stood watching the rainbows of the fall, he was surprised at the sudden appearance of an Indian from the very midst of the foam. He accosted him, asked whence he came, and how he escaped the terrible plunge of the descending waves. The Indian, old and white-headed, with the eye of an eagle, and the frame of a Hercules, raised the old man from the ground, shook him fiercely, and then cast him like a reptile to one side. A moment more and the measured stroke of a paddle betrayed the passage of the stout Red Man adown the stream.

Our story must establish the fact in regard to this cave—a fact well known in the earlier records of the country, more than one white man having found himself sufficiently athletic to plunge behind the sheet of water and gain the room.

It was mid-day, and the sun, penetrating the sheet of the falls, cast a not uncheerful light into the cave, the size and gloom of which were still further relieved by a fire burning in the centre, and one or more torches stuck in the fissures of the rocks. Before this fire stood a woman of forty or fifty years of age, gazing intently upon the white, liquid, and tumultuous covering to the door of her home, and yet the expression of her eye showed that her thoughts were far beyond the place in which she stood.

She was taller than the wont of Indian women, more slender than is customary with them at her period of life, and altogether, presented a keenness and springiness of fibre that reminded one of Arab more than aboriginal blood. Her brow was high, retreating, and narrow, with arched and contracted brows, beneath which fairly burned a pair of intense, restless eyes.

At one side, stretched upon skins, appeared what might have been mistaken for a white veil, except that a draft of air caused a portion of it to rise and fall, showing it to be a mass of human hair. Yet so motionless was the figure, so still a tiny moccasoned foot, just perceptible, and so ghastly the hue and abundance of the covering, that all suggested an image of death.

At length the tall woman turned sharply round and addressed the object upon the mats.

"How much longer will you sleep, Skoke? Get up, I tell thee."

At this ungracious speech—for Skoke* means snake—the figure started slightly, but did not obey. After some silence she spoke again, "Wa-ain (white soul) get up and eat, our people will soon be here." Still no motion nor reply. At length the woman, in a sharper accent, resumed,

"Bridget Vines, I bid thee arise!" and she laughed in an under tone.

The figure slowly lifted itself up and looked upon the speaker. "Ascâshe,† I will answer only to my own name."

"As you like," retorted the other. "Skoke is as good a name as Ascâshe." A truism which the other did not seem disposed to question—the one meaning a snake, the other a spider, or "net-weaver."

Contrary to what might have been expected from the color of the hair, the figure from the mat seemed a mere child in aspect, and yet the eye, the mouth, and the grasp of the hand, indicated not only maturity of years, but the presence of deep and intense passions. Her size was that of a girl of thirteen years in our northern climate, yet the fine bust, the distinct and slender waist, and the firm pressure of the arched foot, revealed maturity as well as individualism of character.

Rising from her recumbent posture, she approached the water at the entrance of the cave till the spray mingled with her long, white locks, and the light falling upon her brow, revealed a sharp beautiful outline of face scarcely touched by years, white, even teeth, and eyes of blue, yet so deeply and sadly kindling into intensity, that they grew momentarily darker and darker as you gazed upon them.

"Water, still water, forever water," she mur-

* I do not know how general is the use of this word amongst the Indians. The writer found it in use amongst the Penobscot tribe.

† As-nob-a-ca-she, contracted to Ascâshe, is literally a net-weaver, the name for spider. This term is from Schoolcraft.

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mured. Suddenly turning round, she darted away into the recesses of the cave, leaping and flying, as it were, with her long hair tossed to and fro about her person. Presently she emerged, followed by a pet panther, which leaped and bounded in concert with his mistress. Seizing a bow, she sent the arrow away into the black roof of the cavern, waited for its return, and then discharged it again and again, watching its progress with eager and impatient delight. This done, she cast herself again upon the skins, spread her long hair over her form, and lay motionless as marble.

Ascáshe again called, "Why do you not come and eat, Skoke?"

Having no answer, she called out, "Wa-ain, come and eat;" and then tired of this useless teasing, she arose, and shaking the white girl by the arm, cried, "Bridget Vines, I bid you eat."

"I will, Ascáshe," answered the other, taking corn and dried fish, which the other presented.

"The spider caught a bad snake when she wove a net for Bridget Vines," muttered the tall woman. The other covered her face with her hands, and the veins of her forehead swelled above her fingers; yet when she uncovered her eyes they were red, not with tears, but the effort to suppress their flow.

"It is a long, long time, that I have been here, Ascáshe," answered Bridget, sorrowfully.

"Have you never been out since Samoret left you here?" asked the net-weaver; and she fixed her eyes searchingly upon the face of the girl, who never quailed nor changed color beneath her gaze, but replied in the same tone, "How should little Hope escape—where should she go?" Hope being the name by which Mistress Vines had called her child in moments of tenderness, as suggesting a mother's yearning hope that she would at some time be less capricious, for Bridget had always been a wayward, incoherent, and diminutive creature, and treated with great gentleness by the family.

"Do you remember what I once told you?" continued the other. "You had a friend—you have an enemy."

This time Bridget Vines started, and gave utterance to a long, low, plaintive cry, as if her soul wailed, as it flitted from its frail tenement, for she fell back as if dead upon the skins.

The woman muttered, "The white boy and girl should n't have scorned the red woman," and she took her to the verge of the water and awaited her recovery; when she opened her eyes, she continued, "Ascáshe is content—she has been very, very wretched, but so has been her enemy. Look, my hair is black; Wa-ain's is like the white frost."

"I knew it would be so," answered the other, gently, "but it is nothing. Tell me where you have been, Ascáshe, and how came you here? O-ya-ah died the other day." She alluded to an old squaw, who had been her keeper in the cave.

At this moment a shadow darkened the room, another, and another, and three stalwort savages stood before the two women. Each, as he passed, patted the head of Bridget, who shook them off with moody impatience.

They gathered about the coals in the centre, talking in under tones, while the women prepared some venison which was to furnish forth the repast.

CHAPTER III.

And she who climbed the storm-swept steep,
She who the foaming wave would dare,
So oft love's vigil here to keep,
Stranger, albeit, thou think'st I dote;
I know, I know, she watches there.—HOFFMAN.

That night the men sat long around the fire, and talked of a deadly feud and a deadly prospect of revenge. Ascáshe listened and counseled, and her suggestions were often hailed with intimations of approval—for the woman was possessed of a keen and penetrating mind, heightened by passions at once powerful and malevolent. Had the group observed the white occupant of the skins, they would have seen a pair of dark, bright eyes peering through those snowy locks, and red lips parted, in the eagerness of the intent ear.

"How far distant are they now?" asked the woman.

"A three hours walk down stream," was the answer. "To-morrow they will ascend the falls to surprise our people, and burn the village. To-night, when the moon is down, we are to light a fire at still-water *above* the falls, and the Terrentines will join us at the signal, leave their canoes in the care of the women, and descend upon our foes. The fire will warn our people how near to approach the falls, for the night will be dark." This was told at intervals, and to the questionings of the woman.

"Where is the Sagamore of Saco," asked Ascáshe.

"John Bonyton heads our foes, but to-night is the last one to the Sagamore."

At this name the white hair stirred violently, and then a low wail escaped from beneath. The group started, and one of the men, with Ascáshe, scanned the face of the girl, who seemed to sleep in perfect unconsciousness; but the panther rolled itself over, stretched out its claws, and threw back his head, showing his long, red tongue, and uttered a yawn so nearly a howl, that the woman declared the sounds must have been the same.

Presently the group disposed themselves to sleep till the moon should set, when they must once more be upon the trail. Previous to this, many were the charges enjoined upon the woman in regard to Bridget.

"Guard her well," said the leader of the band. In a few suns more she will be a great medicine woman, foretelling things that shall come to the tribes."

We must now visit the encampment of John Bonyton, where he and his followers slept, waiting till the first dawn of day should send them on their deadly path. The moon had set; the night was intensely dark, for clouds flitted over the sky, now and then disburdening themselves with gusts of wind, which swayed the old woods to and fro.

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while big drops of rain fell amid the leaves and were hushed.

Suddenly a white figure stood over the sleeping chief, so slight, so unearthly in its shroud of wet, white hair, that one might well be pardoned a superstitious tremor. She wrung her hands and wept bitterly as she gazed—then she knelt down and looked more closely; then, with a quick cry, she flung herself into his bosom.

"Oh, John Bonyton, did I not tell you this? Did I not tell you, years ago, that little Hope stood in my path, with hair white as snow?"

The man raised himself up, he gathered the slight figure in his arms—he uncovered a torch and held it to her face.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cried—and his strength departed, and he was helpless as a child. The years of agony, the lapse of thirty years were concentrated in that fearful moment. Bridget, too, lay motionless and silent, clinging to his neck. Long, long was that hour of suffering to the two. What was life to them! stricken and changed, living and breathing, they only felt that they lived and breathed by the pangs that betrayed the beating pulse. Oh, life! life! thou art a fearful boon, and thy love not the least fearful of thy gifts.

At length Bridget raised herself up, and would have left his arms; but John Bonyton held her fast.

"Nay, Hope, never again. My tender, my beautiful bird, it has fared ill with thee;" and smoothing her white locks, the tears gushed to the eyes of the strong man. Indeed, he, in his full strength and manhood, she, diminutive and bleached by solitude and grief, contrasted so powerfully in his mind, that a paternal tenderness grew upon him, and he kissed her brow reverently, saying,

"How have I searched for thee, my birdie, my child; I have been haunted by the furies, and goaded well nigh to murder—but thou art here—yet not thou. Oh, Hope! Hope!"

The girl listened intent and breathless.

"I knew it would be so, John Bonyton; I knew if parted we could never be the same again—the same cloud returns not to the sky; the same blossom blooms not twice; human faces wear never twice the same look; and, alas! alas! the heart of to-day is not that of to-morrow."

"Say on, Hope—years are annihilated, and we are children again, hoping, loving children."

But the girl only buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. At this moment a red glare of light shot up into the sky, and Bridget sprung to her feet.

"I had forgotten. Come, John Bonyton, come and see the only work that poor little Hope could do to save thee;" and she darted forward with the eager step which Bonyton so well remembered. As they approached the falls, the light of the burning tree, kindled by the hands of Bridget *below* the falls, flickered and glared upon the waters; the winds had died away; the stars beamed forth, and nothing mingled with the roar of waters, save an occasional screech of some nocturnal creature prowling for its prey.

Ever and ever poured on the untiring flood, till one wondered it did not pour itself out; and the heart grew oppressed at the vast images crowding into it, swelling and pressing, as did the tumultuous waves over their impediment of granite—water, still water, till the nerves ached from weariness at the perpetual flow, and the mind questioned if the sound itself were not silence, so lonely was the spell—questioned if it were stopped if the heart would not cease to beat, and life become annihilate.

Suddenly the girl stopped with hand pointing to the falls. A black mass gleamed amid the foam—one wild, fearful yell arose, even above the roar of waters, and then the waves flowed on as before.

"Tell me, what is this?" cried John Bonyton, seizing the hand of Bridget, and staying her flight with a strong grasp.

"Ascáshe did not know I could plunge under the falls—she did not know the strength of little Hope, when she heard the name of John Bonyton. She then went on to tell how she had escaped the cave—how she had kindled a signal fire *below* the falls in advance of that to be kindled above—and how she had dared, alone, the terrors of the forest, and the black night, that she might once more look upon the face of her lover. When she had finished, she threw her arms tenderly around his neck, she pressed her lips to his, and then, with a gentleness unwonted to her nature, would have disengaged herself from his arms.

"Why do you leave me, Hope—where will you go?" asked the Sagamore.

She looked up with a face so pale, so hopeless, so mournfully tender, as was most affecting to behold. "I will go under the falls, and there sleep—oh! so long will I sleep, John Bonyton.

He folded her like a little child to his bosom. "You must not leave me, Hope—do you not love me?"

She answered only by a low wail, that was more affecting than any words; and when the Sagamore pressed her again to his heart, she answered, calling him John Bonyton, as she used to call him in the days of her childhood.

"Little Hope is a terror to herself, John Bonyton. Her heart is all love—all lost in yours; but she is a child, a child just as she was years ago; but you, you are not the same—more beautiful—greater; poor little Hope grows fearful before you;" and again her voice was lost in tears.

The sun now began to tinge the sky with his ruddy hue; the birds filled the woods with an outgush of melody; the rainbow, as ever, spanned the abyss of waters, while below, drifting in eddies, were fragments of canoes, and still more ghastly fragments telling of the night's destruction. The stratagem of the girl had been entirely successful—deluded by the false beacon, the unhappy savages had drifted on with the tide, unconscious of danger, till the one terrible pang of danger, and the terrible plunge of death came at the one and same moment.

Upon a headland overlooking the falls stood the

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group of the cavern, stirred with feelings to which words give no utterance, and which find expression only in some deadly act. Asc\u00e1she descended stealthily along the bank, watching intently the group upon the opposite shore, in the midst of which floated the white, abundant locks of Bridget Vines, visible at a great distance. She now stood beside the Sagamore, saying,

"Forget poor little Hope, John Bonyton, or only remember that her life was one long, long thought of thee."

"She started—gave one wild look of love and grief at the Sagamore—and then darted down the bank, marking her path with streams of blood, and disappeared under the falls. The aim of the savage had done its work.

"Asc\u00e1she is revenged, John Bonyton," cried a loud voice—and a dozen arrows stopped it in its utterance. Fierce was the pursuit, and desperate the flight of the few surviving foes. The "Sagamore of Saco" never rested day nor night till he and his followers had cut off the last vestige of the Terrantines, and avenged the blood of the unhappy maiden. Then for years did he linger about the falls in the vain hope of seeing once more her wild spectral beauty—but she appeared no more in the flesh; though to this, men not romantic nor visionary declare they have seen a figure, slight and beautiful, clad in robe of skin, with moccasoned feet, and long, white hair, nearly reaching to the ground, hovering sorrowfully around the falls; and this strange figure they believe to be the wraith of the lost Bridget Vines.

THE SACHEM'S HILL.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

'T was a green towering hill-top: on its sides
June showered her red delicious strawberries,
Spotting the mounds, and in the hollows spread
Her pink brier roses, and gold johnswort stars.
The top was scattered, here and there, with pines,
Making soft music in the summer wind,
And painting underneath each other's boughs
Spaces of auburn from their withered fringe.
Below, a scene of rural loveliness
Was pictured, vivid with its varied hues;
The yellow of the wheat—the fallow's black—
The buckwheat's foam-like whiteness, and the green
Of pasture-field and meadow, whilst amidst
Wound a slim, snake-like streamlet. Here I oft
Have come in summer days, and with the shade
Cast by one hollowed pine upon my brow,
Have couched upon the grass, and let my eye
Roam o'er the landscape, from the green hill's foot
To where the hazy distance wrapped the scene.
Beneath this pine a long and narrow mound
Heaves up its grassy shape; the silver tufts
Of the wild clover richly spangle it,
And breathe such fragrance that each passing wind
Is turned into an odor. Underneath
A Mohawk Sachem sleeps, whose form had borne
A century's burthen. Oft have I the tale
Heard from a pioneer, who, with a band
Of comrades, broke into the unshorn wilds
That shadowed then this region, and awoke
The echoes with their axes. By the stream
They found this Indian Sachem in a hut
Of bark and boughs. One of the pioneers
Had lived a captive 'mid the Iroquois.
And knew their language, and he told the chief
How they had come to mow the woods away,
And change the forest earth to meadows green,
And the tall trees to dwellings. Rearing up
His aged form, the Sachem proud replied,
That he had seen a hundred winters pass
Over this spot; that here his tribe had died,
Parents and children, braves, old men and all,
Until he stood a withered tree amidst
His prostrate kind; that he had hoped he ne'er
Would see the race, whose skin was like the flower
Of the spring dogwood, blasting his old sight;
And that beholding them amidst his haunts,
He called on Hah-wen-ne-yo to bear off
His spirit to the happy hunting-grounds.
Shrouding his face within his deer-skin robe,
And chanting the low death-song of his tribe,
He then with trembling footsteps left the hut
And sought the hill-top; here he sat him down
With his back placed within this hollowed tree,
And fixing his dull eye upon the scene
Of woods below him, rocked with guttural chant
The livelong day, whilst plyed the pioneers
Their axes round him. Sunset came, and still
There rocked his form. The twilight glimmered gray,
Then kindled to the moon, and still he rocked;
Till stretched the pioneers upon the earth
Their wearied limbs for sleep. One, wakeful, left
His plump moss couch, and strolling near the tree
Saw in the pomp of moonlight that old form
Still rocking, and, with deep awe at his heart,
Hastened to join his comrades. Morn awoke,
And the first light discovered to their eyes
That weird shape rocking still. The pioneers,
With kindly hands, took food and at his side
Placed it, and tried to rouse him, but in vain.
He fixed his eye still dully down the hill,
And when they took their hands from off his frame
It still renewed its rocking. Morning went,
And noon and sunset. Often had they glanced
From their hard toil as passed the hours away
Upon that rocking form, and wondered much;
And when the sunset vanished they approached
Their kindness to renew; but suddenly,
As came they near, they saw the rocking cease,
And the head drop upon his naked breast.
Close came they, and the shorn head lifting up,
In the glazed eye and fallen jaw beheld
Death's awful presence. With deep sorrowing hearts
They scooped a grave amidst the soft black mould,
Laid the old Sachem in its narrow depth,
Then heaped the sod above, and left him there
To hallow the green hill-top with his name

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VISIT TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

City of marble! whose lone structures rise
In pomp of sculpture beautifully rare,
On thy still brow a mournful shadow lies,
For round thy haunts no busy feet repair;
No curling smoke ascends from roof-tree fair,
Nor cry of warning time the clock repeats—
No voice of Sabbath-bell doth call to prayer—
There are no children playing in thy streets,
Nor sounds of echoing toil invade thy green retreats.

Rich vines around thy graceful columns wind,
Young buds unfold, the dewy skies to bless,
Yet no fresh wreaths thine inmates wake to bind—
Prune no wild spray, nor pleasant garden dress—
From no luxuriant flower its fragrance press—
The golden sunsets through enwoven trees
Tremble and flash, but they no praise express—
They lift no casement to the balmy breeze,
For fairest scenes of earth have lost their power to please.

A ceaseless tide of emigration flows
On through thy gates, for thou forbiddest none
In thy close-curtained couches to repose,
Or lease thy narrow tenements of stone,
It matters not where first the sunbeam shone
Upon their cradle—'neath the foliage free
Where dark palmettos fleck the torrid zone,
Or 'mid the icebergs of the Artic sea—
Thou dost no questions ask; all are at home with thee.

One pledge alone they give, before their name
Is with thy peaceful denizens enrolled—
The vow of silence thou from each dost claim,
More strict and stern than Sparta's rule of old,
Bidding no secrets of thy realm be told,
Nor slightest whisper from its precincts spread—
Sealing each whitened lip with signet cold,
To stamp the oath of fealty, ere they tread
Thy never-echoing halls, oh city of the dead!

'Mid scenes like thine, fond memories find their home,
For sweet it was to me, in childhood's hours,
'Neath every village church-yard's shade to roam,
Where humblest mounds were decked with grassy flowers,
And I have roamed where dear Mount Auburn towers,
Where Laurel-Hill a cordial welcome gave
To the rich tracery of its hallowed bowers,
And where, by quiet Lehigh's crystal wave,
The meek Moravian smooths his turf-embroidered grave:

Where too, in Scotia, o'er the Bridge of Sighs,
The Clyde's Necropolis upreara its head,
Or that old abbey's sacred turrets rise
Whose crypts contain proud Albion's noblest dead,—
And where, by leafy canopy o'erspread,
The lyre of Gray its pensive descant made—
And where, beside the dancing city's tread,
Famed Père La Chaise all gorgeously displayed
Its meretricious robes, with chaplets overlaid.

But thou, oh Greenwood! sweetest art to me,
Enriched with tints of ocean, earth and sky,
Solemn and sweet, to meditation free,
Most like a mother, who with pleading eye
Dost turn to Him who for the lost did die—
And with thy many children at thy breast,
Invoke His aid, with low and prayerful sigh,
To bless the lowly pillow of their rest,
And shield them, when the tomb no longer guards its guest.

Calm, holy shades! we come to you for health,—
Sickness is with the living—woe and pain—
And dire diseases thronging on, by stealth
From the worn heart its vital flood to drain,
Or smite with sudden shaft the reeling brain,
Till lingering on, with nameless ills distrest,
We find the healer's vaunted armor vain,
The undrawn spear-point in our bleeding breast,—
Fain would we hide with you, and win the boon of rest.

Sorrow is with the living! Youth doth fade—
And Joy unclasp its tendril green, to die—
The mocking tares our harvest-hopes invade,
On wrecking blasts our garnered treasures fly,
Our idols shame the soul's idolatry,
Unkindness gnaws the bosom's secret core,
Long-trusted friendship turns an altered eye
When, helpless, we its sympathies implore—
Oh! take us to your arms, that we may weep no more.

THE HALL OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

This is the sacred fane wherein assembled
The fearless champions on the side of Right;
Men, at whose declaration empires trembled,
Moved by the truth's immortal might.

Here stood the patriot band—one union folding
The Eastern, Northern, Southern sage and seer,
Within that living bond which truth upholding,
Proclaims each man his fellow's peer.

Here rose the anthem, which all nations hearing,
In loud response the echoes backward hurled;
Reverberating still the ceaseless cheering,
Our continent repeats it to the world.

This is the hallowed spot where first, unfurling,
Fair Freedom spread her blazing scroll of light;
Here, from oppression's throne the tyrant hurling,
She stood supreme in majesty and might!

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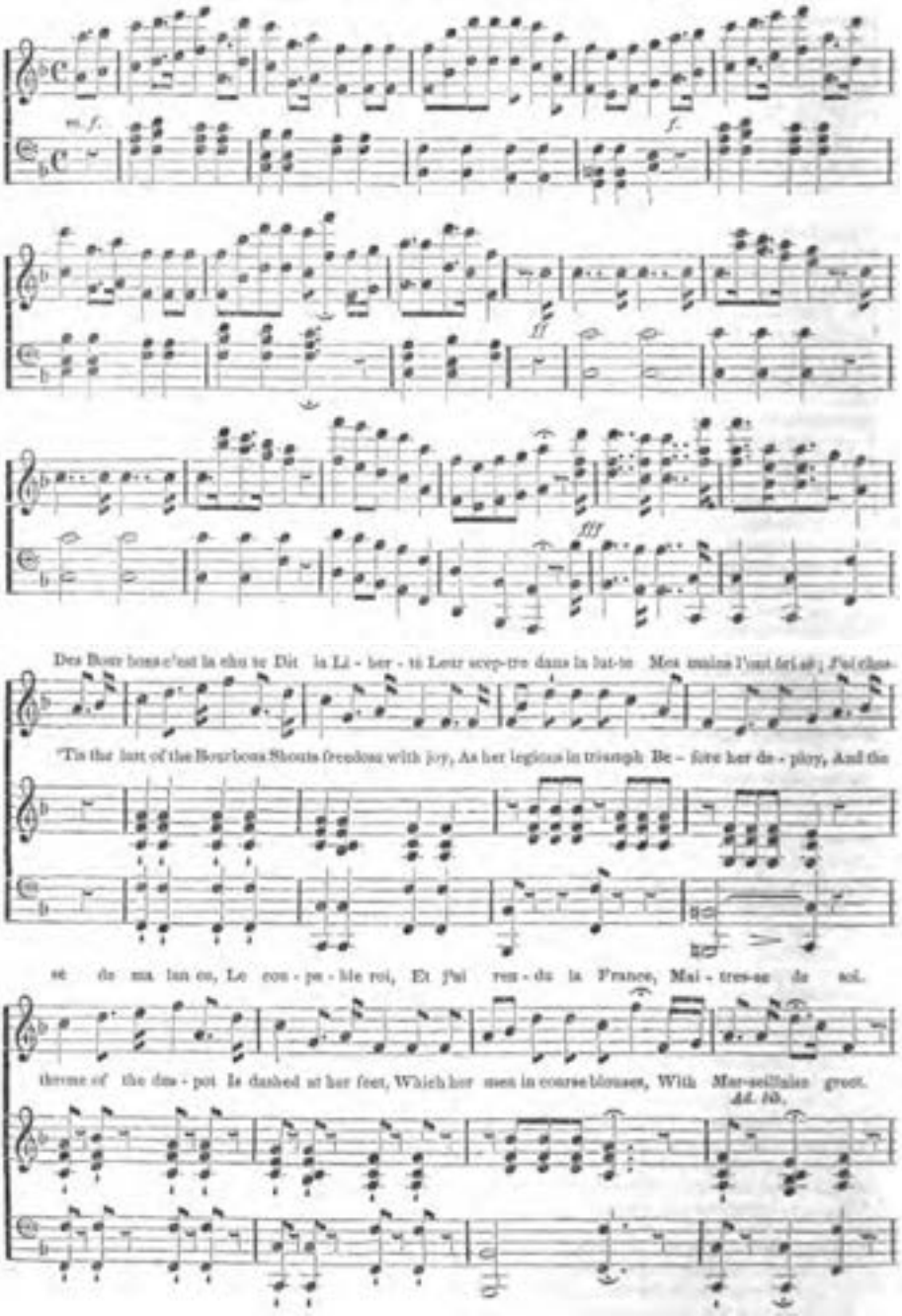
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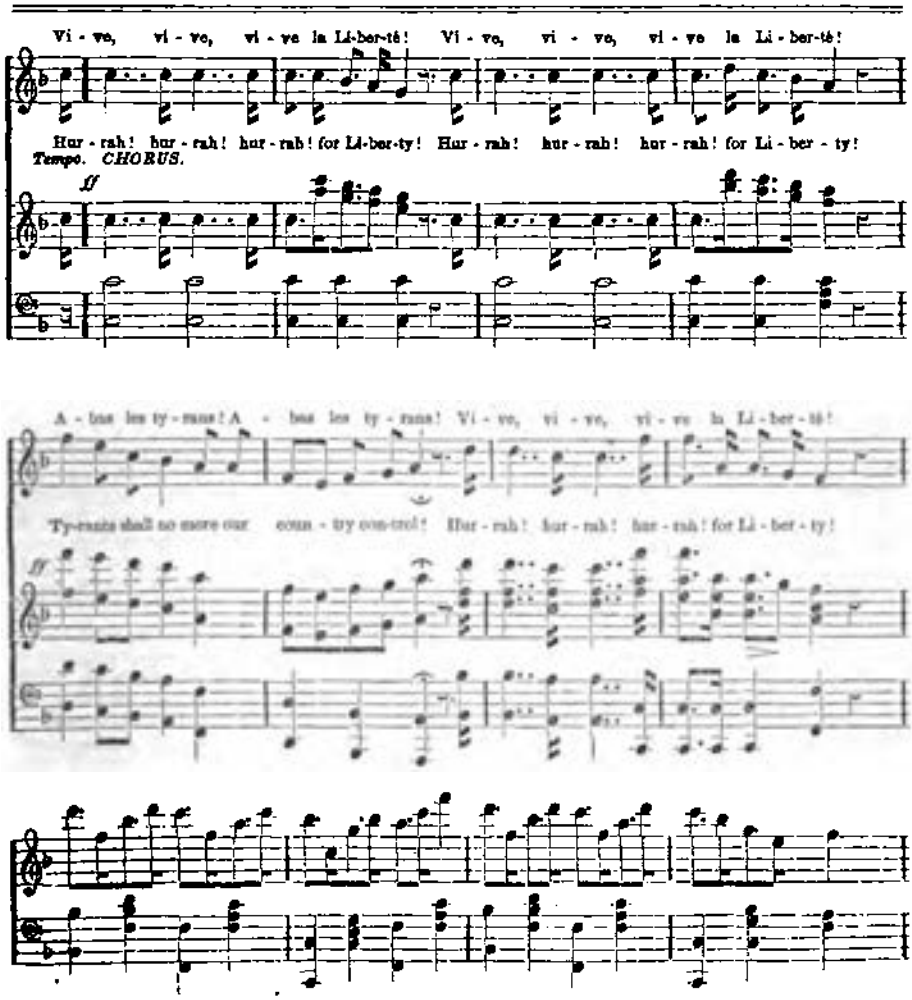
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II.

Oh thou spirit of lightning
That movest the French
From the hands of the tyrant,
The sceptre to wrench.
Thou no more wilt be cheated
But keep under arms
Till the sway thou upholdest
Is free from alarms!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

III.

Tis too late for an Infant
To govern a land
Which a tyrant long practiced
Has failed to command.
For the men of fair Gallia
At home will be free,
And extend independence
To lands o'er the sea!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

II.

J'entends gronder la foudre
Des braves Français
Ils ont réduit en poudre
Le siége des forfaits.
Leurs éclairs épouvantent
Les rois étrangers
Dont les glaives tourmentent
Des coeurs opprimés.
Vive, vive, &c.

III.

Désormais soyez sages
Restez tous armés
Protégeant vos suffrages
Et vos droits sacrés.
Comblez l'espoir unique
De France! en avant!
Vive la République!
A bas les tyrans!
Vive, vive, &c.

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TO AN ISLE OF THE SEA.*

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

Bright Isle of the Ocean, and gem of the sea,
Thou art stately and fair as an island can be,
With thy cliffs low'ring upward, thy valleys outspread,
And thy fir-crested hills, where the mountain deer tread,
So crowned with rich verdure, so kissed by each ray
Of the day-god that mounts on and upward his way,
While thy wild rushing torrent, thy streams in their flow,
Reflect the high archway of heaven below,
Whose clear azure curtains, so cloudless and bright,
Are here ever tinged with the red gold at night;
Then with one burst of glory the sun sinks to rest,
And the stars they shine out on the land that is blest.

Thy foliage is fadeless, no chilling winds blow,
No frost has embraced thee, no mantle of snow;
Then hail to each sunbeam whose swift airy flight
Speeds on for thy valleys each hill-top and height!
To clothe them in glory then die 'mid the roar
Of the sea-waves which echo far up from the shore!
They will rest for a day, as if bound by a spell,
They will noiselessly fall where the beautiful dwell,
They will beam on thy summits so lofty and lone,
Where nature hath sway and her emerald throne,
Then each pearly dew-drop descending at even,
At morn they will bear to the portals of Heaven.

Thou art rich in the spoils of the deep sounding sea,
Thou art blest in thy clime, (of all climates for me,)
Thou hast wealth on thy bosom, where orange-flowers blow,
And thy groves with their golden-hued fruit bending low,
In thy broad-leafed banana, thy fig and the lime,
And grandeur and beauty, in palm-tree and vine.
Thou hast wreaths on thy brow, and gay flowers ever bloom,
Wafting upward and onward a deathless perfume,
While round thee the sea-birds first circle, then rise,
Then sink to the wave and then glance tow'rd the skies!

While their bright plumage glows 'neath the sun's burning light,
And their screams echo back in a song of delight.
Thou hast hearts that are noble, and doubtless are brave,
Thou hast altars to bow at, for worship and praise,
Thou hast light when night's curtains around thee are driven
From the Cross which beams out in the far southern heaven,
Yet one spot of darkness remains on thy breast,
As a cloud in the depth of a calm sky at rest.

Like a queen that is crowned, or a king on his throne,
In grandeur thou sittest majestic and lone,
And the power of thy beauty is breathed on each gale
As it sweeps o'er thy hills or descends to the vale;
And homage is offered most boundless and free,
Oh, Isle of the Ocean, in gladness to thee,
So circled with waters, so dashed by the spray
Of the waves which leap upward then stop in their way.

And lo! thou art loved by a child of the West,
For the beauty and bloom of thy tropical breast,
Yet dearer by far is that land where the skies
Though colder bende o'er it and bleak winds arise,
Where the broad chart of Nature is boldly unfurled,
And a light from the free beameth out o'er the world.

Yes, dearer that land where the eagle on high
Spreads his wings to the wind as he cleaves the cold sky,
Where mountain, and torrent, and forest and vale,
Are swept by the path of the storm-ridden gale,
And each rock is an altar, each heart is a shrine,
Where Freedom is worshiped in Liberty clime,
And her banners float out on the breath of the gale,
Bright symbols of glory which proudly we hail,
And her bulwarks are reared where the heart of the brave
Refused to be subject, and scorned to be slave.

* Santa Cruz.

SONNET:—TO ARABELLA,

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

There is a pathos in those azure eyes,
Touching, and beautiful, and strange, fair child!
When the fringed lids upturn, such radiance mild
Beams out as in some brimming lakelet lies,
Which undisturbed reflects the cloudless skies:
No tokens glitter there of passion wild,
That into ecstasy with time shall rise;
But in the deep of those clear orbs are signs—
Which Poesy's prophetic eye divines—
Of woman's love, enduring, undefiled!
If, like the lake at rest, through life we see
Thy face reflect the heaven that in it shines,
No idol to thy worshipers thou 'lt be,
For he will worship Heaven, who worships thee.

PROTESTATION.

No, I will not forget thee. Hearts may break
Around us, as old lifeless trees are snapt
By the swift breath of whirlwinds as they wake
Their path amid the forest. Lightning-wrapt,
(For love is fire from Heaven,) we calmly stand—
Heart pressed to answering heart—hand linked with hand

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Endymion. By Henry B. Hirst. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

It was Goethe, we believe, who objected to some poet, that he put too much water in his ink. This objection would apply to the uncounted host of our amateur versifiers, and poets by the grace of verbiage. If an idea, or part of an idea, chances to stray into the brain of an American gentleman, he quickly apparels it in an old coat from his wardrobe of worn phrases, and rushes off in mad haste to the first magazine or newspaper, in order that the public may enjoy its delectable beauty at once. We have on hand enough MSS. of this kind, which we never intend to print, to freight the navy of Great Britain. But mediocrity and stupidity are not the only sinners in respect to this habit of writing carelessly. Hasty composition is an epidemic among many of our writers, whose powers, if disciplined by study, and directed to a definite object, would enable them to produce beautiful and permanent works. So general is the mental malady to which we have alluded, that it affects the judgments of criticism, and if a collection of lines, going under the name of a poem, contains fine passages, or felicitous flashes of thought, it commonly passes muster as satisfying the requirements of the critical code. Careless writers, therefore, are sustained by indulgent critics, and between both good literature is apt to be strangled in its birth.

Now it is due to Mr. Hirst to say that his poem belongs not to the class we have described. It is no transcript of chance conceptions, expressed in loose language, and recklessly huddled together, without coherence and without artistic form, but a true and consistent creation, with a central principle of vitality and a definite shape. He has, in short, produced an original poem on a classic subject, written in a style of classic grace, sweetness and simplicity, rejecting all superfluous ornament and sentimental prettinesses, and conveying one clear and strong impression throughout all its variety of incident, character and description. It is no conglomeration of parts, but an organic whole. This merit alone should give him a high rank among the leading poets of the country, for it evidences that he has a clear notion of what the word poem means.

We have neither time nor space to analyze the poem, and indicate its merits as a work of art. It displays throughout great force and delicacy of conception, a fine sense of harmony, and a power and decision of expression which neither overlouds nor falls short of the thought. In tone it is half way between Shelley and Keats, neither so ideal as the one nor so sensuous as the other. Keat's Endymion is so thick with fancies, and verbal daintinesses, and sweet sensations, that with all its wonderful affluence of beautiful things it lacks unity of impression. The mind of the poet is so possessed by his subject that, in an artistic sense, he becomes its victim, and wanders in metaphor, and revels in separate images, and gets entangled in a throng of thoughts, until, at the end, we have a sense of a beautiful confusion of "flowers of all hues, and weeds of glorious feature," and applaud the fertility at the expense of the force of his mind. The truth is that will is an important element of genius, and without it the spontaneous productions of the mind must lack the highest quality of poetic art. True intellectual creation is an *effort* of the imagination, not its result, and without force of will to guide it, it does not obey its own laws, and gives little impression of real power. Art is not the prize of luck or the effect of chance, but of conscious combination of vital elements. Mr. Hirst, though he does give evidence of Keats' fluency of fancy and expression, has really produced a finer work of art. We think it is so important that a poem, to be altogether worthy of the name, should be deeply meditated and carefully finished, that we hazard this last opinion at the expense of being berated by all the undeveloped geniuses of the land, as having no true sense of the richness of Keats' mind, or the great capacity implied, rather than fully expressed, in his Endymion.

Mere extracts alone can give no fair impression of the beauty of Mr. Hirst's poem as a whole, but we cannot leave it without quoting a few passages illustrative of the author's power of spiritualizing the voluptuous, and the grace, harmony and expressiveness of his verse:

And still the moon arose, serenely hovering,
Dove-like, above the horizon. Like a queen
She walked in light between
The stars—her lovely handmaids—softly covering
Valley and wold, and mountain-side and plain
With streams of lucid rain.

—

She saw not Eros, who on rosy pinion
Hung in the willow's shadow—did not feel
His subtle searching steel
Piercing her very soul, though his dominion
Her breast had grown; and what to her was heaven
If from Endymion riven?

Nothing; for love flowed in her, like a river,
Flooding the banks of wisdom; and her soul,
Losing its self-control,
Waved with a vague, uncertain, tremulous quiver,;
And like a lily in the storm, at last
She sunk 'neath passion's blast.

—

Flowing the fragrance rose—as though each blossom
Breathed out its very life—swell over swell,
Like mist along the dell,
Wooing his wondering heart from out his bosom—
His heart, which like a lark seemed slowly winging
Its way toward heaven, singing.

Dian looked on; she saw her spells completing,
And signing, bade the sweetest nightingale
That ever in Carian vale
Sang to her charms, rise, and with softest greeting
Woo from its mortal dreams and thoughts of clay
Endymion's soul away.

From the conclusion of the poem we take a few stanzas, describing the struggle of Dian with her passion, when Endymion asserts his love for Chromia:

The goddess gasped for breath, with bosom swelling:
Her lips unclosed, while her large, luminous eyes
Blazing like Stygian skies,
With passion, on the audacious youth were dwelling:
She raised her angry hand, that seemed to clasp
Jove's thunder in its grasp.

And then she stood in silence, fixed and breathless;
But presently the threatening arm slid down;
The fierce, destroying frown
Departed from her eyes, which took a deathless
Expression of despair, like Niobe's—
Her dead ones at her knees.

Slowly her agony passed, and an Elysian,
Majestic fervor lit her lofty eyes,
Now dwelling on the skies:
Meanwhile, Endymion stood, cheek, brow and vision,
Radiant with resignation, stern and cold,
In conscious virtue bold,

In conclusion, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Hirst on his success in producing a poem conceived with so much

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force and refinement of imagination, and finished with such consummate art, as the present. It is a valuable addition to the permanent poetical literature of the country.

Memoir of William Ellery Channing. With Extracts from His Correspondence and Manuscripts. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 3 vols. 12mo.

This long expected work has at last been published, and we think it will realize the high expectations raised by its announcement two or three years ago. It is mostly composed of extracts from the letters, journals, and unpublished sermons of Dr. Channing, and is edited by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing, who has also supplied a memoir. It conveys a full view of Dr. Channing's interior life from childhood to old age, and apart from its great value and interest, contains, in the exhibition of the steps of his intellectual and spiritual growth, as perfect a specimen of psychological autobiography as we have in literature. Such a work subjects its author to the severest tests which can be applied to a human mind in this life, and we have risen from its perusal with a new idea of the humility, sincerity, and saintliness of Dr. Channing's character. In him self-distrust was admirably blended with a sublime conception of the capacity of man, and a sublime confidence in human nature. He was not an egotist, as passages in his writings may seem to indicate, for he was more severe upon himself than upon others, and numberless remarks in the present volumes show how sharp was the scrutiny to which he subjected the most elusive appearances of pride and vanity. But with his high and living sense of the source and destiny of every human mind, and his almost morbid consciousness of the deformity of moral evil, he reverenced in himself and in others the presence of a spirit which connected humanity with its Maker, and by unfolding the greatness of the spiritual capacities of men, he hoped to elevate them above the degradation of sensuality and sin. He was not a teacher of spiritual pride, conceit and self-worship, but of those vital principles of love and reverence which elevate man only by directing his aspirations to God.

The present volumes give a full length portrait of Dr. Channing in all the relations of life, and some of the minor details regarding his opinions and idiosyncrasies are among the most interesting portions of the book. We are glad to perceive that he early appreciated Wordsworth. The Excursion he eagerly read on its first appearance, and while so many of the Pharisees of taste were scoffing at it, he manfully expressed his sense of its excellence. This poem he recurred to oftener than to any other, and next to Shakspeare, Wordsworth seems to have been the poet he read with the most thoughtful delight. When he went to Europe, in 1822, he had an interview with Wordsworth, and of the impression he himself made on the poet there can be no more pertinent illustration, than the fact that, twenty years afterward, Wordsworth mentioned to an American gentleman that one observation of Channing, respecting the connection of Christianity with progress, had stamped itself inefficeably upon his mind. Coleridge he appears to have profoundly impressed. In a letter to Washington Allston, Coleridge says of him—"His affection for the good as the good, and his earnestness for the true as the true—with that harmonious subordination of the latter to the former, without encroachment on the absolute worth of either—present in him a character which in my heart's heart I believe to be the very rarest on earth. . . . . Mr. Channing is a philosopher in both the possible renderings of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. . . . . I am confident that the few differences of opinion between him and myself not only are, but would by him be found to be apparent, not real—the same truth seen in different relations. Perhaps I have been more absorbed in the depth of the mystery of the spiritual life, he more engrossed by the loveliness of its manifestations."

In nothing is Dr. Channing's humility better seen than in his relations to literature. He became an author almost unconsciously. All his intellectual convictions were so indissolubly woven into the texture of his life, so vitalized by his heart and imagination, that writing with him was never an end but a means. Literary fame followed him; he did not follow it. When, however, he found that his reputation not only rung through his own country but was reverberated from Europe, he appears to have feared that it might corrupt his motives for composition. He studiously avoided reading all eulogistic notices of his works or character, though they were interesting to him as indications of the influence his cherished opinions were exerting. The article in the Westminster Review, which exceeded all others in praise, he never read. Dr. Dewey's criticism in the Christian Examiner he only knew as far as related to its objections, and his only disappointment was in finding them so few. Brougham's criticism on his style provoked in him no retort. Hazlitt's coarse attack on him in the Edinburgh Review he considered as an offset to the undue praise he had received from other quarters. "The author of the article," he says, in one of his letters, "is now dead; and as I did not feel a moment's anger toward him during his life, I have no reproach for him now. He was a man of fine powers, and wanted nothing but pure and fixed principles to make him one of the lights of the age."

It would be impossible in our limits to convey an adequate impression of the beauty, value, or interest of the present volumes. They are full of matter. The letters are admirable specimens of epistolary composition, considered as the spontaneous expression of a grave, high and warm nature, to the friends of his heart and mind. They are exceedingly original of their kind, and while they bear no resemblance to those of Cowper, Burns, Byron, or Mackintosh, they are on that very account a positive addition to the literature of epistolary composition. Few biographies have been published within a century calculated to make so deep an impression as this of Dr. Channing, and few could have admitted the reader to so close a communion with the subject, without sacrificing that delicacy in the treatment of frailties due to the character of the departed.

Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 2 vols. 12mo.

The present work is to some extent an attempt "to head" Mr. Headley. For our part, we profess to have as much patience as any of the descendants of Job, but we must acknowledge that we have broken down in every effort to master the merits of the quarrel between the publishers of the present volumes and the Author of Napoleon and his Marshals. Accordingly we can give no opinion on that matter. In respect to the value of the volumes under consideration, as compared with a similar work by Mr. Headley, there can be little hesitation of judgment. It is idle to say, as some have said, that a work which has run through fifteen editions, as Mr. Headley's has done, is a mere humbug. On the contrary, it is a book evincing a mind as shrewd as it is strong, aiming, it is true, rather at popularity than excellence, but obtaining the former by possessing the sagacity to perceive that accounts of battles, to be generally apprehended, must be addressed to the eye and blood rather than to the understanding; and thus power

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of producing vivid pictures of events Mr. Headley has in large measure. Hence the success of his book, in spite of its exaggerations of statement, sentiment and language.

The present work evinces a merit of another kind. It is a keen, accurate, well-written production, devoid of all tumult in its style and all exaggeration in its matter, and giving close and consistent expositions of the characters, and a clear narrative of the lives, of Napoleon and his Marshals. It is evidently the work of a person who understands military operations, and conveys a large amount of knowledge which we have seen in no other single production on the subject of the wars springing out of the French Revolution. The portraits of fifteen of the marshals, in military costume, are very well executed.

The portion of the work devoted to Napoleon, about one third of the whole, is very able. Its defect consists in the leniency of its judgment on that gigantic public criminal. Napoleon was a grand example of a great man, who demonstrated, on a wide theatre of action, what can be done in this world by a colossal intellect and an iron will without any moral sense. In his disregard of humanity, and his reliance on falsehood and force, he was the architect at once of his fortune and his ruin. No man can be greatly and wisely politic who is incapable of grasping those universal sentiments which underlie all superficial selfishness in mankind, and of discerning the action of the moral laws of the universe. Without this, events cannot be read in their principles. The only defect in Napoleon's mind was a lack of moral insight, the quality of perceiving the moral character and relations of objects, and, wanting this, he must necessarily have been in the long run unsuccessful. It is curious that of all the great men who ch the Revolution called forth, Lafayette was almost the only one who never violated his conscience, and the only one who came out well in the end. Intellectually he was below a hundred of his contemporaries, but his instinctive sense of right pushed him blindly in the right direction, when all the sagacity and insight of the masters in intrigue and comprehensive falsehood signally failed.

Romance of the History of Louisiana. A Series of Lectures. By Charles Gayarre. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The romantic element in historical events is that which takes the strongest hold upon the imagination and sensibility; and it puts a certain degree of life into the fleshless forms of even the commonplace historian. The incidents of a nation's annals cannot be narrated in a style sufficiently dry and prosaic to prevent the soul of poetry from finding some expression, however short of the truth. It seems to us that there is much error in the common notions regarding matters of fact. Starting from the unquestionable axiom that historians should deal with facts and principles, not with fictions and sentimentalities, most people have illogically concluded that those histories are the worthiest of belief which address the understanding alone, and studiously avoid all the arts of representation. Now this is false in two respects—such histories not only giving imperfect and partial views of facts, but disabling the memory from retaining even them. Facts and events, whether we regard them singly or in their relations, can be perceived and remembered only as they are presented to the whole nature. They must be realized as well as generalized. The sensibility and imagination, as well as the understanding are to be addressed. As far as possible they should be made as real to the mind as any event which experience has stamped on the memory. History thus written, is written close to the truth of things, and conveys real knowledge. Far from departing from facts, or exaggerating them, it is the only kind of history which thoroughly comprehends them. We should never forget that the events which have occurred in the world, are expressions of the nature of man under a variety of circumstances and conditions, and that these events must be interpreted in the light of that common humanity which binds all men together. History, therefore, differs from true poetry, not so much in intensity and fullness of representation; not so much in the force, vividness and distinctness with which things are brought home to the heart and brain, as in difference of object. The historian and the poet are both bound to deal with human nature, but one gives us its actual development, the other its possible; one shows us what man has done, the other what man can do. The annalist who does not enable us to see mankind in real events, is as unnatural as the poetaster who substitutes monstrosities for men in fictitious events.

We accordingly welcome with peculiar heartiness all attempts at realizing history, by evolving its romantic element, and thus demonstrating to the languid and lazy readers of ninepenny nonsense, that the actual heroes and heroines of the world have surpassed in romantic daring the fictitious ones who swell and swagger in most novels and poems. Mr. Gayarre's work is more interesting, both as regards its characters and incidents, than Jane Eyre or James's "Jnat," for, in truth, it requires a mind of large scope to imagine as great things as many men, in every country, have really performed. The History of Louisiana affords a rich field to the poet and romancer, who is content simply to reproduce in their original life some of its actual scenes and characters; and Mr. Gayarre has, to a considerable extent, succeeded in this difficult and delicate task. The work evinces a mind full of the subject; and if defective at all, the defect is rather in style than matter. The author evidently had two temptations to hasty composition—a copious vocabulary and complete familiarity with his subject. There is an occasional impetuosity and recklessness in his manner, and a general habit of tossing off his sentences with an air of disdainful indifference, which characterizes a large class of amateur southern writers. Such a style is often rapid from heedlessness rather than force, and animated from caprice rather than fire. The timid correctness of an elegant diction is not more remote from beauty than the defiant carelessness of a reckless one is from power; and to avoid Mr. Prettyman, it is by no means necessary to "fraternize" with Sir Forcible Feeble. Mr. Gayarre has produced so pleasant a book, and gives evidence of an ability to do so much toward familiarizing American history to the hearts and imaginations of the people, that we trust he will not only give us more books, but subject their style to a more scrupulous examination than he has the present.

Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The present century has been distinguished above all others in the history of English lexicography, for the number and excellence of its dictionaries. It is a matter of pride to Americans that so far the United States are in advance of England, in regard to the sagacity and labor devoted to the English language. Of those who have done most in this department, the pre-eminence belongs to Dr. Webster and Dr. Worcester. Each has published a Dictionary of great value; and that of the latter is now before us. It bears on every page marks of the most gigantic labor, and must have been the result of many long years of thought and investigation. Its arrangement is admirable, and its definitions clear, concise, critical, and ever to the

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purpose. The introduction, devoted to the principles of pronunciation, orthography, English Grammar, the origin, formation, and etymology of the English language; and the History of English Lexicography is laden with important information, drawn from a wide variety of sources. Dr. Worcester has also, in the appendix, enlarged and improved Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Names, and added the pronunciation of modern geographical names. Taken as a whole, we think the dictionary one which not even the warmest admirers of Dr. Webster can speak of without respect. The advantage which Dr. Worcester's dictionary holds over Dr. Webster's may be compressed in one word —objectiveness. The English language, as a whole, is seen through a more transparent medium in the former than in the latter. Dr. Webster, with all his great merits as a lexicographer, loved to meddle with the language too much. Dr. Worcester is content to take it as it is, without any intrusion of his own idiosyncracies. We think that both dictionaries are honorable to the country, and that each has its peculiar excellencies. Perhaps the student of lexicography could spare neither.

The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha. From the Spanish of Cervantes. With Illustrations by Schaff. Boston: Charles H. Peirce. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is a very handsome edition of one of the most wonderful creations of the human intellect, elegantly illustrated with appropriate engravings. It is to a certain extent a family edition, omitting only those portions of the original which would shock the modesty of modern times. We know that there is a great opposition among men of letters to the practice of meddling with a work of genius, and suppressing any portion of it. To a considerable extent we sympathize with this feeling. But when the question lies between a purified edition and the withdrawal of the book from popular circulation, we go for the former. Don Quixote is a pertinent instance. It is not now a book generally read by many classes of people, especially young women, and the younger branches of a family. The reason consists in the coarseness of particular passages and sentences. Strike these out, and there remains a body of humor, pathos, wisdom, humanity, expressed in characters and incidents of engrossing interest, which none can read without benefit and pleasure. The present volume, which might be read by the fireside of any family, is so rich in all the treasures of its author's beautiful and beneficent genius, that we heartily wish it an extensive circulation. It is got up with great care by one who evidently understands Cervantes; and the unity of the work, with all its beautiful episodes, is not broken by the omissions.

Wurthuring Heights. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This novel is said to be by the author of Jane Eyre, and was eagerly caught at by a famished public, on the strength of the report. It afforded, however, but little nutriment, and has universally disappointed expectation. There is an old saying that those who eat toasted cheese at night will dream of Lucifer. The author of Wurthuring Heights has evidently eat toasted cheese. How a human being could have attempted such a book as the present without committing suicide before he had finished a dozen chapters, is a mystery. It is a compound of vulgar depravity and unnatural horrors, such as we might suppose a person, inspired by a mixture of brandy and gunpowder, might write for the edification of fifth-rate blackguards. Were Mr. Quip alive we should be inclined to believe that the work had been dictated by him to Lawyer Bross, and published by the interesting sister of that legal gentleman.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Public Services of James Kent, late Chancellor of the State of New York. By John Duer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This discourse was originally delivered before the Judiciary and Bar of the city and State of New York. In a style of unpretending simplicity it gives a full length portrait of the great chancellor, doing complete justice to his life and works, and avoiding all the vague commendations and meaningless generalities of commonplace eulogy. One charm of the discourse comes from its being the testimony of a surviving friend to the intellectual and moral worth of a great man, without being marred by the exaggeration of personal attachment. Judge Kent's mind and character needed but justice, and could dispense with charity, even when friendship was to indicate the grasp of the one and the excellence of the other.

Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States. By Rev. A. Stevens, A. M. Boston: Charles H. Peirce. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Mr. Stevens takes a high rank among the leading minds of his denomination. The present work shows that he combines the power of patient research with the ability to express its results in a lucid, animated, and elegant style. His biographies of the Methodist preachers have the interest of a story. Indeed, out of the Catholic Church, there is no religious chivalry whose characters and actions partake so much of heroism, and of that fine enthusiasm which almost loses its own identity in the objects it contemplates, as the Methodist priests.

The Inundation; or Pardon and Peace. A Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore. With Illustrations by Geo. Cruikshank. Boston: C. H. Peirce. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

This is a delightful little story, interesting from its incidents and characters, and conveying excellent morality and humanity in a pleasing dress. The illustrations are those of the London edition, and are admirably graphic. Cruikshank's mode of making a face expressive of character by caricaturing it, is well exhibited in his sketches in the present volume.

The Book of Visions, being a Transcript of the Record of the Secret Thoughts of a Variety of Individuals while attending Church.

The design of this little work is original and commendable. It is written to do good, and we trust may answer the expectations of its author. It enters the bosoms of members of the cabinet, members of congress, bankers, lawyers, editors, &c., and reports the secret meditations of those who affect to be worshipers. It is published by J. W. Moore of this city.

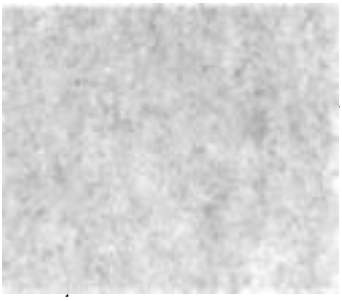
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

Toilette de Ville.—Dress of Nankin silk, ornamented in the front of the skirt with bias trimming of the same stuff, fastened by silk buttons; corsage plain, with a rounded point, ornamented at the skirt; sleeves half long, with bias trimming; under sleeves of puffed muslin; capote of white crape, ornamented with two plumes falling upon the side.

Sur le Cote.—Dress of blue glacé taffetas, trimmed with two puffs alike, disposed (en tablier;) corsage plain, low in the neck, and trimmed with puffs from the shoulder to the point, and down the side seam; sleeves short, and puffed; stomacher of plaited muslin, (under sleeves of puffed muslin;) cap of lace, lower part puffed, without trimming, ornamented with two long lappets, fastened with some bows of yellow ribbon.

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Painted by Alexander

Engraved by [illegible]

your obedient servant
Maria L. Brooks.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE LATE MARIA BROOKS.

BY RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

This remarkable woman was not only one of the first writers of her country, but she deserves to be ranked with the most celebrated persons of her sex who have lived in any nation or age Within the last century woman has done more than ever before in investigation, reflection and literary art. On the continent of Europe an Agnesi, a Dacier and a Chastelet have commanded respect by their learning, and a De Staël, a Dudevant and a Bremer have been admired for their genius; in Great Britain the names of More, Burney, Barbauld, Baillie, Somerville, Farrar, Hemans, Edgeworth, Austen, Landon, Norton and Barrett, are familiar in the histories of literature and science; and in our own country we turn with pride to Sedgwick, Child, Beecher, Kirkland, Oakes Smith, Fuller, and others, who in various departments have written so as to deserve as well as receive the general applause; but it may be doubted whether in the long catalogue of those whose works illustrate and vindicate the intellectual character and position of the sex, there are many names that will shine with a clearer, steadier, and more enduring lustre than that of Maria del Occidente.

Maria Gowen, afterward Mrs. Brooks, upon whom this title was conferred originally I believe by the poet Southey, was descended from a Welsh family that settled in Charlestown, near Boston, sometime before the Revolution. A considerable portion of the liberal fortune of her grandfather was lost by the burning of that city in 1775, and he soon afterward removed to Medford, across the Mystic river, where Maria Gowen was born about the year 1795. Her father was a man of education, and among his intimate friends were several of the professors of Harvard College, whose occasional visits varied the pleasures of a rural life. From this society she derived at an early period a taste for letters and learning. Before the completion of her ninth year she had committed to memory many passages from the best poets; and her conversation excited special wonder by its elegance, variety and wisdom. She grew in beauty, too, as she grew in years, and when her father died, a bankrupt, before she had attained the age of fourteen, she was betrothed to a merchant of Boston, who undertook the completion of her education, and as soon as she quitted the school was married to her. Her early womanhood was passed in commercial affluence; but the loss of several vessels at sea in which her husband was interested was followed by other losses on land, and years were spent in comparitive indigence. In that remarkable book, "Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri," she says, referring to this period: "Our table had been hospitable, our doors open to many; but to part with our well-garnished dwelling had now become inevitable. We retired, with one servant, to a remote house of meaner dimensions, and were sought no longer by those who had come in our wealth. I looked earnestly around me; the present was cheerless, the future dark and fearful. My parents were dead, my few relatives in distant countries, where they thought perhaps but little of my happiness. Burleigh I had never loved other than as a father and protector; but he had been the benefactor of my fallen family, and to him I owed comfort, education, and every ray of pleasure that had glanced before me in this world. But the sun of his energies was setting, and the faults which had balanced his virtues increased as his fortune declined. He might live through many years of misery, and to be devoted to him was my duty while a spark of his life endured. I strove to nerve my heart for the worst. Still there were moments when fortitude became faint with endurance, and visions of happiness that might have been mine came smiling to my imagination. I wept and prayed in agony."

In this period poetry was resorted to for amusement and consolation. At nineteen she wrote a

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metrical romance, in seven cantos, but it was never published. It was followed by many shorter lyrical pieces which were printed anonymously; and in 1820, after favorable judgments of it had been expressed by some literary friends, she gave to the public a small volume entitled "Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts." It contained many fine passages, and gave promise of the powers of which the maturity is illustrated by "Zophiël," very much in the style of which is this stanza:

With even step, in mourning garb arrayed,
Fair Judith walked, and grandeur marked her air;
Though humble dust, in pious sprinklings laid,
Soiled the dark tresses of her copious hair.

And this picture of a boy:

Softly supine his rosy limbs reposed,
His locks curled high, leaving the forehead bare:
And o'er his eyes the light lids gently closed,
As they had feared to hide the brilliance there.

And this description of the preparations of Esther to appear before Ahasuerus:

"Take ye, my maids, this mournful garb away;
Bring all my glowing gems and garments fair;
A nation's fate impending hangs to-day,
But on my beauty and your dutcous care."

Prompt to obey, her ivory form they lave;
Some comb and braid her hair of wavy gold;
Some softly wipe away the limpid wave
That o'er her dimply limbs in drops of fragrance rolled.

Refreshed and faultless from their hands she came,
Like form celestial clad in raiment bright;
O'er all her garb rich India's treasures flame,
In mingling beams of rainbow-colored light.

Graceful she entered the forbidden court,
Her bosom throbbing with her purpose high;
Slow were her steps, and unassured her port,
While hope just trembled in her azure eye.

Light on the marble fell her ermine trend,
And when the king, reclined in musing mood,
Lifts, at the gentle sound, his stately head,
Low at his feet the sweet intruder stood.

Among the shorter poems are several that are marked by fancy and feeling, and a graceful versification, of one of which, an elegy, these are the opening verses:

Lone in the desert, drear and deep,
Beneath the forest's whispering shade,
Where brambles twine and mosses creep,
The lovely Charlotte's grave is made.

But though no breathing marble there
Shall gleam in beauty through the gloom,
The turf that hides her golden hair
With sweetest desert flowers shall bloom.

And while the moon her tender light
Upon the hallowed scene shall fling,
The mocking-bird shall sit all night
Among the dewy leaves, and sing.

In 1823 Mr. Brooks died, and a paternal uncle soon after invited the poetess to the Island of Cuba, where, two years afterward, she completed the first canto of "Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven," which was published in Boston in 1825. The second canto was finished in Cuba in the opening of 1827; the third, fourth and fifth in 1828; and the sixth in the beginning of 1829. The relative of Mrs. Brooks was now dead, and he had left to her his coffee plantation and other property, which afforded her a liberal income. She returned again to the United States, and resided more than a year in the vicinity of Dartmouth College, where her son was pursuing his studies; and in the autumn of 1830, she went to Paris, where she passed the following winter. The curious and learned notes to "Zophiël," were written in various places, some in Cuba, some in Hanover, some in Canada, (which she visited during her residence at Hanover,) some at Paris, and the rest at Keswick, in England, the home of Robert Southey, where she passed the spring of 1831. When she quitted the hospitable home of this much honored and much attached friend, she left with him the completed work, which he subsequently saw through the press, correcting the proof sheets himself, previous to its appearance in London in 1833.

The materials of this poem are universal; that is, such as may be appropriated by every polished nation. In all the most beautiful oriental systems of religion, including our own, may be found such beings as its characters. The early fathers of Christianity not only believed in them, but wrote cumbrous folios upon their nature and attributes. It is a curious fact that they never doubted the existence and the power of the Grecian and Roman gods, but supposed them to be fallen angels, who had caused themselves to be worshiped under particular forms, and for particular characteristics. To what an extent, and to how very late a period this belief has prevailed, may be learned from a remarkable little work of Fontenelle,* in which that pleasing writer endeavors seriously to disprove that any preternatural power was evinced in the responses of the ancient oracles. The Christian belief in good and evil angels is too beautiful to be laid aside. Their actual and present existence can be disproved neither by analogy, philosophy, or theology, nor can it be questioned without casting a doubt also upon the whole system of our religion. This religion, by many a fanciful skeptic, has been called barren and gloomy; but setting aside all the legends of the Jews, and confining ourselves entirely to the generally received Scriptures, there will be found sufficient food for an imagination warm as that of Homer, Apelles, Phidias, or Praxiteles. It is astonishing that such rich materials for poetry should for so many centuries have been so little regarded, appropriated, or even perceived.

The story of Zophiël, though accompanied by many notes, is simple and easily followed. Reduced to prose, and a child, or a common novel reader, would peruse it with satisfaction. It is in six cantos, and is supposed to occupy the time of nine months: from the blooming of roses at Ecbatana to the coming in of spices at Babylon. Of this time the greater part is supposed to elapse between the second and third canto, where Zophiël thus speaks to Egla of Phraërion:

Yet still she bloomed—uninjured, innocent—
Though now for seven sweet moons by Zophiël watched and wooed.

The king of Medea, introduced in the second canto, is an ideal personage; but the history of that country

* Historie des Oracles.

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near the time of the second captivity, is very confused, and more than one young prince resembling Sardius, might have reigned and died without a record. So much of the main story however as relates to human life is based upon sacred or profane history; and we have sufficient authority for the legend of an angel's passion for one of the fair daughters of our own world. It was a custom in the early ages to style heroes, to raise to the rank of demigods, men who were distinguished for great abilities, qualities or actions. Above such men the angels who are supposed to have visited the earth were but one grade exalted, and they were capable of participating in human pains and pleasures. Zophiël is described as one of those who fell with Lucifer, not from ambition or turbulence, but from friendship and excessive admiration of the chief disturber of the tranquillity of heaven: as he declares, when thwarted by his betrayer, in the fourth canto:

> Though the first seraph formed, how could I tell
> The ways of guile? What marvels I believed
> When cold ambition mimicked love so well
> That half the sons of heaven looked on deceived!

During the whole interview in which this stanza occurs, the deceiver of men and angels exhibits his alledged power of inflicting pain. He says to Zophiël, after arresting his course:

> "Sublime Intelligence,
> Once chosen for my friend and worthy me:
> Not so wouldst thou have labored to be hence,
> Had my emprise been crowned with victory.
> When I was bright in heaven, thy seraph eyes
> Sought only mine. But he who every power
> Beside, while hope allured him, could despise,
> Changed and forsook me, in misfortune's hour."

To which Zophiël replies:

> "Changed, and forsook thee? this from thee to me?
> Once noble spirit! Oh! had not too much
> My o'er fond heart adored thy fallacy,
> I had not, now, been here to bear thy keen reproach;
> Forsook thee in misfortune? at thy side
> I closer fought as peril thickened round,
> Watched o'er thee fallen: the light of heaven denied,
> But proved my love more fervent and profound.
> Prone as thou wert, had I been mortal-born,
> And owned as many lives as leaves there be,
> From all Hyrcania by his tempest torn
> I had lost, one by one, and given the last for thee.
> Oh! had thy plighted pact of faith been kept,
> Still unaccomplished were the curse of sin;
> Mid all the woes thy ruined followers wept,
> Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been."

Phraërion, another fallen angel, but of a nature gentler than that of Zophiël, is thus introduced:

> Harmless Phraërion, formed to dwell on high,
> Retained the locks that had been his above;
> And his harmonious lip, and sweet, blue eye,
> Soothed the fallen seraph's heart, and changed his
> scorn to love;
> No soul-creative in this being born,
> Its restless, daring, fond aspirings hid:
> Within the vortex of rebellion drawn,
> He joined the shining ranks *as others did*.
> Success but little had advanced; defeat
> He thought so little, scarce to him were worse;
> And, as he held in heaven inferior seat,
> Less was his bliss, and lighter was his curse.
> He formed no plans for happiness: content
> To curl the tendril, fold the bud; his pain
> So light, he scarcely felt his banishment.
> Zophiel, perchance, had held him in disdain;
> But, formed for friendship, from his o'erfraught soul
> 'T was such relief his burning thoughts to pour
> In other ears, that oft the strong control
> Of pride he felt them burst, and could restrain no more.
> Zophiel was soft, but yet all flame; by turns
> Love, grief, remorse, shame, pity, jealousy,
> Each boundless in his breast, impels or burns:
> His joy was bliss, his pain was agony.

Such are the principal preter-human characters in the poem. Egla, the heroine, is a Hebress of perfect beauty, who lives with her parents not far from the city of Ecbatana, and has been saved, by stratagem, from a general massacre of captives, under a former king of Media. Being brought before the reigning monarch to answer for the supposed murder of Meles, she exclaims,

> Sad from my birth, nay, born upon that day
> When perished all my race, my infant ears
> Were opened first with groans; and the first ray
> I saw, came dimly through my mother's tears.

Zophiël is described throughout the poem as burning with the admiration of virtue, yet frequently betrayed into crime by the pursuit of pleasure. Straying accidentally to the grove of Egla, he is struck with her beauty, and finds consolation in her presence. He appears, however, at an unfortunate moment, for the fair Judean has just yielded to the entreaties of her mother and assented to proposals offered by Meles, a noble of the country; but Zophiël causes his rival to expire suddenly on entering the bridal apartment, and his previous life at Babylon, as revealed in the fifth canto, shows that he was not undeserving of his doom. Despite her extreme sensibility, Egla is highly endowed with "conscience and caution;" and she regards the advances of Zophiël with distrust and apprehension. Meles being missed, she is brought to court to answer for his murder. Her sole fear is for her parents, who are the only Hebrews in the kingdom, and are suffered to live but through the clemency of Sardius, a young prince who has lately come to the throne, and who, like many oriental monarchs, reserves to himself the privilege of decreeing death. The king is convinced of her innocence, and, struck with her extraordinary beauty and character, resolves suddenly to make her his queen. We know of nothing in its way finer than the description which follows, of her introduction, in the simple costume of her country, to a gorgeous banqueting hall in which he sits with his assembled chiefs:

> With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
> The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
> For doubtful modesty; while all were glancing
> Over the strange attire that well became such form
> To lend her space the admiring band gave way;
> The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
> Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
> Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the trembling dew.
> Light was that robe as mist; and not a gem
> Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
> Long and profuse; save that, above its hem,
> 'T was broidered with pomegranate-wreath, in gold
> And, by a silken cincture, broad and blue,
> In shapely guise about the waste confined,
> Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
> Half floated, waving in their length behind;
> The other half, in braided tresses twined,
> Was decked with rose of pearls, and sapphires azure two.
> Arranged with curious skill to imitate
> The sweet acacia's blossoms; just as live
> And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
> And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive,
> And pendent, sometimes touch her neck; and there
> Seemed shrinking from its softness as alive.
> And round her arms, flour-white and round and fair,
> Slight bandelets were twined of colors five,

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Like little rainbows seemly on those arms;
None of that court had seen the like before,
Soft, fragrant, bright—so much like heaven her charms,
It scarce could seem idolatry to adore.
He who beheld her hand forgot her face;
Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,
And locks profuse, had said, "nay, turn thee not."

Idaspes, the Medean vizier, or prime minister, has reflected on the maiden's story, and is alarmed for the safety of his youthful sovereign, who consents to some delay and experiment, but will not be dissuaded from his design until five inmates of his palace have fallen dead in the captive's apartment. The last of these is Altheëtor, a favorite of the king, (whose Greek name is intended to express his qualities,) and the circumstances of his death, and the consequent grief of Egla and despair of Zophiël, are painted with a beauty, power and passion scarcely surpassed.

Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
Entered the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
And, lowly bending down, made tuneful parlance there.
Like perfume, soft his gentle accents rose,
And sweetly thrilled the gilded roof along;
His warm, devoted soul no terror knows,
And truth and love lend fervor to his song.
She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan—she springs
Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.
Then thus: "O! being, who unseen but near,
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music—all that 's dear,
Look, look on me, and spare my agony!
Spirit! in mercy make not me the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives—he draws—
Thou wilt not blast!—he draws his harmless breath!"

Still lives Altheëtor; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost—given up. He fain would turn to gaze,
But cannot turn, so twined. Now all that stole
Through every vein, and thrilled each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told—all wound and clasped
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him? "What a sea of sweets!" he gasped.
But 't was delight: sound, fragrance, all were breathing.
Still swelled the transport: "Let me look and thank!"
He sighed (celestial smiles his lips enwreathing.)
"I die—but ask no more," he said, and sunk;
Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
As by soft sleep oppressed; so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tapestried floor,
It seemed an angel lay reposing there.

And Zophiël exclaims,

"He died of love, or the o'er-perfect joy
Of being pitied—prayed for—pressed by thee.
O! for the fate of that devoted boy
I'd sell my birthright to eternity.
I'm not the cause of this thy last distress.
Nay! look upon thy spirit ere he flies!
Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!"
He said; and tears fell fast from his immortal eyes.

Beloved and admired at first, Egla becomes an object of hatred and fear; for Zophiël being invisible to others her story is discredited, and she is suspected of murdering by some baleful art all who have died in her presence. She is, however, sent safely to her home, and lives, as usual, in retirement with her parents. The visits of Zophiel are now unimpeded. He instructs the young Jewess in music and poetry; his admiration and affection grow with the hours; and he exerts his immortal energies to preserve her from the least pain or sorrow, but selfishly confines her as much as possible to solitude, and permits for her only such amusements as he himself can minister. Her confidence in him increases, and in her gentle society he almost forgets his fall and banishment.

But the difference in their natures causes him continual anxiety; knowing her mortality, he is always in fear that death or sudden blight will deprive him of her; and he consults with Phraërion on the best means of saving her from the perils of human existence. One evening,

Round Phraërion, nearer drawn,
One beauteous arm he flung: "First to my love!
We 'll see her safe; then to our task till dawn."
Well pleased, Phraërion answered that embrace;
All balmy he with thousand breathing sweets,
From thousand dewy flowers. "But to what place,"
He said, "will Zophiel go? who danger greets
As if 't were peace. The palace of the gnome,
Tahathyam, for our purpose most were meet;
But then, the wave, so cold and fierce, the gloom,
The whirlpools, rocks, that guard that deep retreat!
Yet *there* are fountains, which no sunny ray
E'er danced upon, and drops come there at last,
Which, for whole ages, filtering all the way,
Through all the veins of earth, in winding maze have past.
These take from mortal beauty every stain,
And smooth the unseemly lines of age and pain,
With every wondrous efficacy rife;
Nay, once a spirit whispered of a draught,
Of which a drop, by any mortal quaffed,
Would save, for terms of years, his feeble, flickering life."

Tahathyam is the son of a fallen angel, and lives concealed in the bosom of the earth, guarding in his possession a vase of the elixir of life, bequeathed to him by a father whom he is not permitted to see. The visit of Zophiël and Phraërion to this beautiful but unhappy creature will remind the reader of the splendid creations of Dante.

The soft flower-spirit shuddered, looked on high,
And from his bolder brother would have fled;
But then the anger kindling in that eye
He could not bear. So to fair Egla's bed
Followed and looked; then shuddering all with dread.
To wondrous realms, unknown to men, he fled;
Continuing long in sunset course his flight,
Until for flowery Sicily he bent;
Then, where Italia smiled upon the night,
Between their nearest shores chose midway his descent.
The sea was calm, and the reflected moon
Still trembled on its surface; not a breath
Curled the broad mirror. Night had passed her noon;
How soft the air! how cold the depths beneath!
The spirits hover o'er that surface smooth,
Zophiël's white arm around Phraerion's twined,
In fond caresses, his tender cares to soothe,
While either's nearer wing the other's crossed behind
Well pleased, Phraerion half forgot his dread,
And first, with foot as white as lotus leaf,
The sleepy surface of the waves essayed;
But then his smile of love gave place to drops of grief
How could he for that fiend, dense and chill,
Change the sweet floods of air they floated on?
E'en at the touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
But ardent Zophiel, panting, hurries on,
And (catching his mild brother's tears, with lip
That whispered courage 'twixt each glowing kiss,)
Persuades to plunge: limbs, wings, and locks they dip.
Whate'er the other's pains, the lover felt but bliss.
Quickly he draws Phraerion on, his toil
Even lighter than he hoped: some power benign
Seems to restrain the surges, while they boil
'Mid crags and caverns, as of his design
Respectful. That black, bitter element,
As if obedient to his wish, gave way;
So, comforting Phraerion, on he went,
And a high, craggy arch they reach at dawn of day,
Upon the upper world; and forced them through
That arch, the thick, cold floods, with such a roar,
That the bold sprite receded, and would view
The cave before he ventured to explore.

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Then, fearful lest his frighted guide might part
And not be missed amid such strife and din,
He strained him closer to his burning heart,
And, trusting to his strength, rushed fiercely in.

On, on, for many a weary mile they fare;
Till thinner grew the fiends, long, dark and dense,
From nearness to earth's core; and now, a glare
Of grateful light relieved their piercing sense;
As when, above, the sun his genial streams
Of warmth and light darts mingling with the waves,
While fathoms down; while, amorous of his beams,
Each scaly, monstrous thing leaps from its slimy caves.
And now, Phraërion, with a tender cry,
Far sweeter than the land-bird's note, afar
Heard through the azure arches of the sky,
By the long-baffled, storm-worn mariner:
"Hold, Zophiel! rest thee now—our task is done,
Tahathyam's realms alone can give this light!
O! though it is not the life-awakening sun,
How sweet to see it break upon such fearful night!"

Clear grew the wave, and thin; a substance white,
The wide-expanding cavern floors and flanks;
Could one have looked from high how fair the sight!
Like these, the dolphin, on Balamian banks,
Cleaves the warm fluid, in his rainbow tints,
While even his shadow on the sands below
Is seen; as through the wave he glides, and glints,
Where lies the polished shell, and branching corals grow.
No massive gate impedes; the wave, in vain,
Might strive against the air to break or fall;
And, at the portal of that strange domain,
A clear, bright curtain seemed, or crystal wall.
The spirits pass its bounds, but would not far
Tread its giant pavement, like unbidden guest;
The while, on either side, a bower of spar
Gave invitation for a moment's rest.
And, deep in either bower, a little throne
Looked so fantastic, it were hard to know
If busy nature fashioned it alone,
Or found some curious artist here below.

Soon spoke Phraërion: "Come, Tahathyam, come,
Thou know'st me well! I saw thee once to love;
And bring a guest to view thy sparkling dome
Who comes full fraught with tidings from above."
Those gentle tones, angelically clear,
Past from his lips, in hazy depths retreating,
(As if that bower had been the cavern's ear,)
Full many a station far; and kept repeating,
As through the perforated rock they pass,
Echo to echo guiding them; their tone
(As just from the sweet spirit's lip) at last
Tahathyam heard: where, on a glittering throne he solitary sat.

Sending through the rock an answering strain, to give the spirits welcome, the gnome prepares to meet them at his palace-door:

He sat upon a car, (and the large pearl,
Once cradled in it, glimmered now without,)
Bound midway on two serpents' backs, that curl
In silent swiftness as he glides about.
A shell, 't was first in liquid amber wet,
Then ere the fragrant cement hardened round,
All o'er with large and precious stones 't was set
By skilful Tsuvaven, or made or found.
The reins seemed pliant crystal (but their strength
Had matched his earthly mother's silken hand)
And, flecked with rubies, flowed in ample length,
Like sparkles o'er Tahathyam's beauteous hand.
The reptiles, in their fearful beauty, drew,
As if from love, like steeds of Araby;
Like blood of lady's lip their scarlet hue;
Their scales so bright and sleek, 't was pleasure but to see.
With open mouths, as proud to show the bit,
They raise their heads, and arch their necks—(with eye
As bright as if with meteor fire 't were lit;)
And dart their barbed tongues, 'twixt fangs of ivory.
These, when the quick advancing sprites they saw
Furl their swift wings, and tread with angel grace
The smooth, fair pavement, checked their speed in awe,
And glided far aside as if to give them space.

The errand of the angels is made known to the sovereign of this interior and resplendent world, and upon conditions the precious elixir is promised; but first Zophiël and Phraërion are ushered through sparry portals to a banquet.

High towered the palace and its massive pile,
Made dubious if of nature or of art,
So wild and so uncouth; yet, all the while,
Shaped to strange grace in every varying part.
And groves adorned it, green in hue, and bright,
As icicles about a laurel-tree;
And danced about their twigs a wonderous light;
Whence came that light so far beneath the sea?
Zophiel looked up to know, and to his view
The vault scarce seemed less vast than that of day:
No rocky roof was seen; a tender blue
Appeared, as of the sky, and clouds about it play.
And, in the midst, an orb looked as 't were meant
To shame the sun, it mimicked him so well.
But ah! no quickening, grateful warmth it sent;
Cold as the rock beneath, the pale radiance fell.
Within, from thousand lamps the lustre strays,
Reflected back from gems about the wall;
And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain plays,
Just in the centre of a spacious hall;
But whether in the sunbeam formed to sport,
These shapes once lived in sapience and pride,
And then, to decorate this wonderous court,
Were stolen from the waves and petrified;
Or, moulded by some imitative gnome,
And scaled all o'er with gems, they were but stone.
Casting their showers and rainbows 'neath the dome,
To man or angel's eye might not be known.
No snowy fleece in these sad realms was found,
Nor silken ball by maiden loved so well;
But ranged in lightest garniture around,
In seemly folds, a shining tapestry fell.
And fibres of asbestos, bleached in fire,
And all with pearls and sparkling gems o'erflecked,
Of that strange court composed the rich attire,
And such the cold, fair form of sad Tahathyam decked.

Gifted with every pleasing endowment, in possession of an elixir of which a drop perpetuates life and youth, surrounded by friends of his own choice, who are all anxious to please and amuse him, the gnome feels himself inferior in happiness to the lowest of mortals. His sphere is confined, his high powers useless, for he is without the "last, best gift of God to man," and there is no object on which he can exercise his benevolence. The feast is described with the terse beauty which marks all the canto, and at its close—

The banquet-cups, of many a hue and shape,
Bossed o'er with gems, were beautiful to view;
But, for the madness of the vaunted grape,
Their only draught was a pure limpid dew,
The spirits while they sat in social guise,
Pledging each goblet with an unswering kiss,
Marked many a gnome conceal his bursting sighs;
And thought death happier than a life like this.
But they had music; at one ample side
Of the vast arena of that sparkling hall,
Fringed round with gems, that all the rest outvied,
In form of canopy, was seen to fall
The stony tapestry, over what, at first,
An altar to some deity appeared;
But it had cost full many a year to adjust
The limpid crystal tubes that 'neath upreared
Their different lucid lengths; and so complete
Their wondrous 'rangement, that a tuneful gnome
Drew from them sounds more varied, clear, and sweet,
Than ever yet had rung in any earthly dome.
Loud, shrilly, liquid, soft; at that quick touch
Such modulation wooed his angel ears
That Zophiël wondered, started from his couch
And thought upon the music of the spheres.

But Zophiël lingers with ill-dissembled impatience, and Tahathyam leads the way to where the elixir of life is to be surrendered.

Soon through the rock they wind; the draught divine
Was hidden by a veil the king alone might lift.
Cephromel's son, with half-averted face
And faltering hand, that curtain drew, and showed,
Of solid diamond formed, a lucid vase;
And warm within the pure elixir glowed;

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Bright red, like flame and blood, (could they so meet,)
Ascending, sparkling, dancing, whirling, ever
In quick perpetual movement; and of heat
So high, the rock was warm beneath their feet,
(Yet bent in its intenseness hurtful never,)
Even to the entrance of the long arcade
Which led to that deep shrine, in the rock's breast
As far as if the half-angel were afraid
To know the secret he himself possessed.
Tahathyam filled a cup of spar, with dread,
As if stood by and frowned some power divine;
Then trembling, as he turned to Zophiel, said,
"But for one service shalt thou call it thine:
Bring me a wife; as I have named the way;
(I will not risk destruction save for love!)
Fair-haired and beauteous like my mother; say—
Plight me this pact; so shalt thou bear above,
For thine own purpose, what has here been kept
Since dawned the second age, to angels dear.
Bursting from earth's dark womb, the fierce wave swept
Off every form that lived and loved, while here,
Deep hidden here, I still lived on and wept."

Great pains have evidently been taken to have every thing throughout the work in keeping. Most of the names have been selected for their particular meaning. Tahathyam and his retinue appear to have been settled in their submarine dominion before the great deluge that changed the face of the earth, as is intimated in the lines last quoted; and as the accounts of that judgment, and of the visits and communications of angels connected with it, are chiefly in Hebrew, they have names from that language. It would have been better perhaps not to have called the persons of the third canto "gnomes," as at this word one is reminded of all the varieties of the Rosicrucian system, of which Pope has so well availed himself in the Rape of the Lock, which sprightly production has been said to be derived, though remotely, from Jewish legends of fallen angels. Tahathyam can be called gnome only on account of the retreat to which his erring father has consigned him.

The spirits leave the cavern, and Zophiël exults a moment, as if restored to perfect happiness. But there is no way of bearing his prize to the earth except through the most dangerous depths of the sea.

Zophiël, with toil severe,
But bliss in view, through the thrice murky night,
Sped swiftly on. A treasure now more dear
He had to guard, than boldest hope had dared
To breathe for years; but rougher grew the way;
And soft Phraërion, shrinking back and scared
At every whirling depth, wept for his flowers and day.
Shivered, and pained, and shrieking, as the waves
Wildly impel them 'gainst the jutting rocks;
Not all the care and strength of Zophiël saves
His tender guide from half the withering shocks
He bore. The calm, which favored their descent,
And bade them look upon their task as o'er,
Was past; and now the inmost earth seemed rent
With such fierce storms as never raged before.
Of a long mortal life had the whole pain
Essenced in one consummate pang, been borne,
Known, and survived, it still would be in vain
To try to paint the pains felt by these sprites forlorn.
The precious drop closed in its hollow spar,
Between his lips Zophiël in triumph bore.
Now, earth and sea seem shaken! Dashed afar
He feels it part;—'t is drop;—the waters roar,
He sees it in a sable vortex whirling,
Formed by a cavern vast, that 'neath the sea,
Sucks the fierce torrent in.

The furious storm has been raised by the power of his betrayer and persecutor, and in gloomy desperation Zophiël rises with the frail Phraërion to the upper air:

Black clouds, in mass deform,
Were frowning; yet a moment's calm was there,
As it had stopped to breathe awhile the storm.
Their white feet pressed the desert sod; they shook
From their bright locks the briny drops; nor stayed
Zophiël on ills, present or past, to look.

But his flight toward Medea is stayed by a renewal of the tempest—

Loud and more loud the blast; in mingled gyre,
Flew leaves and stones; and with a deafening crash
Fell the uprooted trees; heaven seemed on fire—
Not, as 't is wont, with intermitting flash,
But, like an ocean all of liquid flame,
The whole broad arch gave one continuous glare,
While through the red light from their prowing came
The frighted beasts, and ran, but could not find a lair.

At length comes a shock, as if the earth crashed against some other planet, and they are thrown amazed and prostrate upon the heath. Zophiël,

in a mood
Too fierce for fear, uprose; yet ere for flight
Served his torn wings, a form before him stood
In gloomy majesty. Like starless night,
A sable mantle fell in cloudy fold
From its stupendous breast; and as it trod
The pale and livid light at distance rolled
Before its princely feet, receding on the sod.

The interview between the bland spirit and the prime cause of his guilt is full of the energy of passion, and the rhetoric of the conversation has a masculine beauty of which Mrs. Brooks alone of all the poets of her sex is capable.

Zophiël returns to Medea and the drama draws to a close, which is painted with consummate art. Egla wanders alone at twilight in the shadowy vistas of a grove, wondering and sighing at the continued absence of the enamored angel, who approaches unseen while she sings a strain that he had taught her

His wings were folded o'er his eyes; severe
As was the pain he 'd borne from wave and wind,
The dubious warning of that being drear,
Who met him in the lightning, to his mind
Was torture worse; a dark presentiment
Came o'er his soul with paralyzing chill,
As when Fate vaguely whispers her intent
To poison mortal joy with sense of coming ill.
He searched about the grove with all the care
Of trembling jealousy, as if to trace
By track or wounded flower some rival there;
And scarcely dared to look upon the face
Of her he loved, lest it some tale might tell
To make the only hope that soothed him vain:
He hears her notes in numbers die and swell,
But almost fears to listen to the strain
Himself had taught her, lest some hated name
Had been with that dear gentle air enwreathed,
While he was far; she sighed—he nearer came,
Oh, transport! Zophiël was the name she breathed.

He saw her—but

Paused, ere he would advance, for very bliss.
The joy of a whole mortal life he felt
In that one moment. Now, too long unseen,
He fain had shown his beauteous form, and knelt
But while he still delayed, a mortal rushed between.

This scene is in the sixth canto. In the fifth, which is occupied almost entirely by mortals, and bears a closer relation than the others to the chief works in narrative and dramatic poetry, are related the adventures of Zameia, which, with the story of her death, following the last extract, would make a fine tragedy. Her misfortunes are simply told by an aged attendant who had fled with her in pursuit of Meles, whom she had seen and loved in Babylon. At the feast of Venus Mylitta,

Pu'l in the midst, and taller than the rest,
Zameia stood distinct, and not a sigh
Disturbed the gem that sparkled on her breast;
Her oval cheek was heightened to a dye

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That shamed the mellow vermeil of the wreath
Which in her jetty locks became her well,
And mingled fragrance with her sweeter breath,
The while her haughty lips more beautifully swell
With consciousness of every charm's excess;
While with becoming scorn she turned her face
From every eye that darted its caress,
As if some god alone might hope for her embrace.

Again she is discovered, sleeping, by the rocky margin of a river:

Pallid and worn, but beautiful and young,
Though marked her charms by wildest passion's trace;
Her long round arms, oversa fragment flung,
From pillow all too rude protect a face,
Whose dark and high arched brows gave to the thought
To deem what radiance once they towered above;
But all its proudly beauteous outline taught
That anger there had shared the throne of love.

It was Zameia that rushed between Zophiël and Egla, and that now with quivering lip, disordered hair, and eye gleaming with frenzy, seized her arm, reproached her with the murder of Meles, and attempted to kill her. But as her dagger touches the white robe of the maiden her arm is arrested by some unseen power, and she falls dead at Egla's feet. Reproached by her own handmaid and by the aged attendant of the princess, Egla feels all the horrors of despair, and, beset with evil influences, she seeks to end her own life, but is prevented by the timely appearance of Raphael, in the character of a traveler's guide, leading Helon, a young man of her own nation and kindred who has been living unknown at Babylon, protected by the same angel, and destined to be her husband; and to the mere idea of whose existence, imparted to her in a mysterious and vague manner by Raphael, she has remained faithful from her childhood.

Zophiël, who by the power of Lucifer has been detained struggling in the grove, is suffered once more to enter the presence of the object of his affection. He sees her supported in the arms of Helon, whom he makes one futile effort to destroy, and then is banished forever. The emissaries of his immortal enemy pursue the baffled seraph to his place of exile, and by their derision endeavor to augment his misery,

And when they fled he hid him in a cave
Strewn with the bones of some sad wretch who there,
Apart from men, had sought a desert grave,
And yielded to the demon of despair.
There beauteous Zophiël, shrinking from the day,
Envying the wretch that so his life had ended,
Wailed his eternity;

But, at last, is visited by Raphael, who gives him hopes of restoration to his original rank in heaven.

The concluding canto is entitled "The Bridal of Helon," and in the following lines it contains much of the author's philosophy of life:

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!
But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.
And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

On consulting "Zophiël," it will readily be seen that the passages here extracted have not been chosen for their superior poetical merit. It has simply been attempted by quotations and a running commentary to convey a just impression of the scope and character of the work. There is not perhaps in the English language a poem containing a greater variety of thought, description and incident, and though the author did not possess in an eminent degree the constructive faculty, there are few narratives that are conducted with more regard to unities, or with more simplicity and perspicuity.

Though characterized by force and even freedom of expression, it does not contain an impure or irreligious sentiment. Every page is full of passion, but passion subdued and chastened by refinement and delicacy. Several of the characters are original and splendid creations. Zophiël seems to us the finest fallen angel that has come from the hand of a poet. Milton's outcasts from heaven are utterly depraved and abraded of their glory; but Zophiël has traces of his original virtue and beauty, and a lingering hope of restoration to the presence of the Divinity. Deceived by the specious fallacies of an immortal like himself, and his superior in rank, he encounters the blackest perfidy in him for whom so much had been forfeited, and the blight of every prospect that had lured his fancy or ambition. Egla, though one of the most important characters in the poem, is much less interesting. She is represented as heroically consistent, except when given over for a moment to the malice of infernal emissaries. In her immediate reception of Helon as a husband, she is constant to a long cherished idea, and fulfills the design of her guardian spirit, or it would excite some wonder that Zophiël was worsted in such competition. It will be perceived upon a careful examination that the work is in admirable keeping, and that the entire conduct of its several persons bears a just relation to their characters and position.

Mrs. Brooks returned to the United States, and her son being now a student in the military academy, she took up her residence in the vicinity of West Point, where, with occasional intermissions in which she visited her plantation in Cuba or traveled in the United States, she remained until 1839. Her marked individuality, the variety, beauty and occasional splendor of her conversation, made her house a favorite resort of the officers of the academy, and of the most accomplished persons who frequented that romantic neighborhood, by many of whom she will long be remembered with mingled affection and admiration.

In 1834 she caused to be published in Boston an edition of "Zophiël," for the benefit of the Polish exiles who were thronging to this country after their then recent struggle for freedom. There were at that time too few readers among us of sufficiently cultivated and independent taste to appreciate a work of art which time or accident had not commended to the popular applause, and "Zophiël" scarcely anywhere excited any interest or attracted any attention. At the end of a month but about twenty copies

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had been sold, and, in a moment of disappointment, Mrs. Brooks caused the remainder of the impression to be withdrawn from the market. The poem has therefore been little read in this country, and even the title of it would have remained unknown to the common reader of elegant literature but for occasional allusions to it by Southey and other foreign critics.*

In the summer of 1843, while Mrs. Brooks was residing at Fort Columbus, in the bay of New York, —a military post at which her son, Captain Horace Brooks, was stationed several years—she had printed for private circulation the remarkable little work to which allusion has already been made, entitled "Idomen, or the Vale of the Yumuri." It is in the style of a romance, but contains little that is fictitious except the names of the characters. The account which Idomen gives of her own history is literally true, except in relation to an excursion to Niagara, which occurred in a different period of the author's life. It is impossible to read these interesting "confessions" without feeling a profound interest in the character which they illustrate; a character of singular strength, dignity and delicacy, subjected to the severest tests, and exposed to the most curious and easy analysis. "To see the inmost soul of one who bore all the impulse and torture of self-murder without perishing, is what can seldom be done: very few have memories strong enough to retain a distinct impression of past suffering, and few, though possessed of such memories, have the power of so describing their sensations as to make them apparent to another." "Idomen" will possess an interest and value as a psychological study, independent of that which belongs to it as a record of the experience of so eminent a poet.

Mrs. Brooks was anxious to have published an edition of all her writings, including "Idomen," before leaving New York, and she authorized me to offer gratuitously her copyrights to an eminent publishing house for that purpose. In the existing condition of the copyright laws, which should have been entitled acts for the discouragement of a native literature, she was not surprised that the offer was declined, though indignant that the reason assigned should have been that they were "of too elevated a character to sell." Writing to me soon afterward she observed, "I do not think any thing from my humble imagination can be 'too elevated,' or elevated enough, for the public as it really is in these North American States. . . . In the words of poor Spurzheim, (uttered to me a short time before his death, in Boston,) I solace myself by saying, 'Stupidity! stupidity! the knowledge of that alone has saved me from misanthropy.'"

In December, 1843, Mrs. Brooks sailed the last time from her native country for the Island of Cuba. There, on her coffee estate, Hermita, she renewed for a while her literary labors. The small stone building, smoothly plastered, with a flight of steps leading to its entrance, in which she wrote some of the cantos of "Zophiel," is described by a recent traveler* as surrounded by alleys of "palms, cocoas, and orunges, intespersed with the tamarind, the pomegranate, the mangoe, and the rose-apple, with a back ground of coffee and plantains covering every portion of the soil with their luxuriant verdure. I have often passed it," he observes, "in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and the floor, and the elfin lamps of the cocullos swept through the windows and door, casting their lurid, mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with mingled perfume from the coffee and orange, and the tube-rose and night-blooming cereo, and have thought that no fitter birthplace could be found for the images she has created."

Her habits of composition were peculiar. With an almost unconquerable aversion to the use of the pen, especially in her later years, it was her custom to finish her shorter pieces, and entire cantos of longer poems, before committing a word of them to paper. She had long meditated, and had partly composed, an epic under the title of "Beatriz, the Beloved of Columbus," and when transmitting to me the MS. of "The Departed," in August, 1844, she remarked: "When I have written out my 'Vistas del Infierno' and one other short poem, I hope to begin the penning of the epic I have so often spoken to you of; but when or whether it will ever be finished, Heaven alone can tell." I have not learned whether this poem was written, but when I heard her repeat passages of it, I thought it would be a nobler work than "Zophiel."

Mrs. Brooks died at Patricio, in Cuba, near the close of December, 1844.

I have no room for particular criticism of her minor poems. They will soon I trust be given to the public in a suitable edition, when it will be discovered that they are heart-voices, distinguished for the same fearlessness of thought and expression which is illustrated by the work which has been considered in this brief reviewal.

The accompanying portrait is from a picture by Mr. Alexander, of Boston, and though the engraver has very well preserved the details and general effect of the painting, it does little justice to the fine intellectual expression of the subject. It was a fancy of Mr. Southey's that induced her to wear in her hair the passion-flower, which that poet deemed the fittest emblem of her nature.

* Maria del Occidente—otherwise, we believe, Mrs. Brooks—is styled in "The Doctor," &c. "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." And without taking into account *quædam ardentiora* scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and, with the more accurate substitution of "fanciful" for "imaginative" for the whole of the eulogy. It is altogether an extraordinary performance.—*London Quarterly Review.*

* The author of "Notes on Cuba." Boston, 1844.

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THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812—15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

The Departure of the Privateer.

It was a dark and cloudy afternoon near the close of the war of 1812—15. A little vessel was scudding seaward before a strong sou'wester, which lashed the bright waters of the Delaware till its breast seemed a mimic ocean, heaving and swelling with tiny waves. As the sky and sea grew darker and darker in the gathering shades of twilight, the little bark rose upon the heavy swell of the ocean, and meeting Cape May on its lee-beam, shot out upon the broad waste of waters, alone in its daring course, seeming like the fearless bird which spreads its long wings amid the fury of the storm and the darkness of the cloud.

Upon the deck, near the helm, stood the captain, whom we introduce to our readers as George Greene, captain of the American privater, Raker. He was a weather-bronzed, red-cheeked, sturdy-built personage, with a dark-blue eye, the same in color as the great sea over which it was roving with an earnest and careful glance, rather as if in search of a strange sail, than in apprehension of the approaching storm. His countenance denoted firmness and resolution, which he truly possessed in an extraordinary degree, and his whole appearance was that of a hardy sailor accustomed to buffet with the storm and laugh at the fiercest wave.

It was evident that a bad night was before them, and there were some on board the little privateer who thought they had better have remained inside the light-house of Cape May, than ventured out upon the sea. The heavy masses of black clouds which were piled on the edge of the distant horizon seemed gradually gathering nearer and nearer, as if to surround and ingulf the gallant vessel, which sped onward fearlessly and proudly, as if conscious of its power to survive the tempest, and bide the storm.

Captain Greene's eye was at length attracted by the threatening aspect of the sky, and seizing his speaking-trumpet he gave the orders of preparation, which were the more promptly executed inasmuch as they had been anxiously awaited.

"Lay aloft there, lads, and in with the fore to'gallant-sail and royal—down with the main gaff top-sail!—bear a hand, lads, a norther on the Banks is no plaything! Clear away both cables, and see them bent to the anchors—let 's have all snug—lower the flag from the gaff-peak, and send up the storm-pennant, there—now we are ready."

A thunder-storm at sea is perhaps the sublimest sight in nature, especially when attended with the darkness and mystery of night. The struggling vessel plunges onward into the deep blackness, like a blind and unbridled war-horse. All is dark—fearfully dark. Stand with me, dear reader, here in the bow of the ship! make fast to that halliard, and share with me in the glorious feelings engendered by the storm which is now rioting over the waters and rending the sky. We hear the fierce roar of the contending surges, yet we see them not. We hear the quivering sails and strained sheets, creaking and fluttering like imprisoned spirits, above and around us, but all is solemnly invisible; now, see in the distant horizon the faint premonitory flush of light, preceding the vivid lightning flash—now, for a moment, every thing—sky—water—sheet—shroud and spar are glowing with a brilliancy that exceedeth the brightness of day—the sky is a broad canopy of golden radiance, and the waves are crested with a red and fiery surge, that reminds you of your conception of the "lake of burning fire and brimstone." We feel the dread—the vast sublimity of the breathless moment, and while the mighty thoughts and tumultuous conceptions are striving for form and order of utterance within our throbbing breasts—again all is dark—sadly, solemnly dark. Is not the scene—is not the hour, truly sublime?

There was one at least on board the little Raker, who felt as we should have felt, dear reader—a sense of exultation, mingled with awe. It is upon the ocean that man learns his own weakness, and his own strength—he feels the light vessel trembling beneath him, as if it feared dissolution—he hears the strained sheets moaning in almost conscious agony—he sees the great waves dashing from stem to stern in relentless glee, and he feels that he is a sport and a plaything in the grasp of a mightier power; he learns his own insignificance. Yet the firm deck remains—the taut sheets and twisted halliards give not away; and he learns a proud reliance on his own skill and might, when he finds that with but a narrow hold between him and death, he can outride the storm, and o'ermaster the wave.

Such were the thoughts which filled the mind of Henry Morris, as he stood by the side of Captain Greene on the quarter-deck of the Raker; as he stood with his left arm resting on the main-boom, and his gracefully turned little tarpaulin thrown back from a broad, high forehead, surrounded by dark and clustering curls, and with his black, brilliant eyes lighted up with the enthusiasm of thought, he presented a splendid specimen of an American sailor. The epau-

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lette upon his shoulder denoted that he was an officer; he was indeed second in command in the privateer. He was a native of New Jersey, and his father had been in Revolutionary days one of the "Jarsey Blues," as brave and gallant men as fought in that glorious struggle.

"Well, Harry," said Captain Greene, "it 's a dirty night, but I 'll turn in a spell, and leave you in command."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Greene threw out a huge quid of tobacco which had rested for some time in his mouth, walked the deck a few times fore and aft, gaped as if his jaws were about to separate forever, and then disappeared through the cabin-door.

Henry Morris, though an universal favorite with the crew and officers under his command, was yet a strict disciplinarian, and being left in command of the deck at once went the rounds of the watch, to see that all were on the look out. The night had far advanced before he saw any remissness; at length, however, he discovered a brawny tar stowed away in a coil of rope, snoring in melodious unison with the noise of the wind and wave; his mouth was open, developing an amazing circumference. Morris looked at him for some time, when, with a smile, he addressed a sailor near him.

"I say, Jack Marlinspike!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Jack, get some oakum."

Jack speedily brought a fist-full.

"Now, Jack, some *slush*."

Jack dipped the oakum in the slush-bucket which ung against the main-mast.

"Now, Juck, a little tar."

The mixture was immediately dropped into the tar-bucket.

"Now, Jack, stow it away in Pratt's mouth—don't wake him up—'t is a delicate undertaking, but he sleeps soundly."

"Lord! a stroke of lightning would n't wake him—ha! ha! ha! he 'll dream he is eating his breakfast!"

With a broad grin upon his weather-beaten face, Marlinspike proceeded to obey orders. He placed the execrable compound carefully in Pratt's mouth, and plugged it down, as he called it, with the end of his jack-knife, then surveying his work with a complacent laugh, he touched his hat, and withdrew a few paces to bide the event.

Pratt breathed hard, but slept on, though the melody of his snoring was sadly impaired in the clearness of its utterance.

Morris gazed at him quietly, and then sung out,

"Pratt—Pratt—what are you lying there wheezing like a porpoise for? Get up, man, your watch is not out."

The sailor opened his eyes with a ludicrous expression of fright, as he became immediately conscious of a peculiar feeling of difficulty in breathing—thrusting his huge hand into his mouth, he hauled away upon its contents, and at length found room for utterance.

"By heaven, just tell me who did that 'ar nasty trick—that 's all.

At this moment he caught sight of Marlinspike, who was looking at him with a grin extending from ear to ear. Without further remark, Pratt let the substance which he had held in his hand fly at Marlinspike's head; that individual, however, dodged very successfully, and it disappeared to leeward.

Pratt was about to follow up his first discharge with an assault from a pair of giant fists, but the voice of his commander restrained him.

"Ah, Pratt! somebody has been fooling you—you must look out for the future."

Pratt immediately knew from the peculiar tone of the voice which accompanied this remark who was the real author of the joke, and turned to his duty with the usual philosophy of a sailor, at the same time filling his mouth with nearly a whole hand of tobacco, to take the taste out, as he said. He did not soon sleep upon his watch again.

As the reader will perceive, Lieut. Morris was decidedly fond of a joke, as, indeed, is every sailor.

The storm still raged onward as day broke over the waters; the little Raker was surrounded by immense waves which heaved their foaming spray over the vessel from stem to stern.

Yet all on board were in good spirits; all had confidence in the well-tried strength of their bark, and the joke and jest went round as gayly and carelessly as if the wind were only blowing a good stiff way.

"Here, you snow-ball," cried Jack Marlinspike, to the black cook, who had just emptied his washings overboard, and was tumbling back to his galley as well as the uneasy motion of the vessel would allow; "here, snow-ball."

"Well, massa—what want?"

"Haint we all told you that you must n't empty nothing over to windward but hot water and ashes—all else must go to leeward?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Well, recollect it now; go and empty your ash-pot, so you 'll learn how."

"Yes, massa."

"Cuffy soon appeared with his pot, which he capsized as directed, and got his eyes full of the dust.

"O, Lord! O, Lord! I see um now; I guess you wont catch dis child that way agin."

"Well, well, Cuffy! we must all learn by experience."

"Gorry, massa, guess I wont try de hot water!"

"Well, I would n't, Cuff. Now hurry up the pork—you 've learnt something this morning."

Such was the spirit of the Raker's crew, as they once more stretched out upon the broad ocean. It was their third privateering trip, and they felt confident of success, as they had been unusually fortunate in their previous trips. The crew consisted of but twenty men, but all were brave and powerful fellows, and all actuated by a true love of country, as well as prompted by a desire for gain. A long thirty-two lay amidships, carefully covered with canvas, which also concealed a formidable pile of balls. Altogether, the Raker, though evidently built

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entirely for speed, seemed also a vessel well able to enter into an engagement with any vessel of its size and complement.

As the middle day approached the clouds arose and scudded away to leeward like great flocks of wild geese, and the bright sun once more shone upon the waters, seeming to hang a string of pearls about the dark crest of each subsiding wave. All sail was set aboard the Raker, which stretched out toward mid ocean, with the stars and stripes flying at her peak, the free ocean beneath, and her band of gallant hearts upon her decks, ready for the battle or the breeze.

CHAPTER II.

The Merchant Brig.

Two weeks later than the period at which we left the Raker, a handsome merchant vessel, with all sail set, was gliding down the English channel, bound for the East Indies. The gentle breeze of a lovely autumnal morning scarcely sufficed to fill the sails, and the vessel made but little progress till outside the Lizard, when a freer wind struck it, and it swept oceanward with a gallant pace, dashing aside the waters, and careering gracefully as a swan upon the wave. Its armament was of little weight, and it seemed evident that its voyage, as far as any design of the owners was concerned, was to be a peaceful one. England at that time had become the undisputed mistress of the ocean; and even the few splendid victories obtained by the gallant little American navy, had failed as yet to inspire in the bosoms of her sailors, any feeling like that of fear or of caution; and Captain Horton, of the merchantman Betsy Allen, smoked his pipe, and drank his glass as unconcernedly as if there were no such thing as an American privateer upon the ocean.

The passengers in the vessel, which was a small brig of not more than a hundred and forty tons, were an honest merchant of London, Thomas Williams by name, and his daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen. Mr. Williams had failed in business, but through the influence of friends had obtained an appointment from the East India Company, and was now on his way to take his station. He was a blunt and somewhat unpolished man, but kind in heart as he was frank in speech.

Julia Williams was a fair specimen of English beauty; she was tall, yet so well developed, that she did not appear slight or angular, and withal so gracefully rounded was every limb, that any less degree of fulness would have detracted from her beauty. She was full of ardor and enterprise, not easily appalled by danger, and properly confident in her own resources, yet there was no unfeminine expression of boldness in her countenance, for nothing could be softer, purer, or more delicate, than the outlines of her charming features. There were times when, roused by intense emotion, she seemed queen-like in her haughty step and majestic beauty, yet in her calmer mood, her retiring and modest demeanor partook more of a womanly dependence than of the severity of command.

Julia was seated on the deck beside her father, in the grateful shade of the main-mast, gazing upon the green shores which they had just passed, now fast fading in the distance, while the chalky cliffs which circle the whole coast of England, began to stand out in bold relief upon the shore.

"Good-bye to dear England, father!" said the beautiful girl; "shall we ever see it again?"

"*You* may, dear Julia, probably *I* never shall."

"Well, let us hope that we may."

"Yes, we will hope, it will be a proud day for me, if it ever come, when I go back to London and pay my creditors every cent I owe them, when no man shall have reason to curse me for the injury I have done him, however unintentional."

"No man will do so now, dear father, no one but knows you did all you could to avert the calamity, and when it came, surrendered all your property to meet the demands of your creditors. You did all that an honest man should do, father; and you can have no reason to reproach yourself."

"True, girl, true! I do not; yet I hate to think that I, whose name was once as good as the bank, should now owe, when I cannot pay—that 's all; a bad feeling, but a few years in India may make all right again."

"O, yes! but, father, it is time for you to take your morning glass. You know you wont feel well if you forget it."

"Never fear my forgetting that; my stomach always tell me, and I know by that when it is 11 o'clock, A. M., as well as by my time-piece."

"Well, John, bring Mr. Williams his morning glass."

Julia spoke to their servant, a worthy, clever fellow, who had long lived in their family, and would not leave it now. He had never been upon the ocean before, and already began to be sea-sick. He however managed to reach the cabin-door, and after a long time returned with the glass, which he got to his master's hand, spilling half its contents on the way.

"There, master, I haint been drinking none on 't, but this plaguey ship is so dommed uneasy, I can't walk steady, and I feels very sick, I does; I think I be's going to die."

"You are only a little sea-sick, John."

"Not so dommed little, either."

"You are not yet used to your new situation, John; in a few days you 'll be quite a sailor."

"Will I though? Well, the way I feels now, I'd just as lief die as not—oh!—ugh"—and John rushed to the gunwale.

"Heave yo!" sung out a jolly tar; "pitch your cargo overboard You 'll sail better if you lighten ship."

"Dom this ere sailing—ugh—I will die."

Thus resolving, John laid himself down by the galley, and closed his eyes with a heroic determination.

Such an event, as might be expected, was a great

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joke to the crew—a land-lubber at sea being with sailors always a fair butt, and poor John's misery was aggravated by their, as it seemed to him, unfeeling remarks, yet he was so far gone that he could only faintly "dom them." His master, who knew that he would soon be well, made no attempt to relieve him; and John was for some time unmolested in his vigorous attempt to die.

He was aroused at length by the same tar who had first noticed his sickness,

"I say, lubber, are you sick?"

"Yes, dom sick."

"Well, I expect you've got to die, there's only one thing that 'll save you—get up and follow me to the cock-pit."

John attempted to rise, but now really unwell, he was not able to stir. His kind physician calling a brother tar to his aid, they assisted John below.

"There, now, you lubber, I 'm going to cure you, if you 'll only foller directions."

John merely grunted.

"Here 's some raw pork, and some grog, though it 's a pity to waste grog on such a lubber—now, you must eat as if you 'd never ate before, if you don't, you are a goner."

John very faintly uttered, that he could n't "eat a dom bit."

"Then you 'll die, and the fishes will eat you."

John shuddered, "Well, I 'll try."

So saying, he downed one of the pieces of pork, which as speedily came up again.

"Now drink, and be quick about it, or I shall drink it for you."

With much exertion they made John eat and drink heartily, after which they left him to sleep awhile.

The following morning John appeared on deck again, exceedingly pale to be sure, but entirely recovered from his sea-sickness, and with a feeling of fervent gratitude toward the sailor, who, as he fancied, had saved his valuable life.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the peaceful monotony of life aboard the little craft for the following ten days: before a good breeze they had made much way in their voyage, and all on board were pleased with prosperous wind and calm sea and sky.

On the morning of the following day, however, the cry from the mast-head of "sail ho!" aroused all on board to a feeling of interest.

"Where away?"

"Right over the lee-bow."

"What do you make of her?"

"Square to'sails, queer rig—flag, can't see it."

"O! captain," said Julia, "can't you go near enough to speak it?"

"Of course I *could*, 'cause it 's right on the lee, but whether I 'd better or not is quite another thing."

"The captain knows best, my dear," said the merchant.

"Certainly, but I should so like to see some other faces besides those which are about us every day.

"If you are tired already, my pretty lady," said Captain Horton, "I wonder what you 'll be before we get to the Indies."

"Heigh-ho," sighed the fair lady.

"Mast-head there," shouted Captain Horton.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What do you make of her *now*?"

"Nothing yet, sir; we are overhauling her fast though."

In a short time the top-sails of the strange vessel became visible from the deck.

"Ah! she 's hove in sight, has she?" said Captain Horton. "I 'll see what I can make of her," and seizing his glass he ascended the fore-ratlins, nearly to the cross-trees, and after a long and steady survey of the approaching vessel, in which survey he also included the whole horizon, he descended with a thoughtful countenance, muttering to himself, "I was a little afraid of it."

"Well captain," inquired Julia, "is it an English vessel?"

"May be 't is—can't tell where 't was built."

"Can't you see the flag?"

"Can't make it out yet."

"Captain Horton," exclaimed the merchant, who had been watching his countenance from the moment he had descended the ratlins, "you *do* know something about that vessel, I am sure."

Captain Horton interrupted him by an earnest glance toward Julia, which the fair girl herself noticed.

"O! be not afraid to say any thing before me, captain. I am not easily frightened, and if you have to fight I will help you."

The bright eyes of the girl as she spoke grew brighter, and her little hand was clenched as if it held a sword.

Casting a glance of admiration toward the beautiful girl, Captain Horton leisurely filled his pipe from his waistcoat pocket, and replied as he lit it—

"Well, I 'm inclined to think it 's what we call a pirate, my fair lady."

"A pirate," sung out John, "a pirate, boo-hoo! oh dear! we shall all be ravaged and cooked, and eaten. O dear! why did n't I marry Susan Thompson, and go to keeping an inn—boo-hoo!"

"John," said his master, "be still, or if you must cry, go below."

The servant made a manly effort, and managed to repress his ejaculations, but could not keep back the large tears which followed each other down his cheeks in rapid succession.

"Can't you run from her, captain?" asked the merchant.

"Have you no guns aboard?" inquired Julia.

"I see you are for fighting the rascals, Miss Julia, and I own that would be the pleasantest course for me; but you see, we can't do it. The company don't allow their vessels enough fire-arms to beat off a brig half their own size—there 's no way but to run for it, and these rascals always have a swift craft—generally a Baltimore clipper, which is just the fastest and prettiest vessel in the world, if those pesky Yankees do build them—but the Betsy Allen aint a slow craft, and we 'll do the best we can to show 'em a clean pair of heels."

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"You are to windward of them, captain," said Julia.

"Yes, that 's true; but these clippers sail right in the teeth of the wind; see, now, how they 've neared us—ahoy!—all hands ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"'Bout ship, my boys—let go the jibs—lively, boys; now the fore peak-halyards. There she is—that throws the strange sail right astern; and a stern chase is a long chase."

Three or four hours of painful anxiety succeeded, when it became evident even to the unpracticed eyes of Julia and her father, that the strange vessel was slowly but surely overhauling them. Yet the brave girl showed none of the usual weakness of her sex, and even encouraged her father, who, though himself a brave man, yet trembled as he thought of the probable fate of his daughter. As for poor John, that unfortunate individual was so completely beside himself, that he wandered from one part of the vessel to the other, asking each sailor successively what his opinion of the chances of escape might be, and what treatment they might expect from the pirates after they were taken. As may be imagined, he received little consolation from the hardy tars, who, although themselves well aware of their probable fate, yet had been too long schooled in danger to show fear before the peril was immediately around them, and were each pursuing the duties of their several stations, very much as if only threatened with the usual dangers of the voyage. The unmanly fears of John even induced them to play upon his anxiety, and magnify his terror."

"Why, John," said his old friend, who had so scientifically cured him of his sea-sickness, and toward whom John evinced a kind of filial reverence, placing peculiar reliance upon every thing said by the worthy tar, "why, John, they will make us all walk the plank."

"Will they—O, dear me! and what is that, does it hurt a fellow?"

"O, no! he dies easy."

"Dies! oh, lud!"

"Why, yes! you know what walking the plank is, don't yer?"

"No I don't. O, dear!"

"Well, they run a plank over the side of the ship, and ask you very politely to walk out to the end of it."

"O, lud! and don't they let a body hold on?"

"And then when you get to the end of it, why, John, it naturally follers that it tips up, and lets you into the sea."

"And don't they help you out?"

"No, no, John! I aint joking now, by my honor; that 's the end of a man, and that 's where we shall go to if they get hold of us."

"O, dear me! what did I come to sea for? Well, but s'posin you wont go out on the plank, would n't it do just to tell 'em you 'd rather not, perlitely, you know—perliteness goes a great way."

"They just blow your brains out with a pistol, that 's all."

"O, lud!"

"Yes, John, that 's the way they use folks."

"The bloody villains! and have we all got to walk the plank? Oh! dear Miss Julia, and all?"

"No, no, John, not her; poor girl, it would be better if she had—and the kind-hearted tar brushed away a tear with his tawny hand."

"What! do n't they kill the women, then?"

"No, no, John, they lets them live."

A sudden light shone in the eyes of John; it was the first happy expression that had flitted across his countenance since the strange sail had been discovered, and the fearful word, pirate, had fallen upon his ears.

"I have it—I have it!"

"What, John?"

But John danced off, leaving the sailor to wonder at the sudden metamorphosis in the feelings of the cockney.

"Well, that 's a queer son of a lubber; I wonder what he 's after now."

John, in the meantime, approached Julia, and in a very mysterious manner desired a few moments private conversation with her.

"Why, John, what can you want?" She had been no woman, if, however, her curiosity to learn the motive of so strange a request from her servant had not induced her to listen to him.

"Miss Julia," commenced John, "I 've discovered a way in which we can all be saved alive by these bloody pirates, after they catch us; by all, I mean you and your father, and I, and the captain, if he 's a mind to."

"Well, what is it, John?"

"I 'll tell you, Miss Julia. Dick Halyard says they only kill the men—they makes all them walk the plank, which is—"

"I know what it is," said Julia, with a slight shudder.

"Well, they saves all the women, out o' respect for the weaker sex. Now, Miss Julia."

"Why, John!"

"But I know it 's so, 'cause Dick Halyard told me all about about it; now you see if you 'll only let me take one of your dresses—I wont hurt it none; and then your father can take another, and we 'll get clear of the bloody villains—wont it be great?"

Julia could not repress a laugh even in the midst of the melancholy thoughts which involuntarily arose in her mind during the elucidation of John's plan of escape; she could not, however, explain the difficulties in the way of its successful issue to the self-satisfied expounder, and finding no other more convenient way of closing the conversation, she told him he should have a woman's dress, with all the necessary accompaniments.

John was delighted.

"You 'll tell your father, Miss Julia, wont you? O, Lud! we 'll cheat the bloody fellows yet; I 'll go and curl my hair."

Julia returned to her father's side, and silently

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watched the strange sail, which was evidently drawing nearer, as her dark hull had shown itself above the waters.

"We have but one chance of escape left," exclaimed Captain Horton; "if we can elude them during the night, all will be well; if to-morrow's sun find us in sight, we shall inevitably fall into their hands."

Night gradually settled over the deep, and when the twilight had passed, and all was dark, the lights of the pirate brig were some five miles to leeward. Her blood-red flag had been run up to the fore-peak, as if in mockery of the prey the pirates felt sure could not escape them—and the booming noise of a heavy gun had reached the ears of the fugitives, as if to signal their predestined doom. Yet the calm, round moon looked down upon the gloomy waters with the same serene countenance that had gazed into their bosom for thousands of years, and trod upward on her starry pathway with the same queenly pace; yet, perchance, in her own domains contention and strife, animosity and bloodshed were rife; perchance the sound of tumultuous war, even then, was echoing among her mountains, and staining her streams with gore.

[*To be continued.*

THE SOUL'S DREAM.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Like an army with its banners, onward marched the mighty sun,
To his home in triumph hastening, when the hard-fought field was won;
While the thronging clouds hung proudly o'er the victor's bright array,
Gold and red and purple pennons, welcoming the host of day.

Gazing on the glowing pageant, slowly fading from the air,
Closed my mind its heavy eyelids, nodding o'er the world of care;
And the soaring thoughts came fluttering downward to their tranquil nest,
Folded up their wearied pinions, sinking one by one to rest.

Till a deep, o'ermastering slumber seemed to wrap my very soul,
And a gracious dream from Heaven, treading lightly, to me stole:
Downward from its plumes ethereal, on my thirsting bosom flowed
Dews which to the land of spirits all their mystic virtue owed.

And when touched that potent essence, Time divided as a cloud,
From the Past, the Present, Future rolled aside oblivion's shroud;
And Life's hills and vales far-stretching full before my vision lay,
Seeming but an isle of shadow in Eternity's broad day.

On the Past I bent my glances, saw the gentle, guileless child
Face to face with God conversing, and the awful Presence smiled—
Smiled a glory on the forehead of the simple-hearted one,
And the radiance, back reflected, cast a splendor round the throne.

Saw the boy, by Heaven instructed through earth's mute, symbolic forms,
Drinking wisdom with his senses, which the higher nature warms;
Saw that purer knowledge mingled with the worldling's base alloy,
And the passions' foul impression stamped upon his face of joy.

O, I cried to God in anguish, is this boasted wisdom vain,
For which I, by night and sunshine, tax my overwearied brain;
Till, alas! grown too familiar with the thoughts that knock at Heaven,
I would further pierce the mystery than to mortal eye is given?

Is the learning of our childhood, is the pure and easy lore
Speaking in a heart unsullied, better than the vaunted store
Heaped, like ice, to chill and harden every faculty save mind,
By the hand of haughty Science, sometimes wandering, sometimes blind?

But no answer reached my senses; for my feeble voice was lost,
When the Future came in darkness, like a rushing armed host;
Shouting cries of fear and danger, shouting words of hope and cheer,
Racking me with threat and promise, ever coming, never here.

Then my spirit stretched its vision, prying in the doubtful gloom,
Half a glimpse to me was given o'er Time's boundary-stone—the tomb.
With a shriek, like that which rises from a sinking, night-wrecked bark,
Burst my soul the bounds of slumber, and the world and I were dark!

While the dull and leaden Present on my palsied spirit pressed,
Till the soaring thoughts rose upward, bounding from their earthly rest;
Shaking down the golden dew-drops from their pinions proud and strong,
And the cares of life fell from me, fading in the realm of Song.

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THE MAID OF BOGOTA.

A TALE FROM COLOMBIAN HISTORY.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Wherever the several nations of the earth which have achieved their deliverance from misrule and tyranny shall point, as they each may, to the fair women who have taken active part in the cause of liberty, and by their smiles and services have contributed in no measured degree to the great objects of national defence and deliverance, it will be with a becoming and just pride only that the Colombians shall point to their virgin martyr, commonly known among them as La Pola, the Maid of Bogota. With the history of their struggle for freedom her story will always be intimately associated; her tragical fate, due solely to the cause of her country, being linked with all the touching interest of the most romantic adventure. Her spirit seemed to be woven of the finest materials. She was gentle, exquisitively sensitive, and capable of the most true and tender attachments. Her mind was one of rarest endowments, touched to the finest issues of eloquence, and gifted with all the powers of the improvisatrice, while her courage and patriotism seem to have been cast in those heroic moulds of antiquity from which came the Cornelias and Deborahs of famous memory. Well had it been for her country had the glorious model which she bestowed upon her people been held in becoming homage by the race with which her destiny was cast—a race masculine only in exterior, and wanting wholly in that necessary strength of soul which, rising to the due appreciation of the blessings of national freedom, is equally prepared to make, for its attainment, every necessary sacrifice of self; and yet our heroine was but a child in years—a lovely, tender, feeble creature, scarcely fifteen years of age. But the soul grows rapidly to maturity in some countries, and in the case of women, it is always great in its youth, if greatness is ever destined to be its possession.

Doña Apolenaria Zalubariata—better known by the name of La Pola—was a young girl, the daughter of a good family of Bogota, who was distinguished at an early period, as well for her great gifts of beauty as of intellect. She was but a child when Bolivar first commenced his struggles with the Spanish authorities, with the ostensible object of freeing his country from their oppressive tyrannies. It is not within our province to discuss the merits of his pretensions as a deliverer, or of his courage and military skill as a hero. The judgment of the world and of time has fairly set at rest those specious and hypocritical claims, which, for a season, presumed to place him on the pedestal with our Washington. We now know that he was not only a very selfish, but a very ordinary man—not ordinary, perhaps, in the sense of intellect, for that would be impossible in the case of one who was so long able to maintain his eminent position, and to succeed in his capricious progresses, in spite of inferior means, and a singular deficiency of the heroic faculty. But his ambition was the vulgar ambition, and, if possible, something still inferior. It contemplated his personal wants alone; it lacked all the elevation of purpose which is the great essential of patriotism, and was wholly wanting in that magnanimity of soul which delights in the sacrifice of self, whenever such sacrifice promises the safety of the single great purpose which it professes to desire. But we are not now to consider Bolivar, the deliverer, as one whose place in the pantheon has already been determined by the unerring judgment of posterity. We are to behold him only with those eyes in which he was seen by the devoted followers to whom he brought, or appeared to bring, the deliverance for which they yearned. It is with the eyes of the passionate young girl, La Pola, the beautiful and gifted child, whose dream of country perpetually craved the republican condition of ancient Rome, in the days of its simplicity and virtue; it is with her fancy and admiration that we are to crown the *ideal* Bolivar, till we acknowledge him, as he appears to her, the Washington of the Colombians, eager only to emulate the patriotism, and to achieve like success with his great model of the northern confederacy. Her feelings and opinions, with regard to the Liberator, were those of her family. Her father was a resident of Bogota, a man of large possessions and considerable intellectual acquirements. He gradually passed from a secret admiration of Bolivar to a warm sympathy with his progress, and an active support—so far as he dared, living in a city under immediate and despotic Spanish rule—of all his objects. He followed with eager eyes the fortunes of the chief, as they fluctuated between defeat and victory in other provinces, waiting anxiously the moment when the success and policy of the struggle should bring deliverance, in turn, to the gates of Bogota. Without taking up arms himself, he contributed secretly from his own resources to supplying the coffers of Bolivar with treasure, even when his operations were remote—and his daughter was the agent through whose unsuspected ministry the money was conveyed to the several emissaries who were commissioned to receive it. The duty was equally delicate and dangerous, requiring great prudence and circumspection; and the skill, address and courage with which the child succeeded in the execution of her trusts, would furnish a frequent lesson for older heads and the sterner and the bolder sex.

La Pola was but fourteen years old when she obtained her first glimpse of the great man in whose cause she had already been employed, and of whose deeds and distinctions she had heard so much. By

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the language of the Spanish tyranny, which swayed with iron authority over her native city, she heard him denounced and execrated as a rebel and marauder, for whom an ignominious death was already decreed by the despotic viceroy. This language, from such lips, was of itself calculated to raise its object favorably in her enthusiastic sight. By the patriots, whom she had been accustomed to love and venerate, she heard the same name breathed always in whispers of hope and affection, and fondly commended, with tearful blessings, to the watchful care of Heaven. She was now to behold with her own eyes this individual thus equally distinguished by hate and homage in her hearing. Bolivar apprised his friends in Bogota that he should visit them in secret. That province, ruled with a fearfully strong hand by Zamano, the viceroy, had not yet ventured to declare itself for the republic. It was necessary to operate with caution; and it was no small peril which Bolivar necessarily incurred in penetrating to its capital, and laying his snares, and fomenting insurrection beneath the very hearth-stones of the tyrant. It was to La Pola's hands that the messenger of the Liberator confided the missives that communicated this important intelligence to her father. She little knew the contents of the billet which she carried him in safety, nor did he confide them to the child. He himself did not dream the precocious extent of that enthusiasm which she felt almost equally in the common cause, and in the person of its great advocate and champion. Her father simply praised her care and diligence, rewarded her with his fondest caresses, and then proceeded with all quiet despatch to make his preparations for the secret reception of the deliverer. It was at midnight, and while a thunder-storm was raging, that he entered the city, making his way, agreeably to previous arrangement, and under select guidance, into the inner apartments of the house of Zalabariata. A meeting of the conspirators—for such they were—of head men among the patriots of Bogota, had been contemplated for his reception. Several of them were accordingly in attendance when he came. These were persons whose sentiments were well known to be friendly to the cause of liberty, who had suffered by the hands, or were pursued by the suspicions of Zamano, and who, it was naturally supposed, would be eagerly alive to every opportunity of shaking off the rule of the oppressor. But patriotism, as a philosophic sentiment, to be indulged after a good dinner, and discussed phlegmatically, if not classically, over sherry and cigars, is a very different sort of thing from patriotism as a principle of action, to be prosecuted as a duty, at every peril, instantly and always, to the death, if need be. Our patriots at Bogota were but too frequently of the contemplative, the philosophical order. Patriotism with them was rather a subject for eloquence than use. They could recall those Utopian histories of Greece and Rome which furnish us with ideals rather than facts, and sigh for names like those of Cato, and Brutus, and Aristides. But more than this did not seem to enter their imaginations as at all necessary to assert the character which it pleased them to profess, or maintain the reputation which they had prospectively acquired for the very commendable virtue which constituted their ordinary theme. Bolivar found them cold. Accustomed to overthrow and usurpation, they were now slow to venture property and life upon the predictions and promises of one who, however perfect in their estimation as a patriot, had yet suffered from most capricious fortunes. His past history, indeed, except for its patriotism, offered but very doubtful guarantees in favor of the enterprise to which they were invoked. Bolivar was artful and ingenious. He had considerable powers of eloquence—was specious and persuasive; had an oily and bewitching tongue, like Belial; and if not altogether capable of making the worse appear the better cause, could at least so shape the aspects of evil fortune, that, to the unsuspicious nature, they would seem to be the very results aimed at by the most deliberate arrangement and resolve. But Bolivar, on this occasion, was something more than ingenious and persuasive, he was warmly earnest, and passionately eloquent. In truth, he was excited much beyond his wont. He was stung to indignation by a sense of disappointment. He had calculated largely on this meeting, and it promised now to be a failure. He had anticipated the eager enthusiasm of a host of brave and noble spirits ready to fling out the banner of freedom to the winds, and cast the scabbard from the sword forever. Instead of this, he found but a little knot of cold, irresolute men, thinking only of the perils of life which they should incur, and the forfeiture and loss of property which might accrue from any hazardous experiments. Bolivar spoke to them in language less artificial and much more impassioned than was his wont. He was a man of impulse rather than of thought or principle, and, once aroused, the intense fire of a southern sun seemed to burn fiercely in all his words and actions. His speech was heard by other ears than those to which it was addressed. The shrewd mind of La Pola readily conjectured that the meeting at her father's house, at midnight, and under peculiar circumstances, contemplated some extraordinary object. She was aware that a tall, mysterious stranger had passed through the court, under the immediate conduct of her father himself. Her instinct divined in this stranger the person of the deliverer, and her heart would not suffer her to lose the words, or if possible to obtain, to forego the sight of the great object of its patriotic worship. Beside, she had a right to know and to see. She was of the party, and had done them service. She was yet to do them more. Concealed in an adjoining apartment—a sort of oratory, connected by a gallery with the chamber in which the conspirators were assembled—she was able to hear the earnest arguments and passionate remonstrances of the Liberator. They confirmed all her previous admiration of his genius and character. She felt with indignation the humiliating position which the men of Bogota held in his eyes. She heard their pleas and scruples, and listened with a bitter scorn to the thousand suggestions of prudence, the thousand calculations

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of doubt and caution with which timidity seeks to avoid precipitating a crisis. She could listen and endure no longer. The spirit of the improvisatrice was upon her. Was it also that of fate and a higher Providence? She seized the guitar, of which she was the perfect mistress, and sung even as her soul counseled and the exigency of the event demanded. Our translation of her lyrical overflow is necessarily a cold and feeble one.

It was a dream of freedom—
A mocking dream, though bright—
That showed the men of Bogota
All arming for the fight;
All eager for the hour that wakes
The thunders of redeeming war,
And rushing forth with glittering steel,
To join the bands of Bolivar.

My soul, I said, it cannot be
That Bogota shall be denied
Her Ariamendi, too—her chief
To pluck her honor up, and pride;
The wild Llanero boasts his braves
That, stung with patriot wrath and shame,
Rushed redly to the realm of graves,
And rose, through blood and death, to fame.

How glads mine ear with other sounds,
Of freemen worthy these, that tell!
Ribas, who felt Caracas' wounds,
And for her hope and triumph fell;
And that young hero, well beloved,
Giraldot, still a name for song;
Pier, Marino, dying soon,
But, for the future, living long.

Oh! could we stir with other names,
The cold, deaf hearts that hear us now,
How would it bring a thousand shames,
In fire, to each Bogotian's brow!
How clap in pride Grenada's hands;
How glows Venezuela's heart;
And how, through Cartagena's lands,
A thousand chiefs and hero's start.

Paez, Soleno, lo! they rush,
Each with his wild and Cossack rout;
A moment feels the fearful hush,
A moment hears the fearful shout!
They heed no luck of nets and arms,
But all their country's perils feel,
And sworn for freedom, bravely break,
The glittering legions of Castile.

I see the gallant Roxas grasp
The towering banner of her sway;
And Monegas, with fearful clasp,
Plucks down the chief that stops the way;
The reckless Urdaneta rides,
Where rives the earth the iron hail;
Nor long the Spanish freeman bides,
The stroke of old Zaraza's flail.

Oh, generous heroes! how ye rise!
How glow your states with equal fires!
'Tis there Valencia's banner flies,
And there Cumana's soul aspires;
There, on each hand, from east to west,
From Oronook to Panama,
Each province bares its noble breast,
Each hero—save in Bogota!

At the first sudden gush of the music from within, the father of the damsel started to his feet, and with confusion in his countenance, was about to leave the apartment. But Bolivar arrested his footsteps, and in a whisper, commanded him to be silent and remain. The conspirators, startled, if not alarmed, were compelled to listen. Bolivar did so with a pleased attention. He was passionately fond of music, and this was of a sort at once to appeal to his objects and his tastes. His eye kindled as the song proceeded. His heart rose with an exulting sentiment. The moment, indeed, embodied one of his greatest triumphs—the tribute of a pure, unsophisticated soul, inspired by Heaven with the happiest and highest endowments, and by earth with the noblest sentiments of pride and country. When the music ceased, Zalabarista was about to apologize, and to explain, but Bolivar again gently and affectionately arrested his utterance.

"Fear nothing," said he. "Indeed, why should you fear? I am in the greater danger here, if there be danger for any; and I would as soon place my life in the keeping of that noble damsel, as in the arms of my mother. Let her remain, my friend; let her hear and see all; and above all, do not attempt to apologize for her. She is my ally. Would that she could make these *men* of Bogota feel with herself—feel as she makes even me to feel."

The eloquence of the Liberator received a new impulse from that of the improvisatrice. He renewed his arguments and entreaties in a different spirit. He denounced, in yet bolder language than before, that wretched pusillanimity which quite as much, he asserted, as the tyranny of the Spaniard, was the cause under which the liberties of the country groaned and suffered.

"And now, I ask," he continued, passionately, "men of Bogota, if ye really purpose to deny yourselves all share in the glory and peril of the effort which is for your own emancipation? Are your brethren of the other provinces to maintain the conflict in your behalf, while, with folded hands, you submit, doing nothing for yourselves? Will you not lift the banner also? Will you not draw sword in your own honor, and the defence of your fire-sides and families. Talk not to me of secret contributions. It is your manhood, not your money, that is needful for success. And can you withhold yourselves while you profess to hunger after that liberty for which other men are free to peril all—manhood, money, life, hope, every thing but honor and the sense of freedom. But why speak of peril in this. Peril is every where. It is the inevitable child of life, natural to all conditions—to repose as well as action, to the obscurity which never goes abroad, as well as to that adventure which forever seeks the field. You incur no more peril in openly braving your tyrant, all together as one man, than you do thus tamely sitting beneath his footstool, and trembling forever lest his capricious will may slay as it enslaves. Be you but true to yourselves—openly true—and the danger disappears as the night-mists that speed from before the rising sun. There is little that deserves the name of peril in the issue which lies before us.

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We are more than a match, united, and filled with the proper spirit, for all the forces that Spain can send against us. It is in our coldness that she warms—in our want of unity that she finds strength. But even were we not superior to her in numbers—even were the chances all wholly and decidedly against us—I still cannot see how it is that you hesitate to draw the sword in so sacred a strife—a strife which consecrates the effort, and claims Heaven's sanction for success. Are your souls so subdued by servitude; are you so accustomed to bonds and tortures, that these no longer irk and vex your daily consciousness? Are you so wedded to inaction that you cease to feel? Is it the frequency of the punishment that has made you callous to the ignominy and the pain? Certainly your viceroy gives you frequent occasion to grow reconciled to any degree of hurt and degradation. Daily you behold, and I hear, of the exactions of this tyrant—of the cruelties and the murders to which he accustoms you in Bogota. Hundreds of your friends and kinsmen, even now, lie rotting in the common prisons, denied equally your sympathies and every show of justice, perishing, daily, under the most cruel privations. Hundreds have perished by this and other modes of torture, and the gallows and garote seem never to be unoccupied. Was it not the bleaching skeleton of the venerable Hermano, whom I well knew for his wisdom and patriotism, which I beheld, even as I entered, hanging in chains over the gateway of your city? Was he not the victim of his wealth and love of country? Who among you is secure? He dared but to deliver himself as a man, and as he was suffered to stand alone, he was destroyed. Had you, when he spoke, but prepared yourselves to act, flung out the banner of resistance to the winds, and bared the sword for the last noble struggle, Hermano had not perished, nor were the glorious work only now to be begun. But which of you, involved in the same peril with Hermano, will find the friend, in the moment of his need, to take the first step for his rescue? Each of you, in turn, having wealth to tempt the spoiler, will be sure to need such friendship. It seems you do not look for it among one another—where, then, do you propose to find it? Will you seek for it among the Cartagenians—among the other provinces—to Bolivar *without*? Vain expectation, if you are unwilling to peril any thing for yourselves *within*! In a tyranny so suspicious and so reckless as is yours, you must momentarily tremble lest ye suffer at the hands of your despot. True manhood rather prefers any peril which puts an end to this state of anxiety and fear. Thus to tremble with apprehension ever, is ever to be dying. It is a life of death only which ye live—and any death or peril that comes quickly at the summons, is to be preferred before it. If, then, ye have hearts to feel, or hopes to warm ye—a pride to suffer consciousness of shame, or an ambition that longs for better things—affections for which to covet life, or the courage with which to assert and to defend your affections, ye cannot, ye will not hesitate to determine, with souls of freemen, upon what is needful to be done. Ye have but one choice as men; and the question which is left for ye to resolve, is that which determines, not your possessions, not even your lives, but simply your rank and stature in the world of humanity and man."

The Liberator paused, not so much through his own or the exhaustion of the subject, as that his hearers should in turn be heard. But with this latter object his forbearance was profitless. There were those among them, indeed, who had their answers to his exhortations, but these were not of a character to promise boldly for their patriotism or courage. Their professions, indeed, were ample, but were confined to unmeaning generalities. "Now is the time, now!" was the response of Bolivar to all that was said. But they faltered and hung back at every utterance of his spasmodically uttered "now! now!" He scanned their faces eagerly, with a hope that gradually yielded to despondency. Their features were blank and inexpressive, as their answers had been meaningless or evasive. Several of them were of that class of quiet citizens, unaccustomed to any enterprises but those of trade, who are always slow to peril wealth by a direct issue with their despotism. They felt the truth of Bolivar's assertions. They knew that their treasures were only so many baits and lures to the cupidity and exactions of the royal emissaries, but they still relied on their habitual caution and docility to keep terms with the tyranny at which they yet trembled. When, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, Bolivar depicted the bloody struggles which must precede their deliverance, they began indeed to wonder among themselves how they ever came to fall into that mischievous philosophy of patriotism which had involved them with such a restless rebel as Bolivar! Others of the company were ancient hidalgos, who had been men of spirit in their day, but who had survived the season of enterprise, which is that period only when the heart swells and overflows with full tides of warm and impetuous blood.

"Your error," said he, in a whisper to Señor Don Joachim de Zalubarinta, "was in not bringing young men into your counsels."

"We shall have them hereafter," was the reply, also in a whisper.

"We shall see," muttered the Liberator, who continued, though in silence, to scan the assembly with inquisitive eyes, and an excitement of soul, which increased duly with his efforts to subdue it. He had found some allies in the circle. Some few generous spirits, who, responding to his desires, were anxious to be up and doing. But it was only too apparent that the main body of the company had been rather disquieted than warmed. In this condition of hopeless and speechless indecision, the emotions of the Liberator became scarcely controllable. His whole frame trembled with the anxiety and indignation of his spirit. He paced the room hurriedly, passing from group to group, appealing to individuals now, where hitherto he had spoken collectively, and suggesting detailed arguments in behalf of hopes and objects, which it does not need that we should incorporate with our narrative. But when he found how

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feeble was the influence which he exercised, and how cold was the echo to his appeal, he became impatient, and no longer strove to modify the expression of that scorn and indignation which he had for some time felt. The explosion followed in no measured language.

"Men of Bogota, you are not worthy to be free. Your chains are merited. You deserve your insecurities, and may embrace, even as ye please, the fates which lie before you. Acquiesce in the tyranny which offends no longer, but be sure that acquiescence never yet has disarmed the despot when his rapacity needs a victim. Your lives and possessions —which ye dare not peril in the cause of freedom— lie equally at his mercy. He will not pause, as you do, to use them at his pleasure. To save them from him there was but one way—to employ them against him. There is no security against power but in power; and to check the insolence of foreign strength you must oppose to it your own. This ye have not soul to do, and I leave you to the destiny you have chosen. This day, this night, it was yours to resolve. I have periled all to move you to the proper resolution. You have denied me, and I leave you. To-morrow—unless indeed I am betrayed to-night"—looking with a sarcastic smile around him as he spoke—"I shall unfurl the banner of the republic even within your own province, in behalf of Bogota, and seek, even against your own desires, to bestow upon you those blessings of liberty which ye have not the soul to conquer for yourselves."

Hardly had these words been spoken, when the guitar again sounded from within. Every ear was instantly hushed as the strain ascended—a strain, more ambitious than the preceding, of melancholy and indignant apostrophe. The improvisatrice was no longer able to control the passionate inspiration which took its tone from the stern eloquence of the Liberator. She caught from him the burning sentiment of scorn which it was no longer his policy to repress, and gave it additional effect in the polished sarcasm of her song. Our translation will poorly suffice to convey a proper notion of the strain.

Then be it so, if serviles ye will be,
When manhood's soul had broken every chain,
'T were scarce a blessing now to make ye free,
For such condition tutored long in vain;
Yet may we weep the fortunes of our land,
Though woman's tears were never known to take
One link away from that oppressive band,
Ye have not soul, not soul enough to break!

Oh! there were hearts of might in other days,
Brave chiefs, whose memory still is dear to fame;
Alas for ours!—the gallant deeds we praise
But show more deeply red our cheeks of shame:
As from the midnight gloom the weary eye,
With sense that cannot the bright dawn forget,
Looks sadly hopeless, from the vacant sky,
To that where late the glorious day-star set!

Yet all 's not midnight dark, if in your land
There be some gallant hearts to brave the strife;
One single generous blow from Freedom's hand
May speak again our sunniest hopes to life;
If but one blessed drop in living veins
Be worthy those who teach us from the dead,
Vengeance and weapons both are in your chains,
Hurled fearlessly upon your despot's head!

Yet, if no memory of the living past
Can wake ye now to brave the indignant strife,
'T were nothing wise, at least, that we should last
When death itself might wear a look of life!
Ay, when the oppressive arm is lifted high,
And scourge and torture still conduct to graves,
To strike, though hopeless still—to strike and die!
They live not, worthy freedom, who are slaves!

As the song proceeded, Bolivar stood forward as one wrapt in ecstasy. The exultation brightened in his eye, and his manner was that of a soul in the realization of its highest triumph. Not so the Bogotans by whom he was surrounded. They felt the terrible sarcasm which the damsel's song conveyed —a sarcasm immortalized to all the future, in the undying depths of a song to be remembered. They felt the humiliation of such a record, and hung their heads in shame. At the close of the ballad, Bolivar exclaimed to Joachim de Zalabariata, the father:

"Bring the child before us. She is worthy to be a prime minister. A prime minister? No! the hero of the forlorn hope! a spirit to raise a fallen standard from the dust, and to tear down and trample that of the enemy. Bring her forth, Joachim. Had you *men* of Bogota but a tithe of a heart so precious! Nay, could her heart be divided amongst them—it might serve a thousand—there were no viceroy of Spain within your city now!"

And when the father brought her forth from the little cabinet, that girl, flashing with inspiration—pale and red by turns—slightly made, but graceful—very lovely to look upon—wrapt in loose white garments, with her long hair, dark and flowing, unconfined, and so long that it was easy for her to walk upon it*—the admiration of the Liberator was insuppressible.

"Bless you forever," he cried, "my fair Priestess of Freedom! You, at least, have a free soul, and one that is certainly inspired by the great divinity of earth. You shall be mine ally, though I find none other in all Bogota sufficiently courageous. In you, my child, in you and yours, there is still a redeeming spirit which shall save your city utterly from shame!"

While he spoke, the emotions of the maiden were of a sort readily to show how easily she should be quickened with the inspiration of lyric song. The color came and went upon her soft white cheeks. The tears rose, big and bright, upon her eyelashes—heavy drops, incapable of suppression, that swelled one after the other, trembled and fell, while the light blazed, even more brightly from the shower, in the dark and dilating orbs which harbored such capacious fountains. She had no words at first, but, trembling like a leaf, sunk upon a cushion at the feet of her father, as Bolivar, with a kiss upon her forehead, released her from his clasp. Her courage came back to her a moment after. She was a thing of impulse, whose movements were as prompt and unexpected

* A frequent case among the maids of South America.

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as the inspiration by which she sung. Bolivar had scarcely turned from her, as if to relieve her tremor, when she recovered all her strength and courage. Suddenly rising from the cushion, she seized the hand of her father, and with an action equally passionate and dignified, she led him to the Liberator, to whom, speaking for the first time in that presence, she thus addressed herself:

"*He* is yours—he has always been ready with his life and money. Believe me, for I know it. Nay, more! doubt not that there are hundreds in Bogota—though they be not here—who, like him, will be ready whenever they hear the summons of your trumpet. Nor will the women of Bogota be wanting. There will be many of them who will take the weapons of those who use them not, and do as brave deeds for their country as did the dames of Magdalena when they slew four hundred Spaniards.*

"Ah! I remember! A most glorious achievement, and worthy to be writ n characters of gold. It was at Mompox where they rose upon the garrison of Morillo. Girl, you are worthy to have been the chief of those women of Magdalena. You will be chief yet of the women of Bogota. I take your assurance with regard to them; but for the men, it were better that thou peril nothing even in thy speech."

The last sarcasm of the Liberator might have been spared. That which his eloquence had failed to effect was suddenly accomplished by this child of beauty. Her inspiration and presence were electrical. The old forgot their caution and their years. The young, who needed but a leader, had suddenly found a genius. There was now no lack of the necessary enthusiasm. There were no more scruples. Hesitation yielded to resolve. The required pledges were given—given more abundantly than required; and raising the slight form of the damsel to his own height, Bolivar again pressed his lips upon her forehead, gazing at her with a respectful delight, while he bestowed upon her the name of the Guardian Angel of Bogota. With a heart bounding and beating with the most enthusiastic emotions—too full for further utterance, La Pola disappeared from that imposing presence, which her coming had filled with a new life and impulse.

It was nearly dawn when the Liberator left the city. That night the bleaching skeleton of the venerable patriot Hermano was taken down from the gibbet where it had hung so long, by hands that left the revolutionary banner waving proudly in its place. This was an event to startle the viceroy. It was followed by other events. In a few days more, and the sounds of insurrection were heard throughout the province—the city still moving secretly—sending forth supplies and intelligence by stealth, but unable to raise the standard of rebellion, while Zamano, the viceroy, doubtful of its loyalty, remained in possession of its strong places with an overawing force. Bolivar himself, under these circumstances, was unwilling that the patriots should throw aside the mask. Throughout the province, however, the rising was general. They responded eagerly to the call of the Liberator, and it was easy to foresee that their cause must ultimately prevail. The people in conflict proved themselves equal to their rulers. The Spaniards had been neither moderate when strong, nor were they prudent now when the conflict found them weak. Still, the successes were various. The Spaniards had a foothold from which it was not easy to expel them, and were in possession of resources, in arms and material, derived from the mother country, with which the republicans found it no easy matter to contend. But they did contend, and this, with the right upon their side, was the great guaranty for success. What the Colombians wanted in the materials of warfare, was more than supplied by their energy and patriotism; and however slow in attaining their desired object, it was yet evident to all, except their enemies, that the issue was certainly in their own hands.

For two years that the war had been carried on, the casual observer could, perhaps, see but little change in the respective relations of the combatants. The Spaniards still continued to maintain their foothold wherever the risings of the patriots had been premature or partial. But the resources of the former were hourly undergoing diminution, and the great lessening of the productions of the country, incident to its insurrectionary condition, had subtracted largely from the temptations to the further prosecution of the war. The hopes of the patriots naturally rose with the depression of their enemies, and their increasing numbers and improving skill in the use of their weapons, not a little contributed to their endurance and activity. But for this history we must look to other volumes. The question for us is confined to an individual. How, in all this time, had La Pola redeemed her pledge to the Liberator—how had she whom he had described as the "guardian genius of Bogota," adhered to the enthusiastic faith which she had voluntarily pledged to him in behalf of herself and people?

Now, it may be supposed that a woman's promise, to participate in the business of an insurrection, is not a thing upon which much stress is to be laid. We are apt to assume for the sex a too humble capacity for high performances, and a too small sympathy with the interests and affairs of public life. In both respects we are mistaken. A proper education for the sex would result in showing their ability to share with man in all his toils, and to sympathize with him in all the legitimate concerns of manhood. But what, demands the caviler, can be expected of a child of fifteen; and should her promises be held

* This terrible slaughter took place on the night of the 16th June, 1810, under the advice, and with the participation of the women of Mompox, a beautiful city on an island in the River Magdalena. The event has enlisted the muse of many a native patriot and poet, who grew wild when they recalled the courage of

"These dames of Magdalena,
Who, in one fearful night,
Slew full four hundred tyrants,
Nor shrunk from blood in fright."

Such women deserve the apostrophe of Macbeth to his wife:

"Bring forth men children only."

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against her for rigid fulfillment and performance? It might be enough to answer that we are writing a sober history. There is the record. The fact is as we give it. But a girl of fifteen, in the warm latitudes of South America, is quite as mature as the northern maiden of twenty-five; with an ardor in her nature that seems to wing the operations of the mind, making that intuitive with her, which, in the person of a colder climate is the result only of long calculation and deliberate thought. She is sometimes a mother at twelve, and, as in the case of La Pola, a heroine at fifteen. We freely admit that Bolivar, though greatly interested in the improvisatrice, was chiefly grateful to her for the timely rebuke which she administered, through her peculiar faculty of lyric song, to the unpatriotic inactivity of her countrymen, As a matter of course, he might still expect that the same muse would take fire under similar provocation hereafter. But he certainly never calculated on other and more decided services at her hands. He misunderstood the being whom he had somewhat contributed to inspire. He did not appreciate her ambition, or comprehend her resources. From the moment of his meeting with her she became a woman. She was already a politician as she was a poet. Intrigue is natural to the genius of the sex, and the faculty is enlivened by the possession of a warm imagination. La Pola put all her faculties in requisition. Her soul was now addressed to the achievement of some plan of co-operation with the republican chief, and she succeeded where wiser persons must have failed in compassing the desirable facilities. Living in Bogota—the stronghold of the enemy—she exercised a policy and address which disarmed suspicion. Her father and his family were to be saved and shielded, while they remained under the power of the viceroy, Zamano, a military despot who had already acquired a reputation for cruelty scarcely inferior to that of the worst of the Roman emperors in the latter days of the empire. The wealth of her father, partly known, made him a desirable victim. Her beauty, her spirit, the charm of her song and conversation, were exercised, as well to secure favor for him, as to procure the needed intelligence and assistance for the Liberator. She managed the twofold object with admirable success—disarming suspicion, and under cover of the confidence which she inspired, succeeding in effecting constant communication with the patriots, by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. Her rare talents and beauty were the chief sources of her success. She subdued her passionate and intense nature—her wild impulse and eager heart—employing them only to impart to her fancy a more impressive and spiritual existence. She clothed her genius in the brightest and gayest colors, sporting above the precipice of feeling, and making of it a background and a relief to heighten the charm of her seemingly willful fancy. Song came at her summons, and disarmed the serious questioner. In the eyes of her country's enemies she was only the improvisatrice—a rarely gifted creature, living in the clouds, and totally regardless of the things of earth. She could thus beguile from the young officers of the Spanish army, without provoking the slightest apprehension of any sinister object, the secret plan and purpose—the new supply—the contemplated enterprise—in short, a thousand things which, as an inspired idiot, might be yielded to her with indifference, which, in the case of one solicitous to know, would be guarded with the most jealous vigilance. She was the princess of the tertulia—that mode of evening entertainment so common, yet so precious, among the Spaniards. At these parties she ministered with a grace and influence which made the house of her father a place of general resort. The Spanish gallants thronged about her person, watchful of her every motion, and yielding always to the exquisite compass, and delightful spirituality of her song. At worst, they suspected her of no greater offence than of being totally heartless with all her charms, and of aiming at no treachery more dangerous than that of making conquests, only to deride them. It was the popular qualification of all her beauties and accomplishments that she was a coquette, at once so cold, and so insatiate. Perhaps, the woman politician never so thoroughly conceals her game as when she masks it with the art which men are most apt to describe as the prevailing passion of her sex.

By these arts, La Pola fulfilled most amply her pledges to the Liberator. She was, indeed, his most admirable ally in Bogota. She soon became thoroughly conversant with all the facts in the condition of the Spanish army—the strength of the several armaments, their disposition and destination—the operations in prospect, and the opinions and merits of the officers—all of whom she knew, and from whom she obtained no small knowledge of the worth and value of their absent comrades. These particulars, all regularly transmitted to Bolivar, were quite as much the secret of his success, as his own genius and the valor of his troops. The constant disappointment and defeat of the royalist arms, in the operations which were conducted in the Province of Bogota, attested the closeness and correctness of her knowledge, and its vast importance to the cause of the patriots.

Unfortunately, however, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terrors of impending death, was persuaded to betray his employer. He revealed all that he knew of her practices, and one of his statements, namely, that she usually drew from her shoe the paper which she gave him, served to fix conclusively upon her the proofs of her offence. She was arrested in the midst of an admiring throng, presiding with her usual grace at the tertulia, to which her wit and music furnished the eminent attractions. Forced to submit, her shoes were taken from her feet in the presence of the crowd, and in one of them, between the sole and the lining, was a memorandum designed for Bolivar, containing the details, in anticipation, of one of the intended movements of the viceroy. She was not confounded, nor did she sink beneath this discovery. Her soul seemed to rise rather into an unusual degree of serenity and strength. She en-

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courged her friends with smiles and the sweetest seeming indifference, though she well knew that her doom was certainly at hand. She had her consolations even under this conviction. Her father was in safety in the camp of Bolivar. With her counsel and assistance he would save much of his property from the wreck of confiscation. The plot had ripened in her hands almost to maturity, and before very long Bogota itself would speak for liberty in a formidable *pronunciamento*. And this was mostly her work! What more was done, by her agency and influence, may be readily conjectured from what has been already written. Enough, that she herself felt that in leaving life she left it when there was little more left for her to do.

La Pola was hurried from the tertulia before a military court—martial law then prevailing in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of her offences. It was her chief pang that she was not hurried there alone. We have not hitherto mentioned that she had a lover, one Juan de Sylva Gomero, to whom she was affianced—a worthy and noble youth, who entertained for her the most passionate attachment. It is a somewhat curious fact, that she kept him wholly from any knowledge of her political alliances; and never was man more indignant than he when she was arrested, or more confounded when the proofs of her guilt were drawn from her person. His offence consisted in his resistance to the authorities who seized her. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that he knew or participated at all in her intimacy with the patriots and Bolivar. He was tried along with her, and both condemned—for at this time condemnation and trial were words of synonimous import—to be shot. A respite of twelve hours from execution was granted them for the purposes of confession. Zamano, the viceroy, anxious for other victims, spared no means to procure a full revelation of all the secrets of our heroine. The priest who waited upon her was the one who attended on the viceroy himself. He held out lures of pardon in both lives, here and hereafter, upon the one condition only of a full declaration of her secrets and accomplices. Well might the leading people of Bogota tremble all the while. But she was firm in her refusal. Neither promises of present mercy, nor threats of the future, could extort from her a single fact in relation to her proceedings. Her lover, naturally desirous of life, particularly in the possession of so much to make it precious, joined in the entreaties of the priest; but she answered him with a mournful severity that smote him like a sharp weapon,

"Gomero! did I love you for this? Beware, lest I hate you ere I die! Is life so dear to you that you would dishonor both of us to live? Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together?"

"But we shall be spared—we shall be saved," was the reply of the lover.

"Believe it not—it is false! Zamano spares none. Our lives are forfeit, and all that we could say would be unavailing to avert your fate or mine. Let us not lessen the value of this sacrifice on the altars of our country, by any unworthy fears. If you have ever loved me, be firm. I am a woman, but I am strong. Be not less ready for the death-shot than is she whom you have chosen for your wife."

Other arts were employed by the despot for the attainment of his desires. Some of the native citizens of Bogota, who had been content to become the creatures of the viceroy, were employed to work upon her fears and affections, by alarming her with regard to persons of the city whom she greatly esteemed and valued, and whom Zamano suspected. But their endeavors were met wholly with scorn. When they entreated her, among other things, "to give peace to our country," the phrase seemed to awaken all her indignation.

"Peace! peace to our country!" she exclaimed. "What peace! the peace of death, and shame, and the grave, forever!" And her soul again found relief only in its wild lyrical overflows.

What, peace for our country! when ye've made her a grave,
A den for the tyrant, a cell for the slave;
A pestilent plague-spot, accursing and curst,
As vile as the vilest, and worse than the worst.

The chain may be broken, the tyranny o'er,
But the sweet charms that blessed her ye may not restore;
Not your blood, though poured forth from life's ruddiest vein,
Shall free her from sorrows, or cleanse her from stain!

'Tis the grief that ye may not remove the disgrace,
That brands with the blackness of hell all your race;
'T is the sorrow that nothing may cleanse ye of shame,
That has wrought us to madness, and filled us with flame.

Years may pass, but the memory deep in our souls,
Shall make the tale darker as Time onward rolls;
And the future that grows from our ruin shall know
Its own, and its country's and liberty's foe.

And still in the prayer at its altars shall rise,
Appeal for the vengeance of earth and of skies;
Men shall pray that the curse of all time may pursue,
And plead for the curse of eternity too!

Nor wantonly vengeful in spirit their prayer,
Since the weal of the whole world forbids them to spare;
What hope would there be for mankind if our race,
Through the rule of the brutal, is robbed by the base?

What hope for the future—what hope for the free?
And where would the promise of liberty be,
If Time had no terror, no doom for the slave,
Who would stab his own mother, and shout o'er her grave!

Such a response as this effectually silenced all those cunning agents of the viceroy who urged their arguments in behalf of their country. Nothing, it was seen, could be done with a spirit so inflexible; and in his fury Zamano ordered the couple forth to instant execution. Bogota was in mourning. Its people covered their heads, a few only excepted, and refused to be seen or comforted. The priests who attended the victims received no satisfaction as concerned the secrets of the patriots; and they retired in chagrin, and without granting absolution to either victim. The firing party made ready. Then it was,

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for the first time, that the spirit of this noble maiden seemed to shrink from the approach of death.

"Butcher!" she exclaimed, to the viceroy, who stood in his balcony, overlooking the scene of execution. "Butcher! you have th n the heart to kill a woman!"

These were the only words of weakness. She recovered herself instantly, and, preparing for her fate, without looking for any effect from her words, she proceeded to cover her face with the *saya*, or veil, which she wore. Drawing it aside for the purpose, the words "*Vive la Patria!*" embroidered in letters of gold, were discovered on the *basquina*. As the signal for execution was given, a distant hum, as of the clamors of an approaching army, was heard fitfully to rise upon the air.

"'t is he! He comes! It is Bolivar! It is the Liberator!" was her cry, in a tone of hope and triumph, which found its echo in the bosom of hundreds who dared not give their hearts a voice. It was, indeed, the Liberator. Bolivar was at hand, pressing onward with all speed to the work of deliverance; but he came too late for the rescue of the beautiful and gifted damsel to whom he owed so much. The fatal bullets of the executioners penetrated her heart ere the cry of her exultation had subsided from the ear. Thus perished a woman worthy to be remembered with the purest and proudest who have done honor to nature and the sex; one who, with all the feelings and sensibilities of the woman, possessed all the pride and patriotism, the courage, the sagacity and the daring of the man.

TO THE EAGLE.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

IMPERIAL bird! that soarest to the sky—
Cleaving through clouds and storms thine upward way—
Or, fixing steadfastly that dauntless eye,
Dost face the great, effulgent god of day!
Proud monarch of the feathery tribes of air!
My soul exulting marks thy bold career,
Up, through the azure fields, to regions fair,
Where, bathed in light, thy pinions disappear.

Thou, with the gods, upon Olympus dwelt,
The emblem, and the favorite bird of Jove—
And godlike power in thy broad wings hast felt
Since first they spread o'er land and sea to rove:
From Ida's top the Thunderer's piercing sight
Flashed on the hosts which Ilium did defy;
So from thy eyrie on the beetling height
Shoot down the lightning-glances of thine eye!

From his Olympian throne Jove stooped to earth
For ends inglorious in the god of gods!
Leaving the beauty of celestial birth,
To rob Humanity's less fair abodes:
Oh, passion more rapacious than divine,
That stole the peace of innocence away!
So, when descend those ureless wings of thine,
They stoop to make defenselessness their prey.

Lo! where thou comest from the realms afar!
Thy strong wings whir like some huge bellows' breath—
Swift falls thy fiery eyeball, like a star,
And dark thy shadow as the pall of death!
But thou hast marked a tall and reverend tree,
And now thy talons clinch yon leafless limb;
Before thee stretch the sandy shore and sea,
And sails, like ghosts, move in the distance dim.

Fair is the scene! Yet thy voracious eye
Drinks not its beauty; but with bloody glare
Watches the wild-fowl idly floating by,
Or snow-white sea-gull winnowing the air:

Oh, pitiless is thine unerring beak!
Quick, as the wings of thought, thy pinions fall—
Then bear their victim to the mountain-peak
Where clamorous eaglets flutter at thy call.

Seaward again thou turn'st to chase the storm,
Where winds and waters furiously roar!
Above the doomed ship thy boding form
Is coming Fate's dark shadow cast before!
The billows that engulf man's sturdy frame
As sport to thy careering pinions seem;
And though to silence sinks the sailor's name,
His end is told in thy relentless scream!

Where the great cataract sends up to heaven
Its sprayey incense in perpetual cloud,
Thy wings in twain the sacred bow have riven,
And onward sailed irreverently proud!
Unflinching bird! No frigid clime congeals
The fervid blood that riots in thy veins;
No torrid sun thine upborne nature feels—
The North, the South, alike are thy domains.

Emblem of all that can endure, or dare,
Art thou, bold eagle, in thy hardihood!
Emblem of Freedom, when thou clav'st the air—
Emblem of Tyranny, when bathed in blood!
Thou wert the genius of Rome's sanguine wars—
Heroes have fought and freely bled for thee;
And here, above our glorious "stripes and stars,"
We hail thy signal wings of LIBERTY!

The poet sees in thee a type sublime
Of his far-reaching, high-aspiring Art!
His fancy seeks with thee each starry clime,
And thou art on the signet of his heart.
Be *still* the symbol of a spirit free,
Imperial bird! to unborn ages given—
And to my soul, that it may soar like thee,
Steadfastly looking in the eye of HEAVEN.

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FIEL A LA MUERTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

PART II.

THE castle of St. Renan, like the dwellings of many of the nobles of Bretagne and Gascony, was a superb old pile of solid masonry towering above the huge cliffs which guard the whole of that iron coast with its gigantic masses of rude masonry. So close did it stand to the verge of these precipitous crags on its seaward face, that whenever the wind from the westward blew angrily and in earnest, the spray of the tremendous billows which rolled in from the wide Atlantic, and burst in thunder at the foot of those stern ramparts, was dashed so high by the collision that it would often fall in salt, bitter rain, upon the esplanade above, and dim the diamond-paned casements with its cold mists.

For leagues on either side, as the spectator stood upon the terrace above and gazed out on the expanse of the everlasting ocean, nothing was to be seen but the salient angles or deep recesses formed by the dark, gray cliffs, unrelieved by any spot of verdure, or even by that line of silver sand at their base, which often intervenes between the rocks of an iron coast and the sea. Here, however, there was no such intermediate step visible; the black face of the rocks sunk sheer and abrupt into the water, which, by its dark green hue indicated to the practiced eye, that it was deep and scarcely fathomable to the very shore.

In places, indeed, where huge caverns opening in front to the vast ocean, which had probably hollowed them out of the earth-fast rock in the course of succeeding ages, yawned in the mimicry of Gothic arches, the entering tide would rush, as it were, into the bowels of the land, roaring and groaning in those strange subterranean dungeons like some strong prisoner, Typhon, Enceladus, or Ephialtes, in his immortal agony. One of these singular vaults opened right in the base of the rock on the summit of which stood the castle of St. Renan, and into this the billows rushed with rapidity so tumultuous and terrible that the fishers of that stormy coast avowed that a vortex was created in the bay by their influx or return seaward, which could be perceived sensibly at a league's distance; and that to be caught in it, unless the wind blew strong and steadily off land, was sure destruction. However that might be, it is certain that this great subterranean tunnel extended far beneath the rocks into the interior of the land, for at the distance of nearly two miles from the castle, directly eastward, in the bottom of a dark, wooded glen, which runs for many miles nearly parallel to the coast, there is a deep, rocky well, or natural cavity, of a form nearly circular, which, when the tide is up, is filled to overflowing with bitter sea-water, on which the bubbles and foam-flakes show the obstacles against which it must have striven in its landward journey. At low water, on the contrary, "the Devil's Drinking Cup," for so it is named by the superstitious peasantry of the neighborhood, presents nothing to the eye but a deep, black abyss, which the country folks, of course, assert to be bottomless. But, in truth, its depth is immense, as can easily be perceived, if you cast a stone into it, by the length of time during which it may be heard thundering from side to side, until the reverberated roar of its descent appears to die away, not because it has ceased, but because the sound is too distant to be conveyed to human ears.

On this side of the castle every thing differs as much as it is possible to conceive from the view to the seaward, which is grim and desolate as any ocean scenery the world over. Few sails are ever seen on those dangerous coasts; all vessels bound to the mouth of the Garonne, or southward to the shores of Spain, giving as wide a berth as possible to its frightful reefs and inaccessible crags, which to all their other terrors add that, from the extraordinary prevalence of the west wind on that part of the ocean, of being, during at least three parts of the year, a *lee* shore.

Inland, however, instead of the bleak and barren surface of the ever stormy sea, indented into long rolling ridges and dark tempestuous hollows, all was varied and smiling, and gratifying to every sense given by nature for his good to man. Immediately from the brink of the cliffs the land sloped downward southwardly and to the eastward, so that it was bathed during all the day, except a few late evening hours, in the fullest radiance of the sunbeams. Over this immense sloping descent the eye could range from the castle battlements, for miles and miles, until the rich green champaign was lost in the blue haze of distance. And it was green and gay over the whole of that vast expanse, here with the dense and unpruned foliage of immemorial forests, well stocked with every species of game, from the gaunt wolf and the tusky boar, to the fleet roebuck and the timid hare; here with the trim and smiling verdure of rich orchards, in which nestled around their old, gray shrines the humble hamlets of the happy peasantry; and every where with the long intersecting curves,

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and sinuous irregular lines of the old hawthorn hedges, thick set with pollard trees and hedgerow timber, which make the whole country, when viewed from a height, resemble a continuous tract of intermingled glades and copices, and which have procured for an adjoining district, the well known, and in after days, far celebrated name of the Bocage.

Immediately around the castle, on the edge as it were of this beautiful and almost boundless slope, there lay a large and well-kept garden in the old French style, laid out in a succession of terraces, bordered by balustrades of marble, adorned at frequent intervals by urns and statues, and rendered accessible each from the next below by flights of ornamented steps of regular and easy elevation; pleached bowery walks, and high clipped hedges of holly, yew and hornbeam, were the usual decorations of such a garden, and here they abounded to an extent that would have gladdened the heart of an admirer of the tastes and habits of the olden time. In addition to these, however, there were a profusion of flowers of the choicest kinds known or cultivated in those days—roses and lilies without number, and honeysuckles and the sweet-scented clematis, climbing in bountiful luxuriance over the numberless seats and bowers which every where tempted to repose.

Below this beautiful garden a wide expanse of smooth, green turf, dotted here and there with majestic trees, and at rarer intervals diversified with tall groves and verdant coppices, covered the whole descent of the first hill to the dim wooded dell which has been mentioned as containing the singular cavity known throughout the country as the "Devil's Drinking Cup." This dell, which was the limit of Count de St. Renan's demesnes in that direction, was divided from the park by a ragged paling many feet in height, and of considerable strength, framed of rough timber from the woods, the space within being appropriated to a singular and choice breed of deer, imported from the East by one of the former counts, who, being of an adventurous and roving disposition, had sojourned for some time in the French settlements of Hindostan. Beyond this dell again, which was defended on the outer side by a strong and lofty wall of brick, all over-run with luxuriant ivy, the ground rose in a small rounded knoll, or hillock of small extent, richly wooded, and crowned by the gray turrets and steep flagged roofs of the old château d'Argenson.

This building, however, was as much inferior in size and stateliness to the grand feudal fortalice of St. Renan, as the little round-topped hill on which it stood, so slightly elevated above the face of the surrounding country as to detract nothing, at least in appearance, from its general slope to the south-eastward, was lower than the great rock-bound ridge from which it overlooked the territories, all of which had in distant times obeyed the rule of its almost princely dwellers.

The sun of a lovely evening in the latter part of July had already sunk so far down in the west that only half of its great golden disc was visible above the well-defined, dark outline of the seaward crags, which, relieved by the glowing radiance of the whole western sky, stood out massive and solid like a huge purple wall, and seemed so close at hand that the spectator could almost persuade himself that he had but to stretch out his arm, in order to touch the great barrier, which was in truth several miles distant.

Over the crest, and through the gaps of this continuous line of highland, the long level rays streamed down in the slope in one vast flood of golden glory, which was checkered only by the interminable length of shadows which were projected from every single tree, or scattered clump, from every petty elevation of the soil, down the soft glimmering declivity.

Three years had elapsed since the frightful fate of the unhappy Lord of Kerguelen, and the various incidents, which in some sort took their origin from the nature of his crime and its consequence, affecting in the highest degree the happiness of the families of St. Renan and D'Argenson.

Three years had elapsed—three years! That is a little space in the annals of the world, in the life of nations, nay, in the narrow records of humanity. Three years of careless happiness, three years of indolent and tranquil ease, unmarked by any great event, pass over our heads unnoted, and, save in the gray hairs which they scatter, leave no memorial of their transit, more than the sunshine of a happy summer day. They are, they are gone, they are forgotten.

Even three years of gloom and sorrow, of that deep anguish which at the time the sufferer believes to be indelible and everlasting, lag on their weary, desolate course, and when they too are over-passed, and he looks back upon their transit, which seemed so painfully protracted, and, lo! all is changed, and *their* flight also is now but as an ended minute.

And yet what strange and sudden changes altering the affairs of men, changing the hearts of mortals, yea, revolutionizing their whole intellects, and overturning their very natures—more than the devastating earthquake or the destroying lava transforms the face of the everlasting earth—have not been wrought, and again well nigh forgotten within that little period.

Three years had passed, I say, over the head of Raoul de Douarnez—the three most marked and memorable years in the life of every young man—and from the ingenuous and promising stripling, he had now become in all respects a man, and a bold and enterprising man, moreover, who had seen much and struggled much, and suffered somewhat—without which there is no gain of his wisdom here below—in his transit, even thus far, over the billows and among the reefs and quicksands of the world.

His father had kept his promise to that loved son in all things, nor had the Sieur d'Argenson failed of his plighted faith. The autumn of that year, the spring of which saw Kerguelen die in unutterable agony, saw Raoul de Douarnez the contracted and affianced husband of the lovely and beloved Melanie.

All that was wanted now to render them actually man and wife, to create between them that bond which, alone of mortal ties, man cannot sunder, was the ministration of the church's holiest rite, and that,

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in wise consideration of their tender years, was postponed until the termination of the third summer.

During the interval it was decided that Raoul, as was the custom of the world in those days, especially among the nobility, and most especially among the nobility of France, should bear arms in active service, and see something of the world abroad, before settling down into the easier duties of domestic life. The family of St. Renan, since the days of that ancestor who has been already mentioned as having sojourned in Pondicherry, had never ceased to maintain some relations with the East Indian possessions of France, and a relation of the house in no very remote degree was at this time military governor of the French East Indias, which were then, previous to the unexampled growth of the British empire in the East, important, flourishing, and full of future promise.

Thither, then, it was determined that Raoul should go in search of adventures, if not of fortune, in the spring following the signature of his marriage contract with the young demoiselle d'Argenson. And, consequently, after a winter passed in quiet domestic happiness on the noble estates, whereon the gentry of Britanny were wont to reside in almost patriarchal state—a winter, every day of which the young lovers spent in company, and at every eve of which they separated more in love than they were at meeting in in the morning—Raoul set sail in a fine frigate, carrying several companies of the line, invested with the rank of ensign, and proud to bear the colors of his king, for the shores of the still half fabulous oriental world.

Three years had passed, and the boy had returned a man, the ensign had returned a colonel, so rapid was the promotion of the nobility of the sword in the French army, under the ancient regime; and—greatest change of all, ay, and saddest—the Viscount of Douarnez had returned Count de St. Renan. An infectious fever, ere he had been one year absent from the land of his birth, had cut off his noble father in the very pride and maturity of his intellectual manhood; nor had his mother lingered long behind him whom she had ever loved so fondly. A low, slow fever, caught from that beloved patient whom she had so affectionately nurtured, was as fatal to her, though not so suddenly, as it had proved to her good lord; and when their son returned to France full of honors achieved, and gay anticipations for the future, he found himself an orphan, the lord in lonely and unwilling state of the superb demesnes which had so long called his family their owners.

There never in the world was a kinder heart than that which beat in the breast of the young soldier, and never was a family more strictly bound together by all the kindly influences which breed love and confidence, and domestic happiness among all the members of it, than that of St. Renan. There had been nothing austere or rigid in the bringing up of the gallant boy; the father who had at one hour been the tutor and the monitor, was at the next the comrade and the playmate, and at all times the true and trusted friend, while the mother had been ever the idolized and adored protectress, and the confidante of all the innocent schemes and artless joys of boyhood.

Bitter, then, was the blow stricken to the very heart of the young soldier, when the first tidings which he received, on landing in his loved France, was the intelligence that those—all those, with but one exception—whom he most tenderly and truly loved, all those to whom he looked up with affectionate trust for advice and guidance, all those on whom he relied for support in his first trials of young manhood, were cold and silent in the all absorbing tomb.

To him there was no hot, feverish ambition prompting him to grasp joyously the absolute command of his great heritage. In his heart there was none of that fierce yet sordid avarice which finds compensation for the loss of the scarce-lamented dead in the severance of the dearest natural bonds, in the possession of wealth, or the promise of power. Nor was this all, for, in truth, so well had Raoul de Douarnez been brought up, and so completely had wisdom grown up with his growth, that when, at the age of nineteen years, he found himself endowed with the rank and revennes of one of the highest and wealthiest peers of France, and in all but mere name his own master—for the Abbé de Chastellar, his mother's brother, who had been appointed his guardian by his father's will, scarcely attempted to exercise even a nominal jurisdiction over him—he felt himself more than ever at a loss, deprived as he was, when he most needed it, of his best natural counsellor; and instead of rejoicing, was more than half inclined to lament over the almost absolute self-control with which he found himself invested.

Young hearts are naturally true themselves, and prone to put trust in others; and it is rarely, except in a few dark and morose and gloomy natures, which are exceptions to the rule and standard of human nature, that man learns to be distrustful and suspicious of his kind, even after experience of fickleness and falsehood may have in some sort justified suspicions, until his head has grown gray.

And this in an eminent degree was the case with Raoul de St. Renan, for henceforth he must be called by the title which his altered state had conferred upon him.

His natural disposition was as trustful and unsuspicious as it was artless and ingenuous; and from his early youth all the lessons which had been taught him by his parents tended to preserve in him unblemished and unbroken that bright gem, which once shattered never can be restored, confidence in the truth, the probity, the goodness of mankind.

Some rude schooling he had met in the course of his service in the eastern world—he had already learned that men, and—harder knowledge yet to gain—women also, can feign friendship, ay, and love, where neither have the least root in the heart, for purposes the vilest, ends the most sordid. He had learned that bosom friends can be secret foes; that false loves can betray; and yet he was not disenchanted with humanity, he had not even dreamed of doubting, because he had fallen among worldly-minded flatterers and fickle-hearted coquettes, that

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absolute friendship and unchangeable love may exist, even in this evil world, stainless and incorruptible among all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

If he had been deceived, he had attributed the failure of his hopes hitherto to the right cause—the fallacy of his own judgment, and the error of his own choice; and the more he had been disappointed, the more firmly had he relied on what he felt certain could not change, the affection of his parents, the love of his betrothed bride.

On the very instant of his landing he found himself shipwrecked in his first hope; and on his earliest interview with his uncle, in Paris, he had the agony —the utter and appalling agony to undergo—of hearing that in the only promise which he had flattered himself was yet left to him, he was destined in all probability to undergo a deeper, deadlier disappointment.

If Melanie d'Argenson had been a lovely girl, the good abbé said, when she was budding out of childhood into youth, so utterly had she outstripped all the promise of her girlhood, that no words could describe, no imagination suggest to itself the charms of the mature yet youthful woman. There was no other beauty named, when loveliness was the theme, throughout all France, than that of the young betrothed of Raoul de Douarnez. And that which was so loudly and so widely bruited abroad, could not fail to reach the ever open, ever greedy ears of the vile and sensual tyrant who sat on the throne of France at that time, heaping upon his people that load of suffering and anguish which was in after times to be avenged so bitterly and bloodily upon the innocent heads of his unhappy descendants.

Louis had, moreover, heard years before, nay, looked upon the nascent loveliness of Melanie d'Argenson, and, with that cold-blooded voluptuary, to look on beauty was to lust after it, to lust after it was to devote all the powers his despotism could command to win it.

Hence, as the Abbé de Chastellar soon made his unfortunate nephew and pupil comprehend, a settled determination had arisen on the part of the odious despot to break off the marriage of the lovely girl with the young soldier whom it was well known that she fondly loved, and to have her the wife of one who would be less tender of his honor, and less reluctant to surrender, or less difficult to be deprived of a bride, too transcendently beautiful to bless the arms of a subject, even if he were the noblest of the noble.

All this was easily arranged, the base father of Melanie was willing enough to sell his exquisite and virtuous child to the splendid infamy of becoming a king's paramour, and the yet baser Chevalier de la Rochederrien was eager to make the shameful negotiation easy, and to sanction it to the eyes of the willingly hoodwinked world, by giving his name and rank to a woman, who was to be his wife but in name, and whose charms and virtue he had precontracted to make over to another.

The infamous contract had been agreed upon by the principal actors; nay, the wages of the iniquity had been paid in advance. The Sieur d'Argenson had grown into the comte of the same, with the governorship of the town of Morlaix added, by the revenues of which to support his new dignities; while the Chevalier de la Rochederrien had become no less a personage than the Marquis de Ploermel, with a captaincy of the mousquetaires, and heaven knows what beside of honorary title and highly gilded sinecure, whereby to reconcile him to such depth of sordid infamy as the meanest galley-slave could have scarce undertaken as the price of exchange between his fetters and his oar, and the great noble's splendor.

Such were the tidings which greeted Raoul on his return from honorable service to his king—service for which he was thus repaid; and, before he had even time to reflect on the consequences, or to comprehend the anguish thus entailed upon him, his eyes were opened instantly to comprehension of two or three occurrences which previously he had been unable to explain to himself, or even to guess at their meaning by any exercise of ingenuity. The first of these was the singular ignorance in which he had been kept of the death of his parents by the government officials in the East, and the very evident suppression of the letters which, as his uncle informed him, had been dispatched to summon him with all speed homeward.

The second was the pertinacity with which he had been thrust forward, time after time, on the most desperate and deadly duty—a pertinacity so striking, that, eager as the young soldier was, and greedy of any chance of winning honor, it had not failed to strike him that *he* was frequently *ordered* on duty of a nature which, under ordinary circumstances, is performed by volunteers.

Occurrences of this kind are soon remarked in armies, and it had early become a current remark in the camp that to serve in Raoul's company was a sure passport either to promotion or to the other world. But to such an extent was this carried, that when time after time that company had been decimated, even the bravest of the brave experienced an involuntary sinking of the heart when informed that they were transferred or even promoted into those fatal ranks.

Nor was this all, for twice it had occurred, once when he was a captain in command of a company, and again when he had a whole regiment under his orders as its colonel, that his superiors, after detaching him on duty so desperate that it might almost be regarded as a forlorn hope, had entirely neglected either to support or recall him, but had left him exposed to almost inevitable destruction.

In the first instance, not a man whether officer or private of his company had escaped, with the exception of himself. And he was found, when all was supposed to be over, in the last ditch of the redoubt which he had been ordered to defend to the uttermost, after it had been retaken, with his colors wrapped around his breast, still breathing a little, although so cruelly wounded that his life was long despaired of, and was only saved at last by the vigor and purity of an unblemished and unbroken constitution. On the second occasion, he had been suffer-

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ed to contend alone for three entire days with but a single battalion against a whole oriental army; but then, that which had been intended to destroy him had won him deathless fame, for by a degree of skill in handling his little force, which had by no means been looked for in so young an officer, although his courage and his conduct were both well known, he had succeeded in giving a bloody repulse to the overwhelming masses of the enemy, and when at length he was supported—doubtless when support was deemed too late to avail him aught—by a few hundred native horse and a few guns, he had converted that check into a total and disastrous route.

So palpable was the case, that although Raoul suspected nothing of the reasons which had led to that disgraceful affair, he had demanded an inquiry into the conduct of his superior; and that unfortunate personage being clearly convicted of unmilitary conduct, and having failed in the end which would have justified the means in the eyes of the voluptuous tyrant, was ruthlessly abandoned to his fate, and actually died on the scaffold with a gag in his mouth, as did the gallant Lally a few years afterward, to prevent his revelation of the orders which he had received, and for obeying which he perished.

All this, though strange and even extraordinary, had failed up to this moment to awaken any suspicion of undue or treasonable agency in the mind of Raoul.

But now as his uncle spoke the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw all the baseness, all the villany of the monarch and his satellites in its true light.

"Is it so? Is it, indeed, so?" he said mournfully. And it really appeared that grief at detecting such a dereliction on the part of his king, had a greater share in the feelings of the noble youth than indignation or resentment. "Is it, indeed, so?" he said, "and could neither my father's long and glorious services, nor my poor conduct avail aught to turn him from such infamy! But tell me," he continued, the blood now mounting fiery red to his pale face, "tell me this, uncle, is she true to me? Is she pure and good? Forgive me, Heaven, that I doubt her, but in such a mass of infamy where may a man look for faith or virtue? Is Melanie true to me, or is she, too, consenting to this scheme of infamous and loathsome guilt?"

"She was true, my son, when I last saw her," replied the good clergyman, "and you may well believe that I spared no argument to urge her to hold fast to her loyalty and faith, and she vowed then by all that was most dear and holy that nothing should induce her ever to become the wife of Rochederrien. But they carried her off into the province, and have immured her, I have heard men say, almost in a dungeon, in her father's castle, for now above a twelvemonth. What has fallen out no one as yet knows certainly; but it is whispered now that she has yielded, and the court scandal goes that she has either wedded him already, or is to do so now within a few days. It is said that they are looked for ere the month is out in Paris."

"Then I will to horse, uncle," replied Raoul, "before this night is two hours older for St. Renan."

"Great Heaven! To what end, Raoul. For the sake of all that is good! By your father's memory! I implore you, do nothing rashly."

"To know of my own knowledge if she be true or false, uncle."

"And what matters it, Raoul? My boy, my unhappy boy! False or true she is lost to you alike, and forever. You have that against which to contend, which no human energy can conquer."

"I know not the thing which human energy cannot conquer, uncle. It is years now ago that my good father taught me this—that there is no such word as *cannot!* I have proved it before now, uncle abbé; I may, should I find it worth the while, prove it again, and that shortly. If so, let the guilty and the traitors look to themselves—they were best, for they shall need it!"

Such was the state of St. Renan's affections and his hopes when he left the gay capital of France, within a few hours after his arrival, and hurried down at the utmost speed of man and horse into Bretagne, whither he made his way so rapidly that the first intimation his people received of his return from the east was his presence at the gates of the castle.

Great, as may be imagined, was the real joy of the old true-hearted servitors of the house, at finding their lord thus unexpectedly restored to them, at a time when they had in fact almost abandoned every hope of seeing him again. The same infernal policy which had thrust him so often, as it were, into the very jaws of death, which had intercepted all the letters sent to him from home, and taken, in one word, every step that ingenuity could suggest to isolate him altogether in that distant world, had taken measures as deep and iniquitous at home to cause him to be regarded as one dead, and to obliterate all memory of his existence.

Three different times reports so circumstantial, and accompanied by such minute details of time and place as to render it almost impossible for men to doubt their authenticity, had been circulated with regard to the death of the young soldier, and as no tidings had been received of him from any more direct source, the last news of his fall had been generally received as true, no motive appearing why it should be discredited.

His appearance, therefore, at the castle of St. Renan, was hailed as that of one who had been lost and was now found, of one who had been dead, and lo! he was alive. The bancloche of the old feudal pile rang forth its blithest and most jovial notes of greeting, the banner with the old armorial bearings of St. Renan was displayed upon the keep, and a few light pieces of antique artillery, falcons and culverins and demi-cannon, which had kept their places on the battlements since the days of the leagues, sent forth their thunders far and wide over the astonished country.

So generally, however, had the belief of Raoul's death been circulated, and so absolute had been the credence given to the rumor, that when those unwonted sounds of rejoicing were heard to proceed

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from the long silent walls of St. Renan, men never suspected that the lost heir had returned to enjoy his own again, but fancied that some new master had established his claim to the succession, and was thus celebrating his investiture with the rights of the Counts of St. Renan.

Nor was this wonderful, for ocular proof was scarce enough to satisfy the oldest retainers of the family of the young lord's identity; and indeed ocular proof was rendered in some sort dubious by the great alteration which had taken place in the appearance of the personage in question.

Between the handsome stripling of sixteen and the grown man of twenty summers there is a greater difference than the same lapse of time will produce at any other period of human life. And this change had been rendered even greater than usual by the burning climate to which Raoul had been exposed, by the stout endurance of fatigues which had prematurely enlarged and hardened his youthful frame, and above all by the dark experience which had spread something of the thoughtful cast of age over the smooth and gracious lineaments of boyhood.

When he left home the Viscount de Douarnez was a slight, slender, graceful stripling, with a fair, delicate complexion, a profusion of light hair waving in soft curls over his shoulders, a light elastic step, and a frame, which, though it showed the promise already of strength to be attained with maturity, was conspicuous as yet for ease and agility and pliability rather than for power or robustness.

On his return, he had lost, it is true, no jot of his gracefulness or ease of demeanor, but he had shot up and expanded into a tall, broad-shouldered, round-chested, thin-flanked man, with a complexion burned to the darkest hue of which a European skin is susceptible, and which perhaps required the aid of the full soft blue eye to prove it to be European—with a glance as quick, as penetrating, and at the same time as calm and steady as that of the eagle when he gazes undazzled at the noontide splendor.

His hair had been cut short to wear beneath the casque which was still carried by cavaliers, and had grown so much darker that this alteration alone would have gone far to defy the recognition of his friends. He wore a thick dark moustache on his upper lip, and a large *royal*, which we should nowadays call an *imperial*, on his chin.

The whole aspect and expression of face, moreover, was altered, even in a greater degree than his complexion, or his person. All the quick, sparkling play and mobility of feature, the sharp flash of rapidly succeeding sentiments, and strong emotions, expressed on the ingenuous face, as soon as they were conceived within the brain—all these had disappeared completely—disappeared, never to return.

The grave composure of the thoughtful, self-possessed, experienced soldier, sufficient in himself to meet every emergency, every alternation of fortune, had succeeded the imaginative, impulsive ardor of the impetuous, gallant boy.

There was a shadow, too, a heavy shadow of something more than thought—for it was, in truth, deep, real, heartfelt melancholy, which lent an added gloom to the cold fixity of eye and lip, which had obliterated all the gay and gleeful flashes which used, from moment to moment, to light up the countenance so speaking and so frank in its disclosures.

Yet it would have been difficult to say whether Raoul de St. Renan, grave, dark and sorrowful as he now showed, was not both a handsomer and more attractive person than he had been in his earlier days, as the gay and thoughtless Viscount de Douarnez.

There was a depth of feeling, as well as of thought, now perceptible in the pensive brow and calm eye; and if the ordinary expression of those fine and placid lineaments was fixed and cold, that coldness and rigidity vanished when his face was lighted up by a smile, as quickly as the thin ice of an April morning melts away before the first glitter of the joyous sunbeams.

Nor were the smiles rare or forced, though not now as habitual as in those days of youth unalloyed by calamity, and unsunned by passion, which, once departed, never can return in this world.

The morning of the young lord's arrival passed gloomily enough; it was the very height of summer, it is true, and the sun was shining his brightest over field and tree and tower, and every thing appeared to partake of the delicious influence of the charming weather, and to put on its blithest and most radiant apparel.

Never perhaps had the fine grounds, with their soft mossy sloping lawns, and tranquil brimful waters and shadowy groves of oak and elm, great immemorial trees, looked lovelier than they did that day to greet their long absent master.

But, inasmuch as nothing in this world is more delightful, nothing more unmixed in its means of conveying pleasure, than the return, after long wanderings in foreign climes, among vicissitudes and cares, and sorrows, to an unchanged and happy home, where the same faces are assembled to smile on your late return which wept at your departure, so nothing can be imagined sadder or more depressing to the spirit than so returning to find all things inanimate unchanged, or if changed, more beautiful and brighter for the alteration, but all the living, breathing, sentient creatures—the creatures whose memory has cheered our darkest days of sorrow, whose love we desire most to find unaltered—gone, never to return, swallowed by the cold grave, deaf, silent, unresponsive to our fond affection.

Such was St. Renan's return to the house of his fathers. Until a few short days before he had pictured to himself his father's moderate and manly pleasure, his mother's holy kiss and chastened rapture at beholding once again, at clasping to her happy bosom, the son, whom she sent forth a boy, returned a man worthy the pride of the most ambitious parent.

All this Raoul de St. Renan had anticipated, and bitter, bitter was the pang when he perceived all this gay and glad anticipation thrown to the winds irreparably.

There was not a room in the old house, not a view from a single window, not a tree in the noble park,

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not a winding curve of a trout-stream glimmering through the coppices, but was in some way connected with his tenderest and most sacred recollections, but had a memory of pleasant hours attached to it, but recalled the sound of the kindliest and dearest words couched in the sweetest tones, the sight of persons but to think of whom made his heart thrill and quiver to its inmost core.

And for hours he had wandered through the long echoing corridors, the stately and superb saloons, feeling their solitude as if it had been actual presence weighing upon his soul, and peopling every apartment with the phantoms of the loved and lost.

Thus had the day lagged onward, and as the sun stooped toward the west darker and sadder had become the young man's fancies; and he felt as if his last hope were about to fade out with the fading light of the declining day-god. So gloomy, indeed, were his thoughts, so sadly had he become inured to woe during the last few days, so certainly had the reply to every question he had asked been the very bitterest and most painful he could have met, that he had, in truth, lacked the courage to assure himself of that on which he could not deny to himself that his last hope of happiness depended. He had not ventured yet even to ask of his own most faithful servants, whether Melanie d'Argenson, who was, he well knew, living scarcely three bow-shots distant from the spot where he stood, was true to him, was a maiden or a wedded wife.

And the old servitors, well aware of the earnest love which had existed between the young people, and of the contract which had been entered into with the consent of all parties, knew not how their young master now stood affected toward the lady, and consequently feared to speak on the subject.

At length when he had dined some hours, while he was sitting with the old bailiff, who had been endeavoring to seduce him into an examination of I know not what of rents and leases, dues and droits, seignorial and manorial, while the bottles of ruby-colored Bordeaux wine stood almost untouched before them, the young man made an effort, and raising his head suddenly after a long and thoughtful silence, asked his companion whether the Comte d'Argenson was at that time resident at the château.

"Oh, yes, monseigneur," the old man returned immediately, "he has been here all the summer, and the château has been full of gay company from Paris. Never such times have been known in my days. Hawking parties one day, and hunting matches the next, and music and balls every night, and cavalcades of bright ladies, and cavaliers all ostrich-plumes and cloth of gold and tissue, that you would think our old woods here were converted into fairy land. The young lady Melanie was wedded only three days since to the Marquis de Ploermel; but you will not know him by that name, I trow. He was the chevalier only—the Chevalier de la Rochederrien, when you were here before."

"Ah, they *are* wedded, then," replied the youth, mastering his passions by a terrible exertion, and speaking of what rent his very heart-strings asunder as if it had been a matter which concerned him not so much even as a thought. "I heard it was about to be so shortly, but knew not that it had yet taken place."

"Yes, monseigneur, three days since, and it is very strangely thought of in the country, and very strange things are said on all sides concerning it."

"As what, Matthieu?"

"Why the marquis is old enough to be her father, or some say her grandfather for that matter, and little Rosalie, her fille-de-chambre, has been telling all the neighborhood that Mademoiselle Melanie hated him with all her heart and soul, and would far rather die than go to the altar as his bride."

"Pshaw! is that all, good Matthieu?" answered the youth, very bitterly—"is that all? Why there is nothing strange in that. That is an every day event. A pretty lady changes her mind, breaks her faith, and weds a man she hates and despises. Well! that is perfectly in rule; that is precisely what is done every day at court. If you could tell just the converse of the tale, that a beautiful woman had kept her inclinations unchanged, her faith unbroken, her honor pure and bright; that she had rejected a rich man, or a powerful man, because he was base or bad, and wedded a poor and honorable one because she loved him, then, indeed, my good Matthieu, you would be telling something that would make men open their eyes wide enough, and marvel what should follow. Is this all that you call strange?"

"You are jesting at me, monseigneur, for that I am country bred," replied the steward, staring at his youthful master with big eyes of astonishment; "you cannot mean that which you say."

"I do mean precisely what I say, my good friend; and I never felt less like jesting in the whole course of my life. I know that you good folk down here in the quiet country judge of these things as you have spoken; but that is entirely on account of your ignorance of court life, and what is now termed nobility. What I tell you is strictly true, that falsehood and intrigue, and lying, that daily sales of honor, that adultery and infamy of all kinds are every day occurrences in Paris, and that the wonders of the time are truth and sincerity, and keeping faith and honor! This, I doubt not, seems strange to you, but it is true for all that."

"At least it is not our custom down here in Bretagne," returned the old man, "and that, I suppose, is the reason why it appears to be so extraordinary to us here. But you will not say, I think, monsieur le comte, that what else I shall tell you is nothing strange or new."

"What else will you tell me, Matthieu? Let us hear it, and then I shall be better able to decide."

"Why they say, monseigneur, that she is no more the Marquis de Ploermel's wife than she is yours or mine, except in name alone; and that he does not dare to kiss her hand, much less her lips; and that they have separate apartments, and are, as it were, strangers altogether. And that the reason of all this is that Mademoiselle Melanie is never to be his wife at all, but that she is to go to Paris in a few days, and to become the king's mistress. Will you tell me

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that this is not strange, and more than strange, infamous, and dishonoring to the very name of man and woman?"

"Even in this, were it true, there would be nothing, I am grieved to say, very wondrous now-a-days—for there have been several base and terrible examples of such things, I am told, of late; for the rest, I must sympathize with you in your disgust and horror of such doings, even if I prove myself thereby a mere country hobereau, and no man of teh world, or of fashion. But you must not believe all these things to be true which you hear from the country gossips," he added, desirous still of shielding Melanie, so long as her guilt should be in the slightest possible degree doubtful, from the reproach which seemed already to attach to her. "I hardly can believe such things possible of so fair and modest a demoiselle as the young lady of d'Argenson; nor is it easy to me to believe that the count would consent to any arrangement so disgraceful, or that the Chevalier de la Rocheder— I beg his pardon, the Marquis de Ploermel, would marry a lady for such an infamous object. I think, therefore, good Matthieu, that, although there would not even in this be any thing very wonderful, it is yet neither probable nor true."

"Oh, yes, it is true! I am well assured that it is true, monseigneur," replied the old man, shaking his head obstinately; "I do not believe that there is much truth or honor in this lady either, or she would not so easily have broken one contract, or forgotten one lover!"

"Hush, hush, Matthieu!" cried Raoul, "you forget that we were mere children at that time; such early troth plightings are foolish ceremonials at the best; beside, do you not see that you are condemning me also as well as the lady?"

"Oh, that is different—that is quite different!" replied the old steward, "gentlemen may be permitted to take some little liberties which with ladies are not allowable. But that a young demoiselle should break her contract in such wise is disgraceful."

"Well, well, we will not argue it to-night, Matthieu," said the young soldier, rising and looking out of the great oriel window over the sunshiny park; "I believe I will go and walk out for an hour or two and refresh my recollections of old times. It is a lovely afternoon as I ever beheld in France or elsewhere."

And with the word he took up his rapier which lay on a slab near the table at which he had been sitting, and hung it to his belt, and then throwing on his plumed hat carelessly, without putting on his cloak, strolled leisurely out into the glorious summer evening.

For a little while he loitered on the esplanade, gazing out toward the sea, the ridgy waves of which were sparkling like emeralds tipped with diamonds in the grand glow of the setting sun. But ere long he turned thence with a sigh, called up perhaps by some fancied similitude between that bright and boundless ocean, desolate and unadorned even by a single passing sail, and his own course of life so desert, friendless and uncompanioned.

Thence he strolled listlessly through the fine garden, inhaling the rare odors of the roses, hundreds of which bloomed on every side of him, there in low bushes, there in trim standards, and not a few climbing over tall trellices and bowery alcoves in one mass of living bloom. He saw the happy swallow darting and wheeling to and fro through the pellucid azure, in pursuit of their insect prey. He heard the rich mellow notes of the blackbirds and thrushes, thousands and thousands of which were warbling incessantly in the cool shadow of the yew and holly hedges. But his diseased and unhappy spirit took no delight in the animated sounds, or summer-teeming sights of rejoicing nature. No, the very joy and merriment, which seemed to pervade all nature, animate or inanimate around him, while he himself had no present joys to elevate, no future promises to cheer him, rendered him, if that were possible, darker and gloomier, and more mournful.

The spirits of the departed seemed to hover about him, forbidding him ever again to admit hope or joy as an inmate to his desolate heart; and, wrapt in these dark phantasies, with his brow bent, and his eyes downcast, he wandered from terrace to terrace through the garden, until he reached its farthest boundary, and then passed out into the park, through which he strolled, almost unconscious whither, until he came to the great deer-fence of the utmost glen, through a wicket of which, just as the sun was setting, he entered into the shadowy woodland.

Then a whole flood of wild and whirling thoughts rushed over his brain at once. He had strolled without a thought into the very scene of his happy rambles with the beloved, the faithless, the lost Melanie. Carried away by a rush of inexplicable feelings, he walked swiftly onward through the dim wild-wood path toward the Devil's Drinking Cup. He came in sight of it—a woman sat by its brink, who started to her feet at the sound of his approaching footsteps.

It was Melanie—alone—and if his eyes deceived him not, weeping bitterly.

She gazed at him, at the first, with an earnest, half-alarmed, half-inquiring glance, as if she did not recognize his face, and, perhaps, apprehended rudeness, if not danger, from the approach of a stranger.

Gradually, however, she seemed in part to recognize him. The look of inquiry and alarm gave place to a fixed, glaring, icy stare of unmixed dread and horror; and when he had now come to within six or eight paces of her, still without speaking, she cried, in a wild, low voice,

"Great God! great God! has he come up from the grave to reproach me! I am true, Raoul; true to the last, my beloved!"

And with a long, shivering, low shriek, she staggered, and would have fallen to the earth had he not caught her in his arms.

But she had fainted in the excess of superstitious awe, and perceived not that it was no phantom's hand, but a most stalwort arm of human mould that clasped her to the heart of the living Raoul de St. Renan.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

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THE BLOCKHOUSE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Upon yon hillock in this valley's midst,
Where the low crimson sun lies sweetly now
On corn-fields—clustered trees—and meadows wide
Scattered with rustic homesteads, once there stood
A blockhouse, with its loop-holes, pointed roof,
Wide jutting stories, and high base of stone.
A hamlet of rough log-built cabins stood
Beside it; here a band of settlers dwelt.
One of the number, a gray stalwart man,
Still lingers on the crumbling shores of Time.
Old age has made him garrulous, and oft
I 've listened to his talk of other days
In which his youth bore part. His eye would then
Flash lightning, and his trembling hand would clench
His staff, as if it were a rifle grasped
In readiness for the foe.
"One summer's day,"
Thus he commenced beside a crackling hearth
Whilst the storm roared without, "a fresh bright noon,
Us men were wending homeward from the fields,
Where all the breezy morning we had toiled.
I paused a moment on a grassy knoll
And glanced around. Our scythes had been at work,
And here and there a meadow had been shorn
And looked like velvet; still the grain stood rich;
The brilliant sunshine sparkled on the curves
Of the long drooping corn-leaves, till a veil
Of light seemed quivering o'er the furrowed green.
The herds were grouped within the pasture-fields,
And smokes curled lazily from the cabin-roofs.
'T was a glad scene, and as I looked my heart
Swelled up to Heaven in fervent gratitude.
Ha! from the circling woods what form steals out
Strait in my line of vision, then shrinks back!
'The savage! haste, men, haste! away, away!
The bloody savage!' 'T was that perilous time
When our young country stood in arms for right
And freedom, and, within the forests, each
Worked with his loaded rifle at his back.
We all unstung our weapons, and with hearts
Nerving for trial, flew toward our homes.
We reached them as wild whoopings filled the air,
And dusky forms came bounding from the woods.
We pressed toward the blockhouse, with our wives
And children madly shrieking in our midst.
But ere we reached it, like a torrent dashed
Our tawny foes amongst us. Oh that scene
Of dread and horror! Knives and tomahawks
Darted and flashed. In vain we poured our shots
From our long rifles; breast to breast, in vain,
And eye to eye, we fought. My comrades dropped
Around me, and their scalps were wrenched away
As they lay writhing. From our midst our wives
Were torn and brained; our shrieking infants dashed
Upon the bloody earth, until our steps
Were clogged with their remains. Still on we pressed
With our clubbed rifles, sweeping blow on blow;
But, one by one, my bleeding comrades fell,
Until my brother and myself alone
Remained of all our band. My wife had clung
Close to my side throughout the horrid strife,
I, warding off each blow, and struggling on.
And now we three were near the blockhouse-door,
Closed by a secret spring. My brother first
Its succor reached; it opened at his touch.
Just then an Indian darted to my side
And grasped my trembling wife"—the old man paused
And veiled his eyes, whilst shudderings shook his frame
As the wind shakes the leaf. "I saw her, youth,
Sink with one bitter shriek beneath the edge
Of his red, swooping hatchet. Turned to stone
I stood an instant, but my brother's hand
Dragged me within the blockhouse. As the door
Closed to the spring, and quick my brother thrust
The heavy bars athwart, for I was sick
With horror, piercing whoops of baffled rage
Echoed without. Recovering from my deep,
O'erwhelming stupor, as I heard those sounds
My veins ran liquid flame; with iron grasp
I clenched my rifle. From the loops we poured
Quick shots upon the foe, who, shrinking back,
To the low cabin-roofs applied the brand—
Up with fierce fury flashed the greedy flames.
Just then my brother thrust his head from out
A loop—quick cracked a rifle, and he fell
Dead on the planks. With yells that froze my blood,
A score of warriors at the blockhouse-door
Heaped a great pile of boughs. A streak of fire
Run like a serpent through it, and then leaped
Broad up the sides. Through every loop-hole poured
Deep smoke, with now and then a fiery flash.
The air grew thick and hot, until I seemed
To breathe but flame. I staggered to a loop.
Dancing around with flourished tomahawks
I saw my horrid foes. But ha! that glimpse!
Again! oh can it be my wavering sight!
No, no, forms break from out the forest depths.
And hurry onward; gleaming arms I see.
Joy, joy, 't is coming succor! Swift they come.
Swift as the wind. The swarthy warriors gaze
Like startled deer. Crash, crash, now peal the shots
Amongst them, and with looks of fierce despair
They group together, aim a scattered fire,
Then seek to break with tomahawk and knife
Through the advancing circle, but in vain,
They fall beneath the stalwart blows of men
Who long had suffered under savage hate.
Hunters and settlers of the valley roused
At length to vengeance. With a rapid hand
The blockhouse-door I opened and rushed out.
Wielding my rifle. Youth, this arm is old
And withered now, but every blow I struck
Then made the blood-drops spatter to my brow,
Until I bathed in crimson. With deep joy
I felt the iron sink within the brain
And clatter on the bone, until the stock
Snapped from the barrel. But the fight soon passed.
And as the last red foe beneath my arm
Dropped dead, I sank exhausted at the feet
Of my preservers. A wild, murky gloom,
Filled with fierce eyes, fell round me, but kind Heaven
Lifted at length the blackness; on my soul
The keen glare fell no more, and I arose
With the blue sky above me, and the earth
Laughing around in all its glorious beauty.

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THE DEPARTURE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered According to Act of Congress in the year 1848, by EDWARD STEPHENS, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

Oh do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When hours like thine look happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us thus to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay. MOORE.

FAR down upon the Long Island shore, where the ocean heaves in wave after wave from the "outer deep," forming coves of inimitable beauty, promontories wooded to the brink, and broken precipices against which the surf lashes continually, there stood, some thirty years ago, an old mansion-house, with irregular and pointed roofs, low stoops, gable-windows, in short, exhibiting all those architectural eccentricities which our modern artists strive for so earnestly in their studies of the picturesque. The dwelling stood upon the bend of a cove; a forest of oaks spread away some distance behind the dwelling, and feathered a point of land that formed the eastern circle down to the water's edge.

In an opposite direction, and curving in a green sweep with the shore, was a fine apple-orchard, and that end of the old house was completely embowered by plum, pear and peach trees, that sheltered minor thickets of lilac, cerenga, snow-ball and other blossoming shrubs. In their season, the ground under this double screen of foliage was crimson with patches of the dwarf rose, and the old-fashioned windows were half covered with the tall graceful trees of that snow-white species of the same queenly flower, which is only to be found in very ancient gardens, and seldom even there at the present time. In front of the old house was a flower-garden of considerable extent, lifted terrace after terrace from the water, which it circled like a crescent. The profusion of blossoms and verdure flung a sort of spring-like glory around the old building until the autumn storms came up from the ocean and swept the rich vesture from the trees, leaving the mansion-house bold, unsheltered and desolate-looking enough.

The cove upon which this old house stood looked far out upon the ocean; no other house was in sight, and it was completely sheltered not only by a forest of trees but by the banks that, high and broken, curved in at the mouth of the cove, narrowing the inlet, and forming altogether a sea and land view scarcely to be surpassed.

The mansion-house was an irregular and ancient affair enough, everyway unlike the half Grecian, half Gothic, or wholly Swiss specimens of architecture with which Long Island is now scattered. Still, there was a substantial appearance of comfort and wealth about it. Though wild and of ancient growth all its trees were in good order, and judiciously planted; well kept outhouses were sheltered by their luxurious foliage, and to these were joined all those appliances to a rich man's dwelling necessary to distinguish the old mansion as the country residence of some wealthy merchant, who could afford to inhabit it only in the pleasantest portion of the year.

It was the pleasantest portion of the year—May, bright, beautiful May, with her world of blossoms and her dew-showers in the night. The apple-orchard, the tall old pear-trees and the plum thickets were one sheet of rosy or snow-white blossoms. The old oaks rose against the sky, piled upon each other branch over branch, their rich foliage yet blushing with a dusky red as it unfolded leaf by leaf to the air. The flower-garden was azure and golden with violets, tulips, crocuses and amaranths. In short, the old building, moss-covered though its roof had become, and old-fashioned as it certainly was in all its angles, might have been mistaken for one of the most lovely nooks in Paradise, and the delusion never regretted.

I have said that it was spring-time—the air fragrance itself—the birds brimful of music, soft and sweet as if they had fed only upon the apple-blossoms that hung over them for months. Yet there was no indication that the old house was inhabited. The windows were all closed, the doors locked, and the greensward with the high box borders, covered with a shower of snowy leaves that had been shaken from the fruit-trees. Still, upon a strip of earth kept moist by the shadows from a gable, was one or two slender footprints slightly impressed, that seemed to have been very recently left. Again they appeared upon a narrow-pointed stoop that ran beneath the windows of a small room in an angle of the building, and from which there was a door slightly ajar, with the same dewy footprint broken on the threshold. Within this room there was a sound as of some one moving softly, yet with impatience, to and fro—once a white hand clasped itself on the door, and a beautiful face, flushed and agitated, glanced through the opening and disappeared. Then followed an interval of silence, save that the birds were making the woods ring with music, and an old honeysuckle that climbed over the stoop shook again with the humming-birds that dashed hither and thither among its crimson bells.

Again the door was pushed open, and now not

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only the face but the tall and beautifully proportioned figure of a young girl appeared on the threshold. She paused a moment, hesitated, as if afraid to brave the open air, and then stepped out upon the stoop, and bending over the railing looked eagerly toward the grove of oaks, through which a carriage-road wound up to the broad gravel-walk that led from the back of the dwelling.

Nothing met her eye but the soft green of the woods, and after gazing earnestly forth during a minute or two she turned, with an air of disappointment, and slowly passed through the door again.

The room which she entered was richly furnished, but the upright damask chairs, the small tables of dark mahogany, and two or three cushions that filled the window recesses, were lightly clouded with dust, such as accumulates even in a closed room when long unoccupied. There was also a grand piano in the apartment, with other musical instruments, all richly inlaid, but with their polish dimmed from a like cause.

The lady seemed perfectly careless of all this disarray; she flung herself on a high-backed damask sofa, and one instant buried her flushed features in the pillows—the next, she would lift her head, hold her breath and listen if among the gush of bird-songs and the hum of insects she could hear the one sound that her heart was panting for. Then she would start up, and taking a tiny watch from her bosom snatch an impatient glance at the hands and thrust it back to its tremulous resting-place again. Alas for thee, Florence Hurst! All this emotion, this tremor of soul and body, this quick leaping of the blood in thy young heart and thrilling of thy delicate nerves, in answer to a thought, what does it all betoken? Love, love such as few women ever experienced, such as no woman ever felt without keen misery, and happiness oh how supreme! Happiness that crowds a heaven of love into one exquisite moment, whose memory never departs, but like the perfume that hangs around a broken rose, lingers with existence forever and ever.

Florence loved passionately, wildly. Else why was she there in the solitude of that lone dwelling? Her father's household was in the city—no human being was in the old mansion to greet her coming, and yet Florence was there—alone and waiting!

It was beyond the time! You could see that by the hot flush upon her cheek, by the sparkle of her eyes—those eyes so full of pride, passion and tenderness, over which the quick tears came flashing as she wove her fingers together, while broken murmurs dropped from her lips.

"Does he trifle with me—has he dared—"

How suddenly her attitude of haughty grief was changed! what a burst of tender joy broke over those lovely features! How eagerly she dashed aside the proud tears and sat down quivering like a leaf, and yet striving—oh how beautiful was the strife!—to appear less impatient than she was.

Yes, it was a footstep light and rapid, coming along the gravel-walk. It was on the stoop—in the room—and before her stood a young man, elegant, nay almost superb in his type of manliness, and endowed with that indescribable air of fashion which is more pleasing than beauty, and yet as difficult to describe as the perfume of a flower or the misty descent of dews in the night.

The young girl up to this moment had been in a tumult of expectation, but now the color faded from her cheek, and the breath as it rose trembling from her bosom seemed to oppress her. It was but for a moment. Scarcely had his hand closed upon hers when her heart was free from the shadow that had fallen upon it, and a sweet joy possessed her wholly. She allowed his arm to circle her waist unresisted, and when he laid a hand caressingly on one cheek and drew the other to his bosom, that cheek was glowing like a rose in the sunshine.

For some moments they sat together in profound silence, she trembling with excess of happiness, he gazing upon her with a sort of sidelong and singular expression of the eye, that had something calculating and subtle in it, but which changed entirely when she drew back her head and lifted the snowy lids that had closed softly over her eyes the moment she felt the beating of his heart.

"And so you have come at last?" she said very softly, and drawing back with a blush, as if the fond attitude she had fallen into were something to which she had hitherto been unused. "Are you alone? I thought—"

"I know, sweet one, I know that you will hardly forgive me," said the young man, and his voice was of that low, rich tone that possesses more than the power of eloquence. "But I could not persuade the clergyman to come down hither in my company. Your father's power terrifies him!"

"And he would not come? He refuses to unite us then—and we are here—alone and thus!" cried Florence Hurst, withdrawing herself from his arm.

"Not so, sweet one, your delicacy need not be startled thus. He is coming with a friend, and will stop at the village till I send over to say that all is quiet here. He is terribly afraid that the old gentleman may suspect something and follow us.

"Alas, my proud old father!" cried Florence, for a moment giving way to the thoughts of regretful tenderness that would find entrance to her heart amid all its tumultuous feelings.

"And do you regret that you have risked his displeasure, which, loving you as he does, must be only momentary, for one who adores you, Florence?" replied the young man, in a tone of tender reproach that thrilled over her heart-strings like music.

"No, no, I do not regret, I never can! but oh, how much of heaven would be in this hour if he but approved of what we are about to do!"

"But he will approve in time, beloved, believe me he will," said the young man, clasping both her hands in his and kissing them.

"Yes, yes, when he knows you better," cried Florence, making an effort to cast off the shadow that lay upon her heart, "when he knows all your goodness, all the noble qualities that have won the heart of your Florence."

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Jameson bent his lips to the young girl's forehead they were curled by a faint sneering smile. That smile was blended with the kiss he imprinted there. It left no sting—the poison touched no one of the delicate nerves that awoke and thrilled to the fanning of his breath, and yet it would have been perceptible to an observer as the glitter of a rattlesnake.

"I am sure you love me, Florence."

"Love you!" her breath swelled and fluttered as the words left her lips. "Love! I fear—I know that all this is idolatry!"

"Else why are you here."

"Truly, most truly!"

"Risking all things, even reputation, for me, and I so unworthy."

"Reputation!" cried Florence, her pride suddenly stung with the venom that lay within those honied words. "Not reputation, Jameson; I do not risk that; I could not—it would be death!"

"And yet you are here, alone with me, beloved, in this old house."

"But I am here to become your wife—only to become your wife. I risk my father's displeasure—I know that—I am disobedient, wicked, cruel to him, but his good name—my own good name—no, no, nothing that I have done should endanger that."

The proud girl was much agitated, and the dove-like fondness that had brooded in her eyes a moment before began to kindle up to an expression that the lover became earnest to change.

"You take me up too seriously," he said, attempting to draw her toward him, but she resisted proudly. "I only spoke of *possible* not probable risk, and that because the clergyman would be persuaded to come down here only on a promise that the marriage should be kept a secret till some means could be found of reconciling the old gentleman, or at any rate for a week or two."

"And you gave the promise," said Florence, while her beautiful features settled into a grieved and dissatisfied expression. "You gave this promise?"

"Why, Florence, what ails you? I had no choice. You had already left home, and he would listen to no other terms."

"A week or two—our marriage kept secret so long," said Florence in a tone of dissatisfaction. "You did well to say I was risking much for you. My life had been little—but this—"

"And is this too much? Do you begin to regret, Florence?"

Nothing could have been more gentle, more replete with tenderness, ardent but full of reproach, than the tone in which these words were uttered. Florence lifted her eyes to his, tears came into them, and then she smiled brightly once more.

"Oh! let us have done with this; I am nervous, agitated, unreasonable I suppose; of course you have done right," she said, "but at first the thoughts of this concealment terrified me."

"Hark! I hear wheels. It must be the clergyman and Byrne," said Jameson, listening.

"And is a stranger coming," inquired Florence, "any one but the clergyman? I was not prepared for that!"

"But we must have a witness. He is my friend, and one that can be trusted. You need have no fear of Byrne."

"They are here!" said Florence, who had been listening with checked breath, while her face waxed very pale. "It is the step of two persons on the gravel. Let me go—let me go for an instant, this is no dress for a bride," and she glanced hurriedly at her black silk dress, relieved only by a frill of lace and a knot or two of rose-colored ribbon.

"What matters it, beautiful as you always are."

"No, no, I cannot be married in black—I will not be married in black," she cried hurriedly, and with a forced effort to be gay; "wait ten minutes, I will but step to the chamber above and be with you again directly."

Florence disappeared through a door leading into the main portion of the building, while Jameson arose and went out to meet the two men, who were now close by the stoop, and looking about as if undecided what door to try at for admission.

"Let us take a stroll in the garden," he said, descending the steps, "the lady is not quite ready yet; how beautiful the morning is," and passing his arm through that of a man who seemed some years older than himself, and who had accompanied the clergyman, he turned an angle of the building. The clergyman followed them a pace or two, then returning sat down upon the steps that led to the stoop and took off his hat.

"This is a singular affair," he muttered, putting back the locks from his forehead and bending his elbows upon his knees, with the deep sigh of a man who finds the air deliciously refreshing, "I have half a mind to pluck a handful of flowers, step into my chaise and go back to the city again; but for the sweet young lady I would. There is something about the young man that troubles me—what if my good-nature has been imposed upon—what if old Mr. Hurst has deeper reasons than his pride—that I would not bend to a minute—and he gives no other reason if they tell me truly. This young man is his book-keeper, and so his love is presumptuous. Probably old Hurst has imported a cargo of aristocratic arrogance from Europe, and the young people tell the truth. If so, why I will even marry them, and let the stately gentleman make the best of it. Still, I half wish the thing had not fallen upon me."

Meantime the bridegroom and his friend walked slowly toward the water.

"And so you have snared the bird at last," said Byrne.

"I did not think you could manage to get her down here. When did she come?"

"Yesterday," said Jameson.

"Alone?"

"Quite alone; her father thinks her visiting a friend."

"But *you* left the city yesterday."

"Yes."

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"And not with her?"

"She came down alone—so did I."

"But directly after—ha!"

Jameson smiled, that same crafty smile that had curled his lips even when they rested upon the forehead of Florence Hurst.

"And did she sanction this. By heavens! I would not have believed it—so proud, so sensitive!"

"No, no, Byrne, to do Florence justice, she supposes that I came down this morning; but the old house is large, and it was easy enough for me to find a nook to sleep in, without her knowledge."

"But what object have you in this?"

"Why, as to my object, it is scarcely settled yet; but it struck me that by this movement I might obtain a hold upon her father's family pride, should his affection for Florence fail. The haughty old don would hardly like it to be known in the city that his lovely daughter—his only child—had spent the night alone, in an old country-house, with her father's book-keeper."

"But how would he know this; surely you would not become the informant?"

"Why, no!" replied Jameson, with a smile; "but I took a little pains to inquire about the localities of this old nest up at the village. The good people had seen Miss Hurst leave the stage an hour before and walk over this way. It seems very natural that he may hear it from that quarter."

Byrne looked at his companion a moment almost sternly, then dropping his eyes to the ground, he began to dash aside the rich blossoms from a tuft of pansies with his cane.

"You do not approve of this?" said Jameson, studying his companion's countenance.

"No."

"Why, it can do no harm. What would the girl be to me without her expectations. I tell you her father will pay any sum rather than allow a shadow of disgrace to fall upon her. I will marry her at all hazards; but it must be kept secret, and in a little time some hint of this romantic excursion will be certain to reach head-quarters; and I shall have the old man as eager for the marriage as any of us, and ready to come down handsomely, too. I tell you it makes every thing doubly sure."

"It may be so," said the other, in a dissatisfied manner.

"Well, like it or not, I can see no other way by which you will be certain of the three thousand dollars that you won of me," replied Jameson, coolly.

Byrne dashed his cane across the pansies, sending the broken blossoms in a shower over the gravel-walks.

"Well, manage as you like, the affair is nothing to me, but it smacks strongly of the scoundrel, Herbert, I can tell you that."

"Pah! this little plot of mine will probably amount to nothing. The old gentleman may give in at once to the tears and caresses of my sweet bride up yonder. Faith, I doubt if any man could resist her."

"More than probable—more than probable!" rejoined the other; "but I should not like to be within the sight of that girl's eye if she ever finds out the game you have been playing."

"Yes, it would be very likely to strike fire," replied Jameson, carelessly; "but she loves me, and there is no slave like a woman that loves. You will see that before the year is over, every spark that flashes from her eyes I shall force back upon her heart till it burns in, I can tell you. But there she is, all in bridal white, and fluttering like a bird around the old stoop. Come, we must not keep her waiting!"

Meantime, Florence Hurst had entered a little chamber, where, nineteen years before, she first opened her eyes to the light of heaven. It was at one end of the house, and across the window fell the massive boughs of an old apple-tree, heaped with masses of the richest foliage, and rosy with half-open blossoms. A curtain of delicate lace fluttered before the open sash, bathed in fragrance, and through which the rough brown of the limbs, the delicate green in which the rosy buds seemed matted, gleamed as through a wreath of mist.

The night before Florence had left a robe of pure white muslin near the window, exquisitely fine, but very simple, which was to be her wedding-dress. It was strange, but a sort of faintness crept over her heart as she saw the dress; and she sat down powerless, with both hands falling in her lap, gazing upon it. For the moment her intellect was clear, her heart yielded up to its new intuition. Her guardian spirit was busy with her passionate but noble nature. She felt, for the first time, in all its force, how wrong she was acting, how indelicate was her situation. It seemed as if she were that moment cast adrift from her father's love—from her own lofty self-appreciation. The heart that had swelled and throbbed so warmly a moment before, now lay heavy in her bosom, shrinking from the destiny prepared for it. Just then the sound of a voice penetrated the thick foliage of the fruit tree, and she started up once more full of conflicting emotions. It was Jameson's voice that reached her as he passed with his friend beneath the fruit trees. She heard no syllable of what he was saying, but the very tone, as it came softened and low through the perfume and sweetness that floated around her, was enough to fling her soul into fresh tumult. How she trembled; how warm and red came the passion-fire of that delicate cheek, as she flung the black garment from off her superb form, and hurried on the bridal array. It was very chaste, and utterly without pretension, that wedding-dress, knots of snowy ribbon fastened it at the shoulders and bosom, and the exquisite whiteness was unbroken save by the glow that warmed her neck and bosom almost to a blush, and the purplish gloss upon her tresses, that fell in raven masses down to her shoulders.

She took a glance in the old mirror, encompassed by its frame-work of ebony, carved and elaborated at the top and bottom into a dark net-work of fine filagree; she saw herself—a bride. Again the wing of her guardian angel beat against her heart. The unbroken whiteness of her array seemed to fold her

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like a shroud, and like that thing which a shroud clings to, became the pallor which settled on her features; for behind her own figure, and moving, as it were, in the back-ground of the mirror, she saw the image of her lover and his friend, talking earnestly together. The friend stood with his back toward her, but *his* face she saw distinctly, and that smile was on his lips, cold, crafty, almost contemptuous. Was it Jameson, or only something mocking her from the mirror? She went to the window, drew aside the filmy lace, and looked forth. Truly it was her lover; through an interstice of the apple boughs she saw him distinctly, and he saw her—that smile, surely the gloomy old mirror had reflected awry. How brilliant, how full of love was the whole expression of his face. Again her heart lighted up. She took a cluster of blossoms from the apple-tree bough, and waving them lightly toward him, drew back. She left the room, fastening the damp and fragrant buds in her hair as she went along, for somehow she shrunk from looking into the old mirror again.

Now the guardian angel gave way to the passion spirit. Florence entered the little boudoir, trembling with excitement, and warm with blushes. The room was solitary, and she stepped out upon the stoop—for her life she could not have composed herself to sit down and wait a single instant. The clergyman was there sitting upon the steps, thoughtful, and evidently yielding to the doubts that had arisen in his kind but just nature too late. He arose as Florence came upon the stoop, and slowly mounting the steps, took her hand and led her back into the room.

"My dear young lady," he said very gravely, "I would hear from your own lips what the impediments to this marriage really are. I scarce know how to account for it. Nothing has happened to change the aspect of affairs here; but within the last hour I have been troubled with doubts and misgivings. Has all been done that can be to obtain your father's consent?"

"I believe—I know that there has," replied Florence, instantly saddened by the gravity of the clergyman.

"And his objections arose purely from pride—aristocratic pride?"

"I never heard any other reason given for withholding his consent," replied Florence. "To me he never gave a reason. His commands were peremptory."

"And you have known this young man long?"

"I was but fifteen when he first came into my father's employ."

"And you love him with your whole heart?"

Florence lifted her eyes, and through the long black lashes flashed a reply so eloquent, so beautiful, that it made even the quiet clergyman draw a deep breath.

"Enough—I will marry them!" he said inly. "I only wish the young man may prove worthy of all this—"

His soliloquy was cut short by the appearance of Jameson and his friend.

They were married—Florence Hurst, the only daughter and heiress of the richest merchant in New York, to Jameson, the protegée and book-keeper of her proud father.

They were married, and they were left alone in that picturesque old country-house. And now, strange to say, Florence grew very sad; and as Jameson sat by her, with one hand in his, and circling her waist with his arm, she began to weep bitterly.

Florence, Florence—how is this! why do you weep, beloved?"

"I do not know," said the bride, gently; "but since the good clergyman has left us, my heart is heavy, and I feel alone."

"Do you not love me, Florence? Have you lost confidence in me?"

Florence lifted her eyes, shining with affection, and placed her hand in his.

"But this secrecy troubles me. Let us tell my father at once," she said, earnestly.

"But I have promised, shall I break a pledge, and that to the man of God who has just given you to me forever and ever, Florence?"

"Surely his consent may be obtained. He said nothing of concealment to me."

"And did you talk with him?" questioned Jameson, maintaining the same tone in which his other questions had been put, but with a certain sharpness in it.

"A little. He questioned me of the motives which induced my father to oppose our marriage."

"And that was all?"

"Yes; you came in just then, and the rest seems like a dream."

"A blessed, sweet dream, Florence, for it made you my wife," said Jameson.

Still Florence wept. "And now," she said, lifting her eyes timidly to his, "let us return to the city; while this secrecy lasts I must see you only in the presence of my father."

"Florence, is this distrust—is it dislike?" cried Jameson, startled out of his usual self-command.

"Neither," said Florence, "you know that. You are certain of it as I am myself. But I am your wife now, Herbert, and have both your honor and my own to care for. My father has no power to separate us now, so that fear which seemed to haunt you ever is at rest. But it is due to myself, to him, and to you, that when you claim me as your wife, he should know that I am such, though he may not approve."

Florence said all this very sweetly, but with a degree of gentle firmness that seemed the more unassailable that it was sweet and gentle. Before he could speak she withdrew herself from his arm, and glided from the room. When quite alone, Jameson fell into an unpleasant reverie, from which her return in the black silk dress, with a bonnet and shawl on, aroused him.

"Come," she said, with a smile and a blush, "let us walk through the oak woods, and across the meadows, we shall reach the village almost as soon as the good clergyman and your friend. The reverend gentleman will take care of me, I feel quite sure; and you can manage for yourself. Here we must not remain another moment."

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"Florence!"

"Nay, nay—who ever heard of a lady being thwarted on her wedding-morning!" cried Florence—and she went out upon the stoop. Jameson followed, and seemed to be expostulating; but she took his arm and walked on, evidently unconvinced by all that he was saying, till they disappeared in the oak woods.

CHAPTER II.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in the shame.
They will meet thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why were thou so dear? BYRON.

Florence was in her father's house near the Battery, and looking forth into a large, old-fashioned garden, which was just growing dusky with approaching twilight; near her, in a large crimson chair, sat a man of fifty perhaps, tall and slender, with handsome but stern features, rendered more imposing by thick hair, almost entirely gray, and a style of dress unusually rich, and partaking of fashions that had prevailed twenty years earlier.

Florence was pensive, and an air of painful depression hung about her. The presence of her father, who sat gazing upon her in silence, affected her much; the secret that lay upon her heart seemed to grow palpable to his sight, and though she appeared only still and pensive, the poor girl trembled from head to foot.

"Florence!" said Mr. Hurst after the lapse of half an hour, for it seemed as if he had been waiting for the twilight to deepen around them—"Florence, you are sad, child. You look unhappy. Do your father's wishes press so heavily upon your spirits—do you look upon him as harsh, unreasonable, because he will not allow his only child to throw away her friendship, her society upon the unworthy?

Florence did not answer, her heart was too full. There was something tender and affectionate in her father's voice that made the tears start, and drowned the words that she would have spoken. Seldom had he addressed her in that tone before. How unlike was he to the reserved, stern father whose arbitrary command to part with her lover she had secretly disobeyed.

"Speak, Florence, your depression grieves me," continued Mr. Hurst, as he heard the sobs she was trying in vain to suppress.

"Oh, father—father! why will you call him unworthy because he lacks family standing and wealth? I cannot—oh I never can think with you in this!"

"And who said that I did deem him unworthy for *these* reasons? Who said that I objected to Herbert Jameson as a companion for my daughter because of his humble origin or his penniless condition? Who told you this, Florence Hurst?"

"*He*, he told me—did you not say all this to him, all this and more? Did you not drive him from your presence and employ with bitter scorn, when two weeks ago he asked for your daughter's hand?"

"*He* ask for my daughter's hand! he, the ingrate! the—Florence, did you believe that he really possessed the base assurance to request your hand of me?"

"Father! father! what does this mean? Did you not tell me on that very evening never to see him again—never to recognize him in the street, or even think of him! Did you not cast him forth from your home and employ because he told you of his love for me and of mine for him?"

"Of your love for him, Florence Hurst!"

There was something terrible in the voice of mingled astonishment and dismay with which this exclamation was made.

"Father!" cried the poor girl, half rising from her seat, and falling back again pale and trembling, "father, why this astonishment? You knew that I loved him!"

"Who told you that I did?"

"*He* told me, he, Herbert Jameson. It was for this you made him an outcast."

"It is false, Florence, I never dreamed of this degradation!" said Mr. Hurst, in a voice that seemed like sound breaking up through cold marble.

"Then why that command to myself—why was I never to see or hear from him again?" cried Florence, almost gasping for breath.

"Because he is a dishonest man, a swindler—because I solemnly believe that he has been robbing me during the last three years, and squandering his stolen spoil at the gambling-table!"

"Father—father—father!"

The sharp anguish in which these words broke forth brought the distressed merchant to his feet. Florence, too, stood upright, and even through the dusk you might have seen the wild glitter of her eyes, the fierce heave of her bosom.

"You believe, father, you only believe! should such things be said without proof—proof broad and clear as the open sunshine when it pours down brightest from heaven. I say to you, my father, Herbert Jameson is an honest, honorable man!"

"It is well, Florence—it is well!" said Mr. Hurst, with stern and bitter emphasis. "You have doubted my justice, you distrust that which I have said. You are foolishly blind enough to think that this man *can* love, does love you."

"I know that he does!" said Florence with a sort of wild exultation. "I know that he loves me."

"And would you, if I were to give my consent—could you become the wife of Herbert Jameson?"

"Father, I could! I would!"

"Then on this point be the issue between us," said Mr. Hurst, with calm and stern dignity. "Florence, I am about to send a note desiring this man to come once more under my roof," and he rang a bell for lights; "if within three hours I do not give you proof that he loves you only for the wealth that I can give—that he is every way despicable—I say that if within three hours I do not furnish this proof, clear, glaring, indisputable, then will I frankly and at once give my consent to your marriage."

"Father!" cried Florence, while a burst of wild

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and startling joy broke over her face, "I will stand the issue! My life—my very soul would I pledge on his integrity."

Mr. Hurst looked at her with mournful sternness while she was speaking, and then proceeded to write a note which he instantly dispatched.

While the servant was absent Mr. Hurst and his daughter remained together, much agitated but silent and lost in thought. In the course of half an hour the man returned with a reply to the note. Mr. Hurst read it, and waiting till they were alone turned to his daughter and pointed to a glass door which led from the room into a little conservatory of plants.

"Go in yonder, from thence you can hear all that passes."

"Father, is it right—will it be honorable?" said Florence, hesitating and weak with agitation.

"It is right—it is honorable! Go in!" His voice was stern, the gesture with which he enforced it peremptory, and poor Florence obeyed.

A curtain of pale green silk fell over the sash-door, and close behind it stood a garden-chair, overhung by the blossoming tendrils of a passion-flower. Florence sat down in the chair and her head drooped fainting to one hand. There was something in the scent of the various plants blossoming around that reminded her of that wedding-morning when the air was literally burthened with like fragrance. She was about to see her husband for the first time since that agitating day, to see him thus, crouching as a spy among those delicate plants, her heart beat heavily, she loathed herself for the seeming meanness that had been forced upon her. Yet there was misgiving at her heart—a vague, sickening apprehension that chained her to the seat.

She heard the door open and some one enter the room where her father sat, with a lamp pouring its light over his stern and pale features till every iron lineament was fully revealed. Scarcely conscious of the act, Florence drew aside a fold of the curtain, and with her forehead pressed to the cold glass looked in. Mr. Hurst had not risen, but with an elbow resting on the table sat pale and stern, with his eyes bent full upon her husband, who stood a few paces nearer to the door. In one hand was his hat, in the other he held a slender walking-stick. He did not seem fully at his ease, and yet there was more of triumph than of embarrassment in his manner. Florence observed, and with a sinking heart, that he did not, except with a furtive glance, return the calm and searching look with which Mr. Hurst regarded him.

"Mr. Jameson, sit down," began the haughty merchant, pointing to a chair. "I did hope after our last interview never again to be disturbed by your presence, but it seems that, serpent-like, you will never tire of stinging the bosom that has warmed you."

"I am at a loss to understand you, Mr. Hurst," replied Jameson, taking the chair, and Florence sickened as she saw creeping over his lips the very same smile that had gleamed before her in the mirror. "When I last saw you your charges were harsh, your treatment cruel. You imputed things to me of which you have no proof, and upon the strength of an absurd suspicion of—of—I may as well speak it out—of dishonesty, you discharged me from your employ; I am at a loss to know why you have sent for me, certainly you cannot expect to wring proof of these charges from my own words."

"I have proof of them, undoubted, conclusive, and had at the time they were first made! but you had been cherished beneath my roof, had broken of my bread, and I was forbearing! Was not this reason enough why I should have sent you forth as I did?"

Jameson gave a perceptible start and turned very pale as Mr. Hurst spoke of the proofs that he possessed; but the emotion was only momentary, and it scarcely disturbed the smile that still curled about his mouth.

"At any rate the bare suspicion of these things was all the reason you deigned to give," he said.

Florence heard and saw—conviction, the loathed thing, came creeping colder and colder to her bosom.

"But since then I have other causes for pursuing your crimes with the justice they merit, other and deeper wrongs you have done me, serpent, fiend, household ingrate as you are!"

"And what may those other wrongs be?" was the cold and half sneering rejoinder to this passionate outbreak.

"My daughter!" said the merchant, sweeping a hand across his forehead. "It sickens me to mention her name here and thus, but my daughter—even there has your venom reached."

"Perhaps I understand you," said the young man with insufferable coolness; "but if your daughter chose to love where her father hates how am I to blame? I am sure it has cost me a great deal of trouble to keep the young lady's partiality a secret. If you have found it out at last so much the better."

Mr. Hurst, with all his firmness, was struck dumb by this cool and taunting reply, but after a moment's fierce struggle he mastered the passion within him and spoke.

"You love"—the words absolutely choked the proud man—"you love my daughter then—why was this never mentioned to me?"

"It was the young lady's fancy, I suppose; perhaps she shrunk from so grim a confident; at any rate it is very certain that I did!"

Mr. Hurst shaded his face with one hand and seemed to struggle fiercely with himself. Jameson sat playing with the tassel of his cane, now and then casting furtive glances at his benefactor.

"Young man," said the merchant, slowly withdrawing his hand, "I have but to denounce you to the laws, and you leave this room for a convict's cell."

"It may be that you have this power!" replied Jameson, with undisturbed self-possession, "I am sure I cannot say whether you have or not!"

"I *have* the power, what should withhold me!"

"Oh, many things. Your daughter, for instance!"

"My daughter!"

"You interrupt me, sir. I was about to say your

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daughter has given me some rather unequivocal proofs of her love, and they would become unpleasantly public, you know, if her father insisted upon dragging me before the world. Your daughter, sir, must be my shield and buckler, I never desire a better or fairer."

Here a noise broke from the conservatory, and the silk curtain shook violently, but as it was spring time, and with open doors for the wind to circulate through, this did not seem extraordinary. Still, Mr. Hurst looked anxiously around, and Jameson cast a careless glance that way.

It was very painful, nay withering to his proud heart, but Mr. Hurst was determined to lay open the black nature of that man before his child; he knew that she suffered, that it was torture that he inflicted, but nevertheless she could be redeemed in no other way, and he remained firm as a rock.

"So, in order to deter me from a just act, you would use my daughter's attachment as a threat; you would drag her name before the world, that it might be blasted with your own! Is this what I am to understand?"

"Well, something very like it, I must confess."

Mr. Hurst arose. "I have done with you, Herbert Jameson," he said, with austere dignity. "Go, your presence is oppressive! So young and so deep a villain, even I did not believe you so terribly base. Go, I have done with you!"

Jameson did not move, but sat twisting the tassel of his cane between his thumb and finger. He did not look full at Mr. Hurst, for there was something in his eye that quelled even his audacity; but when he spoke, it was without any outward agitation, though his miscreant limbs shook, and the heart trembled in his bosom.

"Mr. Hurst," he said, "I do not know how far you have used past transactions to terrify me, but I assure you that any blow aimed at me will recoil on yourself. But this is not enough, you have told me to leave your roof forever—and so I will; but first let my wife be informed that I await her pleasure here. I take her with me, and that before you can have an opportunity to poison her mind against her husband."

"Your wife! Your wife!" Mr. Hurst could only master these words, and they fell from his white lips in fragments. He looked wildly around toward the door, and at the young man, who stood there smiling at his agony.

"Yes, sir, my wife. There is the certificate of our marriage three days ago, at your pleasant old country-house on the Long Island shore. You see that it is regularly witnessed—the people about there will tell you the how and when."

Mr. Hurst took up the certificate and held it before his eyes, but for the universe he could not have read a word, for it shook in his hand like a withered leaf in the wind.

Then softly and slowly the conservatory-door opened, and the tall figure of Florence Hurst glided through. There was a bright red spot upon her forehead, where it had pressed against the glass, but save that her face, neck, and hands were colorless as Parian marble, and almost as cold. She approached her father, took the certificate from his hand and tearing it slowly and deliberately into shreds, set her foot upon them.

"Father," she said, "take me away. I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no longer worthy to be called thy daughter, but, oh, punish me not with the presence of this bad man!"

Without a word, Mr. Hurst took the cold hand of his daughter and led her into another room. Jameson was left alone—alone with his own black heart and base thoughts. We would as soon dwell with a rattle-snake in its hole, and attempt to analyze its venom, as register the dark writhing of a nature like his. The sound of a voice, low, earnest and pleading, now and then reached his ear. Then there was a noise as of some one falling, followed by the tramp of several persons moving about in haste; and, after a little, Mr. Hurst entered the room again.

Young Jameson stood up, for reflection had warned him that he could no longer trust to the power of Florence with her father; there had been something in the terrible stillness of her indignation, in the pale features, the dilated eyes, and the brows arched with ineffable scorn, that convinced him how mistaken was the anchor which he had expected to hold so firmly in her love. He knew Mr. Hurst, and felt that in his lofty pride alone could rest any hope of a rescue from the penalty of his crimes.

He stood up, then, as I have said, with more of respect in his manner than had hitherto marked it.

Mr. Hurst resumed his chair and motioned that the young man should follow his example. He was very pale, and a look of keen suffering lay around his eyes, but still in his features was an expression of relief, as if the degredation that had fallen upon him was less than he had dreaded.

"How, may I ask, how is my—, how is Florence—she looked ill; I trust nothing serious?" said Jameson, sinking into his chair, and goaded to say something by the keen gaze which Mr. Hurst had turned upon him.

"Never again take that name into your lips," said the outraged father—and his stern voice shook with concentrated passion. "If you but breath it in a whisper to your own base heart alone, I will cast aside all, and punish you even to the extremity of the law."

"But, Mr. Hurst—"

"Peace, sir!"

The young ingrate drew back with a start, and looked toward the door, for the terrible passion which he had lighted in that lofty man now broke forth in voice, look and gesture; the wretch was appalled by it.

"Sit still, sir, and hear what I have to say."

"I will—I listen, Mr. Hurst, but do be more composed. I did not mean to offend you in asking after—"

"Young man, beware!" Mr. Hurst had in some degree mastered himself, but the huskiness of his voice, the vivid gleam of his eyes, gave warning

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that the fire within him though smothered was not quenched.

"I am silent, sir," cried the wretch, completely cowed by the strong will of his antagonist.

"I know all—all, and have but few words to cast upon a thing so vile as you have become If I submit to your presence for a moment it is because that agony must be endured in order that I may cast you from me at once, like the viper that had stung me."

"Sir, these are hard words," faltered Jameson; but Mr. Hurst lifted his hand sharply, and went on.

"You want money. How much did you expect to obtain from me?"

"I—I—this is too abrupt, Mr. Hurst, you impute motives—"

"I say, sir," cried the merchant, sternly interrupting the stammered attempt at defense, "I say you have done this for money—impunity for your crime first, and then money. You see I know you thoroughly."

The wretch shrunk from the withering smile that swept over that white face; he looked the thing he was—a worthless, miserable coward, with all the natural audacity of his character dashed aside by the strong will of the man he had wronged.

"You are too much excited, Mr. Hurst, I will call some other time," he faltered out.

"Now—now, sir, I give you impunity! I will give you money. Say, how much will release me from the infamy of your presence; I will pay well, sir, as I would the physician who drives a pestilence from my hearth?"

"Mr. Hurst, what do you wish—what am I to do?"

"You are to leave this country now and forever—leave it without speaking the name of my daughter. You are never to step your foot again upon the land which she inhabits. Do this, and I will invest fifty thousand dollars for your benefit, the income to be paid you in any country that you may choose to infest, any except this."

"And what if I refuse to sell my liberty, my—" he paused, for Mr. Hurst was keenly watching him, and he dared not mention Florence as his wife, though the word trembled on his lip.

"What then," said the merchant, firmly, "why you pass from this door to the presence of a magistrate—from thence to prison—after that to trial—not on a single indictment, but on charges urged one after another that shall keep you during half your life within the walls of a convict's cell."

"But remember—"

"I do remember every thing; and I, who never yet violated my word to mortal man, most solemnly assure you that such is your destination, let the consequences fall where they will."

Jameson sat down, and with his eyes fixed on the floor, fell into a train of subtle calculation. Mr. Hurst sat watching him with stern patience. At last Jameson spoke, but without lifting his eyes, "You are a very wealthy man, Mr. Hurst, and fifty thousand dollars is not exactly the portion that—"

"The bribe—the bribe, you mean, which is to rid me of an ingrate," cried the merchant, and a look of ineffable disgust swept over his face. "The benefit is great, too great for mere gold to purchase, but I have named fifty thousand—choose between that and a prison."

"But shall I have the money down?" said Jameson, still gazing upon the floor. "Remember, sir, my affections, my—"

"Peace, once more—another word on that subject and I consign you to justice at once. This interview has lasted too long already. You have my terms, accept or reject them at once."

"I—I—of course I can but accept them, hard as it is to separate from my country and friends. But did I understand you aright, sir. Is it fifty thousand in possession, or the income that you offer?"

"The income—and that only to be paid in a foreign land, and while you remain there."

"These are hard terms, Mr. Hurst, very hard terms, indeed," said Jameson. "Before I reply to to them—excuse me, I intend no offence—but I must hear from your daughter's own lips that she desires it."

Mr. Hurst started to his feet and sat instantly down again; for a moment he shrouded his eyes, and then he arose sternly and very pale, but with iron composure.

"From her own lips—hear it, then. Go in," he said, casting open the door through which he had entered the room, "go in!"

The room was large and dimly lighted; at the opposite end there was a high, deep sofa, cushioned with purple, and so lost in the darkness that it seemed black; what appeared in the distance to be a heap of white drapery, lay upon the sofa, immovable and still, as if it had been cast over a corpse.

Jameson paused and looked back, almost hoping that Mr. Hurst would follow him into the room, for there was something in the stillness that appalled him. But the merchant had left the door, and casting himself into a chair, sat with his arms flung out upon the table, and his face buried in them. For his life he could not have forced himself to witness the meeting of that vile man with his child.

Still Florence remained immovable; Jameson closed the door, and walking quickly across the room, like one afraid to trust his own strength, bent over the sofa.

Florence was lying with her face to the wall, her eyes were closed, and the whiteness of her features was rendered more deathly by the dim light. She had evidently heard the footstep, and mistaking it for her father's, for her eyelids began to quiver, and turning her face to the pillow, she gasped out with a shudder,

"Oh, father, father, do not look on me!"

Jameson knelt and touched the cold hand in which she had grasped a portion of the pillow.

"Florence!"

Florence started up, a faint exclamation broke from her lips, and she pressed herself against the back of the sofa, in the shuddering recoil with which she attempted to evade him.

Jameson drew back, and for the instant his counte-

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nance evinced genuine emotion. His self-love was cruelly shocked by the evident loathing with which she shrunk away from the arm that, only a few days before, had brought the bright blood into her cheeks did she but rest her hand upon it by accident.

"And do you hate me so, Florence?" he said, in a voice that was full of keen feeling.

"Leave me—leave me, I am ill!" cried the poor girl, sitting up on the sofa, and holding a hand to her forehead, as if she were suffering great pain.

"I come by your father's permission, Florence; will you be more cruel than he is?"

"My father has a right to punish me, I have deserved it," she said, in a voice of painful humility. "If he sent you I will try to bear it."

"Oh, Florence, has it come to this; I am about to leave you forever, and yet you shrink from me as if I were a reptile," cried Jameson.

"A reptile! oh, no, they seldom sting unless trodden upon," said Florence, lifting her large eyes to his face for the first time, but withdrawing them instantly, and with a faint moan.

Jameson turned from her and paced the room once or twice with uneven strides. This seemed to give Florence more strength, for the closeness of his presence had absolutely oppressed her with a sense of suffocation. She sat upright, and putting the hair back from her temples, tried to collect her thoughts. Jameson broke off his walk and turned toward her; but she prevented his nearer approach with a motion of her hand, and spoke with some degree of calmness.

"You have sought me, but why? What more do you wish? Do I not seem wretched enough?"

"It is your father who has made you thus miserable!" said Jameson, in a low but bitter voice, for he feared the proud man in the next room, and dared not speak of him aloud Florence scarcely heeded him, she sat gazing on the floor lost in thought, painful and harrowing. Still there was an apparent apathy about her that reassured the bad man who stood by suffering all the agony of a wild animal baffled in fight. He would not believe that so short a time had deprived him of a love so passionate, so self-sacrificing as had absorbed that young being not three days before.

Throwing a tone of passionate tenderness into his voice, he approached her, this time unchecked.

"Florence, dear Florence, must we part thus; will you send me from you for ever?"

Florence, was very weak and faint, she felt by the thrill that went through her heart like some sharp instrument, as the sound of his passionate entreaty fell upon it, that, spite of herself, she might be made powerless in his hands were the interview to proceed. The thought filled her with dread. She started up, and tottering a step or two from the sofa, cried out, "Father! father!"

Mr. Hurst lifted his head from where he had buried it in his folded arms, as if to shield his senses from what might be passing within the other room, and starting to his feet, was instantly by his daughter's side.

"What is this!" he said, throwing his arm around the half fainting girl, and turning sternly toward her tormentor, "have you dared—"

"No, no!" gasped Florence. "I was ill—I—oh, father, without you I have no strength. Save me from myself!"

"I will," said Mr. Hurst, gently and with great tenderness drawing the trembling young creature close to his bosom.

"I see how it is, she is influenced only by you, sir. I am promised an interview, and left to believe that the lady shall decide for herself, yet even the very first words I utter are broken in upon. I know that this woman loves me."

"No, no, I love him not! I did a little hour ago, but now I am changed—do you not see how I am changed?" cried Florence, lifting her head wildly, and turning her pale face full upon her miscreant husband. "Do you not know that your presence is killing me?"

"I will go," said Jameson, touched by the wild agony of her look and voice; "I will go now, but only with your promise, Mr. Hurst, that when she is more composed, I may see and converse with her. I will offer no opposition to your wishes; but you will give me a week or two."

"Do you wish to see this man again, my child?" said Mr. Hurst, "I can trust you, Florence, decide for yourself."

Florence parted her lips to answer, but her strength utterly failed, and with a feeble gasp she sunk powerless and fainting on her father's bosom.

Mr. Hurst gathered her in his arms and bore her from the room, simply pausing with his precious burden at the door while he told Jameson, in a calm under tone, to leave the house, and wait till a message should reach him.

But the unhappy man was in no haste to obey. For half an hour he paced to and fro in the solitude of that large apartment, now seating himself on the sofa which poor Florence had just left, and again starting up with a sort of insane desire for motion. Sometimes he would listen, with checked breath, to the footsteps moving to and fro in the chamber overhead, and then hurry forward again, racked by every fierce passion that can fill the heart of a human being.

"I *will* triumph yet! I *will* see her, and that when he is not near to crush every loving impulse as it rises. Once mine, and he will never put his threat into execution, earnest as he seemed. All my strength lies in her love—and it is enough. She suffers—that is a proof of it. She is angry—that is another proof. Yes, yes, I can trust in her, she is all romance, all feeling!"

Jameson muttered these words again and again; it seemed as if he thought by the sound of his voice to dispel the misgiving that lay at his heart. He would have given much for the security that his muttered words seemed to indicate, and as if determined not to leave the house without some further confirmation of his wishes, he lingered in the room till its only light flashed and went out in the socket

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of its tall silver candlestick, leaving him in total darkness. Then he stole forth and left the house, softly closing the street door after him.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,
All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,
My love had been devotion, till in death
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.

Had'st thou but died ere yet dishonor's cloud
O'er that young heart had gathered as a shroud,
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief
In its own holiness had found relief;
A noble sorrow cherished to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been past.
Yes, let affection weep, no common tear
She sheds when bending o'er an honored bier.
Let nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,
To pangs that rend *my* bosom had been bliss.

MRS. HEMANS.

Florence had been very ill, and a week after the scene in our last chapter Mr. Hurst removed her down to his old mansion-house on the Long Island shore. There the associations were less painful than at his town residence, where the sweetest years of her life had been spent in unrestrained association with the man who had so cruelly deceived her. The old mansion-house had witnessed only one fatal scene in the drama of her love; and here she consented to remain. Her father divided his time between her and the unpleasant duties that called him to town; and more than once he was forced to endure the presence of the man whose very look was poison to him, but after the distressing night when the error of his daughter was first made known, the noble old merchant had regained all his usual dignified calmness. No bursts of passion marked his interviews with the wretch who had wounded him, but firm and resolute he proceeded, step by step, in the course that his reason and will had at first deliberately marked out. In three days time Jameson was to depart for Europe, and forever. It was singular what power the merchant had obtained over his own strong passions; always grave and courteous, his demeanor had changed in nothing, save that toward his child there was more delicacy, more tender solicitude than she had ever received from him before, even in the days of her infancy. It seemed that in forgiving her fault, he had unlocked some hidden fount of tenderness which bedewed and softened his whole nature. Florence, who had always felt a little awe of her father when no act of hers existed to excite it, now that she had given him deep cause of offence, had learned to watch for his coming as the young bird waits for the parent which is to bring him food. One night, it was just before sunset, Mr. Hurst entered his daughter's chamber with a handful of heliotrope, tea-roses, and cape-jessamines, which he had just gathered. In his tender anxiety to relieve the sadness that preyed upon her, he remembered her passion for these particular flowers, and had spent half an hour in searching them out from the wilderness of plants that filled a conservatory in one wing of the building. The chamber where Florence sat was the one in which she had put on her wedding garments scarcely three weeks before. The old ebony mirror, with the fantastic and dark tracery of its frame, hung directly before her, and from its depth gleamed out a face so changed that it might well have startled one who had been proud of its bloom and radiance one little month before.

The window was open, as it had been that day, and across it fell the old apple-tree, with the fruit just setting along its thickly-leaved boughs, and a few over-ripe blossoms yielding their petals to every gush of air that came over them. These leaves, now almost snow-white, had swept, one by one, into the chamber, settling upon the chair which Florence occupied, upon her muslin wrapper, and flaking, as with snow, the glossy disorder of her hair. With a sort of mournful apathy she felt these broken blossoms falling around her, remembering, oh, how keenly, their rosy freshness, when she had selected them as a bridal ornament. She remembered, too, the single glimpse which that old mirror had given of her lover—that one prophetic glimpse which had been enough to startle, but not enough to save her.

Florence was filled with these miserable reminiscences when her father entered the chamber. She greeted him with a wan smile, that told her anxiety to appear less wretched than she really was in his presence. He came close up to her where she sat, and stooping to kiss her forehead, laid the blossoms he had brought in her lap.

Mr. Hurst little knew how powerful were the associations those delicate flowers would excite. The moment their fragrance arose around her Florence began to shudder, and turning her face away with an expression of sudden pain, swept them to the floor.

"Take them away, oh take them away!" she said. "That evening their breath was around me while I sat listening to—take them out of the room, I cannot endure their sweetness."

Mr. Hurst strove to soothe the wild excitement which his unfortunate flowers had occasioned. It was a touching sight—that proud man, so cruelly wronged by his daughter, and yet bending the natural reserve of his nature into every endearing form, in order to convince her how deep was his love, how true his forgiveness.

"My Florence, try to conquer this keen sensitiveness. Strive, dear child, to think of these things as if they had not been!"

"Oh, if I had the power!" cried Florence.

"And do you love this man yet?" said Mr. Hurst, almost sternly.

"Father," was the reply, and Florence met her father's gaze with sorrowful eyes, "I am mourning for the love that has been cast away—I pine for some action which may restore my own self-respect. The very thought of this man as I know him makes me shudder—but the remembrance of what I believed him to be makes me weep. Then the trial of this meeting!"

"But you shall not see him again unless you desire it."

"True, true—but I will see him if he wishes it. He shall not think that I am coerced or influenced.

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It is due to myself, to you, my father, that he leaves this country knowing how thorough is my self-reproach for the past, and my wish that his absence may be eternal. I believe that I do really wish it, but see how my poor frame is shaken! I must have more strength or my heart will be unstable likewise." Florence held up her clasped hands that were trembling like leaves in the autumn wind as she spoke.

"Florence," said Mr. Hurst gently, "it is not by shrinking from painful associations that we conquer them."

"But see how weak I am! and all from the breath of those poor flowers!"

"There is a source from which strength may be obtained."

"My pride, oh, father, that may do to shield me from the world's scorn, but it avails nothing with my own heart."

"But prayer, Florence, prayer to Almighty God the Infinite. I remember how sweet it was when you were a little child kneeling by your mother's lap with your tiny hands uplifted to Heaven. Surely you have not forgotten to pray, my child?"

"Alas! in this wild passion I have forgotten every thing—my duty to you—the very heaven where my mother is an angel!" cried Florence, and for the first time in many days she began to weep.

Mr. Hurst took her hands in his, tears stood in his proud eyes, and his firm lips trembled with tender emotions. "My child," he said, pointing to a velvet easy-chair that stood in the chamber, "kneel down by your mother's empty chair and pray even as when you were a little child!"

Florence watched her father as he went out through her blinding tears. The door closed after him, a mist swam through the room, she moved toward the empty chair, and through the dim cloud which her tears created its crimson cushions glowed brightly, as if tinged with gold. A gleam of sunshine had struck them through a half open shutter, but it seemed to her that the sudden light came directly from the throne of Heaven.

The next moment Florence fell upon her knees before the chair, her face was buried in the cushions, broken words and swelling sobs filled the room; over her fell that golden sunbeam, like a flaming arrow sent from the Throne of Mercy to pierce her heart and warm it at the same moment.

The sun went down. Slowly and quietly that wandering beam mingled with the thousand rays that streamed from the west, spreading around the young suppliant like a luminous veil; there was blended with the gold hues of rich crimson and purple, that flushed over the ebony mirror, wove themselves in a gorgeous haze among the snow-white curtains of the bed, and fell in drops of dusky yellow over the floor and among the waving apple-boughs.

But Florence felt nothing of this, her heart was dark, her frame shook with sobs, and the agony of her voice was smothered in the cushions where her face lay buried.

It came at last, that still small voice that follows the whirlwind and the storm. In the hush of night it came as snow-flakes fall from the heavens. And now Florence lay upon the cushions of her mother's chair motionless, and calm peace was in her heart, and a smile of ineffable sweetness lay upon her lips. It might have been minutes, it might have been hours for any thing that the young suppliant knew of the lapse of time since she had crept to her mother's chair. When she arose the moonlight was streaming over her through an open window. Never did those pale beams fall upon features so changed. A *spirituelle* loveliness beamed over them, soft and holy as the moonlight that revealed it.

Some time after midnight Mr. Hurst went into his daughter's chamber, for anxiety had kept him up, and the entire stillness terrified him. She was lying upon the bed, half veiled by the muslin curtains, breathing tranquilly as an infant in its mother's bosom. During many nights she had not slept, but sweet was her slumber now; the flowers inhaling the dew beneath the window did not seem more delicate and placid.

It was daylight when Florence awoke. A few rosy streaks were in the sky, and lay reflected upon the water like threads of crimson broken by the tide. Out to sea, a little beyond the opening of the cove, was a large vessel with her sails furled, and evidently lying-to. Near a curve of the shore she saw a boat with half a dozen men lolling sleepily in the bow. Her heart beat quick with a presentiment of some approaching event. She felt certain that the boat and the distant ship were in some way connected with herself. But the thought hardly had time to flash through her brain when a commotion in the old apple-tree—a shaking of the limbs and tumultuous rustling of the leaves—made her start and turn that way. The largest bough was that instant spurned aside, and Jameson sprung through the open window. He was out of breath and seemed greatly excited.

"Florence, my wife, come with me!" he said, casting his arms around her shrinking form. "I will not go without you. See the vessel is yonder—a boat is on the shore. In half an hour we can be away from your father, alone, without hindrance to our love. Come, Florence, come with your husband!"

Ah, but for the strength which Florence had sought from above, where would she have been then. For a moment her heart did turn traitor; for one single instant there came upon her cheek a crimson flush, and in her eyes something that made Jameson's heart leap with exultation; but it passed away, Florence broke from the arms that were cast around her, and drew back toward the door.

"Leave me!" she said, mildly, but with firmness, "I am not your wife—will never be!"

"You hate me, then!" exclaimed Jameson, goaded by her manner. "You still believe what my enemies say against me."

"No, I hate no one—I could not hate you!"

"But you love me no longer."

Florence turned very pale, but still she was firm. "It matters nothing if I love or hate now," she said,

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"henceforth, forever and forever, you and I are strangers. If you have come here in hopes of taking me from my father, go before he learns any thing of your visit; a longer stay can only bring evil."

Again Jameson cast himself at her feet; again his masterly eloquence was put forth to melt, to subdue, even to over-awe that fair girl; but all that he could wring from her was bitter tears—all that he accomplished was a renewal of anguish that prayer had hardly conquered.

"And you will not go! You cast me off forever!" he exclaimed, starting up with a fierce gesture and an expression of the eye that made her shrink back.

"I cannot go—I will not go!" she said, in a low voice. "You have already taught me how terrible a thing is remorse. Leave me in peace, if you would not see me die!"

"And this is your final answer!" cried Jameson, and his eyes flashed with fury.

"I can give no other!"

"Then farewell, and the curse of my ruin rest with you," he cried in desperation, and wringing her hands fiercely in his, he cleared the window with a bound, and letting himself down by the apple-tree, disappeared.

The tempter was gone; Florence was left alone, her head reeling with pain, her heart aching within her bosom. Jameson's last words had fallen upon her heart like fire; what if this refusal to share his fate had confirmed him in evil? What if she, by partaking of his fortunes, might have won him to an honorable and just life. These thoughts were agony to her, and left no room for calm reflection, or she would have known that no *human* influence can reclaim a base nature; one fault may be redeemed, nay, many faults that spring from the heat of passion or the recklessness of youth, but habitual hypocrisy, craft, falsehood—what female heart ever opposed its love and truth to vices like these, without being crushed in the endeavor to save.

But Florence could not reason then. Her soul was affrighted by the curse that had been hurled upon it. Half frantic with these new themes of torture, she left her room, and hurried down to the cove just in time to see the boat which contained Jameson half way to the vessel. Actuated only by a wild desire to see him depart, she threaded her way through the oak grove, unmindful of the dew, of her thin raiment, or of the morning wind that tossed her curls about as she hurried on. And now she stood upon the outer point of the shore, where it jutted inward at the mouth of the cove and commanded a broad view of the ocean. High trees were around her as she stood upon the shelving bank, her white garments streaming in the breeze, her wild eyes gazing upon the vessel as it wheeled slowly round and made for the open ocean. Florence remained motionless where she stood so long as a shadow of the vessel fluttered in sight. When it was lost in the horizon she turned slowly and walked toward the house, weary as one who returns from a toilsome pilgrimage. It was days and weeks before she came forth again.

Years went by—many, many years, and yet that outward bound vessel was never heard of again. How she perished, or when, no man can tell. The last ever seen of her to mortal knowledge was when Florence Hurst stood alone upon the sea-shore, conscious that she was right, yet filled with bitter anguish as she watched its departure to that far-off shore from which no traveler returns.

And Florence came forth in the world again more attractive than ever; a spiritual loveliness, softened without diminishing the brilliancy of her beauty, and with every feminine grace she had added that of a meek and contrite spirit. Did she wed again? We answer, No. Many a lofty intellect and noble heart bent in homage to hers; but Florence lived only for her father—the great and good man, who was just as well as proud, and nobly won his child from her error by delicate tenderness, such as he had never lavished upon her faultless youth, when many a man, to shield his weaker pride, would have driven her by anger and upbraiding from his heart, and thus have kindled her warm impulses into defiance and ruin.

SUMMER.

BY E. CURTISS HINN, U. S. N.

Sue comes with soft and scented breath,
From fragrant southern lands,
And wakens from their trance of death
The flowers, and breaks the bands
Of fettered streams, that burst away
With joyous laugh and song,
And shout and leap like boys at play
As home from school they throng.

From sunny climes the breeze set free
Comes with an angel strain
Athwart the blue and sparkling sea
To visit us again.

The low of herds is on the gale,
The leaf is on the tree,
And cloud-winged barks in silence sail
With stately majesty

Along the blue and bending sky,
Like joyous living things,
And rainbow-tinted birds flit by
With swiftly glancing wings:
O summer, summer! joyful time!
Singing a gentle strain,
Thou comest from a warmer clime
To visit us again!

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DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFAT.

THROUGH the dark night urging our rapid way
We listen to a low, continued sound,
As of a distant drum calling to arms.
It grows with our approach; lulls with the breeze,
And swells again into a bolder note,
Like an Æolian harp of giant string.
Again, the tone is changed, and a fierce roar
Of tumult rises from the trembling earth,
As if the imprisoned spirits of the deep
Had found a vent for that rebellious shout,
Which from ten thousand lips ascends to Heaven.
Voice not to be mistaken—even he
Upon whose ear it comes for the first time
Claims it as known, and bringing to his heart
The boldest fancies of his early days—
Thy thunders, dread Niagara, day and night,
Which vary not their ever-during peal.
Burning impatience, not to be controlled,
Has hurried on my steps until I stand
Within the breath of thy descending wave.
The night conceals thy wonders, but enrobes
Thee with a grandeur, wild, mysterious,
As with thy spray around me, and the wind
Which rushes upward from thy dark abyss,
And thy deep organ pealing in my ear,
Thy mass is all unseen, and I behold
Only the ghost-like whiteness of thy foam.
The morning comes. The clouds have disappeared,
And the clear silver of the eastern sky
Gives promise of a glowing summer sun.
In the fresh dawn, I hasten to the rock
Which overhangs the ever-boiling deep,
And all the wonders of Niagara
Are spread before me—not the simple dash
Of falling waters, which the fancy drew,
But myriad forms of beautiful and grand
Press on the senses and o'erwhelm the mind.
Yon bright, broad waters on their channel sleep
As if they dreamed of the most peaceful flow
To the far-distant sea. But now their course
Accelerates on their inclining path,
Though still 't is with the appearance of a calm
And dignified reluctance, and the wave
Remains unbroken, till the inward force
Increasingly silently, like that which breaks
The short laborious quiet of the insane,
Bursts all restraint, and the wild waters, tossed
In fiercest tumult, uncontrollable,
Menace all life within their giant grasp;
Leaping and raging in their frantic glee,
Dashing their spray aloft, as on they rush
In wild confusion to the dreadful steep.
An instant on the verge they seem to pause,
As if, even in their frenzy, such a gulf
Were horrible, then slowly bending down,
Plunge headlong where the never-ceasing roar
Ascends, and the revolving clouds of spray,
Forever during yet forever new.
The sun appears. And, straightway, on the cloud
Which veils the struggles of the fallen wave
In everlasting secrecy, and wafts
Away, like smoke of incense, up to Heaven,
Beams forth the radiant diadem of light,
Brilliant and fixed amid the moving mass;
And beauty comes to deck the glorious scene.
For as the horizontal sunbeams rest
Upon the deep blue summit, or unfold
The varying hues of green, that pass away
Into the white of the descending foam,
So colors of the loveliest rainbow dye
Tinge the bright wave, nor lessen aught its pride,
Now joyous companies of fair and young
Come lightly forth, with voice of social glee,
But, one by one, as they approach the brink,
A change comes over them. The noisy laugh
Is hushed, the step is soft and reverent,
And the light jest is quenched in solemn thought—
Yea, dull must be his brain and cold his heart
To all the sacred influences that spring
From grandeur and from beauty, who can gaze,
For the first time, on the descending flood
Without restraint upon the flippant tongue.
If such the reverence Great Invisible,
Attendant on one of thy lesser works,
What dread must overwhelm us when the eye
Is opened to the glories of thyself,
Who sway'st the moving universe and holdst
The "waters in the hollow of thy hand."

SONNET.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

THERE have been tones of cheer, and voices gay,
And careless laughter ringing lightly by,
And I have listened to wit's mirthful play,
And sought to smile at each light fantasy.
But ah, there was a voice more deep and clear,
That I alone might hear of all the throng,
In softest cadence falling on my ear
Like a sweet undertone amid the song.
And then I longed for this calm hour of night,
That undisturbed by any voice or sound,
My spirit from all meaner objects free
Might soar unchecked in its far upward flight,
And by no cord, no heavy fetter bound,
Scorning all space and distance, hold communion with thee.

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AUNT MABLE'S LOVE STORY.

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

"How heartily sick I am of these love stories!" exclaimed Kate Lee, as she impatiently threw aside the last magazine; "they are all flat, stale, and unprofitable; every one begins with a *soirée* and ends with a wedding. I'm sure there is not one word of truth in any of them."

"Rather a sweeping condemnation to be given by a girl of seventeen," answered Aunt Mabel, looking up with a quiet smile; "when I was your age, Kate, no romance was too extravagant, no incident too improbable for my belief. Every young heart has its love-dream; and you too, my merry Kate, must sooner or later yield to such an influence."

"Why, Aunt Mable, who would have ever dreamed of your advocating love stories! You, so staid, so grave and kindly to all; your affections seem so universally diffused among us, that I never can imagine them to have been monopolized by one. Beside, I thought as you were never—" Kate paused, and Aunt Mabel continued the sentence.

"I never married, you would say, Kate, and thus it follows that I never loved. Well, perhaps not; I may be, as you think, an exception; at least I am not going to trouble you with antiquated love passages, that, like old faded pictures, require a good deal of varnishing to be at all attractive. But, I confess, I like not to hear so young a girl ridiculing what is, despite the sickly sentiment that so often obscures it, the purest and noblest evidence of our higher nature."

"Oh, you don't understand me, Aunt Mable! I laugh at the absurdity of the stories. Look at this, for instance, where a gentleman falls in love with a shadow. Now I see no substantial *foundation* for such an extravagant passion as that. Here is another, who is equally smitten with a pair of French gaiters. Now I don't pretend to be over sensible, but I do not think such things at all natural, or likely to occur; and if they did, I should look upon the parties concerned as little less than simpletons. But a real, true-hearted love story, such as "Edith Pemberton," or Mrs. Hall's "Women's Trials," those I *do* like, and I sympathize so strongly with the heroines that I long to be assured the incidents are true. If I could only hear one *true* love story—something that I knew had really occurred—then it would serve as a kind of text for all the rest. Oh! how I long to hear a real heart-story of actual life!"

Kate grew quite enthusiastic, and Aunt Mable, after pausing a few minutes, while a troubled smile crossed her face, said, "Well, Kate, *I* will tell you a love story of real life, the truth of which I can vouch for, since I knew the parties well. You will believe me, I know, Kate, without requiring actual name and date for every occurrence. There are no extravagant incidents in this "owre true tale," but it is a story of the heart, and such a one, I believe, you want to hear."

Kate's eyes beamed with pleasure, as kissing her aunt's brow, and gratefully ejaculating "dear, kind Aunt Mable!" she drew a low ottoman to her aunt's side, and seated herself with her head on her hand, and her blooming face upturned with an expression of anticipated enjoyment. I wish you could have seen Aunt Mable, as she sat in the soft twilight of that summer evening, smiling fondly on the young, bright girl at her side. You would have loved her, as did every one who came within the sphere of her gentle influence; and yet she did not possess the wondrous charm of lingering loveliness, that, like the fainting perfume of a withered flower, awakens mingled emotions of tenderness and regret. No, Aunt Mabel could never have been beautiful; and yet, as she sat in her quiet, silver-gray silk gown, and kerchief of the sheerest muslin pinned neatly over the bosom, there was an air of graceful, lady-like ease about her, far removed from the primness of old-maidism. Her features were high, and finely cut, you would have called her proud and stern, with a tinge of sarcasm lurking upon the lip, but for her full, dark-gray eyes, so lustrous, so ineffably sweet in their deep, soul-beaming tenderness, that they seemed scarcely to belong to a face so worn and faded; indeed, they did not seem in keeping with the silver-threaded hair so smoothly parted from the low, broad brow, and put away so carefully beneath a small cap, whose delicate lace, and rich, white satin, were the only articles of dress in which Aunt Mabel was a little fastidious. She kept her sewing in her hand as she commenced her story, and stitched away most industriously at first, but gradually as she proceeded the work fell upon her lap, and she seemed to be lost in abstracted recollections, speaking as though impelled by some uncontrollable impulse to recall the events long since passed away.

"Many years since," said Aunt Mable, in a calm, soft tone, without having at all the air of one about telling a story, "many years since, there lived in one of the smaller cities in our state, a lady named Lynn. She was a widow, and eked out a very small income by taking a few families to board. Mrs. Lynn had one only child, a daughter, who was her pride and treasure, the idol of her affections. As a child Jane Lynn was shy and timid, with little of the gayety and thoughtlessness of childhood. She disliked rude plays, and instinctively shrunk from the lively companions of her own age, to seek the society of those much older and graver than herself. Her schoolmates nicknamed her the "little old maid;" and as she grew older the title did not seem inappropriate. At school her superiority of intellect was

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manifest, and when she entered society the timid reserve of her manner was attributed to pride, while her acquaintance thought she considered them her inferiors.

This, however, was far from the truth. Jane felt that she was not popular in society, and it grieved her, yet she strove in vain to assimilate with those around her, to feel and act as they did, and to be like them, admired and loved. But the narrow circle in which she moved was not at all calculated to appreciate or draw forth her talent or character. With a heart filled with all womanly tenderness and gentle sympathies, a mind stored with romance, and full of restless longings for the beautiful and true, possessed of fine tastes that only waited cultivation to ripen into talent, Jane found herself thrown among those who neither understood nor sympathized with her. Her mother idolized her, but Jane felt that had she been far different from what she was, her mother's love had been the same; and though she returned her parent's affection with all the warmth of her nature, there was ever within her heart a restless yearning for something beyond. Immersed in a narrow routine of daily duties, compelled to practice the most rigid economy, and to lend her every thought and moment to the assistance of her mother, Jane had little time for the gratification of those tastes that formed her sole enjoyment. "It is the perpetual recurrence of the little that crushes the romance of life," says Bulwer; and the experience of every day justifies the truth of his remark. Jane felt herself, as year after year crept by, becoming grave and silent. She knew that in her circumstances it was best that the commonplaces of every-day life should be sufficient for her, but she grieved as each day she felt the bright hues of early enthusiasm fading out and giving place to the cold gray tint of reality.

With her pure sense of the beautiful, Jane felt acutely the lack of those personal charms that seem to win a way to every heart. By those who loved her, (and the few who knew her well did love her dearly,) she was called at times beautiful, but a casual observer would never dream of bestowing upon the slight, frail creature who timidly shrunk from notice, any more flattering epithet than "rather a pretty girl," while those who admired only the rosy beauty of physical perfection pronounced her decidedly plain.

Jane Lynn had entered her twenty-second summer when her mother's household was increased by the arrival of a new inmate. Everard Morris was a man of good fortune, gentlemanly, quiet, and a bachelor. Possessed of very tender feelings and ardent temperament, he had seen his thirty-seventh birth-day, and was still free. He had known Jane slightly before his introduction to her home, and he soon evinced a deep and tender interest in her welfare. Her character was a new study for him, and he delighted in calling forth all the latent enthusiasm of her nature. He it was who awakened the slumbering fires of sentiment, and insisted on her cultivating tastes too lovely to be possessed in vain; and when she frankly told him that the refinement of taste created restless yearnings for pursuits to her unattainable, he spoke of a happier future, when her life should be spent amid the employments she loved. Ere many months had elapsed his feelings deepened into passionate tenderness, and he avowed himself a lover. Jane's emotions were mixed and tumultuous as she listened to his fervent expressions; she reproached herself with ingratitude in not returning his love. She felt toward him a grateful affection, for to him she owed all the real happiness her secluded life had known; but he did not realize her ideal, he admired and was proud of her talents, but he did not sympathize with her tastes.

Months sped away and seemed to bring to him an increase of passionate tenderness. Every word and action spoke his deep devotion. Jane could not remain insensible to such affection; the love she had sighed for was hers at last—and it is the happiness of a loving nature to know that it makes the happiness of another. Jane's esteem gradually deepened in tone and character until it became a faithful, trusting love. She felt no fear for the future, because she knew her affection had none of the romance that she had learned to mistrust, even while it enchanted her imagination. She saw failings and peculiarities in her lover, but with true womanly gentleness she forebore with and concealed them. She believed him when he said he would shield and guard her from every ill; and her grateful heart sought innumerable ways to express her appreciating tenderness.

Mrs. Lynn saw what was passing, and was happy, for Mr. Morris had been to her a friend and benefactor. And Jane was happy in the consciousness of being beloved, yet had she much to bear. Her want of beauty was, as I have said, a source of regret to her, and she was made unhappy by finding that Everard Morris was dissatisfied with her appearance. She thought, in the true spirit of romance, that the beloved were always lovely; but Mr. Morris frequently expressed his dissatisfaction that nature had not made her as beautiful as she was good. I will not pause to discuss the delicacy of this and many other observations that caused poor Jane many secret tears, and sometimes roused even her gentle spirit to indignation; but affection always conquered her pride, as her lover still continued to give evidence of devotion.

And thus years passed on, the happy future promised to Jane seemed ever to recede; and slowly the conviction forced itself on her mind that he whom she had trusted so implicitly was selfish and vacillating, generous from impulse, selfish from calculation; but he still seemed to love her, and she clung to him because having been so long accustomed to his devotedness, she shrunk from being again alone. In the mean season Mrs. Lynn's health became impaired, and Jane's duties were more arduous than ever. Morris saw her cheek grow pale, and her step languid under the pressure of mental and bodily fatigue; he knew she suffered, and yet, while he assisted them in many ways, he forbore to make the only proposition that could have secured happiness to her he pretended to love. His conduct preyed

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upon the mind of Jane, for she saw that the novelty of his attachment was over. He had seen her daily for four years, and while she was really essential to his happiness, he imagined because the uncertainty of early passion was past, that his love was waning, and thought it would be unjust to offer her his hand without his whole heart, forgetting the protestations of former days, and regardless of her wasted feelings. This is unnatural and inconsistent you will say, but it is true.

Four years had passed since Everard Morris first became an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's, and Jane had learned to doubt his love. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and she felt that the only way to acquire peace was to crush the affection she had so carefully nourished when she was taught to believe it essential to his happiness. She could not turn to another; like the slender vine that has been tenderly trained about some sturdy plant, and whose tendrils cannot readily clasp another when its first suppport is removed, so her affections still longed for him who first awoke them, and to whom they had clung so long. But she never reproached him; her manner was gentle, but reserved; she neither sought nor avoided him; and he flattered himself that her affection, like his own passionate love, had nearly burnt itself out, yet he had by no means given her entirely up; he would look about awhile, and at some future day, perhaps, might make her his wife.

While affairs were in this state, business called Mr. Morris into a distant city; he corresponded with Jane occasionally, but his letters breathed none of the tenderness of former days; and Jane was glad they did not, for she felt that he had wronged her, and she shrunk from avowals that she could no longer trust.

Everard Morris was gone six months; he returned, bringing with him a very young and beautiful bride. He brought his wife to call on his old friends, Mrs. Lynn and her daughter. Jane received them with composure and gentle politeness. Mrs. Morris was delighted with her kindness and lady-like manners. She declared they should be intimate friends; but when they were gone, and Mrs. Lynn, turning in surprise to her daughter, poured forth a torrent of indignant inquiries. Jane threw herself on her mother's bosom, and with a passionate burst of weeping, besought her never again to mention the past. And it never was alluded to again between them; but both Jane and her mother had to parry the inquiries of their acquaintance, all of whom believed Mr. Morris and Jane were engaged. This was the severest trial of all, but they bore up bravely, and none who looked on the quiet Jane ever dreamed of the bitter ashes of wasted affection that laid heavy on her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris settled near the Lynns, and visited very frequently; the young wife professed an ardent attachment to Jane, and sought her society constantly, while Jane instinctively shrunk more and more within herself. She saw with painful regret that Morris seemed to find his happiness at their fireside rather than his own. He had been captivated by the freshness and beauty of his young wife, who, schooled by a designing mother, had flattered him by her evident preference; he had, to use an old and coarse adage, "married in haste to repent at leisure;" and now that the first novelty of his position had worn off, his feelings returned with renewed warmth to the earlier object of his attachment. Delicacy toward her daughter prevented Mrs. Lynn from treating him with the indignation she felt; and Jane, calm and self-possessed, seemed to have overcome every feeling of the past. The consciousness of right upheld her; she had not given her affection unsought; he had plead for it passionately, earnestly, else had she never lavished the hoarded tenderness of years on one so different from her own ideal; but that tenderness once poured forth, could never more return to her; the fountain of the heart was dried, henceforth she lived but in the past.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris were an ill-assorted couple; she, gay, volatile, possessing little affection for her husband, and, what was in his eyes even worse, no respect for his opinions, which he always considered as infallible. As their family increased, their differences augmented. The badly regulated household of a careless wife and mother was intolerable to the methodical habits of the bachelor husband; and while the wife sought for Jane to condole with her—though she neglected her advice—the husband found his greatest enjoyment at his old bachelor home, and once so far forgot himself as to express to Jane his regret at the step he had taken, and declared he deserved his punishment. Jane made no reply, but ever after avoided all opportunity for such expressions.

In the meantime Mrs. Lynn's health declined, and they retired to a smaller dwelling, where Jane devoted herself to her mother, and increased their small income by the arduous duties of daily governess. Her cheek paled, and her eye grew dim beneath the complicated trials of her situation; and there were moments when visions of the bright future once promised rose up as if in mockery of the dreary present; hope is the parent of disappointment, and the vista of happiness once opened to her view made the succeeding gloom still deeper. But she did not repine; upheld by her devotedness to her mother, she guarded her tenderly until her death, which occurred five years after the marriage of Mr. Morris.

It is needless to detail the circumstances which ended at length in a separation between Mr. Morris and his wife—the latter returned to her home, and the former went abroad, having placed his children at school, and besought Jane to watch over them. Eighteen months subsequent to the death of Mrs. Lynn, a distant and unknown relative died, bequeathing a handsome property to Mrs. Lynn, or her descendants. This event relieved Jane from the necessity of toil, but it came too late to minister to her happiness in the degree that once it might have done. She was care-worn and spirit-broken; the every-day trials of her life had cooled her enthusiasm and blunted her keen enjoyment of the beautiful she

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had bent her mind to the minor duties that formed her routine of existence, until it could no longer soar toward the elevation it once desired to reach.

Three years from his departure Everard Morris returned home to die. And now he became fully conscious of the wrong he had done to her he once professed to love. His mind seemed to have expanded beneath the influence of travel, he was no longer the mere man of business with no real taste for the beautiful save in the physical development of animal life. He had thought of all the past, and the knowledge of what was, and might have been, filled his soul with bitterness. He died, and in a long and earnest appeal for forgiveness he besought Jane to be the guardian of his children—his wife he never named. In three months after Mrs. Morris married again, and went to the West, without a word of inquiry or affection to her children.

Need I say how willingly Jane Lynn accepted the charge bequeathed to her, and how she was at last blessed in the love of those who from infancy had regarded her as a more than mother."

There was a slight tremulousness in Aunt Mabel's voice as she paused, and Kate, looking up with her eyes filled with tears, threw herself upon her aunt's bosom, exclaiming,

"Dearest, best Aunt Mabel, you are loved truly, fondly by us all! Ah, I knew you were telling your own story, and—" but Aunt Mabel gently placed her hand upon the young girl's lips, and while she pressed a kiss upon her brow, said, in her usual calm, soft tone,

"It is a true story, my love, be the actors who they may; there is no exaggerated incident in it to invest it with peculiar interest; but I want you to know that the subtle influences of affection are ever busy about us; and however tame and commonplace the routine of life may be, yet believe, Kate," added Aunt Mabel, with a saddened smile, "each heart has its mystery, and who may reveal it."

TO ERATO.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Henceforth let Grief forget her pain,
And Melancholy cease to sigh;
And Hope no longer gaze in vain
With weary, longing eye,
Since Love, dear Love, hath made again
A summer in this winter sky—
Oh, may the flowers he brings to-day
In beauty bloom, not pass away.

Sweet one, fond heart, thine eyes are bright,
And full of stars as is the heaven,
Pure pleiads of the soul, whose light
From deepest founts of Truth is given—
Oh let them shine upon my night,
And though my life be tempest-driven,
The leaping billows of its sea
Shall clasp a thousand forms of thee.

Thy soul in trembling tones conveyed
Melts like the morning song of birds,
Or like a mellow paëan played
By angels on celestial chords;—
And oh, thy lips were only made
For dropping love's delicious words:—
Then pour thy spirit into mine
Until my soul be drowned with thine.

The pilgrim of the desert plain
Not more desires the spring denied,
Not more the vexed and midnight main
Calls for the mistress of its tide,
Not more the burning earth for rain,
Than I for thee, my own *soul's* bride—
Then pour, oh pour upon my heart
The love that never shall depart!

THE LABORER'S COMPANIONS.

BY GEORGE B. BURLEIGH.

While pleasant care my yielding soil receives,
Other delights the open soul may find;
On the high bough the daring hang-bird weaves
Her cunning cradle, rocking in the wind;
The arrowy swallow builds, beneath the eves,
Her clay-walled grotto, with soft feathers lined;
The dull-red robin, under sheltering leaves,
Her bowl-like nest to sturdy limbs doth bind;
And many songsters, worth a name in song,
Plain, homely birds my boy-love sanctified,
On hedge and tree and grassy bog, prolong
Sweet loves and cares, in carols sweetly plied;
In such dear strains their simple natures gush
That through my heart at once all tear-blest memories rush

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THE ENCHANTED KNIGHT.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

In the solemn night, when the soul receives
The dreams it has sighed for long,
I mused o'er the charmed, romantic leaves
Of a book of German Song.

From stately towers, I saw the lords
Ride out to the feudal fray;
I heard the ring of meeting swords
And the Minnesinger's lay!

And, gliding ghost-like through my dream,
Went the Erl-king, with a moan,
Where the wizard willow o'erhung the stream,
And the spectral moonlight shone.

I followed the hero's path, who rode
In harness and helmet bright,
Through a wood where hostile elves abode,
In the glimmering noon of night!

Banner and bugle's call had died
Amid the shadows far,
And a misty stream, from the mountain-side,
Dropped like a silver star.

Thirsting and flushed, from the steed he leapt
And quaffed from his helm unbound;
Then a mystic trance o'er his spirit crept,
And he sank to the elfin ground.

He slept in the ceaseless midnight cold,
By the faery spell possessed,
His head sunk down, and his gray beard rolled
On the rust of his armèd breast!

When a mighty storm-wind smote the trees,
And the thunder crashing fell,
He raised the sword from its mould'ring ease
And strove to burst the spell.

And thus may the fiery soul, that rides
Like a knight, to the field of foes,
Drink of the chill world's tempting tides
And sink to a charmed repose.

The warmth of the generous heart of youth
Will die in the frozen breast—
The look of Love and the voice of Truth
Be charmed to a palsied rest!

In vain will the thunder a moment burst
The chill of that torpor's breath;
The slumbering soul shall be wakened first
By the Disenchanter, Death!

KORNER'S SISTER.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Close beside the grave of the Soldier-Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, only surviving him long enough to sketch his portrait and burial-place. Her last wish was to be laid near him.

Lovely and gentle girl!
In the spring morning of thy beauty dying—
Dust on each sunny curl,
And on thy brow the grave's deep shadows lying.

Thine is a lowly bed,
But the green oak, whose spreading bough hangs o'er thee,
Shelters the brother's head,
Who went unto his rest a little while before thee.

A perfect love was thine,
Sweet sister! thou hadst made no other
Idol for thy soul's shrine
Save him—thy friend and guide, and only brother.

And not for Lyre and Sword—
His proud resplendant gifts of fame and glory—
Oh! not for *these* adored
Was he, whose praise thou readst in song and story.

But 'twas his presence threw,
O'er all thy life, a deep delight and blessing;
And with thy growth it grew,
Strengthening each thought of thy young heart's possessing.

Amid each dear home-scene
That thou and he from childhood trod together,
Thou hadst his arm to lean
Upon, through every change of dark or sunny weather.

And when he passed from Earth,
The rose from thy soft cheek and bright lip faded;
Gloom was on hall and hearth—
A deep voice in thy soul, by sorrow over-shaded.

Joy had gone forth with *him*;
The green Earth lost its spell, and the blue Heaven
Unto thine eye grew dim;
And thou didst pray for Death, as for a rich boon given!

It came!—and joy to know,
That from *his* resting-place *thine* none would sever,
And blessing God didst go,
Where in his presence thou shouldst dwell forever.

Thou didst but stay to trace
The imaged likeness of the dear departed;
To sketch his burial-place—
Then die, O, sister! fond and faithful hearted.

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THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER HUMBUGGED.

BY A LISTENER.

It was a standing boast with Mr. Wiseacre that he had never been humbugged in his life. He took the newspapers and read them regularly, and thus got an inkling of the new and strange things that were ever transpiring, or said to be transpiring, in the world. But to all he cried "humbug!" "imposture!" "delusion!" If any one were so bold as to affirm in his presence a belief in the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, for instance, he would laugh outright; then expend upon it all sorts of ridicule, or say that the whole thing was a scandalous trick; and by way of a finale, wind off thus—

"You never humbug me with these new things. Never catch me in gull-traps. I've seen the rise and fall of too many wonders in my time—am too old a bird to be caught with this kind of chaff."

As for Homeopathy, it was treated in a like summary manner. All was humbug and imposture from beginning to end. If you said—

"But, my dear sir, let me relate what I have myself seen—"

He would interrupt you with—

"Oh! as to seeing, you may see any thing, and yet see nothing after all. I've seen the wonders of this new medical science over and over again. There are many extraordinary cures made *in imagination*. Put a grain of calomel in the Delaware Bay, and salivate a man with a drop of the water! Is not it ridiculous? Does n't it bear upon the face of it the stamp of absurdity. It 's all humbug, sir! All humbug from beginning to end. I know! I've looked into it. I've measured the new wonder, and know its full dimensions—it 's name is 'humbug.'"

You reply.

"Men of great force of mind, and large medical knowledge and experience, see differently. In the law, *similia similibus curantur*, they perceive more than a mere figment of the imagination, and in the actual results, too well authenticated for dispute, evidence of a mathematical correctness in medical science never before attained, and scarcely hoped for by its most ardent devotees."

But he cries,

"Humbug! Humbug! All humbug! I know. I've looked at it. I understand its worth, and that is—just nothing at all. Talk to me of any thing else and I'll listen to you—but, for mercy's sake, do n't expect me to swallow at a gulp any thing of this sort, for I can't do it. I 'd rather believe in Animal Magnetism. Why, I saw one of these new lights in medicine, who was called in to a child in the croup, actually put two or three little white pellets upon its tongue, no larger than a pin's head, and go away with as much coolness as if he were not leaving the poor little sufferer to certain death. 'For Heaven's sake!' said I, to the parents, 'aint you going to have any thing done for that child?' 'The doctor has just given it medicine,' they replied. 'He has done all that is required.' I was so out of patience with them for being such consummate fools, that I put my hat on and walked out of the house without saying a word."

"Did the child die?" you ask.

"It happened by the merest chance to escape death. Its constitution was too strong for the grim destroyer."

"Was nothing else done?" you ask. "No medicines given but homeopathic powders?"

"No. They persevered to the last."

"The child was well in two or three days I suppose?" you remark.

"Yes," he replies, a little coldly.

"Children are not apt to recover from an attack of croup without medicine." He forgets himself and answers—

"But I do n't believe it was a real case of croup. It could n't have been!"

And so Mr. Wiseacre treats almost every thing that makes its appearance. Not because he understands all about it, but because he knows nothing about it. It is his very ignorance of a matter that makes him dogmatic. He knows nothing of the distinction between truth and the appearances of truth. So fond is he of talking and showing off his superior intelligence and acumen, that he is never a listener in any company, unless by a kind of compulsion, and then he rarely hears any thing in the eagerness he feels to get in his word. Usually he keeps sensible men silent in hopeless astonishment at the very boldness of his ignorance.

But Mr. Wiseacre was caught napping once in his life, and that completely. He was entrapped; not taken in open day, with a fair field before him. And it would be easy to entrap him at almost any time, and with almost any humbug, if the game were worth the trouble; for, in the light of his own mind, he cannot see far. His mental vision is not particularly clear; else he would not so often cry "humbug," when wiser men stopped to examine and reflect.

A quiet, thoughtful-looking man once brought to Mr. Wiseacre a letter of introduction. His name was Redding. The letter mentioned that he was the discoverer of a wonderful mechanical power, for which he was about taking out letters patent. What it was, the introductory epistle did not say, nor did Redding communicate any thing relative to the nature of the discovery, although asked to do so. There was something about this man that interested

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Wiseacre. He bore the marks of a superior intellect, and his manners commanded respect. As Wiseacre showed him particular attention, he frequently called in to see him at his store, and sometimes spent an evening with him at his dwelling. The more Wiseacre saw of him, and the more he heard him converse, the higher did he rise in his opinion. At length Redding, in a moment of confidence, imparted his secret. He had discovered perpetual motion! This announcement was made after a long and learned disquisition on mechanical laws, in which the balancing of and the reproduction of forces, and all that, was opened to the wondering ears of Wiseacre, who, although he pretended to comprehend every thing clearly, saw it all only in a very confused light. He knew, in fact, nothing whatever of mechanical forces. All here was, to him, an untrodden field. His confidence in Redding, and his consciousness that he was a man of great intellectual power, took away all doubt as to the correctness of what he stated. For once he was sure that a great discovery had been made—that a new truth had dawned upon the world. Of this he was more than ever satisfied when he was shown the machine itself, in motion, with its wonderful combinations of mechanical forces, and heard Redding explain the principle of its action.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" was now exchanged for "Humbug! humbug!" If any body had told him that some one had discovered perpetual motion, he would have laughed at him, and cried "humbug!" You could n't have hired him even to look at it. But his natural incredulity had been gained over by a different process. His confidence had first been won by a specious exterior, his reason captivated by statements and arguments that seemed like truth, and his senses deceived by appearances. Not that there was any design to deceive him in particular—he only happened to be the first included in a large number whose credulity was to be taxed pretty extensively."

"You will exhibit it, of course?" he said to Redding, after he had been admitted to a sight of the extraordinary machine.

"This is too insignificant an affair," replied Redding. "It will not impress the public mind strongly enough. It will not give them a truly adequate idea of the force attainable by this new motive power. No—I shall not let the public fully into my secret yet. I expect to reap from it the largest fortune ever made by any man in this country, and I shall not run any risks in the outset by a false move. The results that must follow its right presentation to the public cannot be calculated. It will entirely supercede steam and water power in mills, boats, and on railroads, because it will be cheaper by half. But I need not tell you this, for you have the sagacity to comprehend it all yourself. You have seen the machine in operation, and you fully understand the principle upon which it acts."

"How long will it take you to construct such a machine as you think is required?" asked Wiseacre.

"It could be done in six months if I had the means. But, like all other great inventors, I am poor. If I could associate with me some man of capital, I would willingly share with him the profits of my discovery, which will be, in the end, immense."

"How much money will you need?" asked Wiseacre, already beginning to burn with a desire for a part of the immense returns.

"Two or three thousand dollars. If I could find any one willing to invest that moderate sum of money now, I would guarantee to return him four fold in less than two years, and insure him a hundred thousand dollars in ten years. But men who have money generally think a bird in the hand worth ten in the bush; and with them, almost every thing not actually in possession is looked upon as in the bush."

Mr. Wiseacre sat thoughtful for some moments. Then he asked,

"How much must you have immediately?"

"About five hundred dollars, and at least five hundred dollars a month until the model is completed."

"Perhaps I might do it,' said Wiseacre, after another thoughtful pause.

"I should be most happy if you could," quickly responded Redding. "There is no man with whom I had rather share the benefits of this great discovery than yourself. Whosoever goes into it with me is sure to make an immense fortune.",

Wiseacre no longer hesitated. The five hundred dollars were advanced, and the new model commenced. As to its progress, and the exact amount it cost in construction, he was not accurately advised, but one thing he knew—he had to draw five hundred dollars out of his business every month; and this he found not always the most convenient operation in the world.

At length the model was completed. When shown to Wiseacre, it did not seem to be upon the grand scale he had expected; nor did it, to his eyes, look as if its construction had cost two or three thousand dollars. But Mr. Redding was such a fair man, that no serious doubts had a chance to array themselves against him.

Two or three scientific gentlemen were first admitted to a view of the machine. They examined it; heard Redding explained the principle upon which it acted, and were shown the beautiful manner in which the reproduction of forces was obtained. Some shrugged their shoulders; some said they would n't believe their own eyes in regard to perpetual motion—that the thing was a physical impossibility; while others half doubted and half believed. With all these skeptics and half-skeptics Wiseacre was out of all patience. Seeing, he said, was believing; and he would n't give a fig for a man who could n't rely upon the evidence of his own senses.

At length Redding's great achievement in mechanics was announced to the public, and his model opened for exhibition. Free tickets were sent to editors, and liberal advertisements inserted in their papers. The gentlemen of the press examined the machine, and pretty generally pronounced it a very singular affair certainly, and, as far as they could

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judge, all that it pretended to be. Gradually that portion of the public interested in such matters, awoke from the indifference felt on the first announcement of the discovery, and began to look at and enter into warm discussions about the machine. Some believed, but the majority either doubted or denied that it was perpetual motion. A few boldly affirmed that there was some trick, and that it would be discovered in the end.

Toward the lukewarm, the doubting, and the denying, Wiseacre was in direct antagonism. He had no sort of patience with them. At all times, and in all places, he boldly took the affirmative in regard to the discovery of perpetual motion, and showed no quarter to any one who was bold enough to doubt.

Among those who could not believe the evidence of his own senses, was an eminent natural philosopher, who visited the machine almost every day, and as often conversed with Redding about the new principle in mechanics which he had discovered and applied. The theory was specious, and yet opposed to it was the unalterable, ever-potent force of gravitation, which he saw must overcome all so called self-existant motion. The more he thought about it, and the oftener he looked at and examined Redding's machine, and talked with the inventor, the more confused did his mind become. At length, after obtaining the most accurate information in regard to the construction of the machine, he set to work and made one precisely like it; but it would n't go. Satisfied, now, that there was imposture, he resolved to ferret it out. There was some force beyond the machine he was convinced. Communicating his suspicions to a couple of friends, he was readily joined by them in a proposed effort to find out the true secret of the motion imparted to the machine. He had noticed that Redding had another room adjoining the one in which the model was exhibited, and that upon the door was written "No admittance." Into this he determined to penetrate—and he put this determination into practice, accompanied by two friends, on the first favorable opportunity. Fortunately, it happened that the door leading to this room was without the door of the one leading into the exhibition-room. While Redding was engaged in showing the machine to a pretty large company, including Wiseacre, who spent a good deal of time there, the explorers withdrew, and finding the key in the door, entered quietly the adjoining room, which they took care to fasten on the inside. The only suspicious object here was a large closet. This was locked; but as the intention had been to make a pretty thorough search, a short, strong, steel crow-bar was soon produced from beneath a cloak, and the door in due time made to yield. Wonderful discovery! There sat a man with a little table by his side, upon which was a dim lamp, a plate of bread and cheese, and a mug of beer. He was engaged in turning a wheel!

The machine stopped instantly and would not go on, much to the perplexity and alarm of the inventor. Wiseacre was deeply disturbed. In the midst of the murmur of surprise and disapprobation that followed, a man suddenly entered the room, and cried out in a low voice,

"It's all humbug! We've discovered the cause of the motion! Come and see!"

All rushed out after the man, and entered the room over the door of which was written so conspicuously "No admittance." No, not all—Redding passed on down stairs, and was never again heard of!

The scene that followed we need not describe. The poor laborer at the wheel, for a dollar a day, had like to have been broken on his wheel, but the crowd in mercy spared him. As for poor Wiseacre, who had never been humbugged in his life, he was so completely "used up" by this undreamed of result, that he could hardly look any body in the face for two or three months. But he got over it some time since, and is now a more thorough disbeliever in all new things than before.

"You don't humbug me!" is his stereotyped answer to all announcements of new discoveries. Even in regard to the magnetic telegraph he is still quite skeptical, and shrugs his shoulders, and elevates his eyebrows, as much as to say, "It 'll blow up one of these times, mark my word for it." Nobody has yet been able to persuade him to go to the Exchange and look at the operation of the batteries there and see for himself. He doesn't really believe in the thing, and smiles inwardly, as the rough poles and naked wires stare him in the face while passing along the street. He looks confidently to see them converted into poles for scaffolding before twelve months pass away.

THE SISTERS.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Nay, look not forth with those deep earnest eyes
To catch the gleaming of your lovers' plumes;
A dearer, surer, trustier passion lies
In sisters' hearts than lovers' cheeks illumes.
Man worships and forsakes; and as he flies
From flower to flower their beauty he consumes,
Then leaves the wasted heart and faded flower
To die forgotten in their sunless bower.

But sisters' love, like angels' sympathies,
Is as the breath of Heaven and cannot change.
No earthly shudder taints its sinless kiss.
No sorrow can your loving hearts estrange;
No selfish pride destroy the priceless bliss
Of loving and confiding. Oh exchange
Not love like this, so heavenly and so true,
For all the vows that lovers' lips e'er knew.

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BRUTUS IN HIS TENT.

BY WM. M. C. HOSMER.

How ill this taper burns!—hah! who comes here? SHAKSPEARE.

On wall-girt Sardis weary day hath shed
The golden blaze of his expiring beam;
And rings her paven walks beneath the tread
Of guards that near the hour of battle deem—
Whose brazen helmets in the starlight gleam;
From tented lines no murmur loud descends,
For martial thousands of the battle dream
On which the fate of bleeding Rome depends
When blushing dawn awakes and night's dark curtain rends.

Though hushed War's couchant tigers in their lair
The tranquil time to *one* brings not repose—
A voice was whispering to his soul—"Despair!
The gods will give the triumph to thy foes."
Can sleep, with leaden hand, our eyelids close
When throng distempered fancies, and depart,
And thought a shadow on the future throws?
When shapes unearthly into being start,
And, like a snake, Remorse uncoils within the heart?

At midnight deep when bards avow that tombs
Are by their cold inhabitants forsaken,
The Roman chief his wasted lamp relumes,
And calmly reads by mortal woe unshaken:
His iron frame of rest had not partaken,
And doubt—dark enemy of slumber—fills
A breast where fear no trembling chord could waken,
And on his ear an awful voice yet thrills
That rose, when Cæsar fell, from Rome's old Seven Hills.

A sound—"that earth owns not"—he hears, and starts,
And grasps the handle of his weapon tried;
Then, while the rustling tent-cloth slowly parts,
A figure enters and stands by his side:
There was an air of majesty and pride
In the bold bearing of that spectre pale—
The crimson on its robe was still undried,
And dagger wounds, that tell a bloody tale
Beyond the power of words, the opening folds unveil.

With fearful meaning towers the phantom grim,
On Brutus fixing its cold, beamless eye;
The face, though that of Julius, seems to him
Formed from the moonlight of a misty sky:
The birds of night, affrighted, flutter by,
And a wild sound upon the shuddering air
Creeps as if earth were breathing out a sigh,
And the fast-waning lamp, as if aware
Some awful shade was nigh, emits a ghostly glare.

Stern Brutus quails not, though his wo-worn cheeks
Blanch with emotion, and in tone full loud
Thus to the ghastly apparition speaks—
"Why stand before me in that gory shroud,
Unwelcome guest! thy purpose unavowed;
Art thou the shaping of my wildered brain?"
The spectre answered, with a gesture proud,
In hollow accents—"We will meet again
When the best blood of Rome smokes on Philippi's plain."

TO VIOLET.

BY JEROME A. MABY.

YEARS—eventful years have passed
Sweet sister! since I met thy smile;
I 'm thinking now what change they 've cast
Upon your form and mine the while;
Thy girlhood's days with them are flown—
A calmer light must fill thine eye;
Thy voice have now an added tone;
Thy tresses fall more dark and free.
Yet, in my dreams of thee and home,
A slight, pale girl I ever see,
Whose smiles to her mild lip do come,
Like stars in heaven—tremblingly!
For with thy young heart's lovingness
There aye seemed blent a troubled fear,
As if it knew *all* tenderness
Must see its worship perish here!
And oh, the prayers I poured to Heaven,
That time prove not to *thee* how golden links are riven!

And I—oh, sister! *I* am changed—
You scarce would know the dreaming boy;
For all too far his steps have ranged
Through wildering ways of Strife and Joy.
Oh! falcon-eyed Ambition's schemes—
The thrill that comes on mounting wings—
Have left no love for quiet dreams,
And learned contempt for tamer things!
And Pleasure to my youthful cheek
So many a hot, wild flush has won,
That to her foils I 've grown too weak—
Some nerve must still be passion-spun!
And if 'mid scenes all bravery—glow—
The night has found me proud and blest,
Stern, mournful things—that make life's wo—
Have struck sad music from my breast!
And when at times Thought leaves me calm,
And boyhood's memories float by,
Then well I know how changed I am—
And a strange weakness dims my eye!
Oh! sister, on this heart of mine
Weight—stain—have come, since last I met that smile of thine!

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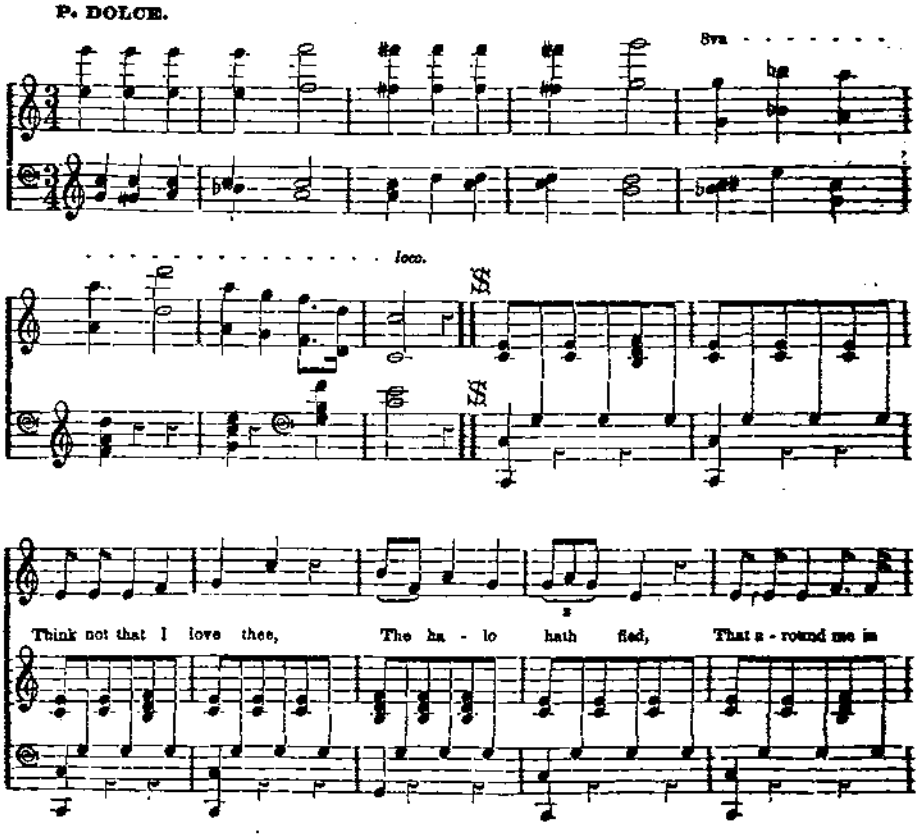
"THINK NOT THAT I LOVE THEE."

A BALLAD.
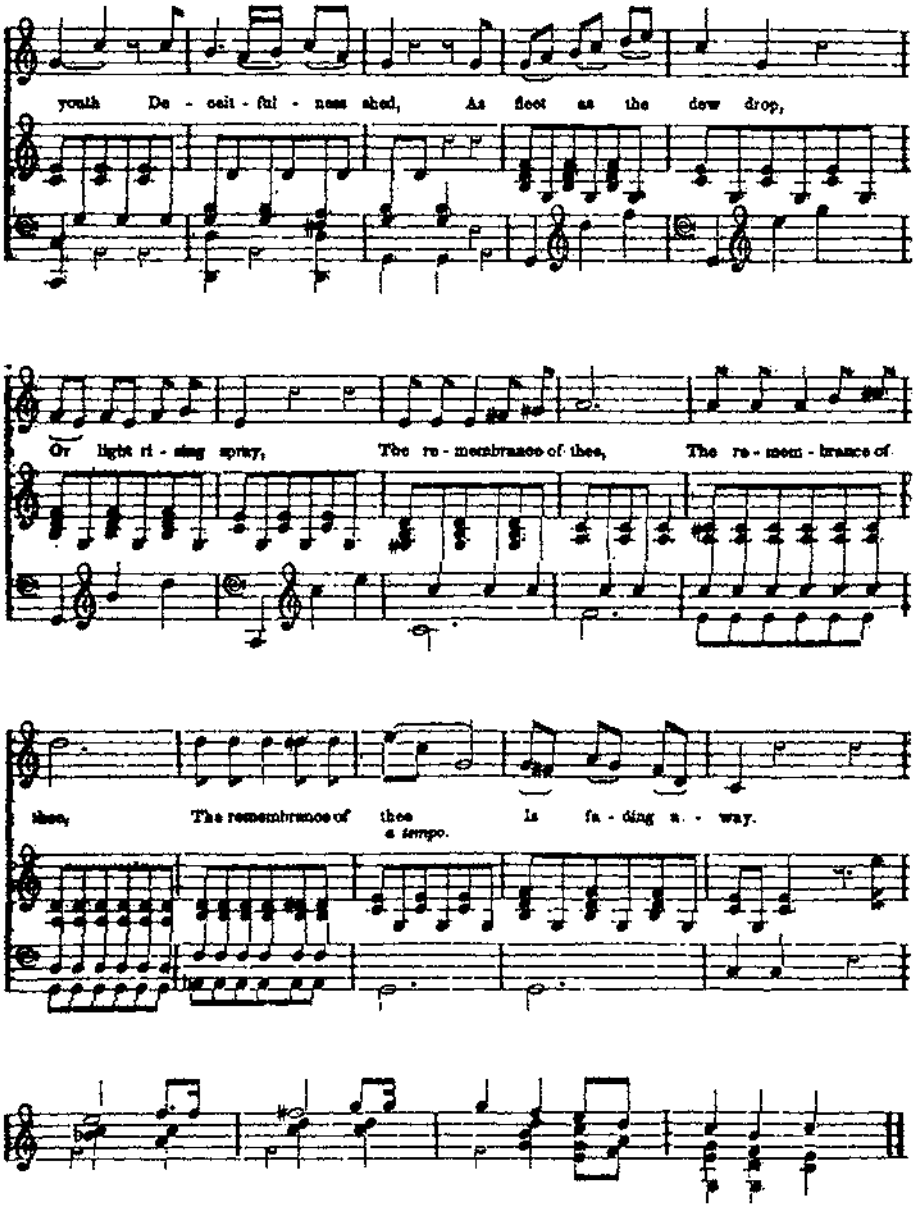
MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY

J. L. MILNER,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND, J. G. OSBOURN, ESQ.



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SECOND VERSE.

Think not that I love thee,
Alluring coquette,
The vows you have broken
I too can forget;
The love that I gave thee,
Thou ne'er could'st repay.
‖: So affection for thee :‖
Has passed away.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Oliver Cromwell. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This volume is elegantly printed, and contains the most characteristic portrait of Cromwell we have seen. In regard to thought and composition it is Mr. Headley's best book. Without being deficient in the energy and pictorial power which have given such popularity to his other productions, it indicates an advance in respect to artistic arrangement of matter and correctness of composition. It is needless to say that the author has not elaborated it into a finished work, or done full justice to his talents in its general treatment. We do not agree with Mr. Headley in his notion of Cromwell, and think that his marked prepossession for his hero has unconsciously led him to alter the natural relations of the facts and principles with which he deals; but still we feel bound to give him credit for an extensive study of his subject, and for bringing together numerous interesting details which can be found in no other single biography of Cromwell. Among his authorities and guides we are sorry to see that he has not included Hallam. The portion of the latter's Constitutional History of England devoted to the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, deserves, at least, the respectful attention of every writer on those subjects. Indeed we think Hallam so much an authority that a deviation from him on a question of fact or principle should be accompanied by arguments contesting his statements. Of all the historians of the period we conceive him to be almost the only one who loses the partisan in the judge. The questions mooted in the controversy between Charles and his Parliament are still hotly contested, and are so calculated to inflame the passions, that almost every historian of the time turns advocate. Mr. Headley's passionate sensibility should have been a little cooled by "fraternizing" with Mr. Hallam's judicial understanding.

The leading merit of Mr. Headley's volume is his description of Cromwell's battles; Marston Moor, Preston, Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester, are not mere names, suggesting certain mechanical military movements to the reader of the present book. The smoke and dust and blood and carnage of war—the passions it excites, and the heroism it prompts, are all brought right before the eye. Many historians have attempted to convey in general terms a notion of the kind of men that Cromwell brought into battle, but it is in Mr. Headley's volume that we really obtain a distinct conception of the renowned Ironsides. He has just enough sympathy with the soldier and the Puritan to reproduce in imagination the religious passions which animated that band of "braves." As a considerable portion of Cromwell's life relates to his military character, Mr. Headley has a wide field for the exercise of his singular power of painting battle-pieces.

As the present biography, of all the lives of Cromwell with which we are acquainted, is calculated to be the most popular, we regret that the author has not taken a juster view of Cromwell's character and actions. It is important in a republican country, that the popular mind should have just notions of constitutional liberty, and every attempt to convert such despots as Napoleon and Cromwell into champions of freedom, will, in proportion to its success, prepare the way for a brood of such men in our own country. In regard to Mr. Headley, we think that his sympathy with Cromwell's great powers as a warrior and ruler has vitiated his view of many transactions vitally connected with the principles of freedom. Compared with Carlyle, however, he may be almost considered impartial. He is frank and fearless in presenting his opinions, and does not confuse the mind by mixing up statements of fact with any of the transcendental Scotchman's sentimentality.

The English Revolution of 1640 began in a defense of legal privileges and ended in a military despotism. It commenced in withstanding attacks on civil and religious rights and ended in the dominion of a sect. The point, therefore, where the lover of freedom should cease to sympathize with it is plain. It is useless for the republican to say that every revolution of the kind must necessarily take a similar course, for that is not an argument for Cromwell's usurpation, but an argument against the expediency of opposing attacks by a king, on the rights and privileges of the people. The truth is that the English Revolution was at first a popular movement, having a clear majority of the property, intelligence and numbers of the people on its side. The king, in breaking the fundamental laws of the kingdom, made war on the community, and was to be resisted just as much as if he were king of France or Spain, and had invaded the country. It is easy to trace the progress of this resistance, until by the action of religious bigotry and other inflaming passions, the powers of the opposition became concentrated in the hands of a body of military fanatics, commanded by an imperious soldier, and representing a small minority even of the Puritans. The king, a weak and vacillating man, made an attempt at arbitrary power, was resisted, and after years of civil war, ended his days on the scaffold; Cromwell, without any of those palliations which charity might urge in extenuation of the king, on the ground of the prejudices of his station, took advantage of the weakness of the country, after it had been torn by civil war, usurped supreme power, and became the most arbitrary monarch England had seen since William the Conqueror. No one doubts his genius, and it seems strange that any one should doubt his despotic character.

The truth is that Cromwell's natural character, even on the hypothesis of his sincerity, was arbitrary, and the very opposite of what we look for in the character of a champion of freedom. It seems to us supremely ridiculous to talk of such a man as being capable of having his conduct determined by a parliament or a council. He pretended to look to God, not to human laws or fallible men, for the direction of his actions. In the name of the Deity he charged at the head of his Ironsides. In the name of the Deity he massacred the Irish garrisons. In the name of the Deity he sent dragoons to overturn parliaments. He believed neither in the sovereignty of the people, nor the sovereignty of the laws, and it made little difference whether his opponent was Charles I. or Sir Harry Vane, provided he were an opponent. In regard to the inmost essence of tyranny, that of exalting the individual will over every thing else, and of meeting opposition and obstacles by pure force, Charles I. was a weakling in comparison with Cromwell. Now if, in respect to human governments, democracy and republicanism consist in allowing any great and strong man to assume the supreme power, on his simple assertion that he has a commission from Heaven so to do; if constitutional liberty is a government of will

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instead of a government of laws, then the partisans of Cromwell are justified in their eulogies. It appears to us that the only ground on which the Protector's tyranny is more endurable than the king's, consists in the fact that from its nature it could not be permanent, and could not establish itself into the dignity of a precedent. It was a power depending neither on the assent of the people, nor on laws and institutions, but simply on the character of one man. As far as it went, it did no good in any way to the cause of freedom, for to Cromwell's government, and to the fanaticism which preceded it, we owe the reaction of Charles the Second's reign, when licentiousness in manners, and servility in politics succeeded in making virtue and freedom synonymous with hypocrisy and cant.

In regard to Cromwell's massacres in Ireland, which even Mr. Headley denounces as uncivilized, a great deal of nonsense has been written by Carlyle. The fact is that Cromwell, in these matters, acted as Cortez did in Mexico, and Pizarro in Peru, and deserves no more charity. If he performed them from policy, as Carlyle intimates, he must be considered a disciple of Machiavelli and the Devil; if he performed them from religious bigotry, he may rank with St. Dominic and Charles the Ninth. We are sick of hearing brutality and wickedness, either in Puritan or Catholic, extenuated on the ground of bigotry. This bigotry which prompts inhuman deeds, is not an excuse for sin, but the greatest of spiritual sins. It indicates a condition of mind in which the individual deifies his malignant passions.

We are sorry that Mr. Headley has written his biography with such a marked leaning to Cromwell. We believe that a large majority of readers will obtain their notions of the Protector from his pages, and that they will be no better republicans thereby. The very brilliancy and ability of his work will only make it more influential upon the popular mind.

1.

A Supplement to the Plays of William Shakspeare. Comprising Seven Dramas which have been ascribed to his Pen but are not included with his Writings in Modern Editions. Edited, with Notes, and an Introduction to each Play, by William Gilmore Simms. New York: Geo. F. Coolidge & Brother. 1 vol. 8vo.

The public are under obligations to Mr. Simms, not only for reprinting a series of dramas which are objects of curiosity from their connection with the name of Shakspeare, but for the elegant and ingenious introductions he has furnished from his own pen. With regard to the question whether Shakspeare did or did not write these plays, our opinion has ever inclined to the negative, and a careful perusal of Mr. Simms's views has rather confirmed than shaken our impression. The internal evidence, with the exception of passages in the Two Noble Kinsmen, is strongly against the hypothesis of Shakspeare's authorship, and the external evidence appears to us unsatisfactory. Mr Simms's idea is that they were the productions of Shakspeare's youth and apprenticeship, and on this supposition he accounts for their obvious inferiority to the acknowledged plays. Now it seems to us that the juvenile efforts of the world's master-mind would give some evidence of his powers, however imperfect might be the form of their expression; and especially that they would not resemble the matured products of contemporary mediocrity. Of the plays in the present volume, the only one which has the character of youthful genius is the tragedy of Locrine, and this is the youth of Marlowe rather than of Shakspeare. The London Prodigal and the Puritan, Lord Cromwell and Sir John Oldcastle, have no trace of youthful fire or even rant. They are the offspring of sober, contented, irreclaimable, unimprovable mediocrity, with a decided tendency to the stupid rather than the sublime. They were probably the journey-work of some of the legion playwrights connected with the London theatres, and cannot be compared with the dramas of Jonson, Decker, Middleton, Fletcher, Marston, Tourneur, Massinger and Ford. They lack the vitality, the *vim*, which burns and blazes even in the works of the second class dramatists of the time. The Yorkshire Tragedy bears the stamp of Middleton rather than Shakspeare. With regard to the Two Noble Kinsmen, perhaps the greatest play included in the collection of Beaumont and Fletcher, we think that the Shakesperian passages might have been imitations of Shakspeare's manner, and we have a sufficiently high opinion of Fletcher's genius to suppose that this imitation was not beyond his powers. The general character of the play shows that Shakspeare, at any rate, merely contributed to it. It is conceived and developed in the hot and hectic style of Fletcher, and abounds in his strained heroics and gratuitous obscenities. The Jailor's Daughter, a coarse caricature of Ophelia, is one of the greatest crimes against the sacredness of misery which a poet ever perpetrated.

Schlegel said of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sir John Oldcastle, and A Yorkshire Tragedy, that they were not only Shakspeare's, but in his opinion deserved to be classed among his best and maturest works. This is the most ridiculous judgment which a great critic ever made, and coming as it does, after the author's profound view of Shakspeare's genius, is as singular as it is ridiculous.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

Lamartine is a man of fine genius and great courage, but both as an author and politician is a sentimentalist. His characteristic mental quality, that of seeing all external objects through a luminous mist exhaling from his heart and imagination, is as prominent in the present volume of travels as in his political speeches and state papers. He sees nothing in clear, white light; every thing through a personal medium. To use a distinction of an ingenious analyst, he tells you rather of the beauty and truth of his feelings than the beauty and truth he feels; and accordingly his sentimentality is closely allied to vanity. This absence of clear perception is not the result of his being a poet, but of his being a poet of the second class. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, even Milton, would not fail in politics from a similar lack of seeing things as they are. We believe that Homer and Shakspeare might have made better statesmen than Pericles and Bacon. The great poet fails in practical life not from seeing things through a distorting medium, but from viewing them in relation to an ideal standard. This was the case with Milton. Now Lamartine is in the habit of *Lamartinizing* the whole world in his writings. The mirror he holds up to life and nature simply reflects himself. He cannot pass beyond his own individuality—he has no objective insight.

We will guarantee that every reader of the present volumes will rise from their perusal with a knowledge of the author rather than the subject. He will obtain no information of men, scenery, or remarkable places, such as he might receive from a common tourist, deficient equally in sentiment and imagination; neither will he carry away such clear pictures and representations as Scott or Goethe might stamp upon his memory. He will simply be informed of the thoughts, fancies, opinions, and varying moods of Lamartine, as awakened by the objects which met his eye.

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These objects, which a great poet would consider of the first importance, are with the Frenchman only secondary to the exhibition of himself. If this mingled egotism and vanity were affected, it would disgust the reader, but as it is the natural action of the author's mind, and is accompanied with much eloquence and beauty of composition, it is more likely to fascinate than to offend. At the present moment, when the author is with the public a more important object than Athens or Jerusalem, the present volumes will probably be the more eagerly read on account of their leading defect.

The Falcon Family; or Young Ireland. By the author of the Bachelor of the Albany. Boston: T. Wiley, Jr.

We should judge the author of the present amusing work to be a young lawyer, extensively read in miscellaneous literature, and disposed to make the most of his wit, rhetoric and acquirements. His style of thinking and composition is that of a first rate magazine writer rather than novelist. He is a brilliant sketcher and caricaturist, without any hold upon character, and with little power of conceiving or telling a story. He is ever sparkling and clever, without weight or depth. But he has many elements of popularity, and unites a good share of shrewdness with an infinite amount of small wit. The object of the present work is to ridicule Young Ireland in particular, and Young Europe in general, including hits at Young England, Young Israel, (the children of Israel,) and *La Jeune France*. All of these, Mitchell, D'Israeli, Moncton Milnes and the rest, are classed under the common term of *boyocracy*, a very good phrase to denote the ridiculous portions of the young creed. Though the author has no view of this class of sentimental or termagant politicians except on their ludicrous side, he exposes that side with a brilliant remorselessness which is refreshing in this age of universal cant. Though something of a coxcomb himself, he has no mercy on the fop turned politician and theologian. The mistake of his satire on Young Ireland consists in overlooking the reality of the wrongs under which that country groans, and the depth and intensity of the passions roused. In regard to style the author is a mannerist. The present novel reads like a continuation or reproduction of the Bachelor of the Albany.

Researches on the Chemistry of Food, and the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body. By Liebig, M. D. Lowell: Daniel Bixby & Co. 1 vol. 12 mo.

This volume is edited by Professor Horsford, of Harvard University. It is an acute and profound work of science, worth all the common books on the subject put together. The author considers his investigation, as recorded in the present volume, the most important he ever made. His theory is this: "The surface of the body is a membrane from which evaporation goes uninterruptedly forward. In consequence of this evaporation, all the fluids of the body acquire, in obedience to atmospheric pressure, motion toward the evaporating surface. This is obviously the chief cause of the passage of the nutritious fluids from the blood-vessels, and of their diffusion through the body. We know now what important functions the skin (and lungs) fulfill through evaporation. It is a condition of nourishment, and the influence of a moist or dry air upon the health of the body, or of mechanical agitation by walking or running, which increases the perspiration, is self-evident." It will be readily seen that this discovery has an important bearing upon the preservation of health.

The Wanderings and Fortunes of Some German Emigrants. By Frederick Gerstacker. Translated by David Black. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have often desired to see a book of this character, giving the first views and impressions of foreigners coming to settle here, as they made their way from the Atlantic to the West. The present volume is curiously minute in detailing the course and incidents of the journey, and apart from its interest as a narrative, contains not a little matter which should attract the attention of the statesman. In respect to the merit of composition or description the book hardly rises above mediocrity.

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. With English Notes, a Lexicon, Indexes, &c. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the best edition of Cæsar we have ever seen, and to the young student it is invaluable. Every assistance is given to the complete comprehension of the Commentaries; and few can rise from the diligent perusal of the volume without having understood and almost exhausted one at least of the classics.

Gramática Inglesa de Urcullu. Edited by Fayette Robinson.

Grammar of the Spanish Language. By Fayette Robinson.

These two books, by an accomplished linguist scholar, fill a want which has long been felt. Most of the works previously published are too diffuse and elaborate for the purposes of schools, or too contracted to give any thing more than a skeleton of the tongue. Mr. Robinson has adopted a system eminently practical, and made two books which entitle him to the thanks of pupil and teacher. As he states, grammatical legislation is abandoned and example substituted for rules. Extensive tables of verbs, prepositions and idioms, have been prepared, which do away with almost all of the difficulties connected with the study of that tongue a monarch called the language of the gods. The paradigms of the verbs have been prepared evidently with the greatest care, and a new form given to what grammarians call the conditional and subjunctive moods, so as to adapt the Castilian to the English language. Tables of dialogues are also added, which are pure and classical in both English and Spanish.

Mr. Robinson has, in editing the English Grammar of Urcullu, made great improvements by the addition of what he modestly calls "*notillas*," (little notes,) but which greatly add to the perfectness of the book. The important table of the verbs of the language by Hernandez and the officers of the Spanish academy, and the chapter on terms of courtesy in the United States, are most valuable additions. This book is most valuable as a supplement to the Spanish Grammar, and the moderate price at which the two are sold, renders it most desirable and convenient to purchase them together.

Though we detect some typographical inaccuracies they are merely literal accidents, and the books reflect credit on author, publishers, and stereotyper. We most cordially recommend them.

History of the French Revolution of 1789. By Louis Blanc Translated from the French. Philo.: Lea & Blanchard.

The popularity acquired by M. Blanc from his "History of Ten Years," as well as the fact of his having been for a time a member of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, will doubtless cause this book to be widely read. It is always interesting, but seldom impartial

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1848. No. 3.

ANGILA MERVALE;

OR SIX MONTHS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY F. E. P., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

"THEY say Miss Morton is engaged to Robert Hazlewood," said Augusta Lenox.

"So I hear," replied Angila Mervale, to whom this piece of news had been communicated. "How can she?"

"How can she, indeed?" replied Augusta. "He's an ugly fellow."

"Ugly! yes," continued Angila, "and a disagreeable ugliness, too. I don't care about a man's being handsome—a plain black ugliness I don't object to—but *red* ugliness, ah!"

"They say he's clever," said Augusta.

"They always say that, my dear, of any one that's so ugly," replied Angila. "I don't believe it. He's conceited, and I think disagreeable; and I don't believe he's clever."

"I remarked last night that he was very attentive to Mary Morton," continued Augusta. "They waltzed together several times."

"Yes, and how badly he waltzes," said Angila. "Mary Morton is too pretty a girl for such an awkward, ugly man. How lovely she looked last night. I hope it's not an engagement, for I quite like her."

"Well, perhaps it is not. It's only one of the *on dits*, and probably a mere report."

"Who are you discussing, girls?" asked Mrs. Mervale, from the other side of the room.

"Robert Hazlewood and Miss Morton," replied Augusta, "they are said to be engaged."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mervale. "Is it a good match for her?"

"Oh, no! chimed in both the girls at once. "He's neither handsome, nor rich, nor any thing."

"Nor any thing!" repeated Mrs. Mervale, laughing. "Well, that's comprehensive. A young man may be a very respectable young man, and be a very fair match for a girl without being either handsome or rich; but if he is positively 'nothing,' why, then, I grant you, it is bad indeed."

"Oh, I believe he is respectable enough," replied Augusta, carelessly, for, like most young girls, the word "respectable" did not rank very high in her vocabulary.

"And if he is not rich, what are they to live on," asked Mrs. Mervale.

"Love and the law, I suppose," replied her daughter, laughing. "He's a lawyer, is he not Augusta?"

"Oh!" resumed Mrs. Mervale, "he's a son, then, I suppose, of old John Hazlewood."

"Yes," replied Augusta.

"Then he may do very well in his profession," continued Mrs Mervale, "for his father has a large practice I know, and is a very respectable man. If this is a clever young man, he may tread in his father's footsteps."

This did not convey any very high eulogium to the young ladies' ears. That young Robert Hazlewood might be an old John Hazlewood in his turn and time, did not strike them as a very brilliant future. In fact they did not think more of the old man than they did of the young one.

Old gentlemen, however, were not at quite such a discount with Mrs. Mervale as with her daughter and her friend; and she continued to descant upon the high standing of Mr. Hazlewood the elder, not one word in ten of which the girls heard, for she, like most old ladies, once started upon former times, was thinking of the pleasant young John Hazlewood of early days, who brought back with him a host of reminiscences, with which she indulged herself and the girls, while they, their heads full of last night's party and Mary Morton and Robert Hazlewood, listened as civilly as they could, quite unable to keep the thread of her discourse, confounding in her history Robert Hazlewood's mother with his grandmother, and wondering all the while when she would stop, that they might resume their gossip.

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"You visit his sister, Mrs. Constant, don't you?" asked Augusta.

"Yes, we have always visited the Hazlewoods," replied Angila, "but I am not intimate with any of them. They always seemed to me those kind of pattern people I dislike."

"Is Mr. Constant well off?" inquired Mrs. Mervale.

"No, I should think not," replied Angila, "from the way in which they live. They have a little bit of a two-story house, and keep only a waiter girl. How I do hate to see a woman open the door," she continued, addressing Augusta.

"So do I," replied her friend. "I would have a man servant—a woman looks so shabby."

"Yes," returned Angila. "There's nothing I dislike so much. No woman shall ever go to my door."

"If you have a man servant," suggested Mrs. Mervale.

"Of course," said Angila; "and that I will."

"But suppose you cannot afford it," said her mother.

"I don't choose to suppose any thing so disagreeable or improbable," replied her daughter, gayly.

"It may be disagreeable," continued Mrs. Mervale, "but I don't see the improbability of the thing, Angila, nor, indeed, the disagreeability even. The Constants are young people with a small family, and I think a woman is quite sufficient for them. Their house is small, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not as enlarged as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila," but I do hate low ceilings so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mamma, and her rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house; the lot must be thirty feet by—"

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again; and they discussed dresses, and looks, and manners, with great *gout*.

Their criticisms were, like most young people's, always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful," and the young men were either "charming" or "odious;" and they themselves, from their own account, had been in a constant state of either delight or terror.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila; "and he waltzes so abominably that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for a cotillion, and I fortunately was engaged. I was so glad it was so."

"Then you did not dance with him at all?"

"No—to my great joy, he walked off, angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"Why not, mother," replied Angila. "He's my 'favorite aversion.' Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her friend, "and when do you sail for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday!—so soon! Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta!" said Angila, quite pathetically. "And you will be gone six months, you think?"

"Yes, so papa says," replied the young lady. "He does not expect to be able to return before May."

"Not before May! And its only November now!" said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief. "How much may happen in that time!"

"Yes," returned her friend, gaily, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing.

"But remember, I am to be bridemaid," continued Augusta.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone, "I shall expect you from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be to, Angila," said Augusta.

"That's more than I can tell," replied Angila; "but somebody that's very charming, I promise you."

"By the way, what is your *beau ideal*, Angila, I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My *beau ideal* is as shadowy and indistinct as one of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila, laughing; "something very distinguished in air and manners, with black eyes and hair, are the only points decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to Futurity," she added, gayly.

"I wonder who you will marry!" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady on so interesting a topic.

"I don't know, only nobody that I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with animation.

"He must be handsome, I suppose," said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila, "I don't care for beauty. A man should have a decided air of the gentleman, with an expression of talent, height, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"You are very moderate, indeed, in your requirements, my dear," said her mother, laughing. "And pray, my love, what have you to offer this *rara avis* in return for such extraordinary charms."

"Love, mamma," replied the gay girl, smiling.

"And suppose, my dear," pursued her mother, "that your hero should set as high an estimate upon himself as you do upon yourself. Your tall, elegant, talented man, may expect a wife who has fortune, beauty and talents, too."

Angila laughed. She was not vain, but she knew she was pretty, and she was sufficiently of a belle to be satisfied with her own powers if she could only meet with the man, so she said, playfully.

"Well, then, mamma, he wont be *my* hero, that's all."

And no doubt she answered truly. The possession of such gifts are very apt to vary in young ladies'

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eyes according to the gentleman's perception of their charms. And heroes differ from one another, according as the pronouns "mine and thine," may be prefixed to his title.

"And such a bijou of a house as I mean to have," continued Angila, with animation. "The back parlor and dining-room shall open into a conservatory, where I shall have any quantity of canary-birds—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "what nonsense you do talk."

"Why, mamma," said Angila, opening her eyes very wide, "don't you like canaries?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "I don't object to aviaries or conservatories, only to your talking of them in this way, as matters of course and necessity. They are all very well for rich people."

"Well, then, I mean to be rich," continued Angila, playfully.

"That's the very nonsense I complain of," said her mother. "It's barely possible, but certainly very improbable, Angila, that you ever should be rich; and considering you have been used to nothing of the kind, it really amuses me to hear you talk so. Your father and I have lived all our lives very comfortably and happily, Angila, without either aviary or conservatory, and I rather think you will do the same, my love."

"Your father and I!" What a falling off was there! for although Angila loved her father and mother dearly, she could not imagine herself intent upon household occupations, an excellent motherly woman some thirty years hence, any more than that her *beau ideal* should wear pepper and salt like her father.

"It was all very well for papa and mamma," but to persuade a girl of eighteen that she wants no more than her mother, whose heart happens to be like Mrs. Mervale, just then full of a new carpet that Mr. Mervale is hesitating about affording, is out of the question.

And, unreasonable as it may be, whoever would make a young girl more rational, destroys at once the chief charm of her youth—the exuberance of her fresh imagination, that gilds not only the future, but throws a rosy light upon all surrounding objects. Her visions, I grant you, are absurd, but the girl without visions is a clod of the valley, for she is without imagination—and without imagination, what is life? what is love?"

Never fear that her visions will not be fulfilled, and therefore bring disappointment—for the power carries the pleasure with it. The same gift that traces the outline, fills up the sketch. The girls who dream of heroes are those most ready to fall in love with any body—and no woman is so hard to interest as she who never had a vision, and consequently sees men just as they are; and so if Angila talked nonsense, Mrs. Mervale's sense was not much wiser.

Angila was a pretty, playful, romantic girl, rather intolerant of the people she did not like, and enthusiastic about those she did; full of life and animation, she was a decided belle in the gay circle in which she moved.

Miss Lenox was her dearest friend for the time being, and the proposed separation for the next six months was looked upon as a cruel affliction, only to be softened by the most frequent and confidential correspondence.

For the first few weeks of Augusta's absence, the promises exchanged on both sides were vehemently fulfilled. Letters were written two or three times a week, detailing every minute circumstance that happened to either. But at the end of that time Angila was at a party where she met Robert Hazlewood, who talked to her for some time. It was not a dancing party, and consequently they conversed together more than they had ever done before. He seemed extremely amused with her liveliness, and looked at her with unmistakable admiration. Had Augusta Lenox been there to see, perhaps Angila would not have received his attentions so graciously; but there being nothing to remind her of his being her "favorite aversion," she talked with animation, pleased with the admiration she excited, without being annoyed by any inconvenient reminiscences. And not only was Miss Lenox absent, but Miss Morton was present, and Angila thought she looked over at them a little anxiously; so that a little spirit of rivalry heightened, if not her pleasure, certainly Hazlewood's consequence in her eyes. Girls are often much influenced by each other in these matters—and the absence of Miss Lenox, who "did not think much of Robert Hazlewood," with the presence of Miss Morton who did, had no small influence in Angila's future fate.

"Did you have a pleasant party?" asked Mrs. Mervale, who had not been with her daughter the evening before.

"Yes, very pleasant," replied Angila; "one of the pleasantest 'conversation parties' I have ever been at."

And "who was there—and who did you talk to?" were the next questions, which launched Angila in a full length description of every thing and every body—and among them figured quite conspicuously Robert Hazlewood.

"And you found him really clever?" said her mother.

"Oh, decidedly," replied her daughter.

"Who," said her brother, looking up from his breakfast, "Hazlewood? Certainly he is. He's considered one of the cleverest among the young lawyers. Decidedly a man of talent."

Angila looked pleased.

"His father is a man of talent before him," observed Mrs. Mervale. "As a family, the Hazlewoods have always been distinguished for ability. This young man is ugly, you say, Angila?"

"Yes—" replied Angila, though with some hesitation. "Yes, he is ugly, certainly—but he has a good countenance; and when he converses he is better looking than I thought him."

"It's a pity he's conceited," said Mrs. Mervale, innocently; her impression of the young man being

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taken from her daughter's previous description of him. "Since he is really clever, it's a pity, for it 's such a drawback always."

"Conceited! I don't think he 's conceited," said Angila, quite forgetting her yesterday's opinion.

"Don't you? I thought it was you who said so, my dear," replied her mother, quietly.

"Yes, I did once think so," said Angila, slightly blushing at her own inconsistency. "I don't know why I took the idea in my head—but in fact I talked more to him, and became better acquainted with him last evening than I ever have before. When there is dancing, there is so little time for conversation; and he really talks very well."

"He is engaged to Miss Morton, you say?" continued Mrs. Mervale.

"Well, I don't know," replied Angila, adding, as she remembered the animated looks of admiration he had bestowed upon herself, "I doubt it—that is the report, however."

"Hazlewood 's no more engaged to Mary Morton than I am," said young Mervale, carelessly. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why every body says so, George," said Angila.

"Pshaw! every body's saying so don't make it so."

"But he 's very attentive to her," replied Angila.

"Well, and if he is," retorted Mervale, "it does not follow that he must be in love with her. You women do jump to conclusions, and make up matches in such a way," he continued, almost angrily.

"I think she likes him," pursued Angila. "I think she would have him."

"Have him! to be sure she would," replied George, in the same tone; not that he considered the young lady particularly in love with his friend, but as if any girl might be glad to have him—for brothers are very apt to view such cases differently from sisters, who refuse young gentlemen for their friends without mercy.

"But he 's ugly, you say," continued Mrs Mervale, sorrowfully, who, old lady as she was, liked a handsome young man, and always lamented when she found mental gifts unaccompanied by personal charms.

"Yes, he 's no beauty, that 's certain," said Angila, gayly.

"Has he a good air and figure?" pursued Mrs. Mervale, still hoping so clever a man might be better looking after all.

"Yes, tolerable—middle height—nothing remarkable one way or the other." And then the young lady went off to tell some piece of news, that quite put Mr. Hazlewood out of her mother's head for the present.

When Angila next wrote to Augusta, although she spoke of Mrs. Carpenter's party, a little consciousness prevented her saying much about Robert Hazlewood, and consequently her friend was quite unsuspicious of the large share he had in making the party she described so pleasant.

Hazlewood had really been pleased by Angila. She was pretty—and he found her lively and intelligent. He had always been inclined to admire her, but she had turned from him once or twice in what he had thought a haughty manner, and consequently he had scarcely known her until they met at this little *conversazione* of Mrs. Carpenter's, where accident placed them near each other. The party was so small that where people happened to find themselves, there they staid—it requiring some courage for a young man to break the charmed ring, and deliberately plant himself before any lady, or attempt to talk to any one except her beside whom fate had placed him.

Now Angila had the corner seat on a sofa near the fire-place, and Hazlewood was standing, leaning against the chimney-piece, so that a nicer, more cosy position for a pleasant talk could hardly be conceived in so small a circle. Miss Morton was on the other side of the fire-place, occupying the corresponding situation to Angila, and Angila could see her peeping forward from time to time to see if Hazlewood still maintained his place. His back was turned toward her, so if she did throw any anxious glances that way, he did not see them.

Angila met him a few evenings after this at the Opera, and found that he was a passionate lover of music. They talked again, and he very well, for he really was a sensible, well-educated young man. Music is a favorite source of inspiration, and Hazlewood was a connoisseur as well as amateur. She found that he seldom missed a night at the Opera, and "she was surprised she had not seen him there before, as she went herself very often."

"He had seen her, however," and he looked as if it were not easy not to see *her* when she was there.

She blushed and was pleased, for it evidently was not an unmeaning compliment.

"Mr. Hazlewood 's very clever," she said the next day; "and his tastes are so cultivated and refined. He is very different from the usual run of young men." (When a girl begins to think a man different from the "usual run," you may be sure she herself is off the common track.) "There 's something very manly in all his sentiments, independent and high-toned. He cannot be engaged to Mary Morton, for I alluded to the report, and he seemed quite amused at the idea. I can see he thinks her very silly, which she is, though pretty—though he was two gentlemanly to say so."

"How, then, did you find out that he thought so," asked George, smiling.

"Oh, from one or two little things. We were speaking of a German poem that I was trying to get the other day, and he said he had it, but had lent it to Miss Morton. 'However,' he added, with a peculiar smile, 'he did not believe she wanted to read it, and at any rate, he would bring it to me as soon as she returned it. He doubted whether she was much of a German reader.' But it was more the smile and the manner in which he said it, than the words, that made me think he had no very high opinion of her literary tastes."

"He may not like her any the less for that," said George, carelessly. "I think your clever literary men rarely do value a woman less for her ignorance."

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But there was an expression in Angila's pretty face that seemed to contradict this assertion; for, like most pretty women, she was vainer of her talents than her beauty—and she thought Hazlewood had been quite struck by some of her criticisms the night before.

However this might be, the intimacy seemed to progress at a wonderful rate. He called and brought her books; and they had a world to say every time they met, which, whether by accident or design, was now beginning to be very often.

"You knew old Mr. Hazlewood, mamma, did not you?" said Angila. "And who did you say Mrs. Hazlewood was?" And now she listened very differently from the last time that her mother had launched forth on the topic of old times and friends. Angila was wonderfully interested in all the history of the whole race, for Mrs. Mervale began with the great grandfathers, maternal and paternal; and she kept the thread of the story with surprising distinctness, and made out the family pedigree with amazing correctness.

"Then they are an excellent family, mamma," she said.

"To be sure they are," replied Mrs. Mervale, "one of the oldest and best in the city."

It was wonderful what a quantity of books Angila read just about this time; but Hazlewood was always sending her something, which she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in surprising him by having finished before they met again. And her bright eyes grew brighter, and occasionally, and that not unfrequently, they had an abstracted, dreamy look, as if her thoughts were far away, occupied in very pleasant visions—whether they were now of Ossian-heroes, dark-eyed and dim, we doubt.

She was rather unpleasantly roused to a waking state, however, by a passage in one of Augusta Lenox's last letters, which was,

"What has become of your 'favorite aversion,' Robert Hazlewood? When are he and Mary Morton to be married? I give her joy of him—as you say, how can she?"

Angila colored scarlet with indignation as she read this, almost wondering at first what Angila meant. She did not answer the letter; some consciousness, mixed with a good deal of vexation, prevented her.

Hazlewood's attentions to Angila began to be talked of a good deal. Her mother was congratulated, and she was complimented, for every body spoke well of him. "A remarkably clever young man with excellent prospects," the old people said. The young girls talked of him probably pretty much as Angila and Augusta had done—but she did not hear that, and the young men said,

"Hazlewood was a devilish clever fellow, and that Angila Mervale would do very well if she could get him."

That the gentleman was desperately in love there was no doubt; and as for the young lady—that she was flattered and pleased and interested, was hardly less clear. Her bright eyes grew softer and more dreamy every day.

Of what was she dreaming? What could her visions be now? Can she by any possibility make a hero of Robert Hazlewood? Sober common sense would say "No!" but bright-eyed, youthful imagination may boldly answer, "Why not?" Time, however, can only decide that point.

Two more letters came from Augusta Lenox about this time, and remained unanswered. "Wait till I am engaged," Angila had unconsciously said to herself, and then blushed the deepest blush, as she caught the words that had risen to her lips.

She did not wait long, however. Bright, beaming, blushing and tearful, she soon announced the intelligence to her mother, asking her consent, and permission to refer Mr. Hazlewood to her father.

The Mervales were very well pleased with the match, which, in fact, was an excellent one, young Hazlewood being in every respect Angila's superior, except in appearance, where she, as is the woman's right, bore the palm of beauty. Not but that she was quick, intelligent, and well cultivated; but there are more such girls by hundreds in our community, than there are men of talent, reading, industry and worth to merit them; and Angila was amazingly happy to have been one of the fortunate few to whose lot such a man falls.

And now, indeed, she wrote a long, long letter to Augusta—so full of happiness, describing Hazlewood, as she thought, so distinctly, that Augusta must recognize him at once—so she concluded by saying,

"And now I need not name him, as you must know who I mean."

"I must know who she means!" said Augusta, much perplexed. "Why I am sure I cannot imagine who she means! Talented, agreeable, with cultivated tastes! Who can it be? 'Not handsome, but very gentlemanlike-looking.' Well, I have no idea who it is—I certainly cannot know the man. But as we sail next week, I shall be at home in time for the wedding. How odd that I should be really her bridemaid in May after all!"

Miss Lenox arrived about two months after Angila's engagement had been announced, and found her friend brilliant with happiness. After the first exclamations and greetings, Augusta said with impatient curiosity,

"But who is it, Angila—you never told me?"

"But surely you guessed at once," said Angila, incredulously.

"No, indeed," replied her friend, earnestly, "I have not the most distant idea."

"Why, Robert Hazlewood, to be sure!"

"Robert Hazlewood! Oh, Angila! You are jesting," exclaimed her friend, thrown quite off her guard by astonishment.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Angila, with eager delight, attributing Augusta's surprise and incredulous tones to quite another source. "You may well be surprised, Augusta. Is it not strange that such a man—one of his superior talents—should have fallen in love with such a mad-cap as me."

Augusta could hardly believe her ears. But the truth was, that Angila had so long since forgotten her prejudice, founded on nothing, against Hazlewood,

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that she was not conscious now that she had ever entertained any such feelings. She was not obliged, in common phrase, to "eat her own words," for she quite forgot that she had ever uttered them. And now, with the utmost enthusiasm, she entered into all her plans and prospects—told Augusta, with the greatest interest, as if she thought the theme must be equally delightful to her friend—all her mother's long story about the old Hazlewoods, and what a "charming nice family they were," ("those pattern people that she hated so," as Augusta remembered, but all of which was buried in the happiest oblivion with Angila,) and the dear little house that was being furnished like a bijou next to Mrs. Constant's, (next to Mrs. Constant's!—one of those small houses with low ceilings! Augusta gasped;) and how many servants she was going to keep; and what a nice young girl she had engaged already as waiter.

"You mean, then, to have a woman waiter?" Augusta could not help saying.

"Oh, to be sure!" said Angila. "What should I do with a man in such a pretty little establishment as I mean to have. And then you know we must be economical—Mr. Hazlewood is a young lawyer, and I don't mean to let him slave himself to make the two ends meet. You'll see what a nice economical little housekeeper I'll be."

And, in short, Augusta found that the same bright, warm imagination that had made Angila once dream of Ossian-heroes, now endowed Robert Hazlewood with every charm she wanted, and even threw a romantic glow over a small house, low ceilings, small economies, and all but turned the woman-servant into a man. Cinderella's godmother could hardly have done more. Such is the power of love!

"Well," said Augusta, in talking it all over with her brother, "I cannot comprehend it yet; Angila, who used to be so fastidious, so critical, who expected so much in the man she was to marry!"

"She is not the first young lady who has come down from her pedestal," replied her brother, laughing.

"No, but she has not," returned Augusta, "that's the oddest part of the whole—she has only contrived somehow to raise Hazlewood on a pedestal, too. You'd think they were the only couple in the world going to be married. She's actually in love with him, desperately in love with him; and it was only just before I went to New Orleans that she said—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "there's no subject on which women change their minds oftener than on this. Love works wonders—indeed, the only miracles left in the world are of his creation."

"But she used to wonder at Mary Morton's liking him, mamma."

"Ah, my dear," replied her mother, "that was when he was attentive to Mary Morton and not her. It makes a wonderful difference when the thing becomes personal. And if you really love Angila, my dear, you will forget, or at least not repeat, what she said six months before marriage."

A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

[The subject of the following ballad may be found in the "Christus Super Aquas" of Mather's Magnalia.]

"God's blessing on the bonny barque!" the gallant seamen cried,
As with her snowy sails outspread she cleft the yielding tide—
"God's blessing on the bonny barque!" cried the landsmen from the shore,
As with a swallow's rapid flight she skimmed the waters o'er.
Oh never from the good old Bay, a fairer ship did sail,
Or in more trim and brave array did court the favoring gale.
Cheerily sung the mariners as he climbed the high, high mast,
The mast that was made of the Norway pine, that scorned the mountain-blast.
But brave Mark Edward dashed a tear in secret from his eye,
As he saw green Trimount dimmer grow against the distant sky,
And fast before the gathering breeze his noble vessel fly.
Oh, youth will cherish many a hope, and many a fond desire,
And nurse in secret in the heart the hidden altar-fire!
And though young Mark Edward trode his deck with footstep light and free,
Yet a shadow was on his manly brow as his good ship swept the sea;
A shadow was on his manly brow as he marked the fading shore,
And the faint line of the far green hills where dwelt his loved Lenore.
Merrily sailed the bonny barque toward her destined port,
And the white waves curled around her prow as if in wanton sport.
Merrily sailed the bonny barque till seven days came and past,
When her snowy canvas shivered and rent before the northern blast,
And out of her course, and away, away, careered she wild and fast.
Black lowered the heavens, loud howled the winds, as the gallant barque drove on,
"God save her from the stormy seas," prayed the sailors every one,
But hither and thither the mad winds bore her, careering wildly on.
Oh, a fearful thing is the mighty wind as it raves the land along,

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And the forests rock beneath the shock of the fierce blasts and the strong,
But when the wild and angry waves come rushing on their prey,
And to and fro the good ship reels with the wind's savage play,
Oh! then it is more fearful far in that frail barque to be,
At the mercy of the wind and wave, alone upon the sea.
Mark Edward's eye grew stern and calm as day by day went on,
And farther from the destined port the gallant barque was borne.
From her tall masts the sails were rent, yet fast and far she flew,
But whither she drove there knew not one among her gallant crew,
Nor the captain, nor the mariners, not one among them knew.
Now there had come and past away full many weary days,
And each looked in each other's face with sad and blank amaze,
For ghastly Famine's bony hand was stretched to clutch his prey,
And still the adverse winds blew on as they would blow alway.
And dark and fearful whispered words from man to man went past,
As of some dread and fatal deed which they must do at last.
And night and morn and noon they prayed, oh blessed voice of prayer!
That God would bring their trembling souls out of this great despair.
And every straining eye was bent out o'er the ocean-wave,
But they saw no sail, there came no ship the storm-tost barque to save.
The fatal die was cast at length; and tears filled every eye
As forth a gentle stripling stept and gave himself to die.
They looked upon his pure white brow, and his face so fair to see,
And all with one accord cried out, "Oh, God! this must not be!"
And brave Mark Edward calmly said, "Let the lot fall on me."
"Not so," the generous youth exclaimed, "of little worth am I,
But 'twould strike the life from out us all were it thy lot to die."
"Let us once more entreat the Lord; he yet our souls may spare,"
And kneeling down the gray-haired man sent up a fervent prayer.
Oh mighty is the voice of prayer! to him that asks is given,
And as to Israel of old was manna sent from heaven,
So now their prayer was answered, for, leaping from the sea,
A mighty fish fell in their midst, where they astonished be.
"Now glory to the Father be, and to the Son be praise!
Upon the deep He walketh, in the ocean are His ways,
'T is meet that we should worship Him who doeth right always."
And then from all that noble crew a hymn of joy arose—
It flowed from grateful hearts as free as running water flows.

—

Day after day still passed away, gaunt Famine pressed again,
Each turned away from each, as if smit with a sudden pain.
They feared to meet each other's eyes and read the secret there,
And each his pangs in silence strove a little yet to bear.
The eye grew dim with looking out upon the weary main,
Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
But night and morn and noon they prayed—oh blessed voice of prayer!
That God would bring their trembling souls out of this great despair.
Again the fatal die was cast; a man of powerful frame
Slowly and with reluctant step to the dread summons came.
Large drops of anguish on his brow—his lips were white with fear—
Oh 't is a dreadful death to die! Is there no succor near?
They looked around on every side, but saw no sight of cheer.
"It is not for myself I dread," the sailor murmured low,
"But for my wife and little babes, oh what a tale of woe!"
"It shall not be," Mark Edward cried, "for their dear sakes go free.
I have no wife to mourn my fate, let the lot fall on me."
"Not so, oh generous and brave!" the sailor grateful said,
"The lot is mine, but cheer thou her and them when I am dead."
And turning with a calmer front he bade the waiting crew
What not themselves but fate compelled, to haste and quickly do.
But who shall do the dismal work? The innocent life who take?
One after one each shrunk away, but no word any spake.
Still hunger pressed them sore, and pangs too dreadful to be borne.
"Be merciful, oh Father, hear! To thee again we turn."
Then in their agony they strove, and wrestled long in prayer,
Till suddenly they heard a sound come from the upper air,
A sound of rushing wings, and lo! oh sight of joy! on high
A great bird circles round the masts, and ever draws more nigh.
In lightning play of hope and fear one breathless moment passed,
The next, the bird has lighted down and settled on the mast.
And soon within his grasp secure a seaman holds him fast.
"Now glory be unto our God—and to His name be praise!
Upon the deep he walketh, in the ocean are his ways,
From ghastly fear our suppliant souls he royally hath freed,
And sent us succor from the air in this our sorest need."

—

But day by day still passed away, and Famine fiercer pressed,
And still the adverse winds blew on and knew no change or rest.
Yet strove they in their agony to let no murmuring word
Against the good and gracious Lord, from out their lips be heard.
But with their wildly gleaming eyes they gazed out o'er the main.
Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
On the horizon's distant verge not even a speck was seen,
But the cresting foam of breaking waves still shimmering between.
And fiercer yet, as hour by hour went slowly creeping by,
The famine wrung their tortured frames till it were bliss to die.
And hopes of further aid grew faint, and it did seem that they
Out on the waste of waters wide of Heaven forgotten lay.
But night and morn and noon they prayed—oh blessed voice of prayer!
That God would save their trembling souls out of this great despair.

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Again the fatal die was cast, and 'mid a general gloom,
Mark Edward calmly forward came to meet the appointed doom.
But when they saw his noble port, and his manly bearing brave,
Each would have given up his life that bold young heart to save.
They would have wept, but their hot eyes refused the grateful tear,
Yet with sorrowful and suppliant looks they drew themselves more near.
Mark Edward turned aside and spoke in accents calm and low,
Unto a man with silver hair, whose look was full of wo,
And bade him if the Lord should spare, and they should reach the shore,
To bear a message from his lips to his beloved Lenore.
"Tell her my thoughts were God's and hers," the brave young spirit cried,
"Tell her not how it came to pass, say only that I died."
Then with a brief and earnest prayer his soul to God he gave,
Beseeching that the sacrifice the lives of all might save.
Each looked on each, but not a hand would strike the fatal blow,
It was a death pang but to think what hand should lay him low.
And sick at heart they turned away their misery to bear,
And wrestled once again with God in agony of prayer.
As drops of blood wrung from the heart fell each imploring word,
Oh, God of Heaven! and can it be such prayer is still unheard?
They strained once more each aching orb out o'er the gloomy main,
Wave rolling after wave was all that answered back again.
They waited yet—they lingered yet—they searched the horizon round,
No sight of land, no blessed sail, no living thing was found.
They lingered yet—hope faded fast from out the hearts of all.
They waited yet—till black Despair sunk o'er them like a pall.
They turned to where Mark Edward stood with his unblenching brow,
Or he must die their lives to save, or all must perish now.
They lingered yet—they waited yet—a sudden shriek rung out—
"A sail! A sail! Oh, blessed Lord!" burst forth one joyful shout.
New strength those famished men received; fervent their thanks, but brief—
They man their boat, they reach the ship, they ask a swift relief.
Strange faces meet their view, they hear strange words in tongues unknown,
And evil eyes with threatening gaze are sternly looking down.
They pause—for a new terror bids their hearts' warm current freeze,
For they have met a pirate ship, the scourge of all the seas.
But up and out Mark Edward spake, and in the pirates' tongue,
And when the pirate captain heard, quick to his side he sprung,
And vowed by all the saints of France—the living and the dead—
There should not even a hair be harmed upon a single head,
For once, when in a dismal strait, Mark Edward gave him aid,
And now the debt long treasured up should amply be repaid.
He gave them water from his casks, and bread, and all things store,
And showed them how to lay their course to reach the destined shore.
And the blessing of those famished men went with him evermore.

Again the favoring gale arose, the barque went bounding on,
And speedily her destined port was now in safety won.
And after, when green Trimount's hills greet their expectant eyes,
New thanks to Heaven, new hymns of joy unto the Lord arise.
For glory be unto our Lord, and to His name be praise!
Upon the deep he walketh, in the ocean are his ways.
'Tis meet that we should worship him who doeth right always.

SONG OF SLEEP.

BY O. O. FOSTER.

Oh the dreamy world of sleep for me,
With its visions pure and bright,—
Its fairy throngs in revelry,
Under the pale moonlight!
Sleep, sleep, I wait for thy spell,
For my eyes are heavy with watching well
For the starry night, and the world of dreams
That ever in sleep on my spirit beams.

The day, the day, I cannot 'bide,
'T is dull and dusty and drear—
And, owl-like, away from the sun I hide,
That in dreams I may wander freer.

Sleep, sleep, come to my eyes—
Welcome as blue to the midnight skies—
Faithful as dew to drooping flowers—
I only live in thy dreamy bowers.

The sun is purpling down the west,
Day's death-robes glitter fair,
And weary men, agasp for rest,
For the solemn night prepare.
Sleep, sleep, hasten to me!
The shadows lengthen across the lea;
The birds are weary, and so am I;
Tired world and dying day good-bye!

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THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812—15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(*Continued from page* 74.)

CHAPTER III.

The Chase and the Capture.

On the deck of the pirate craft stood a young man of powerful frame, and singularly savage features, rendered more repulsive by the disposition of the hair which was allowed to grow almost over the entire mouth, and hung from the chin in heavy masses nearly to the waist. With his elbow resting against the fore-mast of the vessel, he was gazing through a spy-glass upon the brig he had been so long pursuing. A burly negro stood at the helm, holding the tiller, and steering the brig with an ease which denoted his vast strength, scarcely moving his body, but meeting the long waves, which washed over the side of the vessel, and rushed in torrents through the hawse-holes, merely by the power of his arm.

"Keep her more in the wind," shouted the commander, with an oath, to the helmsman.

"Ay, ay sir," responded the negro gruffly.

"Don't let me hear a sail flap again or I'll score your back for you, you son of a sea-cook."

With this pleasant admonition the young man resumed his night-glass.

The captain of the pirate brig was an Englishman by birth; his history was little known even to his own crew, but it was remarkable that though always savage and blood-thirsty, he was peculiarly so to his own countrymen, evincing a hatred and malignancy toward every thing connected with his native land, that seemed more than fiendish—never smiling but when his sword was red with the blood of his countrymen, and his foot planted upon her conquered banner. It was evident that some deep wrong had driven him forth to become an outcast and a fiend. A close inspection of his features developed the outlines of a noble countenance yet remaining, though marred and deformed by years of passion and of crime. His crew, which numbered nearly fifty, were gathered from almost every nation of the civilized world, yet were all completely under his command. They were now scattered over the vessel in various lounging attitudes, apparently careless of every thing beyond the ease of the passing moment, leaving the management of the brig to the two or three hands necessary to control the graceful and obedient craft.

For long hours the captain of the pirate brig stood following the motions of the flying merchantmen; he thought not of sleep or of refreshment, it was enough for him that he was in pursuit of an English vessel, that his revenge was again to be gratified with English blood.

He was roused by a light touch of the arm—he turned impatiently.

"Why, Florette."

A beautiful girl stood beside him, gazing into his face half with fear and half with love. Her dress was partly that of a girl and partly of a boy; over a pair of white loose sailor's trowsers a short gown was thrown, fastened with a blue zone, and her long hair fell in thick, luxuriant masses from beneath a gracefully shaped little straw hat—altogether she was as lovely in feature and form as Venus herself, with an eye blue as the ocean, and a voice soft and sweet as the southern breeze.

"Dear William, will you not go below and take some rest?"

"I want none, girl; I shall not sleep till every man on yonder vessel has gone to rest in the caves of ocean."

"But you will eat?"

"Pshaw! Florette, leave me; your place is below."

The girl said no more, but slowly glided to the companion-way and disappeared into the little cabin.

The long night at length wore away, and as the clear light of morning shone upon the waters the merchant vessel was no longer visible from the deck of the pirate.

"A thousand devils! has he escaped me. Ho! the one of you with the sharpest eyes up to the mast-head. Stay, I will go myself."

Thus speaking, the captain mounted the main-mast and gazed long and anxiously; he could see nothing of the vessel. He mounted still higher, climbing the slender top-mast till with his hand resting upon the main-truck he once more looked over the horizon. Thus far his gaze had been directed to windward, in the course where the vanished brig had last been seen. At length he turned to leeward, and far in the distant horizon his eagle eye caught faint sight of a sail, like the white and glancing wing of a bird. With wonderful rapidity he slid to the deck, and gave orders to set the brig before the wind. The beautiful little bark fell off gracefully, and in a moment was swiftly retracing the waters it had beaten over during the night.

"The revenge will be no less sweet that it is deferred," exclaimed the pirate captain, as he threw himself upon the companion-way. "Thirty English

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vessels have I sunk in the deep, and I am not yet satisfied—no, no, curses on her name, curses on her laws, they have driven me forth from a lordly heritage and an ancient name to die an outcast and a pirate."

Pulling his hat over his dark brow, he sat long in deep thought, and not one in all his savage crew but would have preferred to board a vessel of twice their size than to rouse his commander from his thoughtful mood.

Captain Horton for some hours after it had become dark the preceding night, had kept his vessel on the same course, perplexing his mind with some scheme by which he might deceive the pirate. At length he gave orders to lower away the yawl boat, and fit a mast to it, which was spedily done. When all was ready, he hung a lantern to the mast, with a light that would burn but a short time, and then putting out his own ship-light, he fastened the tiller of the yawl and set it adrift, knowing that it would keep its course until some sudden gust of wind should overcome its steerage way. As soon as he had accomplished this, he fell off before the wind, and setting his brig on the opposite tack, as soon as he had got to a good distance from the light of the yawl, took in all sail till not a rag was left standing. He kept his brig in this position until he had the satisfaction of seeing the pirate brig pass to windward in pursuit of his boat, whose light he knew would go out before the pirate could overtake it. When the light of the chase had become faint in the distance, he immediately crowded on all sail, and stood off boldly on his original course.

None of his crew had gone below to turn in, for all were too anxious to sleep, and his passengers still stood beside him upon the quarter-deck; John with a large bundle under his arm, which, in answer to an inquiry from the merchant, he said was merely a change of dress.

"I think we have given them the slip this time, Mr. Williams," said Captain Horton.

"I hope so, captain."

"You can sleep now without danger of being disturbed by unwelcome visiters, Miss Julia."

"Well, captain, I am as glad as my father you have escaped. I wish we had got near enough to see how they looked though."

"We ought rather, my dear girl, to thank God that they came no nearer than they did," said her father half reproachfully.

"True, father, true," and bidding Captain Horton good-night, they retired to the cabin.

"You did fool them nice, did n't you, captin?" said John.

"Yes, John, it was tolerably well done, I think myself," replied the captain, who, like all of mankind, was more or less vain, and prided himself peculiarly upon his skill in his own avocation.

"I should n't ha' been much afraid on 'em myself if they had caught us," said John.

"You would n't, ah!"

"No! I should ha' hated to see all the crew walk on the plank as they call it, specially Dick Halyard, but I thinks I should ha' come it over 'em myself."

"Well, John, I hope you 'll never have such occasion to try your powers of deceit, for I fear you would find yourself wofully mistaken."

"Perhaps not, captin, but I 'm confounded sleepy, now we 've got away from the bloody pirates, so I 'll just lie down here, captin; I haint learned to sleep in a hammock yet. I wish you 'd let me have a berth, captin, I hate lying in a circle, it cramps a fellow plagully."

John talked himself to sleep upon the companion-way, where the good-natured master of the brig allowed him to remain unmolested, and soon after yielding the helm to one of the mates, himself "turned in."

As the morning broke over the sea clear and cloudless, while not a sail was visible in any quarter of the horizon, the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the transition from despair to confidence, and indeed entire assurance of safety, was plainly depicted in the joyous countenances of all on the Betsy Allen. The worthy captain made no endeavor to check the boisterous merriment of his crew, but lighting his pipe, seated himself upon the companion-way, with a complacent smile expanding his sun-browned features, which developed itself into a self-satisfied and happy laugh as Mr. Williams appeared at the cabin-door, leading up his daughter to enjoy the pure morning air, fresh from the clear sky and the bounding waters.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Williams, told you so, not a sail in sight, and a fine breeze."

"Our thanks are due to you, Captain Horton, for the skillful manner in which you eluded the pirate ship."

"Oh! I was as glad to get out of sight of the rascal as you could have been, my dear sir, I assure you; now that we are clear of him, I aint afraid to tell Miss Julia that if he had overhauled us we should have all gone to Davy Jones' locker, and the Betsy Allen would by this time have been burnt to the water's edge."

"I was not ignorant of the danger at any time, Captain Horton."

"Well, you are a brave girl, and deserve to be a sailor's wife, but I 'm married myself."

"That is unfortunate, captain," said Julia, with a merry laugh, so musical in its intonations that the rough sailors who heard its sweet cadence could not resist the contagion, and a bright smile lit up each weather-beaten countenance within the sound of the merry music.

"Well, I think so myself, though I would n't like Mrs. Horton to hear me say it, or I should have a rougher breeze to encounter than I ever met round Cape Horn—ha! ha! ha! You must excuse me, Miss Julia, but I feel in fine spirits this morning, not a sail in sight."

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out from the main cross-trees.

"Ah!—where away?"

"Right astern."

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"Can it be that they have got in our wake again. I'll mount to the mast-head and see myself."

Seizing the glass the captain ascended to the cross-trees, where he remained for a long time, watching the distant sail. At length he returned to the deck.

"They 've got our bearings again somehow, confound the cunning rascals; and, by the way they are overhauling us, I judge they can beat us as well afore the wind as on a tack."

"Well, Captain Horton, we must be resigned to our fate then. It matters not so much for me, but it is hard, my daughter, that you should be torn from your peaceful home in England to fall a prey to these fiends."

"They are a long way from us yet, father; let us hope something may happen for our relief, and not give up till we are taken."

"That 's the right feeling, Miss Julia," said the captain. "I will do all I can to prolong the chase, and we will trust in God for the result."

Every device which skillful seamanship could practice was put in immediate operation to increase the speed of the brig. There was but a solitary hope remaining, that they might fall in with some national vessel able to protect them from the pirate. The sails were frequently wet, the halyards drawn taut, and the captain himself took the helm. When all this was done, each sailor stood gazing upon the pirate as if to calculate the speed of his approach by the lifting of his sails above the water. The greater part of his top-sails were already in sight, and soon the heads of her courses appeared above the wave, seeming to sweep up like the long, white wings of a lazy bird, whose flight clung to the breast of the sea, as if seeking a resting-place.

By the middle of the day the pirate was within three miles of the merchantman, and had already opened upon her with his long gun. Captain Horton pressed onward without noticing the balls, which as yet had not injured hull or sail. But as the chase approached nearer and nearer, the shots began to take effect—a heavy ball made a huge rent in the mizzen-topsail—another dashed in the galley, and a third tore up the companion-way, and still another cut down the fore-topmast, and materially decreased the speed of the vessel.

Noticing this the pirate ceased his fire, and soon drew up within hail of the merchantman.

"Ship ahoy—what ship?"

"The Betsy Allen, London."

"Lay-by till I send a boat aboard."

Captain Horton gave orders to his crew to wait the word of command before they altered the vessel's course, and then seizing the trumpet, hailed the pirate.

"What ship 's that?"

"The brig Death—don't you see the flag?"

"I know the character of your ship, doubtless."

"Well, lay-by, or we 'll bring you to with a broadside."

Perceiving the inutility of further effort, Captain Horton brought-to, and hauled down his flag.

In a short time the jolly-boat of the pirate was lowered from the stern, and the commander jumped in, followed by a dozen of his crew.

The vigorous arms of the oarsmen soon brought the boat to the merchantman, and the pirate stood upon the deck of the captured vessel.

"Well, sir, you have given us some trouble to overhaul you," said he, in a manner rather gentlemanly than savage.

"We should have been fools if we had not tried our best to escape."

"True, true—will you inform me how you eluded our pursuit last night. I ask merely from motives of curiosity?"

Captain Horton briefly related the deception of the boat.

"Ah! ha! very well done. Here Diego," said he to one of the sailors who had followed him, "go below and bring up the passengers."

The swarthy rascal disappeared with a malignant grin through the cabin-door, and speedily escorted Mr. Williams to the deck, followed by Julia, and, to the surprise of Captain Horton and his crew, another female.

"Now, captain," said the pirate, with a fiendish smile, "I shall proceed to convey your merchandize to my brig, including these two ladies, though, by my faith, we shall have little use for one of them. After which I will leave you in quiet."

"I could expect no better terms," said Captain Horton, resignedly.

"O, you will soon be relieved from my presence."

Julia clung to her father, but was torn from his grasp, and the good old man was pushed back by the laughing fiends, as he attempted to follow her to the boat. The father and daughter parted with a look of strong anguish, relieved in the countenance of Julia by a deep expression of firmness and resolution.

John was also seized by the pirates, but he had overheard the words of their captain that they would soon be left in quiet, and had already commenced throwing off his woman's dress.

"Hillo! is the old girl going to strip? Bear a hand here, Mike," shouted Diego, to one of his comrades, "just make fast those tow-lines, and haul up her rigging."

Mr. Williams, who immediately conceived the possible advantage it might be to Julia to have even so inefficient a protector with her as John, addressed him in a stern tone.

"What, will you desert your mistress?"

John stood in doubt, but he was a kind-hearted fellow, and loved Julia better than he did any thing else in the world except himself; and without further resistance or explanation, allowed himself to be conveyed to the boat, though the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and nothing even then would have prevented his avowing his original sex, but a strong feeling of shame at the thought of leaving Julia.

For hours the pirate's jolly-boat passed backward and forward between the two brigs; the sea had become too rough to allow the vessels to be fastened together without injury to the light frame of the pirate bark; and night had already set in before all the cargo

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which the pirates desired had been removed from the merchantman; but it was at length accomplished, and once more the pirates stood upon the deck of their own brig.

In a few words their captain explained his plan of destruction to his crew, which was willingly assented to, as it was sufficiently cruel and vindictive. Three loud cheers burst from their lips, startling the crew of the Betsey Allen with its wild cadence, and in another moment the pirate-captain leaped into his boat, and followed by a number of his crew, returned to the merchantman.

Still preserving his suavity of manner, he addressed Captain Horton as he stepped upon the deck, after first ordering the crew to the bows, and drawing up his own men with pointed muskets before the companion-way.

"Captain Horton, as you are, perhaps, aware it is our policy to act upon the old saying that 'dead men tell no tales,' and after consultation among ourselves, we have concluded to set your vessel on fire, and then depart in peace, leaving you to the quiet I promised you."

"Blood-thirsty villain!" shouted the captain of the merchantman, and suddenly drawing a pistol, he discharged it full at the pirate's breast. The latter was badly wounded, but falling back against the main-mast, was able to order his men to pursue their original design before he fell fainting in the arms of one of his men, who immediately conveyed him to the boat.

The savages proceeded then to fire the vessel in several different places, meeting with no resistance from the crew, as a dozen muskets pointed at their heads admonished them that immediate death would be the consequence.

As soon as the subtle element had so far progressed in its work of destruction that the hand of man could not stay it, the pirates jumped into their boat, and with a fiendish yell, pulled off for their own vessel.

For a very short time the crew of the merchantman stood watching the flame and smoke which was fast encircling them, then rousing their native energies, and perceiving the utter impossibility of conquering the fire, they turned their attention to the only resource left—the construction of some sort of a raft that would sustain their united weight.

The progress of the flames, however, was so rapid, that though a score of busy hands were employed with axes and hatchets, the most that could be done was to hurl overboard a few spars and boards, cut away the bowsprit and part of the bulwarks, before the exceeding heat compelled them to leave the brig.

Mr. Williams, who had remained in a state of stupor since the loss of his daughter, was borne to the ship's side, and hurriedly fastened to a spar; and then all the crew boldly sprung into the water, and pushing the fragments of boards and spars from the burning brig, as soon as they attained a safe distance, commenced the construction of their raft in the water. This was an exceedingly difficult undertaking; but they were working with the energies of despair, and board after board was made fast by means of the rope they had thrown over with themselves; and in the light of their burning vessel they managed at length to build a raft sufficiently strong to bear their weight.

Then seating themselves upon it, they almost gave way to despair; they had lost the excitement of occupation, and now, in moody silence, watched the mounting flames. They were without food, and the sea ran high; their condition did, indeed, seem hopeless—and their only refuge, death.

CHAPTER IV.

The Escape.

The fire had made swift work during the time the unfortunate crew were occupied in building the raft, and the little brig was now almost enveloped in smoke and flame. A burst of fire from her main hatchway threw a red glare over the turbulent waters, and showed the vessel's masts and rigging brightly displayed against the dark sky above and beyond them. The main-sail by this time caught fire, and was blazing away along the yard fiercely; and the flame soon reached the loftier sails and running rigging; the fire below was raging between decks, and rising in successive bursts of flame from the hatchways. The vessel had been filled with combustible material, and the doomed brig, in a short space of time, was one mass of flame.

To a spectator beholding the sight in safety, it would have been a magnificent spectacle—the grandest, the most terrific, perhaps, it is possible to conceive—a ship on fire at night in the mid-ocean. The hull of the vessel lay flaming like an immense furnace on the surface of the deep; her masts, and the lower and topsail-yards, with fragments of the rigging hanging round them, sparkling, and scattering the fire-flakes, rose high above it, while huge volumes of smoke ever and anon obscured the whole, then borne away by the strong breeze, left the burning brig doubly distinct, placed in strong relief against the dark vault of heaven behind. The lofty spars, as their fastenings were burnt through, fell, one by one, into the hissing water, and at length the tall masts, no longer supported by the rigging, and nearly burnt into below the deck, fell over, one after the other, into the deep.

Suddenly Captain Horton started to his feet,

"It is, it is a sail—look, do you now see it coming up in the light of the brig?"

"It is so, captain," responded his men one after the other.

"Thank God we shall yet be saved! If the pirate had scuttled the ship we should have had no chance; but his cruel course has saved us, for the flame has attracted some vessel to our succor.

"Perhaps the pirate returning," remarked Mr. Williams.

"No, that kept on before the wind, and this is coming up. God grant it be an English vessel, and a swift one, and we may yet save your daughter!"

This remark struck a chord of hope in the heart of Mr. Williams, and roused him to his native manliness.

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"But," said he, "our own vessel has drifted far from us, and we shall not be seen by this one."

"I think they will come within hail; they will at least sail round the burning vessel, in the hopes of picking up somebody. Come, my men, let 's make some kind of sail of our jackets, a half a mile nearer the ship may save us all our lives."

With a cheer as merry as ever broke from their lips when on board ship, the reanimated sailors went to work, and soon reared a small sail made of their clothing, which caught enough wind to move them slowly onward.

"Steer in the wake of our own vessel, my men, and the strange sail will come right on to us—get between them."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

As the approaching vessel drew nearer, the crew of the Betsy Allen sent up a cheer from their united voices which, to their great joy, was answered from the strange sail.

"Ahoy, where away?"

"Three points on your weather bow—starboard your helm, and you'll be on us."

"Ay, ay."

In a very short time the shipwrecked crew stood on the deck of the privateer Raker, which, attracted by the light of their burning brig, had varied somewhat from its course, to render assistance if any were needed. Captain Greene and his men soon became acquainted with the history of the crew of the lost brig, and every attention was shown to them.

Captain Horton gave them a brief account of the pirate's assault, and the abduction of Julia.

"O Captain Greene, save my child, if possible. She is my only one," exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Which way did she steer, Captain Horton?"

"She went off right before the wind, sir, and is not three hours ahead of us."

"Mr. Williams I will immediately give chase, and God grant that I may overtake the scoundrels."

"A father's thanks shall be yours, sir."

"Never mind that—you had all better turn in; I will steer the same course with the pirate till morning, sir; and if he is then in sight, I think he is ours—for there are few things afloat that can outsail the Raker."

The crew of the Betsy Allen, whose anxiety and exertions during the last few hours had been excessive, gladly accepted the captain's offer, and were soon snoring in their hammocks. Captain Horton and Mr. Williams remained on the deck of the Raker, the one too anxious for revenge upon the pirate who had destroyed his brig, to sleep, and the other too much afflicted by the loss of his daughter, and the painful thoughts which it engendered, to think of any thing but her speedy recovery.

The long night at length wore away, and with the first beams of the morning sun the mists rolled heavily upward from the ocean. To the great joy of all on board the Raker, the pirate-brig was in sight, though beyond the reach of shot from the privateer.

Although the captain of the Raker had sufficient confidence in the superior speed of his own vessel, yet to avoid the possibility of being deceived, he decided to pretend flight, well assured that the pirate would give chase. He accordingly bore off, as if anxious to avoid speaking him, and displaying every sign of fear, had the satisfaction of perceiving the pirate change his course, and set all sail in pursuit.

In order to test the relative speed of the two vessels he did not at first slacken his own sail, but put his brig to its swiftest pace. He had reason to congratulate himself upon the wisdom of his manœuvre when he perceived that in spite of every exertion the chase gained upon him, and it was evident that unless he was crippled by a shot, he might yet escape.

As the pirate bore down upon his brig, Captain Greene perceived, by aid of his glass, that the number of the crew on board was considerably superior to his own, even with the addition of the crew of the Betsy Allen. In consideration of this fact, he determined to fight her at a distance with his long gun. This he still kept concealed amidships, under the canvas, desiring to impress fully upon his opponent the idea of his inferiority.

Leaving the vessels thus situated, let us visit the pirate again.

Julia, and John in his disguise, were conveyed to his deck, where they were speedily separated. Julia was conducted below, where, to her surprise and joy, she found a companion of her own sex, in the person of Florette.

The wounded commander of the pirate was also conveyed to his berth, where Florette, with much grief, attended to nurse him. It was in her first passionate burst of sorrow that Julia discovered her love for the pirate, from which circumstance she also derived consolation and relief; and having already, with the natural firmness of her mind, shaken off the deep despondency which had settled upon it when first torn from her father, she began to resolve upon the course of action she would pursue, in every probable event which might befall her.

During the long night the pirate lay groaning and helpless; but such was the strength of his will, and the all absorbing nature of his hatred, that when informed on the succeeding morning that a vessel was in sight, he aroused his physical powers sufficiently to reach the deck, where, seating himself on the companion-way, he watched the strange sail with an interest so intense, that he almost forgot his painful wounds.

He had hardly taken his position before the captain of the Raker uncovered and ran out his long gun, and to the surprise of all on board the pirate, a huge shot, evidently sent from a gun much larger than they had supposed their antagonist to possess, came crashing through their main-sail.

Too late the pirates perceived the error into which they had fallen; and were aware of the immense advantage which the long gun gave their opponent, enabling him, in fact, to maintain his own position beyond the reach of their fire, and at the same time cut every mast and spar on board the pirate-brig to

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pieces, unless, indeed, the latter might be fortunate enough, by superior sailing, to get beyond the reach of shot without suffering material injury.

Perceiving this to be his only resource, orders were given on board the pirate again to 'bout ship, and instead of pursuing to be themselves in turn fugitives. But they were not destined to escape without injury. Another shot from the Raker bore away their foretop-sail, and sensibly checked their speed. To remedy this misfortune, studding-sails were set below and aloft, and for a long time the chase was continued without the shot from the Raker taking serious effect on the pirate; and, indeed, the latter in a considerable degree increased the distance between the two vessels. But while the captain and crew of the Raker were confident of eventually overtaking their antagonist, the men in the pirate-brig had already become convinced that in such a harassing and one-sided mode of warfare, they stood no chance whatever, and demanded of their captain that he should make the attempt to close with the Raker and board. This he sternly refused, and pointed out to his men the folly of such a course, as upon a nearer approach to the privateer, his rigging and masts must necessarily suffer in such a manner as to place his brig entirely at the command of the Raker. His men admitted the truth of his reasoning, but at the same time evinced so much dissatisfaction at their present vexatious situation, that their captain plainly perceived it was necessary to pursue some course of action to appease their turbulent spirits.

With a clouded brow he returned to his cabin with the assistance of Florette, who had watched with a woman's love to take advantage of every opportunity to aid him.

Reaching the cabin, his eyes fell upon the form of Julia, eagerly bending from the little window as she watched the pursuing brig, fervently praying that its chase might be successful.

As she turned her eyes in-doors at the noise made by the entrance of the pirate, his keen glance noticed the light of hope which shone in her beautiful eyes, which she strove not and cared not to conceal.

"My fair captive," said he, with a sneering smile, "do you see hope of escape in yonder approaching vessel?"

"My hope is in God," was the calm reply of the lovely girl.

"That trust will fail you now, sweet lady."

"I believe it not; when has He deserted those whose trust was in him?"

"So have you been taught, doubtless, so you may yet believe; but you have still to learn that if there is such a being, he meddles not with the common purposes of man. It is his government to punish, not prevent; and man here on earth pursues his own course, be it dark or bright—and God's hand is not interposed to stay the natural and inevitable workings of cause and effect. No, no! here, on this, my own good ship, *I* rule; and there is no hand, human or divine, that will interpose between my determination and the execution of my purpose."

"Impious man! you may yet learn to fear the power you now despise."

"Ha! ha! ha!—do I look like a man to be frightened by the words of a weak girl, or by the name of a mysterious being, whose agency I have never seen in the workings of earthly affairs."

"I have no mercy to expect from one who has consigned a whole ship's crew, without remorse, to a cruel death."

"Well, were they not Englishmen?" I have not for years, lady, spared an Englishman in my deep hatred, or an Englishwoman in my lust!"

"Yet are they not your own countrymen?"

"Yes."

"Unnatural monster!"

The pirate smiled. "I could relate a history of wrong that would justify me even in your eyes. If I have proved a viper to my native land, it is because her heel has crushed me—but the tale cannot be told now. If yonder vessel overtake us, and escape become impossible, my own hand will apply the match that shall blow up my brig, and all it contains. Before that time you will be a dishonored woman, to whom death were a relief. Nothing but this wound has preserved you thus long. With this assurance I leave you."

The pirate returned to the deck, where, notwithstanding the pain of his injuries, he continued to take command of the brig.

He had hardly vanished from the cabin before Florette stood by the side of Julia.

"Lady," said she, "I overheard your conversation with the captain of this brig, and I pity you most truly."

"Pity will little avail," replied Julia.

"That is true, yet I would aid you if possible."

"And you—do not you, too, desire to escape from this savage?"

"Alas! lady, I have learned to love him."

"*Love* him!"

"I have now been on this brig more than three years. I was taken from a French merchant vessel in which I was proceeding to French Guinea, to live with a relative there, having lost all my immediate kindred in France. While crossing the Bay of Biscay, a heavy storm drove us out to sea, and while endeavoring to return in shore, we fell in with this vessel—all on board were murdered but myself, so I have been told. I was borne to this cabin, which has since been my home. I was treated with much respect by the captain, and being all alone, I don't know why it was, I forgot all his crimes, and at length became his willing mistress. You turn from me in disgust, and in pity—yet so it is. And now, lady, if you are bold enough to risk your life, you may escape."

"I would gladly give my life to save my honor."

Florette gazed with a melancholy smile upon her companion; perhaps thoughts of her own former purity came over her mind.

"It is a bold plan," said she, "but it is on that account that I am more confident of success, as all chance of escape will be deemed hopeless."

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"What is your plan?"

"Night is now approaching, and it is probable the pursuing brig will not gain on us before dark. I have noticed that the ship's boat hangs at the stern, only fastened by the painter. If you have courage enough to descend to the boat by the painter, I will cut it, and you will then be directly in the course of the pursuing brig, and will be easily picked up."

"But how can I get to the vessel's deck without being seen?"

"I have thought of that; we will wait till dark, when you shall put on a similar dress with mine, and then you can go to any part of the vessel you choose without being suspected. You must watch your time to steal unobserved behind the man at the helm, and drop yourself into the boat; I will soon after appear on deck, and if you are successful in escaping observation, I shall be able then to cut the painter without difficulty, as the darkness will conceal my movements. Do you understand the plan?"

"I do."

"And you are not afraid to put it into execution?"

"Oh, no, no! and I thank you for your kind aid."

"I am not wholly disinterested, lady; you are beautiful, and may steal away the captain's heart from me."

Julia shuddered.

"Be ready," continued Florette, "and as soon as possible after it becomes dark we will make the attempt."

It was as Florette had called it, a bold plan, but not impracticable, as any one acquainted with the position of things will at once acknowledge. Only one man would be at the tiller, and he might or might not notice the passing of any other person behind him. This passage once accomplished, it would be an easy undertaking to slide down the strong painter, or rope which made fast the boat to the stern of the brig. It was a plan in which the chances were decidedly in favor of the success of the attempt.

The Raker had for some time ceased firing, and set studding-sails in hopes of gaining on the pirate; but the most the privateer was able to do, was to still preserve the relative positions of the two vessels.

The sun sunk beneath the waters, leaving a cloudless sky shedding such a light from its starry orbs, that if the pirate had hoped to escape under cover of the night, he speedily saw the impossibility of such an attempt eluding the watch from the privateer.

The captain of the pirate still kept his position upon the companion-way, with his head bent upon his breast, either buried in thought, or yielding to the weakness of his physical powers, occasioned by the loss of blood from his wound.

Florette, who was continually passing up and down through the cabin-door, carefully noted the state of things upon the quarter-deck, and perceiving every thing to be as favorable as could be expected, soon had Julia in readiness for her share in the undertaking.

"But first," said she, "let me put out the light in the binnacle."

The girl stood for a moment in deep thought, when her ready wit suggested a way to accomplish this feat, sufficiently simple to avoid suspicion. Seizing the broad palmetto hat of the pirate, and bidding Julia to be in readiness to profit by the moment of darkness which would ensue, she returned to the deck, and approaching the pirate, exclaimed,

"William, I have brought you your hat."

At the moment of presenting it to him, as it passed the binnacle-light, she gave it a swift motion, which at once extinguished the flame.

"Curses on the girl!" muttered the man at the helm.

"O, I was careless, Diego; I will bring the lantern in a moment;" and laying down the hat on the companion-way beside the pirate, who paid no attention to the movements around him, she glided back to the cabin.

"Here, lady," said she, "be quick—hand this lantern to the man at the helm, and then drop silently behind him while he is lighting it. I will immediately follow and take your place beside him. You understand me?"

"Yes, clearly."

"Well, as soon as I begin to speak with him, let yourself down into the boat by the painter, which I will soon cut apart, and then you will at least be out of the hands of your enemies."

Julia took the hand of Florette in her own, and warmly thanked her, but the girl impatiently checked her.

"Take this pistol with you also."

"But why?" inquired Julia, with a woman's instinctive dread of such weapons.

"O, I don't mean you should shoot any body, but if the boat drifts a little out of the brig's course, you might not be able to make yourself heard on her deck."

"True, true."

"The night is so still that a pistol-shot would be heard at a good distance."

"O, yes, I see it all now; I was so anxious to escape from this terrible ship that I thought of nothing else; and there is poor John."

"You must not think of him—it will be no worse for him if you go, no better if you remain. Here, take the lantern—say nothing as you hand it to the man at the tiller, but do as I told you."

Pressing the hand of Florette, Julia mounted to the deck with a painfully beating heart, but with a firm step. She handed the lantern to the steersman, who received it surlily, growling some rough oath, half to himself, at her delay, and leaning upon the tiller, proceeded to relight the binnacle-lamp. Julia fell back cautiously, and in another moment the light form of Florette filled her place.

"I was very careless, Diego," said she.

"Yes," replied he, gruffly.

"Well, I will be more careful next time."

"You 'd better."

Julia, during the short time of this conversation, had disappeared over the stern, and as the vessel was sailing before a steady wind, found little difficulty in sliding down the painter into the yawl.

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She could hardly suppress an exclamation when a moment afterward she found the ship rapidly gliding away from her, and leaving her alone upon the waters in so frail a support. Her situation was, indeed, one that might well appall any of her sex. To a sailor it would already have been one of entire safety, but to her it seemed as if every succeding wave would sink the little boat as it gracefully rose and fell upon their swell; but seating herself by the tiller, she managed to guide its motions, and with a calm reliance upon that God whose supporting arm she knew to be as much around her, when alone in the wide waste of waters, as when beside her own hearth-stone, in quiet and happpy England, she patiently awaited the issue of her bold adventure.

She had but a short time to wait when she perceived the dark outlines of the Raker bearing directly down upon her. As it approached it seemed as if it would run directly over her boat, and excited by the fear of the moment, and the anxiety to be heard, she gave a louder shriek than she supposed herself capable of uttering, and at the same time fired off her pistol.

Both were heard on board the Raker.

"Man overboard!" shouted the look-out.

"Woman overboard, you lubber," said a brother tar; "didn't you hear that screech?"

"Hard a port!"

"Hard a port 't is."

"Right under the lee bow."

"Well, pitch over a rope whoever it is. What does this mean?" said Lieutenant Morris, as he approached the bows.

"Cant say, sir—some devilry of the pirates, I reckon, to make us lose way."

"By heavens! it is a woman," cried the lieutenant, "let me throw that rope, we shall be on the boat in a minute. Hard a port!"

The rope, skillfully thrown by the young lieutenant, struck directly at the feet of Julia. With much presence of mind she gave it several turns around one of the oar-locks, and her boat was immediately hauled up to the side of the brig, without compelling the latter to slacken sail.

In another moment she was lifted to the deck of the Raker.

"Julia! thank Heaven!" exclaimed her father.

With a cry of joy she fainted in his arms, and was borne below, where she speedily recovered, and related the manner of her escape from the pirate.

All admired the courage of the attempt, and Lieutenant Morris, as he gazed upon the lovely countenance, which returning sensation was restoring to all its wonted bloom and beauty, one day of intense sorrow having left but slight traces upon it, he felt emotions to which he had hitherto been an entire stranger, and sought the deck with a flushed brow and animated eye, wondering at the vision of beauty which had risen, like Cytherea, from the sea.

[*To be continued.*

THE PRAYER OF THE DYING GIRL.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Oh! take me back again, mother, to that home I love so well,
Whose memory rules my fluttering heart with a mysterious spell:
I think of it when lying on my weary couch of pain,
And I feel that I am dying, mother—Oh! take me home again!

They tell me that this sunny clime strength to the wasted brings,
And the zephyr's balmy breezes come with healing on their wings;
But to me the sun's rich glow is naught—the perfumed air is vain—
For I know that I am dying—Oh! then, take me home again!

I long to find myself once more beside the little stream
That courses through our valley green, of which I often dream:
I fancy that a cooling draught from that sweet fount I drain—
It stills the fever of my blood—Oh! take me home again!

And then I lie and ponder, as I feel my life decline,
On the happy days that there I spent when health and strength were mine;
When I climbed the mountain-side, and roved the valley and the plain,
And my bosom never knew a pang of sorrow or of pain.

And when the sun was sinking in the far and glowing west,
I came and sat me by thy side, or nestled in thy breast,
And heard thy gentle words of love, and listened to the strain
Of thy sweet favorite evening hymn—Oh! take me home again!

How bright and joyous was my life! Night brought refreshing rest,
And morning's dawn awakened naught but rapture in my breast:
Now, sad and languid, weak and faint, I seek, but seek in vain,
To lay me down in soft repose—Oh! take me home again!

The hand of death is laid upon thy child's devoted head—
I feel its damp and chilling touch, so cold, so full of dread—
It palsies every nerve of mine—it freezes every vein—
Oh! take me then, dear mother—Oh! take me home again!

There, with my wan brow lying on thy fond and faithful breast,
Let me calmly wait the summons that calls me to my rest:
And when the struggle 's o'er, mother—the parting throe of pain—
Thou 'lt joy to know thy daughter saw her own loved home again!

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A WRITTEN LEAF OF MEMORY.

BY FANNY LEE.

Poor Fanny Layton! Oh! how well I remember the last time I ever saw her! 'T was in the dear old church whither from early childhood my footsteps were bent. What feelings of holy awe and reverence crept into my heart as I gazed, with eyes in which saddened tears were welling, upon the sacred spot! How my thoughts reverted to other days—the days of my early youth—that sweet "spring-time" of life, when I trod the blooming pathway before me so fetterless and free, with no overshadowing of coming ill—no anxious, fearful gazing into the dim future, as in after years, but with the bounding step that bespeaks the careless joyousness which Time, oh all too soon! brushes from the heart with "rude, relentless wing." How eagerly I would strive to subdue my impatient footsteps then to the calmer pace of more thoughtful years, as I gradually drew nearer to the holy sanctuary, although mine eyes would oft, despite my utmost endeavors, wander to the eaves of that time-worn, low-browed church, to watch the flight of the twittering host who came forth, I fancied, at my approach to bid me welcome! How I would cast one "longing, lingering look" at the warm, bright sunshine that irradiated even those gray walls, ere I entered the low porch whence it was all excluded by the ivy which seemed to delight in entwining its slender leaves around the crumbling pillars, as if it would fain impart strength and beauty to the consecrated building in its declining years.

But a long—long time had passed since then, and I had come to revisit my village-home, and the memory-endeared haunts of my girlhood, for the last time, ere journeying to a distant land. The place was little changed, and every thing around that well-remembered spot came laden with so many sweet and early associations, that the memory of by-gone hours swept thrillingly across my heart-strings, and it was not until after I had taken my accustomed seat in the old-fashioned high-backed pew, that I was roused from my busy wanderings in the "shadowy past," by the voice of our pastor—

> "Years had gone by, and given his honored head
> A *deadent of snow*—his eye was dim"—

his voice grown weak and tremulous with increasing years, although there was a something in its tone so full of simple-hearted earnestness, that had never failed to find its way to the most gay and thoughtless spirits of his little flock. And now how reverently I gazed upon the silvered locks of him who had been mine own faithful guide and counselor along the devious pathway of youth—feeling that his pilgrimage was almost ended—his loving labors well nigh over—and soon he would go down to the grave

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> Around him and lies down to peaceful dreams."

I looked around—and it was sad to see how few there were of all the familiar faces I had left—and those few—oh, how changed! But there was one to whom my glance reverted constantly, nor could I account for the strange fascination which seemed to fix mine eyes upon her. And yet, as I looked, the spring of memory seemed touched, and suddenly there appeared before me *two* faces, which I found it impossible to separate in my bewildered remem-berings—although so very unlike as they were! The one so bright and joyous, with blue laughter-loving eyes, in which an unshadowed heart was mirrored—and the other—the one on which my gaze was now fixed so dreamily—wan and faded, although it must once have been singularly beautiful, so delicate and fair were the features, and so pure and spiritual was the white brow resting beneath those waving masses of golden hair—a temple meet, methought, for all high and earnest feeling—then, too, there was a sweet—yet oh! how sorrow-shaded and subdued—expression flitting around the small mouth, as though a world-torn and troubled spirit, yet meek and long-suffering, had left its impress there! Her eyes—those large, deep, earnest eyes—how they haunted me with their eager restlessness, wandering to and fro with a perturbed, anxious, asking look, and then upturned with a fixed and pleading gaze, which moved one's very heart to see. Her dress was very simple, and yet I could not help thinking it strangely contrasted with the sorrow-stricken expression of that fair though faded face.

A wreath of orange-blossoms encircled the small cottage-bonnet, and a long white veil half concealed in its ample folds the fragile form, which, if it had lost the roundness of early youth, still retained the most delicate symmetry of outline; upon her breast lay, half hidden, a withered rose, fit emblem, methought, for her who wore it. Oft-times her pale thin hands were clasped, and once, when our pastor repeated in his own low, fervent tone—"Come unto me, all ye heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"—her lip quivered, and she looked quickly up, with

> "A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
> With some unfathomable thought."

My sympathies were all out-gushing for her, and when the full tones of the organ peeled forth their parting strain and we went forth from the sanctuary, my busy dreamings of the present and the past all were merged in one honest desire to know the poor girl's history. I learned it afterward from the lips of Aunt Nora Meriweather.

Dear Aunt Nora! If thou *wert* yclept "spinster," never did a heart more filled with good and pure and kindly impulses beat than thine! Indeed, I have ever ascribed my deep reverence for the sisterhood in

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general to my affectionate remembrances of this childhood's friend. The oracle of our village was Aunt Nora Meriwether—and how could "old maid" be a stigma upon her name, when it was by virtue of this very title that she was enabled to perform all those little kindly offices which her heart was ever prompting, and which made up the sum of her simple daily existence! It was said that Aunt Nora was "disappointed" in early life—but however this may have been, certain it was that the tales (and they *did* intimate—did the good people of our village—that if Aunt Nora had a weakness, it consisted in over-fondness for story-telling) she treasured longest, and oftenest repeated, were those in which the fair heroine was crossed in love.

Many a time have we, a group of gay and happy-hearted children, gathered round her feet, as she sat in the low doorway of her cottage-home, and listened with intense interest to a tale of her youthful days, gazing the while with eyes in which the bright drops of sympathy oft would glisten, upon the kind face bent upon our own in such loveful earnestness. And we would hope, in child-like innocence of heart, that *we* might never "fall in love," but grow up and be "old maids," just like our own dear Aunt Nora! Whether we still continued to hope so, after we had grown in years and wisdom, it behoveth me not to say! I am quite sure you would rather listen to the tale now before thee, dear reader, from the good old lady's own lips—for it is but a simple sketch at best, and needeth the charm thrown around it by a heart which the frost of many winters had not sealed to the tenderest sympathies of our nature—and the low-toned voice, too, that often during her narrative would grow tremulous with the emotion it excited. But, alas! this may not be! that low voice is hushed—the little wicket-gate now closed—the path which led to her cottage-door untrodden now for many a day—and that kind and gentle heart is laid at rest beneath bright flowers, planted there by loving hands, in the humble church-yard. But this day is so lovely—is it not? With that soft and shadowy mist hanging like a gossamer veil over Nature's face, through which the glorious god of day looks with a quiet smile, as though he loved to dwell upon a scene so replete with home-breathing beauty! And that smile! how lovingly it rests upon the lawn and the meadow and the brook! How it lingers upon the sweet flowerets which have not yet brushed the tears from their eyes, until those dewy tear-drops seem—as if touched by a fairy wand—to change to radiant gems! How it peeps into every nook and dell, until the silent places of the earth rejoice in the light of that glory-beaming smile! The busy hum of countless insects—the soft chime of the distant water-fall—the thrilling notes of the woodland choristers—the happy voice of the streamlet, which hurries on ever murmuring the same glad strain—the gentle zephyr, now whispering through the leafy trees with low, mysterious tone, and then stealing so gently, noiselessly through the shadowy grass, till each tiny blade quivers as if trembling to the touch of fairy feet. These are Nature's voices, and do they not seem on a day like this in the sweet summer-time to unite and swell forth in one full anthem of harmony and praise to the great Creator of all? And does it not seem, too, as we gaze (for thou art sitting now with me, art thou not, gentle reader? on the mossy bank beneath the noble elm which has for many years stretched out its arms protectingly over mine own old homestead, while I recount to thee this simple tale of "long ago") upon the scene before us, so replete with quiet loveliness it is—that in every heart within the precincts of our smiling village there must be a chord attuned to echo back in voiceless melody the brightness and the beauty around? Yet oh! how many there may be, even here, whose sun of happiness hath set on earth forever! How many whose tear-dimmed glance can descry naught in the far future but a weary waste—whose life-springs all are dried—whose up-springing hopes all withered by the blighting touch of Sorrow!

. . . . . .

Dost thou see that little cot nestled so closely beneath the hill-side? and covered with the woodland vine which hath enfolded its tendrils clingingly around it—peeping in and out at the deserted windows, or climbing at will over the latticed porch, or trailing on the ground and looking up forlornly, as though it wondered where were the careful hands which erst nourished it so tenderly. The place seems very mournful—with the long grass growing rankly over the once carefully-kept pathway, and a few bright flowers, on either side, striving to uprear their beauteous heads above the tangled weeds which have well nigh supplanted them. Neglect—desolation is engraven on all around, and even the little wicket, as it swings slowly to and fro, seems to say, "All gone! gone!" The wind, how moaningly it steals through the deserted rooms, as though breathing a funereal dirge over the departed! How "eloquent of wo" is that sound! Now swelling forth, as it were, in wild and uncontrollable grief, and now sinking exhaustedly into a low and touching mournfulness which seems almost human! But to our tale.

One bright morning, now many years ago, a lady clothed in garb of mourning, accompanied by a little bright-eyed girl of perhaps some nine summers, and her old nurse, alighted at the village inn. Now this seemingly trivial circumstance was in reality quite an event in our quiet community, and considerably disturbed the good people thereof from the "even tenor of their way." Indeed, there were many more curious eyes bent upon the new-comers than they seemed to be at all aware of if one might judge from the cold and calm features of the lady, or the assiduous care which her companion was bestowing upon one particular bandbox, which the gruff driver of the stage-coach was, to be sure, handling rather irreverently, actually seeming to enjoy the ill-concealed anxiety of the poor old woman for the safety of her goods and chattels, while the child followed close beside her mamma, her sparkling eyes glancing hither and thither with that eager love of novelty so natural to the young. At length, however, the trunks, boxes, packages, &c., &c., all were duly deposited,

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and duly inspected also, by the several pairs of eyes which were peering through the narrowest imaginable strips of glass at neighboring window-curtains or half-closed shutters. The driver once more mounted his box, cracked his whip, and the lumbering coach rattled rapidly away, while the travelers, obeyed the call of the smiling and curtseying landlady, and disappeared within the open door of the inn.

Oh, what whisperings and surmisings were afloat throughout our village during the succeeding week! Who *can* this stranger-lady be? From whence has she come, and how long intend remaining here?" seemed to be the all-important queries of the day; and so gravely were they discussed, each varying supposition advanced or withdrawn as best suited the charity or credulity of the respective interrogators, that one would certainly have thought them questions of vital importance to their own immediate interests. Strange to say, however, with all this unwonted zeal and perseverance, at the end of the nine days, (the legitimate time for wonderment,) all that the very wisest of the group of gossips could bring forward as the fruits of her patient and untiring investigation, was the simple fact that the lady's name was Layton—the nurse's Jeffries—and that the child, who soon became the pet of the whole household, was always addressed by the servants at the inn as "Miss Fanny," and, moreover, that Mrs. L. was certainly in mourning for her husband, as she had been seen one morning by the chambermaid weeping over the miniature of a "very fine-looking man, dressed in uniform," and had, in all probability, come to take up her residence in our quiet Aberdeen, as she had been heard inquiring about the small cottage beneath the hill, (the self-same, dear reader, the neglect and desertion of which were but now lamented.)

Truth to tell, it *was* shrewdly surmised that the landlady at the "Golden Eagle" had gleaned more particular information than this, although whenever she was questioned concerning the matter, she did only reply by a very grave shake of the head, each vibration of which (particularly when accompanied by a pursing of the mouth, and a mysterious looking round) more and more convinced her simple-minded auditors (i. e. some of them, for it is not to be denied that there were a few incredulous ones who, either from former experiences, or natural sagacity, or some cause unknown, hesitated not to declare it to be their fixed and unalterable opinion that these seeming indications of superior knowledge on the part of good Mrs. Gordon, were but "a deceitful show," "for their '*delusion*' given,") that she, Mrs. G., had been entrusted either by Mistress Jeffries, the nurse, or perhaps by the lady herself, with a weighty and important secret, which it would be very dreadful, indeed, to disclose. And yet, when such a possibility was vaguely hinted to her, she did not, (as one would be disposed to do who was really striving to deceive the eager questioners around her, by giving them an erroneous impression as to the amount of her knowledge on the subject,) seize the idea with avidity, and seem manifestly anxious to encourage such a supposition. On the contrary, it was evidently deeply distressing to her that any one should cherish such a thought for a moment; and she begged them so earnestly, almost with tears in her eyes, not to mention it again, and said so much about it, reverting to the theme invariably when the conversation chanced to turn upon some other topic, as though it quite weighed upon her mind, that at length her companions inwardly wondered what had given rise to the belief in their minds, and yet, as one old lady said, looking sagaciously over her spectacles, "that belief waxed stronger and stronger."

Time passed on—days merged themselves into weeks, and weeks to months, and the harmony and quietude of Aberdeen was fully restored. The "Widow Layton," (for thus, from that time, was she invariably styled,) after all due preliminaries, had taken quiet possession of the little vine-clad cot; and although she was not as "neighborly" as she might have been, and never communicative as to her previous history, still might the feeling of pique with which they at first received such a rebuff to their curiosity, have been a very evanescent one in the minds of the villagers, had it not chanced that Aberdeen was blessed (?) with two prim sister-spinsters, (was it they or Aunt Nora, who formed the exception to the general rule? I leave it for thee, dear reader, to decide, since with that early-instilled reverence before mentioned, I cannot consider my humble opinion infallible,) whose hearts, according to their *own* impression on the subject, quite overflowed with charity and benevolence, which manifested itself in the somewhat singular method of making every one around them uncomfortable, and in the happy faculty which they possessed in an eminent degree, of imparting injurious doubts and covert insinuations as to the manners and habits of their neighbors, who else might have journeyed peacefully adown the vale of life in perfect good faith with all the world; moreover, they hated a mystery, did these two sister-spinsters, from their own innate frankness and openness of disposition, they said, and considered themselves so much in duty bound to ferret out the solution of any thing which bore the semblance to an enigma, that they gave themselves no rest, poor, self-sacrificing creatures, until they had obtained their object. And well were they rewarded for this indefatigable zeal, for they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had found out more family secrets, destroyed more once-thought happy marriages, and embittered more hearts than any two persons in all the country round.

They lived in the heart of our village, (and never did that heart quicken with one pulsation of excitement or surprise, or joy or sorrow, but they were the first to search into the why and wherefore,) in a large two story house, isolated from the rest, which seemed to emulate its occupants in stiffness and rigidity, and whose glassy eyes looked out as coldly upon the beauteous face of nature, as they from their own stern "windows of the soul," upon the human face divine. There was no comfort, no

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home-look about the place; even the flowers seemed not to grow by their own sweet will, but came up as they were bidden, tall and straight, and stiff. And the glorious rays of the sun glanced off from the dazzling whiteness of the forbidding mansion, as though they had met with a sudden rebuff, and had failed to penetrate an atmosphere where every thing seemed to possess an antipathy to the bright and the joyous. It was strange to see what a chilliness pervaded the spot. The interior of the house (which I once saw when a child; and, oh! I never *can* forget the long, long-drawn sigh that escaped my lips as I once more found myself without the precincts of a place where my buoyant spirits seemed suddenly frozen beneath the glance of those two spinsters, where even the large, lean cat paced the floor with such a prim, stately step, now and then pausing to fix her cold, gray eyes upon my face, as though to question the cause of my intrusion, and also to intimate that she had no sort of sympathy with either my feelings, or those of children in general.) Every thing bore the same immovable look—the narrow, high-backed chairs seemed as if they had grown out of the floor, and were destined to remain as stationary as the oaks of the forest; the "primeval carpet," over which the Misses Nancy and Jerusha Simpkins walked as though mentally enumerating the lines that crossed each other in such exact squares, never was littered by a single shred; and the high, old-fashioned clock still maintained its position in the corner from year to year, seeming to take a sort of malicious satisfaction in calmly ticking the hours away which bore the Misses Simpkins nearer and nearer to that *certain* age (which they, if truth must be told, were in nowise desirous to reach) when all further endeavors to conceal the foot-marks of stern old Father Time would be of no avail.

It was at the close of a chilly evening late in autumn—old Boreas was abroad, and had succeeded, it would seem, in working himself into an ungovernable fit of rage, for he went about screaming most boisterously, now hurrying the poor bewildered leaves along, maliciously causing them to perform very undignified antics for their *time of life*, while they, poor old withered things, thus suddenly torn from the protecting arms of their parental tree, flew by, like frightened children, vainly striving to gain some place of shelter. Alas! alas! no rest was there for them. What infinite delight their inveterate persecutor seemed to take in whirling them round and round, dodging about, and seeking them in the most unheard-of places, where they lay panting from very fright and fatigue. And then off he would start again, shaking the window-sashes as he passed, with wild, though impatient fury, remorselessly tearing down the large gilt signs which had from time immemorial rejoiced in the respective and respectable names of several worthies of our village, and then speeding away to the homes of said worthies, to proclaim the audacious deed through the key-hole, in the most impudent and incomprehensible manner possible. It was on such an evening as this, a few months after the arrival of the Laytons at Aberdeen, that the Misses Simpkins sat in their cheerless back-room, hovering over a small fire, busily plying their noisy knitting-needles, and meantime indulging in their usual dish of scandal, which, however, it is but justice to say, was not quite so highly seasoned with the spice of envy and malice as was its wont. Whether it was that the memory of a bright and beaming little face that had intruded upon their solitude during the afternoon, had half succeeded in awakening the slumbering better nature which had slept so long, it was somewhat doubted if any effort could resuscitate it again; whether it was that the lingering echo of a certain sweet, childish voice that had beguiled the weary hours of their dullness and monotony, and with its innocent prattle, had, in some degree, forced an opening through the firm frost-work which had been gradually gathering for years round their hearts, I cannot tell; but true it is that as the sister spinsters sat there, with the faint and feeble flame struggling up from the small fire, and the light from the one tall candle flickering and growing unsteady as it flashed upon the two thin, sharp faces close beside it, while the antique furniture looked more grotesque and grim than ever in the deep shadow, and the never-wearying clock still ticked calmly on, regardless alike of the contending elements without and the wordy warfare within; true it is that the conversation between the sisters was divested of one half its wonted acrimony.

"To be sure," said Miss Simpkins the younger, at length, after a pause, in which the half-awakened better nature seemed strongly disposed to resume its slumbers again, "little civility has the Widow Layton to expect from any body with her distant bows and uppish airs, when one ventures to express an interest in her; and if I had n't a very forgiving disposition, oh! Jerusha! Jerusha! I don't think I'd trouble myself to call upon her again. But I feel it to be my duty to advise her to put little Fanny to school, for she 's a good child and winsome-like, and running at large so will just be the spoiling of her."

"Well, Jerusha," responded Miss Nancy, who had, perhaps, a little leaven more than her sister, of tartness in her disposition, and on whose face an habitual expression of acidity was rapidly increasing, "you know very well that the widow considers herself a little above every body else in Aberdeen, and you might as well talk to a stone wall as to her about sending the child to school. Why have n't I done my best at talking to her? Have n't I told her of Miss Birch's school, where the children do n't so much as turn round without their teacher's leave, and where you might hear a pin drop at any time. Have n't I told her that she might easily save a good deal in the year, by renting one half of that snug little cottage—and what thanks did I get? A reply as haughty as if she were the greatest lady in the land, instead of being, as she is, a nameless, homeless stranger, who cannot be 'any better than she should be,' or she would never make such a mighty mystery about her past life, that she 'trusted Miss Simpkins would allow her to be the best judge as to the

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proper method of educating her child, and also as to the means of retrenching her own expenses if she found it needful.'"

Unkind, unjust, unfeeling Nancy Simpkins! and has not that settled, ever-present sorrow upon those pale features; have not those grief-traced lines around the compressed mouth, and across the once smooth and polished brow; has not the sad garb of the mourner, which speaks of the lone vigil, the weary watching? the hope deferred, or it may be the sudden stroke of the dread tyrant Death, no appeal to thy frozen sympathies? Canst thou suffer thy better nature to resume its deep and trance-like sleep again, and rob that poor widowed mother of her only hope on earth, that bright, glad creature, who carries sunshine to her otherwise desolate home, but to pinion her free and fetterless spirit beneath the iron rule and despotic sway of the village task-mistress?

We will leave the Misses Simpkins, and thou pleasest, reader mine, to the enjoyment of their envy-tinctured converse, and turn the page of Mrs. Layton's life.

An only child of wealthy parents, petted, caressed and idolized, she had sprung into womanhood, with every wish anticipated, every desire gratified ere half expressed, if within the reach of human possibility, what wonder, then, that she grew wayward and willful, and at length rashly dashed the cup of happiness of which she had drank so freely in her sunny youth from her lip, by disobeying her too fond and doating parents, in committing her life's destiny to the keeping of one who they, with the anxious foresight of love, too well knew would not hold the precious trust as sacred. Brave and handsome and gifted he might be, but the seeds of selfishness had been too surely sown within his heart; and he had won the idol of a worshiping crowd, more, perchance, from a feeling of exultation and pride in being able to bear away the prize from so many eager aspirants, than any deep-rooted affection he felt for the fair object of his solicitude. The novelty and the charm soon wore away, and then his beautiful bride was neglected for his former dissolute associates. He afterward entered the navy, and somewhat more than ten years after they were wedded, fell in a duel provoked by his own rash temper. From the moment that Mrs. Layton recovered from the trance-like swoon which followed the first sight of her husband's bleeding corpse, she seemed utterly, entirely changed. She had truly loved him, he who lay before her now, a victim of his own rash and selfish folly, and with all a woman's earnest devotion would have followed him to the remotest extremes of earth; but her feelings had been too long trampled upon, her heart too bruised and crushed ever to be upraised again. She had leaned upon a broken reed, and had awakened to find herself widowed, broken-hearted. And she arose, that desolate and bereaved one, and folding her child closer to her breast, went forth into the cold world friendless—alone! Once would her grief have been loud and passionate and wild, but she had passed through a weary probation, and had learned "to suffer and be still." How, in that dark hour, did her lost mother's prayer-breathed words, her father's earnest entreaties come back to smite heavily upon her sorrow-stricken spirit—but remorse and repentance were now all too late. And yet not too late, she murmured inly, for had she not a duty to perform toward the little being, her only, and, oh! how heaven-hallowed, tie to earth, consigned to her guardianship and care. Did she not firmly resolve never by ill-judged and injudicious fondness to mark out a pathway filled with thorns for her darling. It may be that that widowed mother erred even in excess of zeal, for she would resist the natural promptings of her heart, and check the gushing affection which welled from the deepest, purest fountain in the human heart, lest its expression might prove injurious to the loved one in after years. And thus there grew a restraint and a seeming coldness on the part of the mother, a constant craving for love, which was never satisfied, and a feeling of fear on the child's, which shut them out from that pure trust and confidence, which are such bright links in the chain that binds a mother to her child.

. . . . . .

This, then, was the Widow Layton who with her little one and nurse had sought our village, immediately after the decease of her husband, as a peaceful asylum from the noise and tumult of a world where, in happier days, she had played so conspicuous a part. It was not so much that she sedulously avoided all mention of her past history to the eager questioners around her, from a disinclination that it should be known, as that she little understood the character of the villagers themselves—ofttimes mistaking a really well-meant interest in her welfare for an idle and impertinent curiosity. Mrs. Layton had been highly born and nurtured, and there seemed to her delicate mind a something rude and unfeeling in the manner with which her too officious friends and neighbors would touch upon the sources of grief which were to her so sacred. And therefore, perhaps unwisely, she held herself aloof from them, replying to their different queries with that calm and easy dignity which effectually precluded all approach to familiarity, and engendered a dislike in the minds of those who were little accustomed to meet one who could not enter into all their feelings, plans and projects—which dislike was constantly kept alive and fostered by the united exertions of the two sister spinsters. Good Mrs. Jeffries, too, the fond old nurse who had never left her beloved mistress through all her varying fortunes, was all too faithful and true to reveal aught that that kind mistress might wish untold; and thus it was that the curiosity of the good people of Aberdeen was kept continually in check, and about the unsuspecting inmates of Woodbine Cottage was thrown a mystery that was becoming constantly augmented by their incomprehensible silence on the subject. . . . . .

Weeks—months—years sped swiftly away, and the widow, by her free and unostentatious charities and her angel-ministering to the poor, the afflicted and the bereaved, had almost eradicated the first unpleas-

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ing impression made upon the simple-hearted people of Aberdeen; so that, although the Misses Simpkins still held their nightly confabulations, they did not venture as at first, so openly to propagate their animadversions concerning the "mysterious stranger," but on the contrary, always made it a point to preface any sudden and amiable suggestion that presented itself to their minds with "not that I would say any thing against her, but it does seem a little singular," &c. But of Miss Fanny—sweet, witching Fanny Layton! who had grown in beauty and grace day by day, not one word did they dare to speak in her dispraise! For was there one in all Aberdeen who would not have resented the slightest intimation of disrespect to our lily of the valley—whose joy-inspiring and sorrow-banishing presence was welcomed delightedly by young and old, both far and near? And oh! was there ever music like her sweet, ringing laugh, or melody like the low-toned voice which was always eloquent of joyousness. Whether she sat in the humble cottage, lending kind and ready assistance to the care-worn matron, by playfully imprisoning the little hands of the children within her own petite palms, while she recounted to them some wonderful tale, her brilliant fancy, meantime, never soaring above their childish comprehension, although she was regarded by her little auditors as nothing less than a bright fairy herself, who was thus familiar with all that witching tribe, and who could with her own magic wand thus open to them stores of such strange and delightful things as was never before dreamed of in their youthful philosophy—while their patient, painstaking mother would now and then glance up from her never-ending task, with a smile of such beaming pleasure and gratitude as amply repaid the gentle being, who seemed in her loveful employ to be the presiding angel of that humble dwelling-place. Whether she would "happen-in" of a long, warm summer afternoon to take a cup of tea with a neighboring farmer's wife—an honor that never failed to throw that worthy woman into a perfect fever of anxiety and delight—who would proffer a thousand and one apologies for the deficiencies that only existed in her own perverse imagination, if, indeed, they existed even there, for her bright eyes were contradicting a pair of rosy lips all the while, as they glanced with a lurking—yet I am sure laudable—pride, from the "new chany sett" (which was wont on great occasions to be brought forward) to the rich treasures of her well-kept dairy, that her busy feet had been going pat-a-pat from cupboard to cellar, and cellar to cupboard, for a whole hour previous collecting, to place in all their tempting freshness before her beloved guest. Or whether she came with her simple offering of fresh flowers—her word of sympathy and comfort—or some choice dainty, that seemed "*so* nice" to the sick and suffering, who had turned away with loathing from every thing before, but who could not fail to find *this* delicious, for was it not made and brought by the hands of dear Miss Fanny's self? Still did her presence seem to make sunlight wherever she went!

Fanny was a young lady now—although you would scarce believe it, for she was a very child at heart, with all a child's unworldliness, unsuspecting confidence, and winning innocence. And yet there was deep, deep down in that loveful, earnest heart, that Joy and all Joy's sister spirits seemed to have taken captive, a fount whose seal had never been found.

Oh, Fanny, dear, darling Fanny Layton! wo, wo for thee the day when first that hidden seal was broken! When Hope and Doubt and Fear by turns played sentinel to the hidden treasure, the door to which, when once flung back, never can be reclosed again! When joy and gladness but tarried a little while to dispute their prior right to revel undisturbed in that buoyant heart of thine, and then went tearfully forth, leaving for aye a dreary void, and a deep, dark shadow, where all had been but brightness and beauty before! Oh, why must the night-time of sorrow come to thee, thou gentle and pure-hearted one? Thou for whom such fervent and fond prayers have ascended, as should, methinks, have warded off from thee each poisoned shaft, and proved an amulet to guard thee from all life's ills! Thy sixteenth summer, was it not a very, very happy one to thee, sweet Fanny Layton? But happiness, alas! in this cold world of ours, is never an unfading flower; and although so coveted and so sought, still will droop in the eager hands which grasped it, and die while yet the longing eyes are watching its frail brightness with dim and shadowful foreboding!

Just on the outskirts of our village there slept a silent, secluded little nook, which the thickly-growing trees quite enclosed, only permitting the bright sun to glance glimmeringly through their interwoven leaves and look upon the blue-eyed violets that held their mute confabulations—each and all perking up their pretty heads to receive the diurnal kiss of their god-father Sol—in little lowly knots at their feet. Kind reader, I am sure I cannot make you know how very lovely it was, unless you yourself have peeped into this sheltered spot—seen the cool, dark shadows stretching across the velvet turf, and making the bright patches of sunlight look brighter still—have stood by the murmuring brook on which the sun-bright leaves overhead are mirrored tremulously, and upon whose brink there grows so many a lovely "denizen of the wild"—gazed admiringly upon the beautiful white rose Dame Nature hath set in the heart of this hidden sanctuary, as a seal of purity and innocence—and more than this, have turned from all these to watch the fairy form flitting from flower to flower, with so light a step that one might mistake it for some bright fay sent on a love-mission to this actual world of ours—if one did not know that this was Fanny Layton's dream-dell—that in this lovely spot she would spend hours during the long, warm summer days, poring over the pages of some favorite author, or twining the sweet wild flowers in fragrant wreaths to bedeck her invalid mother's room—or, perchance, staying for awhile those busy fingers, to indulge in those dreamy, delicious reveries with which the scene and hour so harmonized.

One day—and that day was an era in poor Fanny's

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life which was never afterward to be forgotten—our lovely heroine might have been seen tripping lightly over the smooth sward, the green trees rustling musically in the summer breeze, and Nature's myriad tones "concerting harmonies" on hill and dale. And one needed but to see the smiling lip, and those clear, laughter-loving eyes peeping from beneath just the richest and brightest golden curls in the world, to know what a joyous heart was beating to that fairy-light and bounding step. Wonder none could be, that many an eye brightened as she passed, and many a kindly wish—that was never the less trustful and sincere for that it was couched in homely phrase—sped her on her way. Dream-dell was reached at length—the flowering shrubs which formed the rural gate-way parted, and Funny threw herself on the waving grass, with a careless grace which not all the fashionable female attitudinizers in the world could have imitated, so full of unstudied ease and naturalness it was—with her small cottage bonnet thrown off that wealth of clustering curls which were lifted by the soft summer wind, and fell shadowingly over the brightest and most beaming little face upon which ever fond lover gazed admiringly—with eyes which seemed to have caught their deep and dewy blue from the violets she clasped in one small hand, and on which they were bent with a silent glance of admiration—for Funny was a dear lover of wild-wood flowers, as who is not who bears a heart untouched by the sullying stains of earth? One tiny foot had escaped from the folds of her simple muslin dress, and lay half-buried in the green turf—a wee, *wee* foot it was, so small, indeed, that it seemed just the easiest thing possible to encase it within the lost slipper of Cinderella, if said slipper could but have been produced; at least so said a pair of eyes, as plainly as pair of eyes *could* say it, which peering from behind a leafy screen, were now upon it fixed in most eager intensity, and now wandered to the face of the fair owner thereof, who was still bent over the flowers in the small hand, as if seeking some hidden spell in their many-colored leaves.

That pair of eyes were the appurtenances belonging to a face that might have proved no uninteresting study to the physiognomist, albeit it would have puzzled one not a little, methinks, to have formed a satisfactory conclusion therefrom, so full of contradictions did it seem. A mass of waving hair fell around a brow high and well-developed, though somewhat darkly tinged by the warmth, mayhap, of a southern sun, and the eyes were large and lustrous, yet there was a something unfathomable in their depths, which made one doubt if they were truly the index of the soul, and might not be made to assume whatever expression the mind within willed. At present, however, they were filled only with deep admiration mingled with surprise, while around the mouth, which, in repose, wore a slightly scornful curve, there played a frank and winning smile, as, advancing with a quiet courtesy that at once bespoke him a man of the world, despite slouched hat and hunting-frock, the intruder upon our heroine's solitude exclaimed, with half-earnest, half-jesting gallantry, "Prithee, fair woodland nymph, suffer a lone knight, who has wandered to the confines of a Paradise unawares, to bow the knee in thy service, and do atonement meet for venturing unbidden into thy hidden sanctum, to proffer thee the homage of his loyal heart!"

Funny was but a simple country maiden, all unskilled in the light and graceful nothings which form the substance of worldly converse, and so the warm, rich crimson crept into her cheek,

> "The color which his gaze had thrown
> Upon a cheek else pale and fair,
> As lilies in the summer air."

and the wee foot forthwith commenced beating a tatoo upon the heads of the unoffending flowers around, who breathed forth their perfumed sighs in mute reproachfulness; but she was still a woman, and so with all a woman's ready tact she replied, though with the flush deepening on her cheek, and a scarce-perceptible tremor in her voice,

"Indeed, sir stranger, since thou hast given me such unwonted power, I must first use my sceptre of command in banishing all intruders into my august presence, and invaders of this 'hidden sanctum,' which is held sacred to mine own idle feet alone!"

And there was a merry look of mischievous meaning stealing in and out of those bright eyes as they were for a moment uplifted to the face of the stranger, and then again were shadowed by the drooping lid. Whether it was that said "intruder" detected a something in the tone or the demure glance of the fair girl which contradicted the words she spoke, or whether that very glance transfixed him to the spot, history telleth not, but stay he did; and if his tarrying was very *heartily* objected to by his companion, if the words which fell from his lip in utterance how musical, for the space of two fastly-fleeting hours, were not pleasing to the ear of the maiden, then, indeed, did that soft, bright glow which mantled her fair cheek, and the rosy lip, half-parted and eloquent of interest, sadly belie the beating heart within, as the twain walked lingeringly homeward, the dark shadows lengthening on the green grass, and the setting sun flinging a flood of golden-tinted light upon the myriad leaves which were trembling to the love-voice of the soft summer breeze.

Softly was the latch of the wicket lifted, and light was the maiden's step upon the stair, as she sought her own little chamber. Was she gazing forth from the open window to admire the brilliancy of that gorgeous sunset? Was it to drink in the beauty and brightness of that sweet summer eve, or to feel the soft breeze freshly fanning her flushed cheek? Nay, none of these. See how earnestly her gaze is bent upon the retreating form of the stranger; and now that he is lost to view, behold her sitting with head resting on one little hand, quite lost in a reverie that is not like those of Dream-dell memory, for now there comes a tangible shape in place of those ideal ones, and the echo of a manly voice, breathing devotion and deference in every tone, still is lingering in her enchained ear. For the first time she forgets to carry her offering of fresh flowers to her mother's room. Ah! her busy fingers have been strewing

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the bright leaves around unconsciously, and she blushingly gathers the few remaining ones, and, with a pang of self-reproach, hastens to her mother's side.

It is with a sigh of relief that Fanny beholds her invalid parent sleeping sweetly—a relief that was augmented by the question which burst suddenly upon her mind, "Can I tell her that I have had a stranger-companion in my wanderings?" Wonder not at the query, gentle reader, for remember that the life of our sweet Fanny had not been blessed with that loving confidence which is the tenderest tie in the relation of mother and child. Her love was ever intermingled with too much fear and restraint from earliest youth, for that interchange of counsel and trust which might have been a sure safeguard against many of earth's ills. And it was perhaps that very yearning to fill the only void left in her happy heart which prompted her to give the helm of her barque of life, so soon and so confidingly into the hands of a stranger.

Day succeeded day, and still the lovers, for they were lovers now, were found at their sweet trysting spot, seeking every pretext for frequent meetings, as lovers will, until many were the heads in Aberdeen which were shaken in wise prognostication; and the Misses Simpkins, to their unspeakable relief, had found a new theme whereon to exercise their powers conversational, while the children of the village mourned the absence of their kind "Fairy," and wished with all their little hearts that Miss Fanny would send away that "naughty man" who kept her from their homes.

Poor Fanny! the hidden seal had been touched at length, and on the deep waters beneath was shining Love's own meteor-light—a light that was reflected on every thing around.

> "It was as her heart's full happiness
> Poured over *all* its own excess."

How swiftly the days flew by, "like winged birds, as lightly and as free." And, oh! how priceless, peerless was the gift she was yielding to the stranger in such child-like confidence and trust. There was so much up-looking in her love for him; it seemed so sweet to recognize the thoughts which had lain dormant in her own soul, for want of fitting expression, flowing from his lip clothed in such beauty-breathing garmenture. And now Fanny Layton was a child no longer. She had crossed the threshold, and the "spirit of unrest" had descended upon her, silent as yet she knew it not. Her heart seemed so full of sunshine, that when she ventured to peep into its depths, she was dazzled by that flood of radiance—and how could she descry the still shadow. Alas! that on this earth of ours with the sunlight ever comes the shadows, too, which was sleeping there, but to widen and grow deeper and darker when love's waters should cease to gush and sparkle as at the first opening of that sweet fount.

But the day of parting came at length—how it had been dwelt upon with interminglings vows, promises, caresses on his part, with trust, and tenderness, and tears on hers! A sad, sad day it was for Fanny Layton, the first she had ever known that was ever heralded by sorrow's messenger. How she strove to dwell upon Edward Morton's words, "It will not be for long;" and banish from her heart those nameless, undefinable fears which *would* not away at her bidding. The sky looked no longer blue—the green earth no longer glad; and traces of tears, the bitterest she had ever shed, were on that poor girl's cheek, as she went forth to meet her beloved, for the last time.

It matters not to say how each familiar haunt was visited that day; how each love-hallowed spot bore witness to those low murmured words which are earth's dearest music; how time wore on, as time will, whether it bears on its resistless tide a freightage of joys or sorrows, pleasures, or pains, until at length the last word had been said, the last silent embrace taken; and now poor Fanny Layton stood alone, gazing through blinding tears upon the solitary horseman who rode swiftly away, as if another glance at the fair creature who stood with straining gaze and pallid cheek and drooping form, would all unman him. Was it this, or was it that in that hour he felt his own unworthiness of the sacred trust reposed in him?

We will believe, dear reader, that whatever after influences may have exercised dominion over his heart; however he may have been swerved from his plighted faith by dreams of worldly ambition, or wealth, or power; however cold policy may have up-rooted all finer feeling from his soul, we will believe that no thoughts of treachery, no meditated falsehood mingled with that parting embrace and blessing; that although he had bowed at many a shrine before, and therefore could not feel all the depth and purity of the unworldly affection which he had won, still he did not, could not believe it possible that that priceless love would be bartered for pomp and station, he did mean, when he placed the white rose, plucked from the heart of Dream-dell, in the little trembling hand which rested on his shoulder, and murmured "Fanny, darling, ere this bud hath scarce withered, I shall be with you again," that it should be even as he said. Alas! alas! for the frailty of human nature!

That night poor Fanny pressed the precious rose to her quivering lip, and sobbed herself, like a child, to sleep.

The next day wore away—the next—the next—still no tidings from the absent one; and he had promised to write as soon as he arrived "in town!" What could it mean?

Oh, that weary watching! The hours moved, oh, so leaden-paced and slow! Every day the poor girl waited for the coming of the post-man; and every day, with a pang at her heart, and tear-dimmed eyes, she saw him pass the door. "Edward has been detained; he will come yet, I'm sure," a fond inner voice whispered; "perhaps he has sent no letter, because he 'll be here himself so soon!" Poor Fanny! another week, and still no letter, no tidings. "Oh! he must be ill!" she whispered, anxiously, but never thought him false. Oh, no! she was too single-hearted, too relying in her trust for a doubt so dreadful; but her step grew heavier day by day—her cheek so

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very, very pale, except at the post-man's hour, when it would burn with a feverish brightness, and then fade to its former pallid hue again; her sweet voice was heard no longer trilling forth those thrilling melodies which had gladdened the heart of young and old to hear. The visits to Dream-dell were less and less frequent, for now how each remembrance so fondly connected with that spot, came fraught with pain; the works of her favorite author's lay opened, but unread, upon her knee; and the fastly-falling tears half-blotted out the impassioned words she had once read with *him* with so happy a heart-thrill.

The widow saw with anxiety and alarm this sudden change; but she was an invalid—and the poor suffering one strove to hide her sickness of the heart, and mother though she was, Mrs. Layton discovered not the canker-worm which was nipping her bud of promise, but would whisper, "You confine yourself too much to my room, my child, and must go out into the bright sunshine, so that the smile may come back to your lip, the roses to your cheek."

One day, now three months after Edward Morton's departure, Miss Jerusha Simpkins was seen threading her way to Woodbine Cottage. She held a newspaper carefully folded in her hand, and on her pinched and withered face a mingled expression of caution and importance was struggling.

Lifting the latch of the embowered door, the spinster walked into the small parlor, where Fanny Layton was engaged in feeding her pet canaries; poor things! they were looking strangely at the wan face beside the cage, as if they wondered if it could be the same which used to come with wild warblings as sweet and untutored as their own. Fanny turned to welcome the intruder, but recognized Miss Simpkins with a half-drawn sigh, and a shrinking of the heart, for she was ever so minute in her inquiries for that "runaway Mr. Morton."

"A beautiful day, Miss Fanny," commenced the spinster, looking sharply around, (she always made a point of doing two things i. e. entering the houses of her neighbors without knocking, and then taking in at a glance not only every thing the room contained, but the occupation, dress, &c. of the inmates for after comment,) and then throwing back her bonnet, and commencing to fan herself vigorously with the folded paper, "I thought I must run round to-day and see how your mother did, and bring her to-day's paper. I happened to be standing by the window when the penny-post came by, and Nancy says to me, 'Jerusha,' says she, 'do run to the door and get the Times—I haven't seen it for an age,' for we aint no great readers at our house; so I steps to the door and gets one from neighbor Wilkins—he is a very pleasant-spoken man, and often drops in of a morning to have a chat with me and Nancy. Well, what should I see the first thing (for I always turn to the marriages and deaths) but Mr. Edward Morton's marriage to the elegant and rich Miss—Miss—dear me! I've forgot the name now—do you see if you can make it out," handing her the paper; "but, bless me! what is the matter, Miss Fanny? I don't wonder you're surprised; Nancy and me was—for we did think at one time that he had an attachment to Aberdeen; but, la! one can't put any dependence on these wild-flys!"

The last part of the cruel sentence was wholly lost upon poor Fanny, who sat with fixed and stony gaze upon the dreadful announcement, while it seemed as if her heart-strings were breaking one by one. In vain Miss Simpkins, thoroughly alarmed at length, strove to rouse her from this stupor of grief. In vain did her dear old nurse, who ran in affrighted at the loud ejaculations of the terrified but unfeeling creature who had dealt the blow, use every epithet of endearment, and strive to win one look from the poor sufferer, into whose inmost soul the iron had entered, upon whose heart a weight had fallen, that could never, never be uplifted again on earth. Every effort alike was useless; and for days she sat in one spot low murmuring a plaintive strain, rocking to and fro, with the white rose, *his* parting gift, tightly clasped in her pale fingers, or gazing fixedly and vacantly upon the birds who sang still, unconsciously above her head. After a time she became more docile, and would retire to rest at night, at the earnest entreaties of her poor old nurse—but reason's light, from that fearful moment, was darkened evermore. She would suffer herself to be led out into the open air, and soon grew fond again of being with her old playmates, the children; but her words were unintelligible now to them, and she would often throw down the wreath she was twining, and starting up, would exclaim, in a tone that thrilled to one's very heart, "Oh, has he come? Are you sure he has not come yet—*my rose* is almost *withered*?"

Poor, poor Fanny Layton! She would go to church regularly—it was there, dear reader, that her faded face had brought to me such bewildered rememberings of the Fanny Layton of other years—and always dressed in the same mock-bridal attire. And there was not an eye in that village-church but glistened as it rested upon the poor, weary, stricken one, in her mournful spirit-darkness, and no lip but murmured brokenly, "Heaven bless her!"

This was the last drop in the cup of the bereaved desolate widow. She soon found that rest and peace "which the world cannot give or take away." She sleeps her last, long, dreamless sleep.

It was not long ere another mound was raised in the humble church-yard, on which was ever blooming the sweetest and freshest flowers of summer, watered by the tears of many who yet weep and lament the early perishing of that fairest flower of all. And a marble slab, on which is simply graven a dove, with an arrow driven to its very heart, marks the last earthly resting-place of our Lily of the Valley.

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THE SPANISH PRINCESS TO THE MOORISH KNIGHT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Thou darest not love me!—thou canst only see
The great gulf set between us—had'st thou *love*
'T would bear thee o'er it on a wing of fire!
Wilt put from thy faint lip the mantling cup,
The draught thou'st prayed for with divinest thirst,
For fear a poison in the chalice lurks?
Wilt thou be barred from thy soul's heritage,
The power, the rapture, and the crown of life,
By the poor guard of danger set about it?
I tell thee that the richest flowers of heaven
Bloom on the brink of darkness. Thou hast marked
How sweetly o'er the beetling precipice
Hangs the young June-rose with its crimson heart—
And would'st not sooner peril life to win
That royal flower, that thou might'st proudly wear
The trophy on thy breast, than idly pluck
A thousand meek-faced daisies by the way?
How dost thou shudder at Love's gentle tones,
As though a serpent's hiss were in thine ear.
Albeit thy heart throbs echo to each word.
Why will not rest, oh weary wanderer,
Upon the couch of flowers Love spreads for thee,
On banks of sunshine?—voices silver-toned
Shall lull thy soul with strange, wild harmonies,
Rock thee to sleep upon the waves of song.
Hope shall watch o'er thee with her breath of dreams.
Joy hover near, impatient for thy waking,
Her quick wing glancing through the fragrant air.

Why dost thou pause hard by the rose-wreathed gate,
Why turn thee from the paradise of youth,
Where Love's immortal summer blooms and glows,
And wrap thyself in coldness as a shroud?
Perchance 't is well for *ther*—yet does the flame
That glows with heat intense and mounts toward heaven,
As fitly emblem holiest purity,
As the still snow-wreath on the mountain's brow.

Thou darest not say I love, and yet thou *lovest*,
And think'st to crush the mighty yearning down,
That in thy spirit shall upspring forever!
Twinned with thy soul, it lived in thy first thoughts—
It haunted with strange dreams thy boyish years,
And colored with its deep, empurpled hue,
The passionate aspirations of thy youth.
Go, take from June her roses—from her streams
The bubbling fountain-springs—from life, take *love*,
Thou hast its all of sweetness, bloom and strength.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joy in the shadow of death's wing—
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eye,
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and *not fall!*

THE LIGHT OF OUR HOME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Oh, thou whose beauty on us beams
With glimpses of celestial light;
Thou halo of our waking dreams,
And early star that crown'st our night—

Thy light is magic where it falls;
To thee the deepest shadow yields;
Thou bring'st unto these dreary halls
The lustre of the summer-fields.

There is a freedom in thy looks
To make the prisoned heart rejoice;—
In thy blue eyes I see the brooks,
And hear their music in thy voice.

And every sweetest bird that sings
Hath poured a charm upon thy tongue;
And where the bee enamored clings,
There surely thou in love hast clung:—

For when I hear thy laughter free,
And see thy morning-lighted hair,
As in a dream, at once I see
Fair upland scopes and valleys fair.

I see thy feet empearled with dews,
The violet's and the lily's kiss;
And where the waving woodland woos
Thou lead'st me over beds of moss;—

And by the busy runnel's side,
Whose waters, like a bird afraid,
Dart from their fount, and, flashing, glide
Athwart the sunshine and the shade.

Or larger streams our steps beguile;—
We see the cascade, broad and fair,
Dashed headlong down to foam, the while
Its iris-spirit leaps to air!

Alas! as by a loud alarm,
The fancied turmoil of the falls
Hath driven me back and broke the charm
Which led me from these alien walls:—

Yes, alien, dearest child, are these
Close city walls to thee and me:
My homestead was embowered with trees,
And such thy heritage should be:—

And shall be;—I will make for thee
A home within my native vale
Where every brook and ancient tree
Shall whisper some ancestral tale.

Now once again I see thee stand,
As down the future years I gaze,
The fairest maiden of the land—
The spirit of those sylvan ways.

And in thy looks again I trace
The light of her who gave thee birth;
She who endowed thy form and face
With glory which is not of Earth.

And as I gaze upon her now,
My heart sends up a prayer for thee,
That thou may'st wear upon thy brow
The light which now she beams on me.

And thou wilt wear that love and light
For thou 'rt the bud to such a flower:—
Oh fair the day, how blest and bright,
Which finds thee in thy native bower!

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AN INDIAN-SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

It was now the middle of October. White frosts had for some time been spreading their sheets of pearl over the gardens and fields, but the autumn rainbows in the forests were wanting. At last, however, the stern black frost came and wrought its customary magic. For about a week there was a gorgeous pageantry exhibited, "beautiful, exceedingly." But one morning I awoke, and found that the mist had made a common domain both of earth and sky. Every thing was merged into a gray dimness. I could just discern the tops of trees a few feet off, and here and there a chimney. There was a small bit of fence visible, bordering "our lane," and I could with difficulty see a glimmering portion of the village street. Some gigantic cloud appeared to have run against something in the heavens and dropped down amongst us. There were various outlines a few rods off, belonging to objects we scarce knew what. Horses pushed out of the fog with the most sudden effect, followed by their wagons, and disappeared again in the opposite fleecy barrier; pedestrians were first seen like spectres, then their whole shapes were exhibited, and finally they melted slowly away again, whilst old Shadbolt's cow, grazing along the grassy margin of the street, loomed up through the vapor almost as large as an elephant.

About noon the scene became clearer, so that the outline of the village houses, and even the checkered splendors of the neighboring woods could be seen; so much of Nate's sign, "Hammond's sto—" became visible, and even Humble's great red stage-coach was exhibited, thrusting its tongue out as if in scorn of the weather.

In the afternoon, however, the mist thickened again, and the whole village shrunk again within it, like a turtle within its shell. The next morning dawned without its misty mask, but with it rose a gusty wind that commenced howling like a famished wolf. Alas! for the glories of the woods! As the rude gusts rushed from the sluty clouds, the rich leaves came fluttering upon them, blotting the air and falling on the earth thick as snow-flakes. Now a maple-leaf, like a scalloped ruby, would fly whirling over and over; next a birch one would flash across the sight, as if a topaz had acquired wings; and then a shred of the oak's imperial mantle, flushed like a sardonyx, would cut a few convulsive capers in the air, like a clown in a circus, and dash itself headlong upon the earth. Altogether it was an exciting time, this fall of the leaf. Ah! a voice also was constantly whispering in my ear, "we all do fade as the leaf!"

I took a walk in the woods. What a commotion was there! The leaves were absolutely frantic. Now they would sweep up far into the air as if they never intended to descend again, and then taking curvatures, would skim away like birds; others would cluster together, and then roll along like a great quivering billow; others again would circle around in eddies like whirlpools, soaring up now and then in the likeness of a water-spout, whilst frequently tall columns would march down the broad aisles of the forest in the most majestic manner, and finally fall to pieces in a violent spasm of whirling atoms. Even after the leaves had found their way to the earth they were by no means quiet. Some skipped uneasily over the surface; some stood on one leg, as it were, and pirouetted; some crept further and further under banks; some ran merry races over the mounds, and some danced up and down in the hollows. As for the trees themselves, they were cowering and shivering at a tremendous rate, apparently from want of the cloaks of which every blast was thus stripping them.

A day or two after came the veritable soft-looking, sweet-breathing Indian-Summer—"our thunder." No other clime has it. Autumn expires in a rain-storm of three months in Italy; and it is choked to death with a wet fog in England; but in this new world of ours, "our own green forest land," as Halleck beautifully says, it swoons away often in a delicious trance, during which the sky is filled with sleep, and the earth hushes itself into the most peaceful and placid repose. There it lies basking away until with one growl old Winter springs upon Nature, locks her in icy fetters, and covers her bosom with a white mantle that generally stays there until Spring comes with her soft eye and blue-bird voice to make us all glad again.

Well, this beautiful season arrived as aforesaid, and a day "turned up" that seemed to be extracted from the very core of the season's sweetness. The landscape was plunged into a thick mist at sunrise, but that gradually dwindled away until naught remained but a delicate dreamy film of tremulous purple, that seemed every instant as if it would melt from the near prospect. Further off, however, the film deepened into rich smoke, and at the base of the horizon it was decided mist, bearing a tinge, however, borrowed from the wood-violet. The mountains could be discerned, and that was all, and they only by reason of a faint jagged line struggling through the veil proclaiming their summits. The dome above was a tender mixture of blue and silver; and as for the sunshine, it was tempered and shaded down into a tint like the blush in the tinted hollow of the sea-shell.

It was the very day for a ramble in the woods; so Benning, Watson, and I, called at the dwelling of three

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charming sisters, to ask their mamma's consent (and their own) to accompany us. These three Graces all differed from each other in their styles of beauty. The eyes of one were of sparkling ebony, those of the other looked as if the "summer heaven's delicious blue" had stained them, whilst the third's seemed as though they had caught their hue from the glittering gray that is sometimes seen just above the gold of a cloudless sunset.

We turned down the green lane that led from the village street, and were soon in the forests. The half-muffled sunlight stole down sweetly and tenderly through the chaos of naked branches overhead; and there was a light crisp, crackling sound running through the dry fallen leaves, as though they had become tired of their position, and were striving to turn over. So quiet was the air that even this faint sound was distinctly audible. Hark! whang! whang! there rings the woodman's axe—crack! crash! b-o-o-m!—Hurrah! what thunder that little keen instrument has waked up there, and what power it has! Say, ye wild, deep forests, that have shrunk into rocky ravines, and retreated to steep mountains, what caused ye to flee away from the valleys and uplands of your dominion? Answer, fierce eagle! what drove thee from thy pine of centuries to the desolate and wind-swept peak, where alone thou couldst rear thy brood in safety? Tell, thou savage panther, what made the daylight flash into thy den so suddenly, that thou didst think thy eyeballs were extinguished?

And thou, too, busy city, that dost point up thy spires where two score years ago the forest stood a frown upon the face of Nature—what mowed the way for thee? And, lastly, thou radiant grain-field, what prepared the room for thy bright and golden presence? Whew! if that is n't a tremendous flight, I do n't know what is! But the axe, as Uncle Jack Lummis says of his brown mare, is "a tarnal great critter, any how!"

How Settler Jake's cabin will gleam those approaching winter nights from the "sticks" that axe of his will give him out of the tree he has just prostrated. It is really pleasant to think of it. There will be the great fire-place, with a huge block for a back-log; then a pile will be built against it large enough for a bonfire—and then such a crackling and streaming! why the dark night just around there will be all in a blush with it. And the little window will glow like a red star to the people of the village; and then within, there will be the immense antlers over the door, belonging to a moose Jake shot the first year he came into the country, all tremulous with the light, and the long rifle thrust through it will glitter quick and keen; and the scraped powder-horn hung by it will be transparent in redness; even the row of bullets on the rude shelf near the window will give a dull gleam, whilst our old acquaintance, the axe, will wink as if a dozen eyes were strewn along its sharp, bright edge. And then the brown and tortoise-shell cat belonging to the "old woman" will partake of the lustre; and the old woman herself—a little, active, bustling body, will be seated in one corner of the fire-place, after having swept clean the hearth; and "Sport" will have coiled his long body on a bear-skin near her. Lastly, the settler himself will be sitting upon a stool opposite "Betsey," with his elbows on his knees, smoking a pipe as black as his face at the "spring logging." But stop—where was I? Oh, in the woods!"

"Look! look!" cries Susan, the owner of the gray orbs, with an accent of delight, "see that beautiful black squirrel eating!"

We all looked, and sure enough, there is the little object in a nook of warm bronze light, with his paws to his whiskered face, cracking nuts, one after another, as fast as possible. But he stops, with his paws still uplifted, looks askance for a moment, and away he shoots then through the "brush-fence" at our side like a dart.

We soon find the tree whence he gathered his fruit. It is a noble hickory, with here and there a brown leaf clinging to its boughs. A stone or two brings the globes that hold the nuts to the earth. They have commenced cracking, and with a little exertion we uncover the snow-white balls. We are now all determined to rob the tree. It has no business to be displaying its round wealth so temptingly. And, beside, it will, if let alone, most probably entice boys from the little black school-house out yonder to "play truant." So it is unanimously voted that Benning, who is light and active, should climb the tree. Up he goes, like one of those little striped woodpeckers that are so often seen in the woods tapping up the trees, and immediately his hands and feet make the branches dance, whilst the green globes drop like great hail-stones on the earth. We then commence stripping the nuts from their covers, and soon the base of the tree is covered with them. We then stow the ivories away in our bags, and start for new havoc.

We come now to the brush-fence. It is a perfect *chevau-de-frize*. It looks at us with a sort of defying, bristling air, as if it said as Wilson, the horse-jockey, says when some one endeavors to hoodwink him in a bargain, "You can't come it!"

We wont try here, but a little lower down there is a gap made by John Huff's cow, that uses her horns so adroitly in the attack of a fence, no matter how difficult, that I verily believe she could pick a lock. We pass through the kindly breach and skirt the fence for some little distance to regain the path. The fence on this side is densely plumed with blackberry vines. What a revel I held there two months ago. The fruit hung around in rich masses of ebony, each little atom composing the cone having a glittering spot upon it like a tiny eye. How the black beauties melted on my tongue in their dead-ripe richness. One bush in particular was heavy with the clusters. After despoiling the edges I opened the heart, and there, hidden snugly away, as if for the wood-fairies, were quantities of the sable clusters, larger and more splendid than any I had seen. I immediately made my way into the defences of that fortress. There was a merciless sacking there, reader, allow me to

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tell you. But that is neither "here nor there" on the present occasion.

How beautifully the soft, tender dark light slumbers on objects where the great roof of the forest will allow it. There is an edge of deep golden lace gleaming upon that mound of moss, and here, the light, breaking through the overhanging beech, has so mottled the tawny surface of the leaves beneath as to make it appear as if a leopard-skin had been dropped there.

B-o-o-m, b-o-o-m, boom-boom—whi-r-r-r-r-r—there sounds the drum of the partridge. We 'll rouse his speckled lordship probably below, causing him to give his low, quick thunder-clap so as to send the heart on a leaping visit to the throat.

We now descend the ridge upon which we have been for some time, to a glade at the foot. The sweet haze belonging to the season is shimmering over it. It is a broad space surrounded on all sides by the forest. The first settler in this part of the country had "located" himself here, and this was his little clearing. His hut stood on an eminence in one corner. He lived there a number of years. He was a reserved, unsocial man, making the forest his only haunt, and his rifle his only companion. He was at last found dead in his cabin. Alone and unattended he had died, keeping to the last aloof from human society. The hut was next occupied by a singular couple—an old man and his idiot son. The father was of a fierce, savage temper, but seemed very fond, although capriciously so, of his child. Sometimes he would treat him with the greatest tenderness, then again, at some wayward action of the idiot, he would burst upon him with an awful explosion of passion. The old man had evidently been a reckless desperado in other days, and many in the village suspected strongly that he had once been a pirate. He was addicted to drinking, and now and then, when bitten by the adder, would talk strangely. He would commence narrating some wonderful hurricane he had experienced on the Spanish Main, and would launch out upon the number of times he had headed boarding parties, and once, in a state of great intoxication at the village tavern, he rambled off into a story about his having made an old man walk the plank. He would, however, check himself on all these occasions before he went far. He became involved in a fight one time with a great lounging fellow about the village, whose propensity to bully was the only salient point in his character. They clinched—the old man was thrown, and the bystanders had just time to pull the bully away, to prevent a long keen knife in the grasp of Murdock (for such was the old man's name) from being plunged into his side.

Suddenly the idiot-boy disappeared. The passers-by had frequently seen him (for he was an industrious lad) working in the little patch belonging to the cabin, but from a certain time he was seen no more, and the old man lived alone in his cabin. A change, too, gradually grew over him. He became silent and deeply melancholy, and his countenance settled into an expression of stern, rigid sorrow. His eye was awful. Wild and red, it seemed as if you could look through it into a brain on fire.

At last he commenced rubbing his right hand with his left. There he would fasten his gaze, and chafe with the most determined energy. He would frequently stop and hold the hand to his eye for a moment, and then recommence his strange work. To the inquiries of the village people concerning his son, he would give no answer. He would roll upon the inquirer for an instant his fierce, mad eye, and then prosecute his mysterious chafing more rigorously than ever.

Things continued so for about a fortnight after the disappearance of the idiot, when one dark night the village was alarmed by the appearance of flames from the clearing. Hurrying to the spot, they were just in time to see the blazing roof of the hut fall in. The next morning disclosed, amidst the smouldering ashes, a few charred bones. Murdock was not again seen or heard of from that night.

The glade is now quiet and lonely as if human passions had never been unloosed there in the terrific crime of parricide—the consequent remorse merging into madness, and a fiery retributory death. Upon the grassy mound, which the frost has not yet blighted, a beautiful white rabbit has just glided. The lovely creature darts onward, then crouches—now lays his long ears flat upon his shoulders, and now points them forward in the most knowing and cunning manner. He plays there in his white, pure beauty, as if in purposed contrast to the blood-stained and guilty wretch who expired on the same spot in his flaming torture. But the little shape now points his long, rose-tinted ears in our direction, and then he does not disappear as much as melt from our sight like the vanishing of breath from polished steel. We then enter fully into the glade. One of the trees at the border is a magnificent chestnut. I remember it in June, with its rich green leaves hung over with short, braided cords of pale gold. These braided blossoms have yielded fruit most plenteously. How thickly the chestnuts, with their autumn-colored coats and gray cups, are scattered around the tree, whilst the large yellow burrs on the branches, gaping wide open, are displaying their soft velvet inner lining in which the embedded nuts have ripened, and which in their maturity they have deserted.

After changing the position of the little glossy things from the earth to our satchels, we cross the glade, and strike a narrow road that enters the forests in that direction. We pass along, our feet sinking deep in the dead leaves, until we come to an opening where a bridge spans a stream. It is a slight, rude structure, such as the emigrating settler would (and probably did) make in a brief hour to facilitate his passage across. Let us sketch the picture to our imagination for a moment. We will suppose it about an hour to sunset of a summer's day. There is a soft richness amidst the western trees, and the little grassy opening here is dappled with light and shade. The emigrant's wagon is standing near the brink, with its curved canvas top, white as silver, in a slanting beam, and the broad tires of its huge

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wheels stained green with the wood-plants and vines they have crushed in their passage during the day. The patient oxen, which have drawn the wagon so far, are chewing their cud, with their honest countenances fixed straight forward. Around the wagon is hung a multitude of household articles—pans, pails, kettles, brooms, and what not; and on a heap of beds, bedding, quilts, striped blankets, &c., is the old woman, the daughter, about eighteen, and a perfect swarm of white-headed little ones. The father, and his two stalwort sons, are busy in the forest close at hand. How merrily the echoes ring out at each blow of their axes, and how the earth groans with the shock of the falling trees. The two largest of the woodland giants are cut into logs—the others are also divided into the proper lengths. The logs are placed athwart the stream several feet distant from each other—the rest are laid in close rows athwart, and lo! the bridge. Over the whole scene the warm glow of the setting sun is spread, and a black bear, some little distance in the forest, is thrusting his great flat head out of a hollow tree, overseeing the proceedings with the air of a connoisseur.

The bridge is now old and black, and has decayed and been broken into quite a picturesque object. One of the platform pieces has been fractured in the middle, and the two ends slant upwards, as if to take observations of the sky; and there is a great hole in the very centre of the bridge. Add to this the moss, which has crept over the whole structure, making what remains of the platform a perfect cushion, and hanging in long flakes of emerald, which fairly dip in the water, and the whole object is before you. The stream has a slow, still motion, with eddies, here coiling up into wrinkles like an old man's face, and there dimpling around some stone like the smiling cheek of a young maiden, but in no case suffering its demureness to break into a broad laugh of ripples. In one spot tall bullrushes show their slender shapes and brown wigs; in another there is a collection of waterflags; in another there are tresses of long grass streaming in the light flow of the current, whilst in a nook, formed by the roots of an immense elm on one side, and a projection of the bank on the other, is a thick coat of stagnant green—a perfect meadow for the frogs to hold their mass meetings in, differing from ours, however, from the fact of theirs being composed of all talkers and no listeners.

Let us look at the stream a little, which has here expanded into a broad surface, and view its "goings on." There is a water-spider taking most alarming leaps, as if afraid of wetting his feet; a dragon-fly is darting hither and yon, his long, slender body flashing with green, golden and purple hues; a large dace has just apparently flattened his nose against the dark glass inward, dotting a great and increasing period outward. A bright birch-leaf, "the last of its clan," has just fallen down, and been snapped at most probably by a little spooney of a trout, thinking it a yellow butterfly; and on the bottom, which, directly under our eyes is shallow, are several water-insects crawling along like locomotive spots of shadow and reflected through the tremulous medium into distorted shapes. However, we have lingered here long enough—let us onward.

What on earth is that uproar which is now striking our ear. Such hoarse notes, and [illegible] flutterings, whizzings, deep rumbling sounds, such a rustle of dead leaves surely betoken something. We turn an elbow of the road, and a flashing of blue wings, and darting of blue shapes in the air, now circling round, now shooting up, and now down, with a large beech tree for the centre, meet our eyes. The tumult is explained. A colony of wild pigeons is busy amongst the beech-nuts, which the frost has showered upon the earth. The ground for some distance around the tree is perfectly blue with the birds picking, and fighting, and scrambling. It is ludicrous to see them. Here a score or two are busy eating, looking like a collection of big-paunched, blue-coated aldermen at a city feast; there, all are hurrying and jostling, and tumbling over one another like the passengers of a steamboat when the bell rings for dinner. By the side of yonder bush there is a perfect duel transpiring between two pugnacious pigeons dashing out their wings fiercely at each other with angry tones, their beautiful purple necks all swollen, and their red eyes casting devouring looks, whilst two others are very quietly, yet swiftly, as if making the most of their time, causing all the nuts in sight, and which probably induced the quarrel, disappear down their own throats. See! here is a pigeon who has over-estimated his capacity of swallowing, or has encountered a larger nut than usual, for he is exhibiting the most alarming symptoms of choking. He stretches his neck and opens his bill like a cock in the act of crowing, at the same time dancing up and down on his pink legs as if his toes had caught fire. However, he has mastered the nut at last with a vigorous shake of his neck, and bobs industriously again at his feast.

Determining to have some of the brown luscious mast, we make a foray amongst the gorging host, and succeeded in causing a cloud of them to take wing, and in securing a quantity of the spoil.

We then start again on our way, but do not advance far before—b-r-r-r-r-r-h—off bursts a partridge, and shoots down the vista of the road, with the dark sunshine glancing from his mottled back. If little "Spitfire" was here, how he would yelp and dance, and dart backward and forward, and shake his tail, so as to render it doubtful whether it would n't fly off in a tangent.

Rattat, tattat, tat—tat—t-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—there is the great red-headed woodpecker, or woodcock, as he is called by the country people, looking like a miniature man with a crimson turban and sable spear, attacking the bark of yon old oak. He is making a sounding-board of the seamed mail of the venerable monarch, to detect by the startled writhing within the grub snugly ensconced, as it thinks, there, in order to transfix it with his sharp tongue through the hole made by his bill. He ceases his work though as we approach—and now [illegible] flies away.

A mile farther, we [illegible] reader, allow [illegible] to

belonging to Deacon Gravespeech, the outlines of whose dark, low farm-house are etched on the mist which is again slowly spreading over the landscape, for it is n 'u near sunset. Having left the forest, we ow Jsould red orb, like an immense ruby, just in bof sinking in the bank of pale blue which now tu..tens the Western horizon. But what have we here? A splendid butternut tree, with quantities of the oval fruit scattered about amidst the brown leaves, in their coats of golden green. What a rich lustre is upon them, made brighter by the varnish, and how delightful their pungent perfume. Let us crack a few of the strong, deeply-fluted shells. In their tawny nooks nestle the dark, golden-veined meats, which with the most delicious sweetness crumble in the mouth.

Of all the fruits of the Northern forests give me the butternut; and, speaking of fruits puts me in mind of the strawberry field. I was here with a small party one day last June. The field was then scattered thickly over with the bright crimson spotting fruit, and the fingers of all of us were soon dyed deeply with the sweet blood. There is great skill in picking strawberries, let me tell you, reader, although it is a trifle. Go to work systematically, and do n't get excited. Gather all as you go, indiscriminately. Do n't turn to the right for two splendid berries, and leave the one in front, for it is just as likely, before you gather the two, a cluster, with five ripe tempting fellows, will cause you to forget the others, and in whirling yourself around, and stretching over to seize the latest prize, your feet and limbs not only destroy the first and second, but a whole collection of the blushing beauties hid away in a little hollow of buttercups and dandelions.

Well, "as I was saying," I was here with a small party, and had fine sport picking, but the next day a precept, at the suit of Peter Gravespeech, was served upon Hull and myself, (the two gentlemen of the party,) issued from "Pettifogger's Delight," as the office of Squire Tappit, the justice, was called throughout the village: action, trespass. "For the fun of the thing" we stood trial. The day came, and all the vagabonds of the village,—those whose continual cry is that they "can never get any thing to do," and therefore drive a brisk business at doing nothing,—were in attendance. The justice was a hot-tempered old fellow, somewhat deaf, and,—if his nose was any evidence,—fond of the brandy bottle.

The witness of the trespass, who was a "hired hand" of Deacon Gravespeech, was present, and after the cause had been called in due order, was summoned by the deacon (who appeared in proper person) to the stand. He was generally very irascible, a good deal of a bully, rather stupid, and, on the present occasion, particularly drunk.

"Now, Mr. Hicks," said the deacon, respectfully, (knowing his man,) after he had 'kissed the book,' "now, Mr. Hicks (his name was Joe Hicks, but universally called 'Saucy Joe,') please tell the justice what you know of this transaction."

"Well, squire, I see 'em!" replied Joe, to this [illegible]

"Who?" ejaculated the justice, quickly.

"Who!" answered Joe, "why, who do you spose, but that 'ere sour-faced feller, (pointing at Hull,) what looks like a cow swelled on clover, and that 'ere little nimshi, who is n't bigger than my Poll's knitten needle. They was with four female critters."

"Well, what were they about?" asked the deacon.

"What was they about!" (a little angrily,) "you know as well as I do, deacon, for I telled ye all about it at the time."

"Yes, but you must tell the justice."

"Answer, witness!" exclaimed the justice, somewhat sternly.

"Oh! you need n't be flusterfied, Squire Tappit; I knowed ye long afore ye was squire, and drinked with ye, too. For that matter, I stood treat last!"

"That 's of no consequence now, Mr. Hicks," interposed the deacon, throwing at the same time a deprecatory glance at the old justice, whose nose was growing redder, and whose eye began to twinkle in incipient wrath.

"Let the gentleman proceed with his interesting developments," said Hull, rising with the most ludicrous gravity, and waiving his hand in a solemn and dignified manner.

"Well," said Joe, a little mollified at the word 'gentleman,' "ef I must tell it agin, I must, that 's all. They was a picken strawberries like Old Sanko."

"How long do you think they were there, trampling down the grass?" asked the deacon.

"Why, I spose from the time I seed 'em"—here he stopped abruptly, glanced out of the window toward the tavern, spit thirstily, and then looked at the deacon.

"Let the gentleman proceed," again cried Hull, half rising, in mock respect.

"*Proceed!*" said the justice, angrily.

"Well, as I was a sayen, from the time I seed 'em—— But I say, deacon, I 'm monstrous dry. You 're temp'rance I know; but sposen as how you treat me and old Squire Tappit there to some red eye. He wo n't refuse, no how you can fix it, and as for me, I am so dry I really can't talk."

"Go on with your story, you scoundrel!" shouted the justice, exasperated beyond all bounds, "or I'll commit you to prison."

"Commit me to prison, you old brandy-jug!" yelled Joe, swinging off his ragged coat at a jerk, and throwing it on the floor, "commit *me*, you mahogany-nosed old serpent!" advancing close to the justice, with both of his great fists ready.

"Let the gentleman proceed," here broke in Hull again, in an agony of laughter.

And, sure enough, the "gentleman" did proceed. Launching out his right fist in the most approved fashion at the nose of the justice, Joe was in an instant the center of a perfect Pandemonium. The constable rushed in to protect the justice, who was shouting continually, "I command the peace;" the bystanders, ready for a fight at any time, followed his example, and, for a few minutes, there was a perfect

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chaos of arms, legs, and heads, sticking out in every direction.

The first thing Hull and I saw were the heels of the justice flourishing in the air, and the last was Joe going off to jail in the grasp of the constable one way, and the deacon sneaking off another. We never heard afterward of the suit, but "Let the gentleman proceed," was for a long time a by-word amongst us in the village.

After crossing the strawberry field we came to a "cross-road" leading to the turnpike. In a few minutes we arrived at "Cold Spring," where a little streak of water ran through a hollowed log, green with moss, from the fountain a short distance in the forest, and fell into a pebbly basin at the road-side. We here refreshed ourselves with repeated draughts of the sweet, limpid element, and then, resuming our walk, soon found ourselves upon the broad, gray turnpike, with the village upon the summit of the hill, about half a mile in front.

The sun had long since plunged into the slate-colored haze of the West; the thickening landscape looked dull and faded; the mist was glimmering before the darkened forests; the cows were wending homeward, lowing; the woodsmen passed us with axes on their shoulders; and, mounting the hill, we saw here and there, a light sparkling in the village, following the example of the scattered stars that were timidly glancing from the dome of the purpled heavens.

THE LOST PET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

When Mary's brother went to sea,
He lingered near the door,
Beside the old, familiar tree,
He ne'er had left before,

And though gay boyhood loves to seek
New regions where to tread,
A pearl-drop glittered on his cheek
As tenderly he said—

"The gentle dove I reared with care,
Sister, I leave to thee,
And let it thy protection share
When I am far at sea."

Whene'er for Willy's loss she grieved,
His darling she caressed,
That from her hand its food received,
Or nestled in her breast;

And sometimes, at the twilight dim,
When blossoms bow to sleep,
She thought it murmuring asked for him
Whose home was on the deep.

And if her mother's smile of joy
Was lost in anxious thought,
As on the sky of her boyish day
Some gathering tempest wrought,

She showed his pet, the cooing dove,
Perched on her sheltering arm,
And felt how innocence and love
Can rising woe disarm.

When summer decked the leafy bowers,
And pranked the russet plain,
She bore his cage where breathing flowers
Inspired a tuneful strain;

And now and then, through open door,
Indulged a wish to roam,
Though soon, the brief excursion o'er,
The wanderer sought its home.

She laughed to see it brush the dew
From bough and budding spray,
And deemed its snow-white plumage grew
More beauteous, day by day.

The rose of June was in its flush,
And 'neath the fragrant shade
Of her own fullest, fairest bush
The favorite's house was staid,

While roving, bird-like, here and there,
Amid her flow'rets dear,
She culled a nosegay, rich and rare,
A mother's heart to cheer.

A shriek! A flutter! Swift as thought
Her startled footstep flew,
But full of horror was the sight
That met her eager view—

Her treasure in a murderer's jaws!
One of that feline race
Whose wily looks and velvet paws
Conceal their purpose base.

And scarce the victim's gushing breast
Heaved with one feeble breath,
Though raised to hers, its glance expressed
Affection even in death.

Oh, stricken child! though future years
May frown with heavier shade,
When woman's lot of love and tears
Is on thy spirit laid—

Yet never can a wilder cry
Thy heart-wrung anguish prove
Than when before thy swimming eye
Expired that wounded dove.

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FIEL A LA MUERTE, OR TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS QUINZE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC.

(*Concluded from page* 91.)

PART III.

For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, dark and tall.
Who enters by such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.—WALTER SCOTT.

It would be wonderful, were it not of daily occurrence, and to be observed by all who give attention to the characteristics of the human mind, how quickly confidence, even when shaken to its very foundations, and almost obliterated, springs up again, and recovers all its strength in the bosoms of the young of either sex.

Let but a few more years pass over the heart, and when once broken, if it be only by a slight suspicion, or a half unreal cause, it will scarce revive again in a life-time; nor then, unless proofs the strongest and most unquestionable can be adduced to overpower the doubts which have well-nigh annihilated it.

In early youth, however, before long contact with the world has blunted the susceptibilities, and hardened the sympathies of the soul, before the constant experience of the treachery, the coldness, the ingratitude of men has given birth to universal doubt and general distrust, the shadow vanishes as soon as the cloud which cast it is withdrawn, and the sufferer again believes, alas! too often, only to be again deceived.

Thus it was with St. Renan, who a few minutes before had given up even the last hope, who had ceased, as he thought, to believe even in the possibility of faith or honor among men, of constancy, or purity, or truth in women, no sooner saw his Melanie, whom he knew to be the wife of another, solitary and in tears, no sooner felt her inanimate form reclining on his bosom, than he was prepared to believe any thing, rather than believe her false.

Indeed, her consternation at his appearance, her evident dismay, not unnatural in an age wherein skepticism and infidelity were marvelously mingled with credulity and superstition, her clear conviction that it was not himself in mortal blood and being, did go far to establish the fact, that she had been deceived either casually or—which was far more probable—by foul artifice, into the belief that her beloved and plighted husband was no longer with the living.

The very exclamation which she uttered last, ere she sunk senseless into his arms, uttered, as she imagined, in the presence of the immortal spirit of the injured dead, "I am true, Raoul—true to the last, my beloved!" rang in his ears with a power and a meaning which convinced him of her veracity.

"She could not lie!" he muttered to himself, "in the presence of the living dead! God be praised! she is true, and we shall yet be happy!"

How beautiful she looked, as she lay there, unconscious and insensible even of her own existence. If time and maturity had improved Raoul's person, and added the strength and majesty of manhood to the grace and pliability of youth, infinitely more had it bestowed on the beauty of his betrothed. He had left her a beautiful girl just blooming out of girlhood, he found her a mature, full-blown woman, with all the flush and flower of complete feminine perfection, before one charm has become too luxuriant, or one drop of the youthful dew exhaled from the new expanded blossom.

She had shot up, indeed, to a height above the ordinary stature of women—straight, erect, and graceful as a young poplar, slender, yet full withal, exquisitely and voluptuously rounded, and with every sinuous line and swelling curve of her soft form full of the poetry and beauty both of repose and motion.

Her complexion was pale as alabaster; even her cheeks, except when some sudden tide of passion, or some strong emotion sent the impetuous blood coursing thither more wildly than its wont, were colorless, but there was nothing sallow or sickly, nothing of that which is ordinarily understood by the word pallid, in their clear, warm, transparent purity; nothing, in a word, of that lividness which the French, with more accuracy than we, distinguish from the healthful paleness which is so beautiful in southern women.

Her hair, profuse almost to redundance, was perfectly black, but of that warm and lustrous blackness which is probably the hue expressed by the ancient Greeks by the term hyacinthine, and which in certain lights has a purplish metallic gloss playing over it, like the varying reflections on the back of the raven. Her strongly defined, and nearly straight eyebrows, were dark as night, as were the long, silky lashes which were displayed in clear relief against the fair, smooth cheek, as the lids lay closed languidly over the bright blue eyes.

It was a minute or two before Melanie moved or gave any symptoms of recovering from her fainting fit, and during those minutes the lips of Raoul had been pressed so often and so warmly to those of the fair insensible, that had any spark of perception remained to her, the fond and lingering pressure could

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not have failed to call the "purple light of love," to her ingenuous face.

At length a long, slow shiver ran through the form of the senseless girl, and thrilled, like the touch of the electric wire, every nerve in St. Renan's body.

Then the soft rosy lips were unclosed, and forth rushed the ambrosial breath in a long, gentle sigh, and the beautiful bust heaved and undulated, like the bosom of the calm sea, when the first breathings of the coming storm steal over it, and wake, as if by sympathy, its deep pulsations.

He clasped her closer to his heart, half fearful that when life and perfect consciousness should be restored to that exquisite frame, it would start from his embrace, if not in anger or alarm, at least as if from a forbidden and illicit pleasure.

Gradually a faint rosy hue, slight as the earliest blushes of the morning sky, crept over her white cheeks, and deepened into a rich passionate flush; and at the same moment the azure-tinctured lids were unclosed slowly, and the large, radiant, bright-blue eyes beamed up into his own, half languid still, but gleaming through their dewy languor, with an expression which he must have been, indeed, blind to mistake for aught but the strongest of unchanged, unchangeable affection.

It was evident that she knew him now; that the momentary terror, arising rather, perhaps, from fear than from superstition, which had converted the young ardent soldier into a visitant from beyond those gloomy portals through which no visitant returns, had passed from her mind, and that she had already recognized, although she spoke not, her living lover.

And though she recognized him, she sought not to withdraw herself from the enclosure of his sheltering arms, but lay there on his bosom, with her head reclined on his shoulder, and her eyes drinking long draughts of love from his fascinated gaze, as if she were his own, and that her appropriate place of refuge and protection.

"Oh! Raoul," she exclaimed at length, in a low, soft whisper, "is it, indeed, you — you, whom I have so long wept as dead — you, whom I was even now weeping as one lost to me forever, when you are thus restored to me!"

"It is I, Melanie," he answered mournfully, "it is I, alive, and in health; but better far had I been in truth dead, as they have told you, rather than thus a survivor of all happiness, of all hopes; spared only from the grave to know *you* false, and myself forgotten."

"Oh, no, Raoul, not false!" she cried wildly, as she started from his arms, "oh, not forgotten! think you," she added, blushing crimson, "that had I loved any but you, that had I not loved you with my whole heart and being, I had lain thus on your bosom, thus endured your caresses? Oh, no, no, never false! nor for one moment forgotten?"

"But what avails it, if you do love no other — what profits it, if you do love me? Are you not — are you not, false girl, — alas! that these lips should speak it, — the wife of another — the promised mistress of the king?"

"I — I — Raoul!" she exclaimed, with such a blending of wonder and loathing in her face, such an expression of indignation on her tongue, that her lover perceived at once, that, whatever might be the infamy of her father, of her husband, of this climax of falsehood and self-degradation, she, at least, was guiltless.

"The mistress of the king! what king? what mean you? are you distraught?"

"Ha! you are ignorant, you are innocent of that, then. You are not yet indoctrinated into the noble uses for which your honorable lord intends you. It is the town's talk, Melanie. How is it you, whom it most concerns, alone have not heard it?"

"Raoul," she said, earnestly, imploringly, "I know not if there be any meaning in your words, except to punish me, to torture me, for what you deem my faithlessness, but if there be, I implore you, I conjure you, by your father's noble name; by your mother's honor, show me the worst; but listen to me first, for by the God that made us both, and now hears my words, I am not faithless."

"Not faithless? Are you not the wife of another?"

"No!" she replied enthusiastically. "I am not. For I am yours, and while you live I cannot wed another. Whom God hath joined man cannot put asunder."

"I fear me that plea will avail us little," Raoul answered. "But say on, dearest Melanie, and believe that there is nothing you can ask which I will not give you gladly — even if it were my own life-blood. Say on, so shall we best arrive at the truth of this intricate and black affair."

"Mark me, then, Raoul, for every word I shall speak is as true as the sun in heaven. It is near two years now since we heard that you had fallen in battle, and that your body had been carried off by the barbarians. Long! long I hoped and prayed, but prayers and hopes were alike in vain. I wrote to you often, as I promised, but no line from you has reached me, since the day when you sailed for India, and that made me fear that the dread news was true. But at the last, to make assurance doubly sure, all my own letters were returned to me six months since, with their seals unbroken, and an endorsement from the authorities in India that the person addressed was not to be found. Then hope itself was over; and my father, who never from the first had doubted that you were no more —"

"Out on him! out on him! the heartless villain!" the young man interrupted her indignantly. "He knows, as well as I myself, that I am living; although it is no fault of his or his coadjutors that I am so. He knows not as yet, however, that I am *here;* but he shall know it ere long to his cost, my Melanie."

"At least," she answered in a faltering voice, "at least he *swore* to me that you were dead; and never having ceased to persecute me, since the day that fatal tidings reached, to become the wife of La Rochederrien, now Marquis de Ploermel, he now became doubly urgent —"

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"And you, Melanie! you yielded! I had thought you would have died sooner."

"I had no choice but to yield, Raoul. Or at least but the choice of that old man's hand, or an eternal dungeon. The *lettres de cachet* were signed, and you dead, and on the conditions I extorted from the marquis, I became in name, Raoul, only in name, by all my hopes of Heaven! the wife of the man whom you pronounce, wherefore, I cannot dream, the basest of mankind. Now tell me."

"And did it never strike you as being wonderful and most unnatural that this Ploermel, who is neither absolutely a dotard nor an old woman, should accept your hand upon this condition?"

"I was too happy to succeed in extorting it to think much of that," she answered.

"*Extorted!*" replied Raoul bitterly, "And how, I pray you, is this condition which you extorted ratified or made valid?"

"It is signed by himself, and witnessed by my own father, that, being I regard myself the wife of the dead, he shall ask no more of familiarity from me than if I were the bride of heaven!"

"The double villains!"

"But wherefore villains, Raoul?" exclaimed Melanie.

"I tell you, girl, it is a compact—a base, hellish compact—with the foul despot, the disgrace of kings, the opprobrium of France, who sits upon the throne, dishonoring it daily! A compact such as yet was never entered into by a father and a husband, even of the lowest of mankind! A compact to deliver you a spotless virgin-victim to the vile-hearted and luxurious tyrant. Curses! a thousand curses on his soul! and on my own soul! who have fought and bled for him, and all to meet with this, as my reward of service!"

"Great God! can these things be," she exclaimed, almost fainting with horror and disgust. "Can these things indeed be? But speak, Raoul, speak; how can you know all this?"

"I tell you, Melanie, it is the talk, the very daily, hourly gossip of the streets, the alleys, nay, even the very kennels of Paris. Every one knows it—every one believes it, from the monarch in the Louvre to the lowest butcher of the Faubourg St. Antoine!

"And they believe it—of me, of *me*, they believe this infamy!"

"With this addition, if any addition were needed, that you are not a deceived victim, but a willing and proud participator in the shame."

"I will—that is—" she corrected herself, speaking very rapidly and energetically—"I *would* die sooner. But there is no need now to die. You have come back to me, and all will yet go well with us!"

"It never can go well with us again," St. Renan answered gloomily. "The king never yields his purpose, he is as tenacious in his hold as reckless in his promptitude to seize. And they are paid beforehand."

"Paid!" exclaimed the girl, shuddering at the word. "What atrocity! How paid?"

"How, think you, did your good father earn his title and the rich governorship of Morlaix? What great deeds were rewarded to La Rochederrien by his marquisate, and this captaincy of mousquetaires. You know not yet, young lady, what virtue there is nowadays in being the accommodating father, or the convenient husband of a beauty!"

"You speak harshly, St. Renan, and bitterly."

"And if I do, have I not cause enough for bitterness and harshness?" he replied almost angrily.

"Not against me, Raoul."

"I am not bitter against you, Melanie. And yet—and yet—"

"And yet *what*, Raoul?"

"And yet had you resisted three days longer, we might have been saved—you might have been mine—"

"I am yours, Raoul de St. Renan. Yours, ever and forever! No one's but only yours."

"You speak but madness—your vow—the sacrament!"

"To the winds with my vow—to the abyss with the fraudful sacrament!" she cried, almost fiercely. By sin it was obtained and sanctioned—in sin let it perish. I say—I swear, Raoul, if you will take me, I am yours."

"Mine? Mine?" cried the young man, half bewildered. "How mine, and when?"

"Thus," she replied, casting herself upon his breast, and winding her arms around his neck, and kissing his lips passionately and often. "Thus, Raoul, thus, and now!"

He returned her embrace fondly once, but the next instant he removed her almost forcibly from his breast, and held her at arm's length.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not thus, not thus! If at all, honestly, openly, boldly, in the face of day! May my soul perish, ere cause come through me why you should ever blush to show your front aloft among the purest and the proudest. No, no, not thus, my own Melanie!"

The girl burst into a paroxysm of tears and sobbing, through which she hardly could contrive to make her interrupted and faultering words audible.

"If not now," she said at length, "it will never be. For, hear me, Raoul, and pity me, to-morrow they are about to drag me to Paris."

The lover mused for several moments very deeply, and then replied, "Listen to me, Melanie. If you are in earnest, if you are true, and can be firm, there may yet be happiness in store for us, and that very shortly."

"Do you doubt me, Raoul?"

"I do not doubt you, Melanie. But ever as in my own wildest rapture, even to gain my own extremest bliss, I would not do aught that could possibly cast one shadow on your pure renown, so, mark me, would I not take you to my heart were there one spot, though it were but as a speck in the all-glorious sun, upon the brightness of your purity."

"I believe you, Raoul. I feel, I know that my honor, that my purity is all in all to you.

"I would die a thousand deaths," he made answer, "ere even a false report should fall on it, to mar its

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virgin whiteness. Marvel not then that I ask as much of you."

"Ask anything, St. Renan. It is granted."

"In France we can hope for nothing. But there are other lands than France. We must fly; and thanks to these documents which you have wrung from them, and the proofs which I can easily obtain, this cursed marriage can be set aside, and then, in honor and in truth you can be mine, mine own Melanie."

"God grant it so, Raoul."

"It shall be so, beloved. Be you but firm, and it may be done right speedily. I will sell the estates of St. Renan—by a good chance, supposing me dead, the Lord of Yrvilliac was in treaty for it with my uncle. That can be arranged forthwith. Conduct yourself according to your wont, cool and as distant as may be with this villain of Ploermel; avoid above all things to let your father see that you are buoyed by any hope, or moved by any passion. Treat the king with deliberate scorn, if he approach you over boldly. Beware how you eat or drink in his company, for he is capable of all things, even of drugging you into insensibility, and here," he added, taking a small poniard, of exquisite workmanship, with a gold hilt and scabbard, from his girdle, and giving it to her, "wear *this* at all times, and if he dare attempt violence, were he thrice a king, *use it!*"

"I will—I will—trust me, Raoul! I *will* use it, and that to his sorrow! My heart is strong, and my hand brave *now*—now that I know you to be living. Now that I have hope to nerve me, I will fear nothing, but dare all things."

"Do so, do so, my beloved, and you shall have no cause to fear, for I will be ever near you. I will tarry here but one day; and ere you reach Paris, I will be there, be certain. Within ten days, I doubt not I can convert my acres into gold, and ship that gold across the narrow straits; and that done, the speed of horses, and a swift sailing ship will soon have us safe in England; and if that land be not so fair, or so dear as our own France, at least there are no tyrants there, like this Louis; and there are laws, they say, which guard the meanest man as safely and as surely as the proudest noble."

"A happy land, Raoul. I would that we were there even now."

"We will be there ere long, fear nothing. But tell me, whom have you near your person on whom we may rely. There must be some one through whom we may communicate in Paris. It may be that I shall require to see you."

"Oh! you remember Rose, Raoul—little Rose Faverney, who has lived with me ever since she was a child—a pretty little black-eyed damsel."

"Surely I do remember her. Is she with you yet? That will do admirably, then, if she be faithful, as I think she is; and unless I forget, what will serve us better yet, she loves my page Jules de Marliena. He has not forgotten her, I promise you."

"Ah! Jules—we grow selfish, I believe, as we grow old, Raoul. I have not thought to ask after one of your people. So Jules remembers little Rose, and loves her yet; that will, indeed, secure her, even had she been doubtful, which she is not. She is as true as steel—truer, I fear, than even I; for she reproached me bitterly four evenings since, and swore she would be buried alive, much more willingly imprisoned, than be married to the Marquis de Ploermel, though she was only plighted to the Vicomte Raoul's page! Oh! we may trust in her with all certainty."

"Send her, then, on the very same night that you reach Paris, so soon as it is dark, to my uncle's house in the Place de St. Louis. I think she knows it, and let her ask—not for me—but for Jules. Ere then I will know something definite of our future; and fear nothing, love, all shall go well with us. Love such as ours, with faith, and right, and honesty and honor to support it, cannot fail to win, blow what wind may. And now, sweet Melanie, the night is wearing onward, and I fear that they may miss you. Kiss me, then, once more, sweet girl, and farewell."

"Not for the last, Raoul," she cried, with a gay smile, casting herself once again into her lover's arms, and meeting his lips with a long, rapturous kiss.

"Not by a thousand, and a thousand! But now, angel, farewell for a little space. I hate to bid you leave me, but I dare not ask you to stay; even now I tremble lest you should be missed and they should send to seek you. For were they but to suspect that I am here and have seen you, it would, at the best, double all our difficulties. Fare you well, sweetest Melanie."

"Fare you well," she replied; "fare you well, my own best beloved Raoul," and she put up the glittering dagger, as she spoke, into the bosom of her dress; but as she did so, she paused and said, "I wish *this* had not been your first gift to me, Raoul, for they say that such gifts are fatal, to love at least, if not to life."

"Fear not! fear not!" answered the young man, laughing gayly, "our love is immortal. It may defy the best steel blade that was ever forged on Milan stithy to cut it asunder. Fare you—but, hush! who comes here; it is too late, yet fly—fly, Melanie!"

But she did not fly, for as he spoke, a tall, gayly dressed cavalier burst through the coppice on the side next the château d'Argenson, exclaiming, "So, my fair cousin!—this is your faith to my good brother of Ploermel is it?"

But, before he spoke, she had whispered to Raoul, "It is the Chevalier de Pontrein, de Ploermel's half brother. Alas! all is lost."

"Not so! not so!" answered her lover, also in a whisper, "leave him to me, I will detain him. Fly, by the upper pathway and through the orchard to the château, and remember—you have not seen this dog. So much deceit is pardonable. Fly, I say, Melanie. Look not behind for your life, whatever you may hear, nor tarry. All rests now on your steadiness and courage."

"Then all is safe," she answered firmly and aloud, and without casting a glance toward the cavalier, who was now within ten paces of her side, or taking the smallest notice of his words, she kissed her hand

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to St. Renan, and bounded up the steep path, in the opposite direction, with so fleet a step as soon carried her beyond the sound of all that followed, though that was neither silent nor of small interest.

"Do you not hear me, madam. By Heaven! but you carry it off easily!" cried the young cavalier, setting off at speed, as if to follow her. "But you must run swifter than a roe if you look to 'scape me;" and with the words, he attempted to rush past Raoul, of whom he affected, although he knew him well, to take no notice.

But in that intent he was quickly frustrated, for the young count grasped him by the collar as he endeavored to pass, with a grasp of iron, and said to him in an ironical tone of excessive courtesy,

"Sweet sir, I fear you have forgotten me, that you should give me the go-by thus, when it is so long a time since we have met, and we such dear friends, too,"

But the young man was in earnest, and very angry, and struggled to release himself from St. Renan's grasp, until, having no strong reasons for forbearance, but many for the reverse, Raoul, too, lost his temper.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I believe that you do *not* know me, or you would not dare to suppose that I would suffer you to follow a lady who seeks not your presence or society."

"Let me go, St. Renan!" returned the other fiercely, laying his hand on his dagger's hilt. "Let me go, villain, or you shall rue it!"

"Villain!" Raoul repeated, calmly, "villain! It is so you call me, hey?" and he did instantly release him, drawing his sword as he did so. "Draw, De Pontrien—that word has cost you your life!"

"Yes, villain!" repeated the other, "villain to you teeth! But you lie! it is your life that is forfeit—forfeit to my brother's honor!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Raoul, savagely. "Ha-ha-ha-ha! your brother's honor! who the devil ever heard before of a pandar's honor—even if he were Sir Pandarus to a king? Sa! sa!—have at you!"

Their blades crossed instantly, and they fought fiercely, and with something like equality for some ten minutes. The Chevalier de Pontrien was far more than an ordinary swordsman, and he was in earnest, not angry, but savage and determined, and full of bitter hatred, and a fixed resolution to punish the familiarity of Raoul with his brother's wife. But that was a thing easier proposed than executed; for St. Renan, who had left France as a boy already a perfect master of fence, had learned the practice of the blade against the swordsmen of the East, the finest swordsmen of the world, and had added to skill, science and experience, the iron nerves, the deep breath, and the unwearied strength of a veteran.

If he fought slowly, it was that he fought carefully—that he meant the first wound to be the last. He was resolved that De Pontrien never should return home again to divulge what he had seen, and he had the coolness, the skill, and the power to carry out his resolution.

At the end of ten minutes he attacked. Six times within as many seconds he might have inflicted a severe, perhaps a deadly wound on his antagonist; and he, too, perceived it, but it would not have been surely mortal.

"Come, come!" cried De Pontrien, at last, growing impatient and angry at the idea of being played with. "Come, sir, you are my master, it seems. Make an end of this."

"Do not be in a hurry," replied St. Renan, with a deadly smile, "it will come soon enough. There! will that suit you?"

And with the word he made a treble feint and lounged home. So true was the thrust that the point pierced the very cavity of his heart. So strongly was it sent home that the hilt smote heavily on his breast-bone. He did not speak or groan, but drew one short, broken sigh, and fell dead on the instant.

"The fool!" muttered St. Renan. "Wherefore did he meddle where he had no business? But what the devil shall I do with him? He must not be found, or all will out—and that were ruin."

As he spoke, a distant clap of thunder was heard to the eastward, and a few heavy drops of rain began to fall, while a heavy mass of black thunder-clouds began to rise rapidly against the wind.

"There will be a fierce storm in ten minutes, which will soon wash out all this evidence," he said, looking down at the trampled and blood-stained greensward. "One hour hence, and there will not be a sign of this, if I can but dispose of him. Ha!" he added, as a quick thought struck him, "The Devil's Drinking-Cup! Enough! it is done!"

Within a minute's space he had swathed the corpse tightly in the cloak, which had fallen from the wretched man's shoulders as the fray began, bound it about the waist by the scarf, to which he attached firmly an immense block of stone, which lay at the brink of the fearful well, which was now—for the tide was up—brimful of white boiling surf, and holding his breath atween resolution and abhorrence, hurled it into the abyss.

It sunk instantly, so well was the stone secured to it; and the fate of the Chevalier de Pontrien never was suspected, for that fatal pool never gave up its dead, nor will until the judgment-day.

Meantime the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and a mimic torrent, rushing down the dark glen, soon obliterated every trace of that stern, short affray.

Calmly Raoul strode homeward, and untouched by any conscience, for those were hard and ruthless times, and he had undergone so much wrong at the hands of his victim's nearest relatives, and dearest friends, that it was no great marvel if his blood were heated, and his heart pitiless.

"I will have masses said for his soul in Paris," he muttered to himself; and therewith, thinking that he had more than discharged all a Christian's duty, he dismissed all further thoughts of the matter, and actually hummed a gay opera tune as he strode homeward through the pelting storm, thinking how soon he should be blessed by the possession of his own Meianie.

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No observation was made on his absence, either by the steward or any of the servants, on his return, though he was well-nigh drenched with rain, for they remembered his old half-boyish, half-romantic habits, and it seemed natural to them that on his first return, after so many years of wandering, to scenes endeared to him by innumerable fond recollections, he should wander forth alone to muse with his own soul in secret.

There was great joy, however, in the hearts of the old servitors and tenants in consequence of his return, and on the following morning, and still on the third day, that feeling of joy and security continued to increase, for it soon got abroad that the young lord's grief and gloominess of mood was wearing hourly away, and that his lip, and his whole countenance were often lighted up with an expression which showed, as they fondly augured, that days and years of happiness were yet in store for him.

It was not long before the tidings reached him that the house of D'Argenson was in great distress concerning the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the Chevalier de Pontrien, who had walked out, it was said, on the preceding afternoon, promising to be back at supper-time, and who had not been heard of since.

Raoul smiled grimly at the intimation, but said nothing, and the narrator judging that St. Renan was not likely to take offence at the imputations against the family of Ploermel, proceeded to inform him, that in the opinion of the neighborhood there was nothing very mysterious, after all, in the disappearance of the chevalier, since he was known to be very heavily in debt, and was threatened with deadly feud by the old Sieur de Plonzurde, whose fair daughter he had deceived to her undoing. Robinet, the smuggler's boat, had been seen off the Penmarcks when the moon was setting, and no one doubted that the gay gallant was by this time off the coast of Spain.

To all this, though he affected to pay little heed to it, Raoul inclined an eager and attentive ear, and as a reward for his patient listening, was soon informed, furthermore, that the bridegroom marquis and the beautiful bride, being satisfied, it was supposed, of the chevalier's safety, had departed for Paris, their journey having been postponed only in consequence of the research for the missing gentleman, from the morning when it should have taken place, to the afternoon of the same day.

For two days longer did Raoul tarry at St. Renan, apparently as free from concern or care about the fair Melanie de Ploermel, as if he had never heard her name. And on this point alone, for all men knew that he once loved her, did his conduct excite any observation, or call forth comment. His silence, however, and external nonchalance were attributed at all hands to a proper sense of pride and self-respect; and as the territorial vassals of those days held themselves in some degree ennobled or disgraced by the high bearing or recreancy of their lords, it was very soon determined by the men of St. Renan that it would have been very disgraceful and humiliating had their lord, the Lord of Douarnez and St. Renan, condescended to trouble his head about the little demoiselle d'Argenson.

Meanwhile our lover, whose head was in truth occupied about no other thing than that very same little demoiselle, for whom he was believed to feel a contempt so supreme, had thoroughly investigated all his affairs, thereby acquiring from his old steward the character of an admirable man of business, had made himself perfectly master of the real value of his estates, droits, dues and all connected with the same, and had packed up all his papers, and such of his valuables as were movable, so as to be transported easily by means of pack-horses.

This done, leaving orders for a retinue of some twenty of his best and most trusty servants to follow him as soon as the train and relays of horses could be prepared, he set off with two followers only to return, riding post, as he had come, from Paris.

He was three days behind the lady of his love at starting; but the journey from the western extremity of Bretagne to the metropolis is at all times a long and tedious undertaking; and as the road and means of conveyance were in those days, he found it no difficult task to catch up with the carriages of the marquis, and to pass them on the road long enough before they reached Paris.

Indeed, though he had set out three days behind them, he succeeded in anticipating their arrival by as many, and had succeeded in transacting more than half the business on which his heart was bent, before he received the promised visit from the pretty Rose Faverney, who, prompted by her desire to renew her intimacy with the handsome page, came punctual to her appointment. He had not, of course, admitted the good old churchman, his uncle, into all his secrets; he had not even told him that he had seen the lady, much less what were his hopes and views concerning her.

But he did tell him that he was so deeply mortified and wounded by her desertion, that he had determined to sell his estates, to leave France forever, and to betake himself to the new American colonies on the St. Lawrence.

There was not in the state of France in those days much to admire, or much to induce wise men to exert their influence over the young and noble, to induce them to linger in the neighborhood of a court which was in itself a very sink of corruption. It was with no great difficulty, therefore, that Raoul obtained the concurrence of his uncle, who was naturally a friend to gallant and adventurous daring. The estates of St. Renan, the old castle and the home park, with a few hundred acres in its immediate vicinity only excepted, were converted into gold with almost unexampled rapidity.

A part of the gold was in its turn converted into a gallant brigantine of some two hundred tons, which was despatched at once along the coast of Douarnez bay, there to take in a crew of the hardy fishermen and smugglers of that stormy shore, all men well-known to Raoul de St. Renan, and well content to

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follow their young lord to the world's end, should such be his will.

Here, indeed, I have anticipated something the progress of events, for hurry it as much as he could in those days, St. Renan could not, of course, work miracles; and though the brigantine was purchased, where she lay ready to sail, at Calais, the instant the sale of St. Renan was determined, without awaiting the completion of the transfer, or the payment of the purchase-money, many days had elapsed before the news could be sent from the capital to the coast, and the vessel despatched to Britanny.

Every thing was, however, determined; nay, every thing was in process of accomplishment before the arrival of the fair lady and her nominal husband, so that at his first interview with Rose, Raoul was enabled to lay all his plans before her, and to promise that within a month at the furthest, every thing would be ready for their certain and safe evasion.

He did not fail, however, on that account to impress upon the pretty maiden, who, as Jules was to accompany his lord, though not a hint of whither had been breathed to any one, was doubly devoted to the success of the scheme, that a method must be arranged by which he could have daily interviews with the lovely Melanie; and this she promised that she would use all her powers to induce her mistress to permit, saying, with a gay laugh, that her permission gained, all the rest was easy.

The next day, the better to avoid suspicion, Raoul was presented to the king, in full court, by his uncle, on the double event of his return from India, and of his approaching departure for the colony of Acadie, for which it was his present purpose to sue for his majesty's consent and approbation.

The king was in great good humor, and nothing could have been more flattering or more gracious than Raoul de St. Renan's reception. Louis had heard that very morning of the fair Melanie's arrival in the city, and nothing could have fallen out more *apropos* than the intention of her quondam lover to depart at this very juncture, and that, too, for an indefinite period from the land of his birth.

Rejoicing inwardly at his good fortune, and of course, ascribing the conduct of the young man to pique and disappointment, the king, while he loaded him with honors and attentions, did not neglect to encourage him in his intention of departing on a very early day, and even offered to facilitate his departure by making some remissions in his behalf from the strict regulations of the Douane.

All this was perfectly comprehensible to Raoul; but he was far too wise to suffer any one, even his uncle, to perceive that he understood it; and while he profited to the utmost by the readiness which he found in high places to smooth away all the difficulties from his path, he laughed in his sleeve as he thought what would be the fury of the licentious and despotic sovereign when he should discover that the very steps which he had taken to remove a dangerous rival, had actually cast the lady into that rival's arms.

Nor had this measure of Raoul's been less effectual in sparing Melanie much grief and vexation, than it had proved in facilitating his own schemes of escape; for on that very day, within an hour after his reception of St. Renan, the king caused information to be conveyed to the Marquis de Ploermel that the presentation of Madame should be deferred until such time as the Vicomte de St. Renan should have set sail for Acadie, which it was expected would take place within a month at the furthest.

That evening, when Rose Faverney was admitted to the young lord's presence, through the agency of the enamored Jules, she brought him permission to visit her lady at midnight in her own chamber; and she brought with her a plan, sketched by Melanie's own hand, of the garden, through which, by the aid of a master-key and a rope-ladder, he was to gain access to her presence.

"My lady says, Monsieur Raoul," added the merry girl, with a light laugh, "that she admits you only on the faith that you will keep the word which you plighted to her, when last you met, and on the condition that I shall be present at all your interviews with her."

"Her honor were safe in my hands," replied the young man, "without that precaution. But I appreciate the motive, and accept the condition."

"You will remember, then, my lord—at midnight. There will be one light burning in the window, when that is extinguished, all will be safe, and you may enter fearless. Will you remember?"

"Nothing but death shall prevent me. Nor that, if the spirits of the dead may visit what they love best on earth. So tell her, Rose. Farewell!"

Four hours afterward St. Renan stood in the shadow of a dense trellice in the garden, watching the moment when that love-beacon should expire. The clock of St. Germain l'Auxerre struck twelve, and at the instant all was darkness. Another minute and the lofty wall was scaled, and Melanie was in the arms of Raoul.

It was a strange, grim, gloomy gothic chamber, full of strange niches and recesses of old stone-work. The walls were hung with gilded tapestries of Spanish leather, but were interrupted in many places by the antique stone groinings of alcoves and cupboards, one of which, close beside the mantlepiece, was closed by a curiously carved door of heavy oak-work, itself sunk above a foot within the embrasure of the wall.

Lighted as it was only by the flickering of the wood-fire on the hearth, for the thickness of the walls, and the damp of the old vaulted room rendered a fire acceptable even at midsummer, that antique chamber appeared doubly grim and ghostly; but little cared the young lovers for its dismal seeming; and if they noticed it at all, it was but to jest at the contrast of its appearance with the happy hours which they passed within it.

Happy, indeed, they were—almost too happy—though as pure and guiltless as if they had been hours spent within a nunnery of the strictest rule, and in the presence of a sainted abbess.

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Happy, indeed, they were; and although brief, oft repeated. For, thenceforth, not a night passed but Raoul visited his Melanie, and tarried there enjoying her sweet converse, and bearing to her every day glad tidings of the process of his schemes, and of the certainty of their escape, until the approach of morning warned him to make good his retreat ere envious eyes should be abroad to make espials.

And ever the page, Jules, kept watch at the ladder-foot in the garden; and the true maiden, Rose, who ever sate within the chamber with the lovers during their stolen interviews, guarded the door, with ears as keen as those of Cerberus.

A month had passed, and the last night had come, and all was successful—all was ready. The brigantine lay manned and armed, and at all points prepared for her brief voyage at an instant's notice at Calais. Relays of horses were at each post on the road. Raoul had taken formal leave of the delighted monarch. His passport was signed—his treasures were on board his good ship—his pistols were loaded—his horses were harnessed for the journey.

For the last time he scaled the ladder—for the last time he stood within the chamber.

Too happy! ay, they were too happy on that night, for all was done, all was won; and nothing but the last step remained, and that step so easy. The next morning Melanie was to go forth, as if to early mass, with Rose and a single valet. The valet was to be mastered and overthrown as if in a street broil, the lady, with her damsel, was to step into a light caleshe, which should await her, with her lover mounted at its side, and high for Calais—England—without the risk—the possibility of failure.

That night he would not tarry. He told his happy tidings, clasped her to his heart, bid her farewell till to-morrow, and in another moment would have been safe—a step sounded close to the door. Rose sprang to her feet, with her finger to her lip, pointing with her left hand to the deep cupboard-door.

She was right—there was not time to reach the window—at the same instant, as Melanie relighted the lamp, not to be taken in mysterious and suspicious darkness, the one door closed upon the lover just as the other opened to the husband.

But rapid and light as were the motions of Raoul, the treacherous door by which he had passed into his concealment, trembled still as Ploermel entered. And Rose's quick eye saw that he marked it.

But if he saw it, he gave no token, made no allusion to the least doubt or suspicion; on the contrary, he spoke more gayly and kindly than his wont. He apologized for his untimely intrusion, saying that her father had come suddenly to speak with them, concerning her presentation at court, which the king had appointed for the next day, and wished, late as it was, to see her in the saloon below.

Nothing doubting the truth of his statement, which Raoul's intended departure rendered probable, Melanie started from her chair, and telling Rose to wait, for she would back in an instant, hurried out of the room, and took her way toward the great staircase.

The marquis ordered Rose to light her mistress, for the corridor was dark; and as the girl went out to do so, a suppressed shriek, and the faint sounds of a momentary scuffle followed, and then all was still.

A hideous smile flitted across the face of de Ploermel, as he cast himself heavily into an arm-chair, opposite to the door of the cupboard in which St. Renan was concealed, and taking up a silver bell which stood on the table, rung it repeatedly and loudly for a servant.

"Bring wine," he said, as the man entered. "And, hark you, the masons are at work in the great hall, and have left their tools and materials for building. Let half a dozen of the grooms come up hither, and bring with them brick and mortar. I hate the sight of that cupboard, and before I sleep this night, it shall be built up solid with a good wall of masonwork; and so here's a health to the rats within it, and a long life to them!" and he quaffed off the wine in fiendish triumph.

He spoke so loud, and that intentionally, that Raoul heard every word that he uttered.

But if he hoped thereby to terrify the lover into discovering himself, and so convicting his fair and innocent wife, the villain was deceived. Raoul heard every word—knew his fate—knew that one word, one motion would have saved him; but that one word, one motion would have destroyed the fair fame of his Melanie.

The memory of the death of that unhappy Lord of Kerguelen came palpably upon his mind in that dread moment, and the comments of his dead father.

"I, at least," he muttered, between his hard set teeth, "I at least, will not be evidence against her. I will die silent—*fiel a la muerte!*"

And when the brick and mortar were piled by the hands of the unconscious grooms, and when the fatal trowels clanged and jarred around him, he spake not—stirred not—gave no sign.

Even the savage wretch, de Ploermel, unable to believe in the existence of such chivalry, such honor, half doubted if he were not deceived, and the cupboard were not untenanted by the true victim.

Higher and higher rose the wall before the oaken door; and by the exclusion of the light of the many torches by which the men were working, the victim must have marked, inch by inch, the progress of his living immersement. The page, Jules, had climbed in silence to the window's ledge, and was looking in, an unseen spectator, for he had heard all that passed from without, and suspected his lord's presence in the fatal precinct.

But as he saw the wall rise higher—higher—as he saw the last brick fastened in its place solid, immovable from within, and that without strife or opposition, he doubted not but that there was some concealed exit by which St. Renan had escaped, and he descended hastily and hurried homeward.

Now came the lady's trial—the trial that shall prove to de Ploermel whether his vengeance was complete. She was led in with Rose, a prisoner. *Lettres de cachet* had been obtained, when the treason of some wretched subordinate had revealed the secret of her intended flight with Raoul; and the

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officers had seized the wife by the connivance of the shameless husband.

"See!" he said, as she entered, "see, the fool suffered himself to be walled up there in silence. There let him die in agony. You, madam, may live as long as you please in the Bastille, *au secret*."

She saw that all was lost—her lover's sacrifice was made—she could not save him! Should she, by a weak divulging of the truth, render his grand devotion fruitless? Never!

Her pale cheek did not turn one shade the paler, but her keen eye flashed living fire, and her beautiful lip writhed with loathing and scorn irrepressible.

"It is thou who art the fool!" she said, "who hast made all this coil, to wall up a poor cat in a cupboard, as it is thou who art the base knave and shameless pandar, who hast attempted to do murther, and all to sell thine own wife to a corrupt and loathsome tyrant!"

All stood aghast at her fierce words, uttered with all the eloquence and vehemence of real passion, but none so much as Rose, who had never beheld her other than the gentlest of the gentle. Now she wore the expression, and spoke with the tone of a young Pythoness, full of the fury of the god.

She sprung forward as she uttered the last words, extricating herself from the slight hold of the astonished officers, and rushed toward her cowed and craven husband.

"But in all things, mean wretch," she continued, in tones of fiery scorn, "in all things thou art frustrate—thy vengeance is naught, thy vile ambition naught, thyself and thy king, fools, knaves, and frustrate equally. And now," she added, snatching the dagger which Raoul had given her from the cabbard, "now die, infamous, accursed pandar!" and with the word she buried the keen weapon at one quick and steady stroke to the very hilt in his base and brutal heart.

Then, ere the corpse had fallen to the earth, or one hand of all those that were stretched out to seize her had touched her person, she smote herself mortally with the same reeking weapon, and only crying out in a clear, high voice, "Bear witness, Rose, bear witness to my honor! Bear witness all that I die spotless!" fell down beside the body of her husband, and expired without a struggle or a groan.

Awfully was she tried, and awfully she died. Rest to her soul if it be possible.

The caitiff Marquis de Ploermel perished, as she had said, in all things frustrated; for though his vengeance was in very deed complete, he believed that it had failed, and in his very agony that failure was his latest and his worst regret.

On the morrow, when St. Renan returned not to his home, the page gave the alarm, and the fatal wall was torn down, but too late.

The gallant victim of love's honor was no more. Doomed to a lingering death he had died speedily, though by no act of his own. A blood-vessel had burst within, through the violence of his own emotions. Ignorant of the fate of his sweet Melanie, he had died, as he had lived, the very soul of honor; and when they buried him, in the old chapel of his Breton castle, beside his famous ancestors, none nobler lay around him; and the brief epitaph they carved upon his stone was true, at least, if it were short and simple, for it ran only thus—

Raoul de St. Renan.

Fiel a la Mnerte.

THE POET'S HEART.—TO MISS O. B.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

Like rays of light, divinely bright,
Thy sunny smiles o'er all disperse;
And let the music of thy voice,
More softly flow than Lesbian verse.
By all the witchery of love,
By every fascinating art—
The worldly spirit strive to move,
But spare, O spare, the Poet's heart!

Within its pure recesses, deep,
A fount of tender feeling lies;
Whose crystal waters, while they sleep,
Reflect the light of starry skies.
Thy voice might prophet-like unclose
Its bonds, and bid those waters start,
But why disturb their sweet repose?
Spare, lady, spare the Poet's heart!

It cannot be that one so fair,
The idol of the courtly throng—
Would condescend his lot to share,
And bless the lowly child of song,
Would realize the soul-wrought dreams,
That of his being form a part,
And mingle with his sweetest themes;
Then spare, O spare, the poet's heart!

The poet's heart! ye know it not,
Its hopes, its sympathies, its fears;
The joys that gild its humble lot;
The griefs that melt it into tears.
'T is like some flower, that from the ground
Scarce dares to lift its petals up,
Though honeyed sweets are ever found
Indwelling in its golden cup.

Love comes to him in sweeter guise,
Than he appears to other men—
Heav'n-born, descended from the skies,
And longing to return again.
But bid him not with me abide,
If he can no relief impart;
Ah, hide those smiles, those glances hide,
And spare, O spare, the Poet's heart!

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THE RETURN TO SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY GRETTA.

"You have come again," said the dark old trees,
As I entered my childhood's home.
"You have come again," said the whispering breeze,
"And wherefore have you come?

"When last I played round your youthful brow
Its morning's light was there,
But you bring back a shadow upon it now,
And a saddened look of care.

"Have you come, have you left earth's noisy strife,
To seek your favorite flowers?
They are gone, like the hopes which lit your life,
Like your childhood's sunny hours.

"Have you come to seek for your shady dell,
For that spot in the moonlit grove,
Where first you were bound by the magic spell,
And thrilled to the voice of love?

"Has your heart been true to that early vow,
And pure as that trickling tear?
Does that voice of music charm you now
As once it charmed you here?

"Years have been short, and few, since last
As a child you roamed the glen;
But what have you learned since hence you passed,
What have you lost since then?

"You have brought back a woman's ruddier cheek,
A woman's fuller form,
But where is the look so timid and meek,
The blush so quick and warm?

"Have you come to seek for the smiles of yore,
For your brief life's faded light?
Do you hope to hear in these shades once more
The blessing and 'good-night?'

"Do you come again for the kisses sweet,
Do you look as you onward pass
For the mingled prints of the tiny feet
In the fresh and springing grass?

"Have you come to sit on a parent's knee
And gaze on his reverend brow?
Or to nestle in love and childish glee
On her bosom, that 's pulseless now?

"Why come you back? We can give you naught,
No more the past is ours,
Thine early scenes with their blessings fraught,
Thy childhood's golden hours."

I have come, I have come, oh haunts of youth,
With a worn and weary heart;
I have come to recall the love and truth
Of my young life's guileless part.

I have come to bend o'er the holy spot
Where I prayed by a father's knee—
Oh I am changed—but I ne'er forgot
His look, his smile for me.

I have not been true to my heart's first love
Here pledged 'neath the moonlit heaven,
But I come to kneel in the lonely grove
And ask to be forgiven.

I have not brought back the hopes of youth,
Or the gentle look so meek,
I mourn o'er my perished faith and truth
And the quick blush of my cheek.

But, oh ye scenes, that have once beguiled,
In the peaceful days of yore,
I would come again like a little child
With the trust I knew before.

I would call back every hope and fear,
The heart throbs full and high,
The prattling child that rambled here,
And ask if it were *I*?

And I would recall the murmured prayer,
And the dark eyes look of love,
While unseen angels hovered there
From the starry worlds above.

And I 've come to seek one flower here,
Just one, in its fading bloom,
Though it must be culled with a gushing tear
From a parent's grassy tomb.

And I 'll bear it away on my lonely breast,
As a charm 'mid earth's stormy strife,
An amulet, worn to give me rest,
On the billowy waves of life.

I wait not now by the dancing rill
For the steps of my playmates fair—
They are gone—but yon heaven is o'er me still,
And I 'll seek to meet them there.

Parents, and friends, and hopes are gone,
And these memories only given,
But they shall be links, while the heart is lone,
In the "chain" that reaches heaven.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

O BLESSED sunshine, and thrice-blessed rain,
How ye do warm and melt the rugged soil,—
Which else were barren, nathless all my toil
And summon Beauty from her grave again,
To breathe live odors o'er my scant domain:
How softly from their parting buds uncoil
The furled sweets, no more a shriveled spoil
To the loud storm, or canker's silent bane:
Were it all sun, the heat would shrink them up,
Were it all shower, then piteous blight were sure;
Now hangs the dew in every nodding cup,
Shooting new glories from its orblets pure.
Sunshine and shower, I shrink from your extremes,
But with delight behold your blended gleams.

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THE CHRISTMAS GARLAND.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS is coming! The glad sound awakes a thrill of joy in many a heart. The children clap their tiny hands and laugh aloud in the exuberance of their mirth as bright visions of varied toys and rich confectionary flit before their minds. The sound of merry sports — the gathering of the social band — the banquet — all are scenes of joy. Shout on bright children, for your innocent mirth will rise as incense to Him who was even as one of you. The Son of God once reposed his head upon a mortal breast and wept the tears of infancy. Now risen to His throne of glory, his smile is still upon you, bright Blossoms of Blessedness.

Christmas is coming! is the cry of the young and gay, and with light hearts they prepare for the approaching festival. The holyday robes are chosen, and the presents selected which shall bring joy to so many hearts. The lover studies to determine what gift will be acceptable to his mistress, and the maiden dreams of love-tokens and honeyed words. Nor is the church forgotten amid the gathering of holyday array, for that, too, must be robed in beauty. The young claim its adornment as their appropriate sphere, and rich garlands of evergreen, mingled with scarlet berries, are twined around its pillars, or festooned along its walls. Swiftly speeds their welcome task, and a calm delight fills their hearts, as they remember Him who assumed mortality, and passed the ordeal of earthly life, that he might be, in all things, like unto mankind. Blessed be this thought, ye joyous ones, and if after-years shall bring sorrow or bitterness, ye may remember that the Holiest has trod that path before, and that deeper sorrow than mortality can suffer, once rested upon his guiltless head.

Christmas is coming! is the thought of the aged, and memory goes back to the joys of other years, when the pulses of life beat full and free, and their keen sensibilities were awake to the perception of the beautiful. Now the dim eye can no longer enjoy the full realization of beauty, and the ear is deaf to the melodies of Nature, but they can drink from the fountain of memory, and while looking upon the mirth of the youthful, recollect that once they, too, were light-hearted and joyous. Blessed to them is the approaching festival, and as they celebrate the birth of the Redeemer, they may remember that He bore the trials of life without a murmur, and laid down in the lone grave, to ensure the resurrection of the believer, while faith points to the hour when they shall inherit the glory prepared for them by His mission of suffering.

Christmas is coming! shouted we, the school-girls of Monteparaiso Seminary, as we rushed from the school-room, in glad anticipation of the holydays. How gladly we laid down the books over which we had been poring, vainly endeavoring to fix our minds upon their pages, and gathered in various groups to plan amusements for the coming festival. One week only, and the day would come, the pleasures of which we had been anticipating for months. Our stockings must be hung up on Christmas Eve, though the pleasure was sadly marred because each of us must, in our turn, represent the good Santa-Claus, and contribute to the stockings of our schoolmates, instead of going quietly to bed, and finding them filled on Christmas morning by the good saint, or some of his representatives. How eagerly we watched the Hudson each morning, to see if its waves remained unfettered by ice, not only because the daily arrival of the steamboat from New York was an era in our un-eventful lives, but there were many of our number whose parents or friends resided in the city, from whom they expected visits or presents. We were like a prisoned sisterhood, yet we did not pine in our solitude, for there were always wild, mirth-loving spirits in our midst, so full of fun and frolic that the exuberance of their spirits was continually breaking out, much to the discomfort of tutors and governesses. When the holydays were approaching, and the strict discipline usually maintained among the pupils was somewhat relaxed, these outbreaks became more numerous, insomuch that lessons were carelessly omitted, or left unlearned. When study hours were over misrule was triumphant. Lizzie Lincoln could not find a seat at the table where some of the older girls were manufacturing fancy articles for Christmas presents, and avenged herself by pinning together the dresses of the girls who were seated around the table, and afterward fastening each dress to the carpet. Fan Selby saw the manœuvre, and ran to her room, where she equipped herself in a frightful looking mask, which she had manufactured of brown paper, painted in horrid devices. Arrayed in this mask, and a long white wrapper, she came stalking in at the door of the sitting-room. In their fright the girls screamed and tried to rush from the table, when a scene of confusion ensued which beggars description. The noise reached the ears of the teachers, who came from different parts of the house to the scene of the riot, but ere they reached it, Fan had deposited the mask out of sight in her own room, and was again in her place, looking as innocent as if nothing had happened. She even aided the teachers in their search for the missing "fright." When this fruitless search was ended, and a monitress placed in the sit-

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ting-room to prevent further riots, a new alarm was raised. Mary Lee blackened her face with burnt cork, and entered the kitchen by the outside door, begging for cold victuals, much to the terror of the raw Hibernians who were very quietly sitting before the fire, and telling tales of the Emerald Isle, for they feared a negro as they would some wild beast. They ran up stairs to give the alarm, but when they returned the bird had flown, and while a fruitless search was instituted throughout the basement, Mary was in her own room, hastily removing the cburn tinge from her face. Such were a few among the many wild pranks of the mischief spirits, invented to while away the time. Quite different from this was the employment of the "sisterhood." A number of the older pupils of the school had seated themselves night after night around the table which stood in the centre of the sitting-room, in nearly the same places, with their needle-work, until it was finally suggested, that, after the manner of the older people, we should form a regularly organized society. Each member should every night take her accustomed place, and one should read while the others were busy with their needle-work. To add a tinge of romance to the whole, we gave to each of our members the name of some flower as a soubriquet by which we might be known, and Lizzie Lincoln (our secretary) kept a humorous diary of the "Sayings and Doings of Flora's Sisterhood." Anna Lincoln was the presidentess of our society, and we gave her the name of Rose, because the queen of flowers seemed a fitting type of her majestic beauty. But the favorite of all was Clara Adams, to whom the name of Violet seemed equally appropriate. Her modesty, gentleness, and affectionate disposition had won the love of all, from Annie Lincoln, the oldest pupil, down to little Ella Selby, who lisped her praises of dear Clara Adams, and seemed to love her far better than she did her own mad-cap sister.

When we celebrated May-day Clara was chosen queen of May, though Lizzie Lincoln was more beautiful, and Anna seemed more queenly. It was the instinctive homage that young hearts will pay to goodness and purity, which made us feel as if she deserved the brightest crown we could bestow. If one of us were ill, Clara could arrange the pillows or bathe the throbbing temples more tenderly than any other, and bitter medicines seemed less disgusting when administered by her. Was there a hard lesson to learn, a difficult problem to solve, a rebellious drawing that would take any form or shadowing but the right one, Clara was the kind assistant, and either task seemed equally easy to her. While we sat around the table that evening, little Ella Selby was leaning on the back of Clara's chair, and telling, in her own childish way, of the manifold perfections of one Philip Sidney, a classmate of her brother in college, who had spent a vacation with him at her home. Ella was quite sure that no other gentleman was half so handsome, so good, or kind as Mr. Sidney, and she added,

"I know he loves Clara, for I have told him a great deal about her, and he says that he does."

The girls all laughed at her simple earnestness, and bright blushes rose in Clara's face. Many prophecies for the future were based on this slight foundation, and Clara was raised to the rank of a heroine. It needs but slight fuel to feed the flame of romance in a school-girl's breast, and these dreamings might long have been indulged but for an interruption. A servant came, bringing a basket, with a note from the ladies engaged in decorating the church, requesting the young ladies of the school to prepare the letters for a motto on the walls of the church. The letters were cut from pasteboard, to be covered with small sprigs of box. Pleased with the novelty of our task we were soon busily engaged, under the direction of Clara and Anna Lincoln. Even the "mischief spirits" ceased their revels to watch our progress. Thus passed that evening, and as the next day was Saturday, and of course a holyday, we completed our work. The garlands were not to be hung in the church until the Wednesday following, as Friday was Christmas day. We employed ourselves after study hours the intervening days in finishing the presents we had commenced for each other. On Wednesday morning Lucy Gray, one of our day-scholars, brought a note from her mother, requesting that she might be excused from her afternoon lessons, and inviting the teachers and young ladies of the school to join them in dressing the church. Here was a prospect for us of some rare enjoyment; and how we plead for permission, and promised diligence and good behaviour for the future, those who remember their own school-days can easily imagine. At length permission was granted that Anna and Lizzie Lincoln, Fan Selby, Clara Adams, and I, accompanied by one of the teachers, might assist them for an hour or two in the afternoon. Never did hours seem longer to us than those that passed after the permission was given till we were on our way. The village was about half a mile from our seminary, but the walk was a very pleasant one, and when we reached the church our faces glowed with exercise in the keen December air. We found a very agreeable company assembled there, laughing and chatting gayly as they bound the branches of evergreen together in rich wreaths. Our letters were fastened to the walls, forming a beautiful inscription, and little remained to be done, save arranging the garlands. Clara and Fan Selby finished the wreaths for the altar, and were fastening them in their places, when a new arrival caused Fan to drop her wreath, and hasten toward the new-comers, exclaiming,

"Brother Charles, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, after cordially greeting his companion, she asked eagerly of her brother,

"Have you come to take us home?"

"No, mad-cap," was the laughing reply, "we are but too glad to be free for one Christmas from your wild pranks. Sidney is spending the Christmas holydays with me, and as the day was fine we thought we would visit you. When we reached the village we learned that several of the young ladies of the school were at the church, and called, thinking that you might be of the number."

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Turning to Sidney, Fan said, playfully,

"Follow me, and I will introduce you to Ella's favorite, Clara Adams."

Before Clara had time to recover from her confusion caused by their entrance Fan had led Philip Sidney to her, and introduced him as the friend of whom little Ella had told her so much. The eloquent blushes in Clara's face revealed in part the dreams that had been excited in her breast, while Philip, with self-possessed gallantry, begged leave to assist her in her task, and uttered some commonplace expressions, till Clara was sufficiently composed to take her part in conversation. The teacher who accompanied us, alarmed at his attention, placed herself near them, but his manner was so respectful that she could find no excuse to interrupt their conversation. Philip Sidney was eminently handsome, and as his dark eye rested admiringly upon her, who will wonder that Clara became more than usually animated! nor is it strange that the low, musical tones of his voice, breathing thoughts of poetry with the earnestness of love, should awaken a new train of thought in the simple school-girl. She answered in few words, but the drooping of her fringed lids and the bright color in her cheek replied more eloquently than words. The moments flew swiftly, the garlands were placed, and the teacher who had watched them with an anxious eye, announced that it was time to return to the seminary. Philip knew too well the strictness of boarding-school rules to hope for a longer interview, yet even for the sake of looking longer on her graceful figure, and perchance stealing another glance from her bright eyes, he insisted upon seeing little Ella. Charles Selby objected, as it was growing late, and he had an engagement for the evening in the city. Reluctantly Philip bade Clara farewell, and from the door of the church watched her receding figure until she disappeared around the turn of the road. From that moment Clara was invested by her schoolmates with all the dignity of a heroine of romance, and half the giddy girls in school teazed her mercilessly, and then laid their heads upon their pillows only to dream of lovers.

Christmas eve came. The elder ladies of the school accompanied our Principal to the church to listen to the services of the evening. We were scarcely seated when we perceived nearly opposite to us, that same Philip Sidney, who was the hero of our romance. Poor Clara! I sat by her side, and fancied I could hear the throbbing of her heart as those dark, expressive eyes were fixed again on hers, speaking the language of admiration too plainly to be mistaken. Then as the services proceeded, his countenance wore a shadow of deeper thought, and his eyes were fixed upon the speaker. Thus he remained in earnest attention till the services closed. When we left the church, a smile, and bow of recognition passed between him and Clara, but no word was spoken. Our sports that evening had no power to move her to mirth, but she remained silent and abstracted. The next Saturday Mrs. Selby came to see her daughter, and soon after her arrival, Fan laid a small package on the table mysteriously, saying to Clara, "You must answer it immediately," and left the room. Clara broke the seal, and as she removed the envelope, a ring, containing a small diamond, beautifully set, fell to the floor. I picked it up, and looking on the inside, saw the name of Philip Sidney. As soon as she had read the note, she gave it to me, and placed the ring upon her finger. Then severing a small branch from a myrtle plant, which we kept in our room as a relic of home, she placed it, with a sprig of box, in an envelope, and, after directing it to Philip Sidney, gave it to Fan, who enclosed it in a letter to her brother. The note which Clara gave me was as follows:

"Forgive my presumption, dear Clara, in addressing you, so lately a stranger. Think not that I am an idle flatterer, when I say that your beauty and worth have awakened a deep love for you in my heart, and this love must be my excuse. I would have sought another interview with you, but I know the rules of your school would have forbid, and the only alternative remaining is to make this avowal, or be forgotten by you. I do not ask you now to promise to be mine, or even to love me, till I have proved myself worthy of your affection. My past life has been one of thoughtlessness and inaction, but it shall be my endeavor in future to atone for those misspent years. Your image will ever be with me as a bright spirit from whose presence I cannot flee, and whisper hope when my energies would fail. I only ask your remembrance till I am worthy to claim your love. If you do not see me or hear from me at the end of five years, you may believe that I have failed to secure the desired position in the world, or am no longer living. Will you grant me this favor—to wear the ring enclosed, and sometimes think of me? If so, send me some token by Mrs. S., to tell me that I may hope."

The evergreens, with their language of love and constancy were the token, and the ring sparkled upon Clara's finger, so that I knew well that Philip Sidney would not soon be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE AT HOME.

The little village of Willowdale is situated in one of those romantic dells which are found here and there among the hills of Massachusetts. A small stream, tributary to the Connecticut, flows through the village, so small that it is barely sufficient to furnish the necessary mill-seats for the accommodation of a community of farmers, but affording no encouragement to manufacturers. It is to this reason, perhaps, that we may attribute the fact that a place, which was amongst the earliest settlements of Massachusetts, should remain to this day so thinly inhabited. The rage for manufactures, so prevalent in New England, has led speculators to place factories on every stream of sufficient power to keep them in operation, and a spirit of enterprise and locomotion has caused railroads to pass through sections of the country hitherto unfrequented by others than tillers

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of the soil. Cities have sprung up where before were only small villages, and brisk little villages are found, where a few years ago were only solitary farm-houses. But in spite of all such changes, Willowdale has escaped the ravages of these merciless innovators. The glassy river still glides on in its natural bed, and even the willows on its banks, from which the village takes its name, are suffered to stand, unscathed by the woodman's axe. The "iron horse" has never disturbed the inhabitants by his shrill voice, and the rattling of cars has not broken upon the stillness of a summer-day. The village is not on the direct route from any of the principal cities to others, consequently the inhabitants suffer little apprehension of having their fine farms cut up by rail-road tracks. The village consists of one principal street, with houses built on both sides, at sufficient distances from the street and each other, to admit of those neat yards, with shade-trees, flowers, and white fences, which are the pride of New England, and scattered among the surrounding fields are tasteful farm-houses.

There are two houses of worship in the place: the Episcopal church, which was erected by the first settlers, before the revolution; and the Congregationalist house, more recently built. There is but little trade carried on in the place, and one store is sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants. The Episcopal church stands on a slight eminence, at a little distance from the main street of the village, and a lane extending beyond it leads to the parsonage. A little farther down this lane is my father's house, and nearly opposite the house of Deacon Lee, the home of Clara Adams. Clara was left an orphan at an early age. Her father was the son of an early friend of the old rector. The latter, having no children, adopted Henry Adams, and educated him as his own son, in the hope of preparing him for the ministry, but with that perversity so common in human nature, the youth determined to become an artist. The rector, not wishing to force him unwillingly into the sacred office, consented that he should pursue his favorite art. He placed him under the tuition of one of the first painters in a neighboring city, hoping that his natural genius, aided by his ambition, might enable him to excel. Henry Adams followed his new pursuit with all the ardor of an impetuous nature, till the bright eyes of Clara Lee won his heart, and his thoughts were directed in a new channel, until he had persuaded her to share his lot. It proved, indeed, a darkened lot to the young bride. Her husband was a reckless, unsatisfied being, and though he ever loved her with all the affection of which such natures are capable, the warm expressions of his love, varied by fits of peevishness and ill-humor, were so unlike the calm, unchanging devotedness of her nature that she felt a bitter disappointment. Soon after the birth of their daughter his health failed, and he repaired to Italy for the benefit of a more genial climate, and in the hope of perfecting himself in his art. He lived but a few months after his arrival there, and the sad intelligence came like a death-blow to his bereaved wife. She lingered a year at the parsonage, a saddened mourner, and then her wearied spirit found its rest. The old rector would gladly have nurtured the little orphan as his own child, but he could not resist the entreaties of Deacon Lee, her mother's brother, and reluctantly consented to have her removed to his house. Yet much of her time was spent at the parsonage, and growing up as it were in an atmosphere of love, it is not strange that gentleness was the ruling trait of her character. Deacon Lee was one of that much-scandalized class, the Congregationalist deacons of New England, who have so often been described with a pen dipped in gall, if we may judge from the bitterness of the sketches. Scribblers delight in portraying them as rum-selling hypocrites, sly topers, lovers of gain, and fomenters of dissension, and so far has this been carried, that no tale of Yankee cunning or petty fraud is complete unless the hero is a deacon. It is true there are far too many such instances in real life, where eminence in the church is their only high standing, and the name of religion is but a cloak for selfish vices, but it is equally true that among this class of men are the good, the true, and kind, of the earth, whose lives are ruled by the same pure principles which they profess. Such was Deacon Lee, and it were well if there were more like him, to remove the stain which others of an opposite character have brought upon the office. He was one of those whom sorrow purifies, and had bowed in humble resignation to heavy afflictions. Of a large family only one son had lived to attain the years of manhood. The mother of Clara had been very dear to him, and he felt that her orphan child would supply, in a measure, the place of his own lost ones. His wife was his opposite, and theirs was one of those unaccountable unions where there is apparently no bond of sympathy. Stern and exact in the performance of every duty, she wished to enforce the same rigid observance upon others. The loss of her children had roused in her a zeal for religion, which, in one of a warmer temperament, would have been fanaticism. While her husband was a worshiper from a love of God and his holy laws, she was prompted by fears of the wrath to come. He bowed in thankfulness, even while he wept their loss, to the Power that had borne his little ones to a brighter world, while her life gained new austerity from the thought that they had been taken from her as a judgment on her worldliness and idolatry. She loved to dwell upon the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, and emulate their rigid lives, forgetting that it was the dark persecution of the times in which they lived that left this impress upon their characters. Her husband loved to commend the good deeds of their neighbors, while she was equally fond of censuring transgressors. Perhaps the result of their efforts was better than it would have been had both possessed the disposition of either one of them. Her firmness and energy atoned for the negligence resulting from his easy temper, and his sunny smile and kind words softened the asperity with which she would have ruled her household. Their son was engaged in mercantile business in a neigh-

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boring city, and their home would have been desolate but for the presence of little Clara. She was the sunshine of the old man's heart, and he forgot toil and weariness when he sat down by his own fireside, with the merry prattler upon his knee, and her little arms were twined about his neck. She was the image of his lost sister, and it seemed to him but a little while since her mother had sat thus upon his knee, and lavished her caresses upon him. In spite of the predictions of the worthy dame that she would be spoiled, he indulged her every wish, checking only the inclination to do wrong. Nor was the good lady herself without affection for the little orphan, but she wished to engraft a portion of her own sternness into her nature, and in her horror of prelacy she did not like to have such a connecting link between her family and that of the rector. She had never loved Clara's father, yet she could not find it in her heart to be unkind to the little orphan, so she contented herself with laying his faults and follies at the door of the church to which he belonged. Clara had been my playfellow from infancy, and at the village school we had pursued our studies together. When my parents decided to place me at a boarding-school on the banks of the Hudson, I plead earnestly with the deacon that Clara might go with me. Her aunt objected strenuously to her acquiring the superficial accomplishments of the world, but the old man for once in his life was firm, and declared that Clara should have as good an education as any one in the vicinity. Accordingly we were placed at Montepariso Seminary, where was laid the scene of the last chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN HOME.

Our school-days passed, as school-days ever will, sometimes happily, and again lingering as if they would never be gone. Clara was still the same sweet, simple-minded innocent girl, but her mirth was subdued by thoughtfulness, though the calm tranquillity of her life was unruffled by the new feeling that had found a place in her heart. She pursued her studies with constant assiduity, and at the close of our third year at school, was the first scholar in the institution. She was advanced beyond others of her age when she entered, and had improved every opportunity to the best of her abilities after becoming a member of the school. Three years was the period assigned for our school-days, and we were to return to Willowdale at the close of that time. Though we loved our school-mates dearly, we were happy to think of meeting once more with the friends from whom we had so long been separated. Anna Lincoln had left the year before, and Lizzie had taken her place as Presidentess of "the Sisterhood." Fan Selby had left off her wild pranks and become quite sedate. Mary Lee was less boisterous in her mirth than formerly, and the younger members of the school seemed ready to take the places of those who were about to leave. It was sad for us when we bade farewell to the companions of years, though we were pleased with the thought of seeing more of the world than a school-girl's life would allow. I will not attempt to describe our joy when we were once more at our homes, nor the warm reception of those around our own firesides. Never was there a happier man than old Deacon Lee, as he led Clara to the window, that he might better see the rich bloom on her cheek, and the light of her eye. "Thank God!" was his fervent ejaculation, "that you have come to us in health. I was afraid that so much poring over books would make you look pale and delicate, as your poor mother did before she died. How much you are like what she was at your age." Then with a feeling of childish delight he opened the door of their rustic parlor, and showed her a small collection of new books, a present from the rector, and a neat piano, which he had purchased himself in Boston to surprise her on her return.

"You are still the same dear, kind uncle," said Clara, as she run her fingers over the keys, and found its tone excellent; "you are always thinking of something to make me happy. How shall I ever repay your kindness?"

"By enjoying it," was his reply. "The old man has a right to indulge his darling, and nothing else in this world can make him so happy as to see your rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and hear your merry voice; but let us hear you sing and play."

Tears of delight glistened in the old man's eyes as she warbled several simple airs to a graceful accompaniment. Mrs. Lee sighed deeply, and would have given them a long lecture upon the vanities and frivolities of the world, had not Clara changed the strain, and sung some of her favorite hymns.

"Are you not tired?" asked her uncle, with his usual considerate kindness. "Come, let us go to the garden, and see the dahlias I planted, because I knew the other flowers would be killed by the frost before you came home."

"With pleasure," answered Clara; "but first let me sing a song that I have learned on purpose to please you."

Then she sung the beautiful words, "He doeth all things well." The old man's eyes beamed with a holy light as he listened to the exquisite music which expressed the sentiments that had pervaded his life. As she rose from the piano, he laid his hands upon her head caressingly, saying, "Blessed be His name, who guards my treasures in Heaven, and has still left me this rich possession on earth." The old lady, melted by the sight of his emotion, and the sentiment expressed, clasped her to her heart, and called her her own dear child.

Months glided on with swift wings, and even Mrs. Lee was forced to give up her arguments against a fashionable education. She had predicted that Clara would be a fine lady, and feel above performing the common duties of life; but every morning with the early dawn she shared the tasks of her aunt, and seemed as much at home in the dairy or kitchen as when seated at her piano. Her step was as light and graceful while tripping over the fields as it had been in the dance, and her fingers as skillful in making

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her own and her aunt's dresses, as they had been at her embroidery. The good dame had learned to love the piano, and more than once admitted that she would feel quite lonely without it. So she was fain to retreat from her position, by saying that her old opinions held good as general rules, though Clara was an exception, for no one else was ever like her. At length her old feelings revived when a young farmer in the neighborhood aspired to the hand of Clara, and was kindly, though firmly, refused. She was sure that it came of pride, and that the novels she had read had filled her head with ideas of high life. But her good uncle came to the rescue, and declared that her inclinations should not be crossed, and he had no wish that she should marry till she could be happier with another than she was with them. Clara longed to tell him of her acquaintance with Philip Sidney, but she feared it would make him anxious, and resolved to say nothing till time had proved the truth of her lover. From this time forth the subject of her marriage was not mentioned, and Clara was left free to pursue her own inclinations. Her presence was a continual source of happiness to her uncle, and her life flowed on like a gentle stream, diffusing blessings on all around her, while a sense of happiness conferred threw a lustre around every hour.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

Five years had passed since the commencement of our tale, and Clara and I still remained at our homes in Willowdale. Life had passed gently with us, and the friendship formed in our school-days remained unbroken. It was sweet to recall those days; and we passed many a pleasant hour in the renewal of old memories. Clara had heard nothing from Philip Sidney, save once, about a year before, when a letter from Fan Selby informed her that he had called on them. He had inquired very particularly after Clara, and said that he intended to visit Willowdale the following year, but where the intervening time was to be passed she did not know. It seemed very strange to me that Clara should not doubt his truth from his long silence, but her faith remained unshaken.

It was the day before Christmas, and the young people of Willowdale were assembled to finish the decorations of the church. The garlands were hung in deep festoons along the walls, and twined around the pillars. The pulpit and altar were adorned with wreaths tastefully woven of branches of box mingled with the dark-green leaves and scarlet berries of the holly, the latter gathered from trees which the old rector had planted in his youth, and carefully preserved for this purpose. On the walls over the entrance was the inscription, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men," in letters covered with box, after the model of those we had seen in our school-days. We surveyed our work with pleasure, mingled with anxiety to discover any improvement that might be made, for we knew that a stranger was that night to address us. The growing infirmities of the old rector had for a long time rendered the duties of a pastor very fatiguing to him, and he had announced to us the Sabbath before, that a young relative who had lately taken orders, would be with him on Christmas Eve, and assist him until his health should be improved. The news was unwelcome to the older members of the congregation, who had been so long accustomed to hear instruction from their aged pastor that the thought of seeing another stand in his place was fraught with pain to them. He had been truly their friend, sharing their joys and sorrows—and their hearts were linked to him as childrens' to a parent. At the baptismal font, the marriage altar, and the last sad rites of the departed, he had presided, and it seemed as if the voice of a stranger must strike harshly upon their ears. But to the young there was pleasure in the thought of change; and though they dearly loved the old man, the charm of novelty was thrown around their dreams of his successor. No one knew his name, though rumor whispered that he had just returned from England, where he had spent the last year. No wonder, then, that we looked with critic eyes upon our work, eager to know how it must appear to one who had traveled abroad, and lingered among the rich cathedrals of our fatherland. Clara alone seemed indifferent, and was often rallied on her want of interest in the young stranger. I alone read her secret, as she glanced at the gem which sparkled upon her finger, for I knew that her thoughts were with the past—and Philip Sidney.

Christmas Eve arrived, as bright and beautiful as the winter nights of the North. A light snow covered the ground, and the Frost King had encrusted it with thousands of glittering diamonds. The broad expanse of the valley was radiant in the moonbeams, and the branches of the willows were glittering with frosty gems. The church was brilliantly lighted, and the blaze from its long windows left a bright reflection upon the pure surface of the snow. The merry ringing of sleigh-bells were heard in every direction, and numerous sleighs deposited their fair burden at the door. There was a general gathering of the young people from ours and the neighboring villages, to witness the services of the evening, and brighter eyes than a city assembly could boast, flashed in the lamp-light. The garlands were more beautiful in this subdued light than they had been in the glare of day, and their richness was like a magic spell of beauty to enthrall the senses of the beholder. Clara and I were seated in one of the pews directly in front of the altar, occasionally looking back to see the new arrivals, and return the greetings of friends from other villages. Suddenly the organ swelled in a rich peal of music, and the old pastor entered, followed by the youthful stranger. There was no time to scrutinize the features of the latter ere he knelt and concealed his face, yet there was something in the jetty curls that rested upon his snowy surplice, as his head laid within his folded hands that looked familiar, and Clara involuntarily grasped my hand. As he arose and opened the prayer-book to turn to the

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services of the evening, he took a momentary survey of the congregation. That glance was enough to tell us that the stranger was Philip Sidney. As his eye met Clara's, a crimson flush spread over his pale face, his dark eye glowed, and his hand trembled slightly as he turned over the leaves. It was but a moment ere he was calm and self-possessed again, and when he commenced reading the services his voice was clear and rich. The deepest silence pervaded the assembly, save when the responses rose from every part of the house. Then the organ peals, and the sweet voices of the choir joined in the anthems, and again all was still. The charm of eloquence is universally acknowledged, and the statesman, the warrior, and votary of science have all wielded it as a weapon of might, but we can never feel its irresistible power so fully as when listening to its richness from the pulpit. The perfect wisdom of holy writ, the majesty of thought, and purity of sentiment it inspires, will elevate the mind of the hearer above surrounding objects, and when to this power is added beauty of language and a musical voice, the spell is deeper. Such was the charm that held all in silent attention while Philip Sidney spoke. The scene was one which would tend to fix the mind on the event it was designed to commemorate, and the sweet music of his words might remind one of the angel's song proclaiming "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men." Richer seemed its melody, and more beautiful his language, as he dwelt upon the love and mercy of the Redeemer's mission, and the hope of everlasting life it brought to the perishing. He led them back to the hour when moral darkness enshrouded the world, and mankind were doomed to perish under the frown of an offended God. There was but one ray to cheer the gloom, the prophetic promise of the Messiah who should come to redeem the world. To this they looked, and vainly dreamed that he should appear in regal splendor, to gather his followers and form a temporal kingdom. Far from this, the angel's song was breathed to simple shepherds, and the star in the East pointed out a stable as the lowly birth-place of the Son of God. He came, not to rule in splendor in the palaces of kings, but to bring the gospel of peace to the lowliest habitations, and fix his throne in the hearts of the meek and humble-minded. He claimed no tribute of this world's wealth as an offering, but the love and obedience of those whom he came to save. Earnestly the speaker besought his hearers to yield to their Saviour the adoration which was his due, and requite His all-excelling love with the purest and deepest affections of their hearts. Every eye was fixed upon the speaker, every ear intently listened to catch his words, and tears suffused the eyes so lately beaming with gayety. At the close of his eloquent appeal, there were few in that congregation unmoved. The closing prayers were read, the benediction pronounced, and the audience gradually left the house. Clara and I were the last to leave our seats, and as we followed the crowd that had gathered in the aisles before us she did not speak, but the hand that rested in mine trembled like a frightened bird. Suddenly a voice behind us whispered the name of Clara. She turned and met the gaze of Philip Sidney. The trusting faith of years had its reward, and those so long severed met again. Not wishing to intrude upon the joy of that moment, I left them, and followed on with the old rector. We walked on in the little foot-path that led to our homes; and while Clara's hand rested upon his arm, the young clergyman told the tale of his life since their parting.

"But how did it come," asked Clara, "that you chose the sacred profession of the ministry?"

"I cannot fully trace the source of the emotions that led me to become a worshiper at the throne of the Holiest, unless it is true that the love of the pure and good of earth is the first pluming of the soul's pinions for heaven. I went to church that Christmas eve, urged only by the wish to look upon your face once more, yet, when there, the words of the speaker won my attention. I had listened to others equally eloquent many times before; but that night my heart seemed more susceptible to religious impressions. I felt a deep sense of the folly and ingratitude of my past life, and firmly resolved for the future to live more worthily of the immortal treasure that was committed to my charge. Prayerfully and earnestly I studied the Word of Life, and resolved to devote myself to the ministry. I wrote to my worthy relative, the rector of Willowdale, for his advice, and found, to my great joy, that he was your devoted friend. He condemned my rashness in the avowal I had made to you, and insisted that there should be no communication between us until I had finished my studies. I consented, on condition that he should write frequently and inform me of your welfare. One year ago I had completed my studies, and would have hastended to you, but my stern Mentor insisted that I should travel abroad, as he said, to give me a better knowledge of human nature, and test the truth of my early affection. I have passed the ordeal, and now, after an absence of five years, returned to you unchanged in heart."

The rest of the conversation was lost to me, as I reached my home; but that it was satisfactory to those engaged in it I know from the fact, that the next day I had the pleasure of congratulating Clara upon her engagement, with the full consent of her relatives. The remainder of the tale is quickly told. The old rector resigned his pastoral charge to Philip Sidney, with the full approbation of his parishioners; and it was arranged that the old rector and his wife should remain at the parsonage with the young clergyman and his bride. Deacon Lee became warmly attached to Philip, and felt a father's interest in the happiness of Clara, though he sometimes chid her playfully for keeping their early acquaintance a secret from him. As for Mrs. Lee, she was so proud of the honor of being aunt to a minister, that she almost forgot her dislike to prelacy. It is true she was once heard to say to one of her gossiping acquaintances, that she would have been better pleased if Clara had married a good Congregationalist minister, even if he had not preached quite so flowery sermons as Philip Sidney.

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One bright day in the month of May following was their wedding-day. The bride looked beautiful in her pure white dress of muslin, with a wreath of May-blossoms in her hair. Blessings were invoked on the youthful pair by all, both high and low, and sincere good wishes expressed for their future happiness. Here I will leave them, with the wish that the affection of early years may remain through life undimmed, and that the Christmas Garland, so linked with the history of their loves, may be their emblem.

HEADS OF THE POETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.—CHAUCER.

——Chaucer's healthy Muse,
Did wisely one sweet instrument to choose—
The native reed; which, tutored with rare skill,
Brought other Muses* down to aid its trill!
A cheerful song that sometimes quaintly masked
The fancy, as the affections sweetly tasked;
And won from England's proud and *foreign*† court,
For native England's *tongue*, a sweet report—
And sympathy—till in due time it grew
A permanent voice that proved itself the true,
And rescued the brave language of the land,
From that‡ which helped to strength the invader's hand.
Thus, with great patriot service, making clear
The way to other virtues quite as dear
In English liberty—which could grow alone,
When English speech grew pleasant to be known;
To spell the ears of princes, and to make
The peasant worthy for his poet's sake.

II.—SHAKSPEARE.

——'T were hard to say,
Upon what instrument did Shakspeare play—
Still harder what he did not! He had all
The orchestra at service, and could call
To use, still other implements, unknown,
Or only valued in his hands alone!
The Lyre, whose burning inspiration came
Still darting upward, sudden as the flame;
The murmuring wind-harp, whose melodious sighs
Seem still from hopefullest heart of love to rise,
And gladden even while grieving; the wild strain
That night-winds wake from reeds that breathe in pain,
Though breathing still in music; and that voice,
Which most he did affect—whose happy choice
Made sweet flute-accents for humanity
Out of that living heart which cannot die,
The Catholic, born of love, that still controls
While man is man, the tide in human souls.

III.—THE SAME.

——His universal song
Who sung by Avon, and with purpose strong
Compelled a voice from native oracles,
That still survive their altars by their spells—
Guarding with might each avenue to fame,
Where, trophied over all, glows Shakspeare's name!
The mighty master-hand in his we trace,
If erring often, never commonplace;
Forever frank and cheerful, even when woe
Commands the tear to speak, the sigh to flow;
Sweet without weakness, without storming, strong,
Jest not o'erstrained, nor argument too long;
Still true to reason, though intent on sport,
His wit ne'er drives his wisdom out of court;
A brooklet now, a noble stream anon,
Careering in the meadows and the sun;
A mighty ocean next, deep, far and wide,
Earth, life and Heaven, all imaged in its tide!
Oh! when the master bends him to his art,
How the mind follows, how vibrates the heart;
The mighty grief o'ercomes us as we hear,
And the soul hurries, hungering, to the ear;
The willing nature, yielding as he sings,
Unfolds her secret and bestows her wings,
Glad of that best interpreter, whose skill
Brings hosts to worship at her sacred hill!

* The Italian. † Norman. ‡ The French.

IV.—SPENSER.

It was for Spenser, by his quaint device
To spiritualize the passionate, and subdue
The wild, coarse temper of the British Muse,
By meet diversion from the absolute:
To lift the fancy, and, where still the song
Proclaimed a wild humanity, to sway
Soothingly soft, and by fantastic wiles
Persuade the passions to a milder clime!
His was the song of chivalry, and wrought
For like results upon society;
Artful in high degree, with plan obscure,
That mystified to lure, and, by its spells,
Making the heart forgetful of itself
To follow out and trace its labyrinths,
In that forgetfulness made visible!
Such were the uses of his Muse; to say
How proper and how exquisite his lay;
How quaintly rich his masking—with what art
He fashioned fairy realms and paints their queen,
How purely—with how delicate a skill—
It needs not, since his song is with us still!

V.—MILTON.

The master of a single instrument,
But that the Cathedral Organ; Milton sings
With drooping spheres about him, and his eye
Fixed steadily upward, through its mortal cloud,
Seeing the glories of Eternity!
The sense of the invisible and true
Still present to his soul, and in his song;
The consciousness of duration through all time,
Of work in each condition, and of hopes
Ineffable, that well sustain through life,
Encouraging through danger and in death,
Cheering, as with a promise rich in wings!
A godlike voice that, through cathedral towers
Still rolls, prolonged in echoes, whose deep tones
Seem born of thunder, that subdued to music
Soothe when they startle most! A Prophet Bard,
With utterance equal to his mission of power,
And harmonies that, not unworthy heaven,
Might well lift earth to equal worthiness.

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VI.—BURNS AND SCOTT.

——Not forgotten or denied,
Scott's trumpet-lay, and Burns's violin-song;
The one a call to arms, of action fond;
The other, still discoursing to the heart—
The lowly human heart—of loves and joys—
Such as beseem the cotter's calm fire-side—
Cheerful and buoyant still amid a sadness—
Such sadness as still couples love with care!

VII.—BYRON.

——For Byron's home and fame,
It needed manhood only? Had he known
How sorrow should be borne, nor sunk in shame,
For that his destiny decreed to moan—
His Muse had been triumphant over Time
As still she is o'er Passion; still sublime—
Having subdued her soul's infirmity
To ailment; and, with herself o'ercome,
O'ercome the barriers of Eternity,
And lived through all the ages, with a sway
Complete, and unembarrassed by the doom
That makes of Nature's porcelain, common clay!

VIII.—A GROUP.

Shelly and Wordsworth;—Tennyson, Barrett, Horne and Browning;—Baily and Taylor;—Campbell and Moore.

——As one who had been brought,
By Fairy hands, and as a changeling left
In human cradle, the sad substitute
For a more smiling infant—Shelly sings
Vague minstrelsies that speak a foreign birth,
Among erratic tribes; yet not in vain
His moral, and the fancies in his flight
Not without profit for another race!
He left his spirit with his voice—a voice
Solely spiritual, which will long suffice
To wing the otherwise earthy of the time,
And, with the subtler leaven of the soul,
Inform the impetuous passions!

With him came
Antagonist, yet still with sympathy,
Wordsworth, the Bard of the contemplative,
A voice of purest thought in sweetest music!
—These, in themselves unlike, together linked,
Appear in unison in after days,
Making progressive still, the mental births,
That pass successively through rings of time,
Each to a several conquest; most unlike
That of its sire, yet borrowing of its strength,
Where needful, and endowing it with new,
To meet the new necessity which still
Haunts the free progress of each conquering race.
—Thus, Tennyson and Barrett, Browning, Horne,
Blend their opposing faculties, and speak
For that fresh nature, which in daily things
Beholds the immortal, and from common forms
Extorts the Eternal still! So Baily sings
In Festus; so, upon a humbler rank,
Testing the worth of social policies,
As working through a single human will,
The Muse of Taylor argues—Arteveide,
Being the man who marks a popular growth,
And notes the transit of a thought through time,
Growing as still it speeds. . . . .

Exquisite
The ballads of Campbell, and the lays of Moore,
Appealing to our tastes, our gentler moods,
The play of the affections, or the thoughts
That come with national pride; and as we pause
In our own march, delight the sentiment!
But nothing they make for progress. They perfect
The language, and diversify its powers—
Please and beguile, and, for the forms of art,
Prove what they are, and may be. But they lift
None of our standards; help us not in growth;
Compel no prosecution of our search,
And leave us, where they found us—with the time!

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Poor stricken one! whose toil can gain,
And barely gain, the coarsest fare,
From bitter thoughts and words refrain;
Yield not to dark despair!
The blackest night that e'er was born
Was followed by a radiant morn;
Heed not the world's unfeeling scorn,
Nor think life's brittle thread to sever;
Hope on—hope ever!

Hope, though your sun is hid in gloom,
And o'er your care-worn, wrinkled brow,
Grief spreads his shadow—'t is the doom
That falls on many now.
Grim Poverty, with icy hand,
May bind to earth with ruthless band
Bright gifted ones throughout the land;
But struggle still that band to sever—
Hope on—hope ever!

Sit not and pine that Fortune led
Another on to grasp her wreath;
The same blue sky is o'er thy head,
The same green earth beneath,
The same bright angel-eyes look down,
Each night upon the humblest clown,
That sees the king with jeweled crown;
Of these, stern fate can rob thee never—
Hope on—hope ever!

What though the proud should pass thee by,
And curl their haughty lips with scorn;
Like thee, they soon must droop and die,
For all of woman born,
Are journeying to a shadowy land,
Where each devoid of pride must stand,
By hovering wings of angels' fanned;
There sorrow can assail thee never—
Hope on—hope ever!

Then plod along with tearless eye,
Poor son of toil! and ne'er repine,
The road through barren wastes may lie,
And thorns, as oft hath mine;
But there was ONE who came to earth,
Star-heralded at hour of birth,
Humble, obscure, unknown his worth,
Whose path was thornier far. Weep never!
Hope on—hope ever!

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MEXICAN JEALOUSY.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY ECOTIER.

On the 15th of September, two days after the storming of Chapultepec, a small party of soldiers, in dark uniforms, were seen to issue from the great gate of that castle, and, winding down the Calzada, turn towards the City of Mexico. This occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was very hot, and the sun, glancing vertically upon the flinty rocks that paved the causeway, rendered the heat more oppressive.

At the foot of the hill the party halted, taking advantage of the shade of a huge cypress tree, to set down a litera, which four men carried upon their shoulders. This they deposited under one of the arches of the aqueduct in order the better to protect its occupant from the hot rays of the sun.

The occupant of the litera was a wounded man, and the pale and bloodless cheek, and fevered eye showed that his wound was not a slight one. There was nothing around to denote his rank, but the camp cloak, of dark blue, and the crimson sash, which lay upon the litera, showed that the wounded man was an officer. The sash had evidently been saturated with blood, which was now dried upon it, leaving parts of it shriveled like, and of a darker shade of crimson. It had staunched the life-blood of its wearer upon the 13th. The soldiers stood around the litter, their bronzed faces turned upon its occupant, apparently attentive to his requests. There was something in the gentle care with which these rude men seemed to wait upon the young officer, that bespoke the existence of a stronger feeling than mere humanity. There was that admiration which the brave soldiers feel for him who has led them in the field of battle, *at their head*. That small group were among the first who braved the frowning muzzles of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec. The wounded officer had led them to those parapets.

The scene around exhibited the usual indications of a recent field of battle. There were batteries near, with dismounted cannon, broken carriages, fragments of shells, dead horses, whose riders lay by them, dead too, and still unburied. Parties were strolling about, busied with this sad duty, but heaps of mangled carcases still lay above ground, exhibiting the swollen limbs and distorted features of decomposition. The atmosphere was heavy with the disagreeable odor, and the wounded man, turning upon his pillow, gently commanded the escort to proceed. Four stout soldiers again took up the litera, and the party moved slowly along the aqueduct, toward the Garita Belen. The little escort halted at intervals for rest and to change bearers. The fine trees that line the great aqueduct on the Tacubaya road, though much torn and mangled by the cannonade of the 13th, afforded a fine shelter from the hot sun-beams. In two hours after leaving Chapultepec, the escort entered the Garita Belen, passed up the Paseo Nuevo, and halted in front of the Alameda.

Any one who has visited the City of Mexico will recollect, that opposite the Alameda, on its southern front, is a row of fine houses, which continue on to the Calle San Francisco, and thence to the Great Plaza, forming the Calles Correo, Plateros, &c. These streets are inhabited principally by foreigners, particularly that of Plateros, which is filled with Frenchmen. To prevent their houses from being entered by the American soldiery upon the 14th, the windows were filled with national flags, indicating to what nation the respective owners of the houses belonged. There were Belgians, French, English, Prussians, Spanish, Danes, and Austrians — in fact, every kind of flag. Mexican flags alone were not to be seen. Where these should have been, at times, the white flag — the banner of peace — hung through the iron railings, or from the balcony. In front of a house that bore this simple ensign, the escort, with the litera, had accidentally stopped.

The eye of the wounded officer rested mechanically upon the little flag over his head, when his attention was arrested by noticing that this consisted of a small, white lace handkerchief, handsomely embroidered upon the corners, and evidently such as belonged to some fair being. Though suffering from the agony of his wound, there was something so attractive in this discovery, that the eyes of the invalid were immediately turned upon the window, or rather grating, from which the flag was suspended, and his countenance changed at once, from the listless apathy of pain to an expression of eager interest. A young girl was in the window, leaning her forehead against the *reja*, or grating, and looking down with more of painful interest than curiosity upon the pale face beneath her. It was the window of the *entresol*, slightly raised above the street, and the young girl herself was evidently of that class known to the aristocracy of Mexico as the "leperos." She was tastefully dressed, however, in the picturesque costume of her class and country, and her beautiful black hair, her dark Indian eye, the half olive, half carmine tinge upon her soft cheek, formed a countenance at once strange, and strikingly beautiful. Her neck, bosom, and shoulders, seen over the window-stone, were of that form which strikes you as possessing more of the oval than the rotund, in short the model of the perfect woman.

On seeing the gaze of the wounded man so intently fixed upon her, the young girl blushed, and drew back. The officer felt disappointed and sorry, as

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one feels when the light, or a beautiful object is suddenly removed from his sight; still, however, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon the window, as though unable to unrivet his gaze. This continued for some moments, when a beautiful arm was plunged through the iron grating, holding in the most delicate little fingers a glass of piñal.

A soldier stepped up, and taking the proffered glass, held it to the lips of the wounded officer, who gladly drank of the cool and refreshing beverage, without being able to thank the fair donor, who had withdrawn her hand at parting with the glass. The glass was held up to the window, but the hand that clutched it was coarse and large, and evidently that of a man. A muttered curse, too, in the Spanish language, was heard to proceed from within. This was heard but indistinctly. The invalid gazed at the window for some minutes, expecting the return of the beautiful apparition, then as if he had given up all hope, he called out a "gracias-adios!" and ordered the escort to move on. The soldiers, once more shouldering the litera, passed up the Calle Correo, and entered the Hotel Compagnon, in the street of Espiritu Santo.

For two months the invalid was confined to his chamber, but often, during that time, both waking and dreaming, the face of the beautiful Mexican girl would flit across his fevered fancy. At the end of this time his surgeon gave him permission to ride out in an easy carriage. He was driven to the Alameda, where he ordered the carriage to halt under the shade of its beautiful trees, and directly in front of the spot where he had rested on entering the city. He recognized the little window. The white flag was not now there, and he could see nothing of the inmates. He remained a considerable time seated in the carriage, gazing upon the house, but no face appeared at the cold iron grating, no smile to cheer his vigil. Tired and disappointed, he ordered his carriage to be driven back to the hotel.

Next day he repeated the manœuvre, and the next, and the next, with a like success. Probably he had not chosen the proper time of day. It was certainly not the hour when the lovely faces of the Mexican women appear in their balconies. This reflection induced him to change the hour, and, upon the day following, he ordered his carriage in the evening. Just before twilight, it drew up as usual under the tall trees of the Alameda. Imagine the delight of the young officer, at seeing the face of the beautiful Mexican through the gratings of the *reja*.

The stir made by the stopping of the carriage had attracted her. The uniform of its inmate was the next object of her attention, but when her eyes fell upon the face of the wearer, a strange expression came over her countenance, as if she were struggling with some indistinct recollections, and all at once that beautiful countenance was suffused with a smile of joy. She had recognized the officer. The latter, who had been an anxious observer of every change of expression, smiled in return, and bowed an acknowledgment, then turning to his servant, who was a Mexican, he told him, in Spanish, to approach the window, and offer his thanks to the young lady for her act of kindness upon the 15th of September.

The servant delivered the message, and shortly afterward the carriage drove off. For several evenings the same carriage might be seen standing under the trees of the Alameda. An interesting acquaintance had been established between the young officer and the Mexican girl. About a week afterward, and the carriage appeared no more. The invalid had been restored to perfect strength.

December came, and upon the 15th of this month, about half an hour before twilight, an American officer, wrapped in a light Mexican cloak, passed down the Calle San Francisco, and crossed into the Alameda. Here he stopped, leaning against a tree, as though observing the various groups of citizens, who passed in their picturesque dresses. His eye, however, was occasionally turned upon the houses upon the opposite side of the street, and with a glance of stealthy, but eager inquiry. At length the well-known form of the beautiful "lepera" appeared at the window, who, holding up her hand, adroitly signaled the officer with her taper, fan-like fingers. The signal was answered. She had scarcely withdrawn her hand inside the reja when a dark, scowling face made its appearance at her side, her hand was rudely seized, and with a scream she disappeared. The young officer fancied he saw the bright gleaming of a stiletto within the gloomy grating.

He rushed across the street, and in a moment stood beneath the window. Grasping the strong iron bars, he lifted himself up so as to command a view of the inside, which was now in perfect silence. His horror may be imagined when, on looking into the room, he saw the young girl stretched upon the floor, and, to all appearances, dead. A stream of blood was running from beneath her clothes, and her dress was stained with blood over the waist and bosom. With frantic energy the young man clung to the bars, and endeavored to wrench them apart. It was to no purpose, and letting go his hold, he dropped into the street. The large gate of the house was open. Into this he rushed, and reached the *patio* just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure escaping along the azotea. He rushed up the steep stone stairway, and grasping the parapet, raised himself on the roof. The fugitive had run along a series of platforms of different heights, composed by the azoteas of houses, and had reached a low roof, from which he was about to leap into an adjoining street, where he would, in all probability, have made good his escape. He stood upon the edge of the parapet, calculating his leap, which was still a fearful plunge. It was not left to his choice whether to take or refuse it. A pistol flashed behind him, and almost simultaneously with the report he fell forward upon his head, and lay upon the pavement below, a bruised and bleeding corpse. His pursuer approached the parapet, and looked over into the street, as if to assure himself that his aim had been true, then turned with a fearful foreboding, and retraced his way over the azoteas. His fears, alas! were but too just. She was dead.

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TO GUADALUPE.

BY MAYNE REID.

Adieu! oh, in the heart's recess how wildly
Echo those painful accents of despair—
And spite our promise given to bear it mildly;
We little knew how hard it was to bear
A destiny so dark: how hard to sever
Hearts linked as ours, hands joined as now I grasp thee
In trembling touch: oh! e'er we part forever,
Once more unto my heart love's victim let me clasp thee!

It is my love's last echo—lone and lonely
My heart goes forth to seek another shrine,
Where it may worship proudly, deeming only
Such images as thee to be divine—
It is the echo of the last link breaking,
For still that link held out while lingering near thee—
A secret joy although with heart-strings aching
To breathe the air you breathed—to see, to hear thee.

And this link now must break—our paths obliquing
May never meet again—oh! say not never—
For while thus speaking, still my soul is seeking
Some hope our parting may not be forever—
And like the drowning struggler on the billow,
Or he that eager watches for the day,
With throbbing brain upon a sleepless pillow—
'T is catching at the faintest feeblest ray.

Now faint and fainter growing, from thee going,
Seems every hope more vague and undefined—
Oh! as the fiend might suffer when bestowing
A last look on the heaven he left behind:
Or as earth's first-born children when they parted
Slowly, despairingly, from Eden's bowers,
Looked back with many a sigh—though broken-hearted,
Less hopeless was their future still than ours.

If we have loved—if in our hearts too blindly
We have enthroned that element divine—
In this, at least, hath fate dealt with us kindly;
Our mutual images have found a shrine—
An altar for our mutual sacrifice:
And spite this destiny that bids us sever,
Within our hearts that fire never dies—
In mine, at least, 't will burn and worship on forever.

Thee not upbraiding—thou hast not deceived me—
For from the first I knew *thy compromise*—
No, Guadalupe—this hath never grieved me—
I won thy love—so spoke thy lips and eyes:—
The consolation of this proud possessing
Should almost change my sorrow into bliss:
I have thy heart—enough for me of blessing—
Another may take all since I am lord of this.

Why we have torn our hearts and hands asunder—
Why we have given o'er those sweet caresses—
The world without will coldly guess and wonder—
Let them guess on, what care we for their guesses!
The secret shall be ours, as ours the pain—
A secret still unheeding friendship's pleading:
What though th' unfeeling world suspect a stain,
But little fears the world a heart with anguish bleeding.

'T is better we should never meet again—
Our love's renewing were but thy undoing:
When I am gone, time will subdue thy pain,
And thou wilt yield thee to another's wooing—
For me, I go to seek a name in story—
To find a future brighter than the past—
Yet 'midst my highest, wildest dreams of glory,
Sweet thoughts of thee will mingle to the last.

And though this widowed heart may love another—
For living without love, it soon would die—
There will be moments when it cannot smother
Thy sweet remembrance with a passing sigh.
Amidst the ashes of its dying embers
For thee there will be found one deathless thought;
Yes, dearest lady! while this heart remembers,
Believe me, thou shalt never be forgot.

Once more farewell! Oh it is hard to yield thee,
To lose for life, forever, thing so fair!
How bright a destiny it were to shield thee—
Yet since I am denied the husband's care,
This grief within my breast here do I smother—
Forego *thy* painful sacrifice to prove,
That I have been, what never can another,
The hero of thy heart, my own sweet victim love.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Torn from its stem to bloom awhile
Upon thy breast, the dazzling flower
Imbibed new radiance from thy smile—
But, ah! it faded in an hour.
So thou, from peaceful home betrayed,
In beaming beauty floated by;
But ere thy summer had decayed,
We saw thee languish, faint and die.

Extempore. On a Broken Harp-string.

Too rude the touch—the broken cord
No more may utter music-word,
Yet lives each tone within the air,
Its trembling sighs awakened there.
So in my heart the song I sung,
When thou in rapture o'er me hung,
Still lives—yet thine is not the spell
To lure the music from its shell.

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THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

Day dawned above a city's mart,
But not 'mid peace and prayer;
The shouts of frenzied multitudes
Were on the thrilling air.

A guiltless man to death was led,
Through crowded streets and wide,
And a fairy child, with waving curls,
Was clinging to his side.

The father's brow with pride was calm,
But trusting and serene,
The child's was like the Holy One's
In Raphael's paintings seen.

She shrank not from the heartless throng,
Nor from the scaffold high;
But now and then with beaming smile
Addressed her parent's eye.

Athwart the golden flood of morn
Was poised the wing of Death,
As 'neath the fearful guillotine
The doomed one drew his breath.

Then all of fiercest agony
The human heart can bear
Was suffered in the brief caress,
The wild, half-uttered prayer.

But she, the child, beseechingly
Upraised her eyes of blue,
And whispered, while her cheek grew pale,
"I am to go with you?"

The murmur of impatient fiends
Rung in her infant ear,
And purpose strong woke in her heart,
And spoke in accent clear;

"They tore my mother from our side
In the dark prison's cell,
Her eyes were filled with tears—she had
No time to say farewell.

"And you were all that loved me then,
But you are pale with care,
And every night a silver thread
Has mingled with your hair.

"My mother used to tell me of
A better land afar,
I 've seen it through the prison bars
Where burns the evening star.

"Oh! let us find a new home there,
I will be brave and true,
You cannot leave me here alone,
Oh! let me die with you."

The gentle tones were drowned by shrill
And long protracted cries;
The father on his darling gazed,
The child looked on the skies.

Anon, far up the cloudless blue,
Unseen by mortal eye,
God's angels with two spirits passed
To purer realms on high.

The one was touched with earthly hues
And dim with earthly care,
The other, as a lily's cup
Unutterably fair.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I love these gray and moss-grown walls,
This ivied porch, and trellised vine,
The lattice with its narrow pane,
A relic of the olden time;
The willow with its waving leaves,
Through which the low winds murmuring glide,
The gurgling ripple of the stream
That whispers softly at its side.

The spring-house in its shady nook,
Like lady's bower shadowed o'er—
With clustering trees—and creeping plants
That cling around the rustic door,
The rough hewn steps that lend their aid
To reach the shady cool recess,
Where humble duty spreads a scene
That hourly comfort learns to bless.

Upland the meadows lie around,
Fair smiling in the suns last beam;
Beneath yon solitary tree
The lazy cattle idly dream;
Afar the reaper's stroke descends,
While faintly on the listening ear
The teamster's careless whistle floats,
Or distant song or call I hear.

And leaning on a broken stile,
With woods behind and fields before,
I watch the bee who homeward wends
With laden wing—his labors o'er;
The happy birds are warbling round,
Or nestle in the rustling trees—
'Mid which the blue sky glimmers down,
When parted by the passing breeze.

And slowly winding up the road
The wane has reached the old barn-floor,
Where plenty's hand has firmly heaped
The golden grain in richest store.
This 'mid the dream-land of my thoughts
With smiling lip I own *is real*,
Yet fancy's fairest visions blend
With all I see, and all I feel.

Then tell me not of worldly pride
And wild ambition's hopes of fame,
Or brilliant halls of wealth and pride,
Where genius sighs to win a name;
Give *me* this farm-house quaint and old,
These fields of grain, the birds and flowers,
With calm contentment, peace and health,
And memories of my earlier hours.

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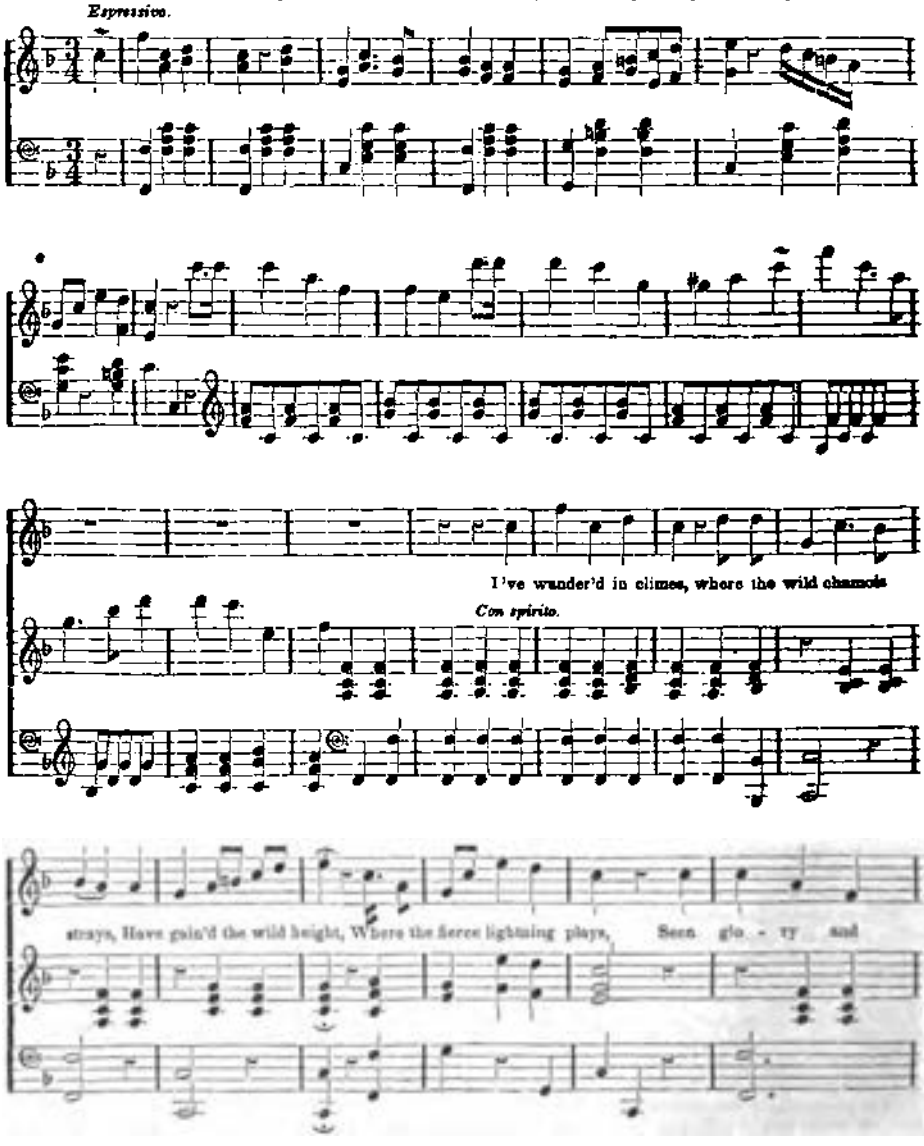
"'TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS."

WORDS BY MISS L. M. BROWN.
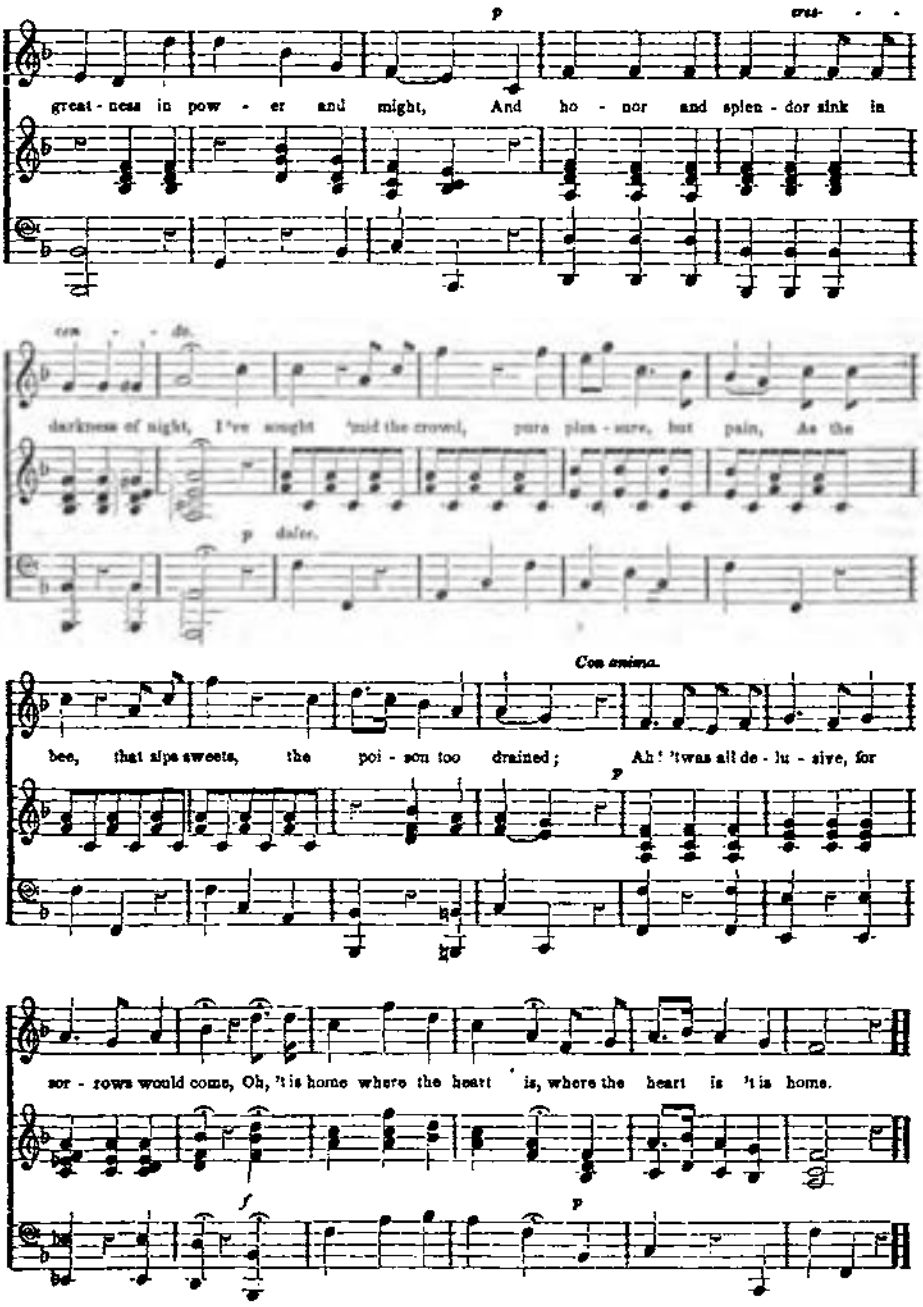
MUSIC COMPOSED BY KARL W. PETERSILIE,

Professor of Music at the Edgeworth Seminary, N. C.

Presented by George Willig, No. 171 Chesnut Street, Philad'a. [Copyright secured.]



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SECOND VERSE.

I've courted the breath of a balm southern clime,
Where sweetest of flow'rs, soft tendrils entwine;
Have listed the song bird's notes borne on the air,
That wakens and wafts the rich odors elsewhere;
As tones on the ear so the dream of the past,
Softly plays round the heart-green isle of the waste;
Yes! 'twas all a life-dream, and still 'tis not gone,
Oh, 'tis home where the heart is, where the heart is
'tis home.

THIRD VERSE.

I've cross'd the blue sea, I've sought out a home
In the land of the free, freedom beckon'd me come;
And friends of the stranger have sooth'd the sad heart,
With kindness and sympathy, sweet balm for the smart;
The light of the soul, doth play round it still,
Like the perfume the urn, in which roses distil;
Thoughts of affection forbid me to roam,
Oh, 'tis home where the heart is, where the heart is
'tis home.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hawkstone: A Tale of and for England in 184-. New York: Standford & Swords. 2 vols. 12mo.

We were attracted to this novel by seeing the words "fifth edition" on its title page. After reading it, it is easy to account for its popularity. It is at once a most exciting romance and a defence of an unpopular religious body. The author (said to be Professor Sewell,) belongs to the Oxford School of Episcopalians, or to adopt his own view of the matter, to the one Catholic church. The object of the novel is to present the ideas of Church and State held by that class of religionists who are vulgarly called Puseyites. This is done partly in the representation of character and narration of incident, which constitute the romance of the book, and partly by long theological conversations which occur between a few of the characters. The interest of the work never flags, and it is among the few religious novels which are not positive bores to all classes of readers. In respect to its theology, it gives the most distinct view of the doctrines of the High Church party of Oxford which we have seen. The author is as decisive and bitter in his condemnation of Romanism as of dissent. He considers that the peculiar doctrines and claims which distinguish the Roman Catholic church from the Church of England are *novelties*, unknown to the true church of the apostles and the fathers. He has no mercy for the Romanists, and but little for the young men of his own school who favor the Papacy. Those who are accustomed to associate Puseyism with a set of sentimentalists, who mourn the Reformation, wish for the return of the good old times of the feudal ages, and give Rome their hearts and Canterbury only their pockets, will find that such doctrines and practices find no favor in the present volumes. The greatest rascal in the novel is a piece of incarnate malignity named Pearce—a Jesuit, whom the author represents as carrying out the principles of Romanism to their logical results in practice.

But if the reader will find his common notions of Puseyism revolutionized by the present novel, he will be a little startled at its real doctrines and intentions. The author has the most supreme and avowed contempt for liberal ideas in Church and State; and for every good-natured axiom about toleration and representative government he spurns from his path as a novelty and paradox. There is nothing dominant in England which he does not oppose. The Whig party he deems the avowed enemies of loyalty, order and religion. The Conservatives, with Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington at their head, he conceives destitute of principle, and the destroyers of the British empire. There is not a concession made to liberal ideas within the present century which he does not think wicked and foolish. The manufacturing system and free trade, indeed the whole doctrines of the political economists in the lump, he looks upon alternately with horror and disdain. He seems to consider the State and Church as an organized body for the education of the people, whose duty is obedience, and who have no right to think for themselves in religion or politics, for they would be pretty sure to think wrong. All benevolent societies, in which persons of different religious views combine for a common object, he considers as productive of evil, and as an assumption of powers rightly belonging to the church. Indeed, in his system, it is wrong for any popular association to presume to meddle with ignorance and crime, unless they do it under the sanction and control of the church. He considers it the duty of a church minister to excommunicate every man in his parish who is *guilty* of schism—that is, who has the wickedness to be a papist or dissenter. But it is useless to proceed in the enumeration of our author's dogmatisms. If the reader desires to know them, let him conceive the exact opposite of every liberal principle in politics, political economy and theology, which at present obtains in the world, and he will have the system of "Hawkstone."

A good deal of the zest of the novel comes from the throng of paradoxes in which the author wantons. He has a complete system of thought to kill out all the mind of the English people, and render them the mere slaves of a hierarchy, and all for the most benevolent of purposes. In his theory he overlooks the peculiar constitution and character of the English people, and also all the monstrous abuses to which his system would inevitably lead, in his desire to see a practical establishment of the most obnoxious and high-toned claims of his church. He is evidently half way between an idealist and a sentimentalist, with hardly an atom of practical sagacity or knowledge of affairs. The cool dogmatism with which he condemns the great statesmen of his country, is particularly offensive as coming from a man utterly ignorant of the difficulties which a statesman has to encounter. It is curious also to see how extremes meet; this theory of absolutism "fraternizes" with that of socialism. A person reading, in the second volume, the account of Villiers' dealings with his tenantry, and his new regulations regarding manufactures, would almost think that Louis Blanc had graduated at Oxford, and left out in his French schemes the agency of the church, from a regard to the prejudices of his countrymen.

With all its peculiarities and heresies, however, the novel will well reward the attention of readers of all classes. It is exceedingly well written, and contains many scenes of uncommon power, pathos and beauty. With these advantages it may also claim the honor of being the most inimitable specimen of theological impudence and pretension which the present age has witnessed.

The Planetary and Stellar Worlds: A Popular Exposition of the Great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. In a Series of Ten Lectures. By O. M. Mitchell, A. M. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Mitchell is not only an accomplished astronomer, in every respect qualified to be the interpreter of the mysteries of his science to the popular mind, but, if we may judge from the style of his book, is a fine, frank, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man. On every page he gives evidence of really loving his pursuit. By a certain sensitiveness of imagination, and quickness of sensibility, every thing he contemplates becomes alive in his mind, and an object in which he takes a personal interest. This gives wonderful distinctness to his exposition of natural laws, and his delineation of the characters and pursuits of men of science. His Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and Newton are not dry enumerations of qualities, but vivid portraits of persons. He seems in close intellectual fellowship with them as individuals, and converses of them in the style of a friend, whose accurate knowledge is equalled by his intense affection. So it is with his detail of the discovery of

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a new law, or fact in science. His mind "lives along the line" of observation and reasoning which ended in its detection, and he reproduces the hopes, fears, doubts, and high enthusiasm of every person connected with the discovery. His delineation of Kepler is especially genial and striking. By following this method he infuses his own enthusiasm into the reader, bears him willingly along through the most abstruse processes of science, and at the end leaves him without fatigue, and ready for a new start.

In the treatment of scientific discoveries, by minds like Mr. Mitchell's, we ever notice an unconscious personification of Nature, as a cunning holder of secrets which only the master-mind can wrest from her after a patient siege. The style of our author glows in the recital of the exploits of his band of astronomers, as that of a Frenchman does in the narration of Napoleon's campaigns. This is the great charm of his book, and will make it extensively popular, for by it he can attract any reader capable of being interested in a tale of personal adventure, ending in a great achievement. We can hardly bring to mind a popular lecturer or writer on science, who has this power to the extent which Mr. Mitchell possesses it. He himself has it by virtue of the mingled simplicity and intensity of his nature.

One of the most striking lectures in Mr. Mitchell's volume is that on the discoveries of the primitive ages, in which he represents the processes of the primitive observer, with his unarmed eye, in unfolding some of the laws of the heavens; and he indicates with great beauty what would be his point of departure, and what would be the limit of his discoveries. This lecture is a fine prose poem. There is a passage in the introductory lecture which grandly represents the continual watch which man keeps on the heavens, and the slow, silent and sure acquisitions of new truths, from age to age. "The sentinel on the watchtower is relieved from duty, but another takes his place, and the vigil is unbroken. No—the astronomer never dies. He commences his investigations on the hilltops of Eden—he studies the stars through the long centuries of antidiluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities and their mountains—but when the storm is hushed, and the heavens shine forth in beauty, from the summit of Mount Ararat the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. In Babylon he keeps his watch, and among the Egyptian priests he inspires a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar—the temples of India—the pyramids of Egypt, are equally his watching places. When science fled to Greece, his home was in the schools of her philosophers: and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursues his never-ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned on Europe, the astronomer was there—toiling with Copernicus—watching with Tycho—suffering with Galileo—triumphing with Kepler."

We trust that this volume will have an extensive circulation. It will not only convey a great deal of knowledge to the general reader, but will also inspire a love for the science of which it treats.

Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is Bulwer's most successful attempt at writing an historical novel, but with all its merits, it is still rather an attempt than a performance. Considered as a history of the Norman invasion, it contains many more facts than can be found in Thierry, at least in that portion of his work devoted to Harold and William. Bulwer seems to have obtained his knowledge at the original sources, and the novel is certainly creditable to his scholarship. But he has not managed his materials in an imaginative way, and fact and fiction are tied rather than fused together. The consequence is that the work is not homogeneous. At times it appears like history, but after the mind of the reader has settled down to a historical mood, the impression is broken by a violent intrusion of fable, or an introduction of modern sentiment and thought. It has therefore neither the interest of Thierry's exquisite narrative of the same events, nor the interest which might have been derived from a complete amalgamation of the materials into a consistent work of imagination. Considered also as a reproduction of ancient men and manners it is strikingly defective. With many fine strokes of the pencil, where the author confines himself to the literal fact, his portraits, as a whole, are overcharged with *Bulwerism*. His imagination is not a mirror. It can reflect nothing without vitiating it. He does not possess the power of passing a character through his mind and preserving its individuality. It goes in as Harold, or Duke William, or Lafranc, but it comes out as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The novel contains much of that seductive sentiment, half romantic, half misanthropic, which is the characteristic of Bulwer's works, and it is expressed with his usual beauty and brilliancy of style. Here and there we perceive allusions to his own domestic affairs, which none but Lady Bulwer can fully appreciate. Every reader of the novel must be struck with its attempt at the moral tone. Edith, the heroine, is the bride of Harold's soul, and Platonism appears in all its splendor of self-denial and noble sentiments in a Saxon thane and his maiden. History pronounces this lady to be his mistress, and it certainly is a great stretch of the reader's charity to be compelled to view her in the capacity of saint. Not only, however, in the loves of Harold and Edith, but all over the novel, there is a constant intrusion of ethical reflections, which will doubtless much edify all young ladies of a tender age. These would be well enough if they appeared to have any base in solid moral principle, but they are somewhat offensive as the mere sentimentality of conscience and religion, introduced for the purposes of fine writing. Suspicion, also, always attaches to the morality which exhibits itself on rhetorical stilts, and the refinement which is always proclaiming itself refined. Since the time of Joseph Surface there has been a great decline in the market price of noble sentiments.

The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Reign of Victoria. By Mrs. Markham. A New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a new and revised edition of a work which has long been used in the education of boys and girls. Its information is, of course, milk for babes. We think that books of this class should be prepared by persons very different from Mrs. Markham. She, good lady, was the wife of an English clergyman by the name of Penrose, and she wrote English history as such a person might be supposed to write it. With every intention to be honest, her book has many facts and opinions which boys and girls will have to take more time to unlearn than they spent in learning, unless they intend to be children their whole lives.

There is, however, a story in the volume regarding the Duke of Marlborough, which we think few of our readers have seen. The duke's command of his temper was almost miraculous. Once, at a council of war, Prince Eugene advised that an attack on the enemy should be made the next day. As his advice was plainly judicious, he was much exasperated at the refusal of the duke's consent, and immediately called him a coward and challenged him.

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Marlborough coolly declined the challenge, and the enraged prince left the council. Early the following morning he was awoke by the duke, who desired him instantly to rise, as he was preparing to make the attack, and added, "I could not tell you of my determination last night, because there was a person present who I knew was in the enemy's interest, and would betray us. I have no doubt we shall conquer, and when the battle is over I will be ready to accept your challenge." The prince, seeing the superior sagacity of Marlborough, and ashamed of his own intemperance, overwhelmed the duke with apologies, and the friendship of the two generals was more strongly cemented than ever. The anecdote is of doubtful origin, but it is an admirable illustration both of the character of Marlborough and Eugene.

Letters from Italy: and The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley. New and Revised Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

We believe that these were Mr. Headley's first productions, and were originally published in Wiley & Putnam's Library. The present edition has a preface, devoted to the consideration of the new aspect Italy has assumed since the book was written, and a very judicious flagellation is given to that arch traitor and renegade, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, whom events have transformed from a trickster and tyrant into a patriot leader. We agree with Mr. Headley in thinking that the Italians are more likely to be endangered than benefited by his position at the head of their armies.

"The Alps and the Rhine" is, in our opinion, Mr. Headley's most agreeable work. The descriptions of scenery are singularly vivid and distinct, and are given in a style of much energy and richness. The chapters on Suwarrow's Passage of the Glarus, Macdonald's Pass of the Splugen, and the Battle of Waterloo, are admirably done. That on Macdonald is especially interesting. Those who doubt Mr. Headley's talents will please read this short extract: "The ominous sound grew louder every moment, and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon, through the gorge below. In an instant all was blindness and confusion and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest that made the pine trees above it sway and groan, as if lifted from their rock-rooted places. But suddenly a still more alarming sound was heard—'An avalanche! an avalanche!' shrieked the guides, and the next moment *an awful white form came leaping down the mountain*, and striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed strait through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge."

Principles of Zoology. Touching the Structure, Development, Distribution and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct. Part I. Comparative Physiology. By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

The name of Professor Agassiz, the greatest of living naturalists, on the title page of this volume, is of itself a guarantee of its excellence. The work is intended for schools and colleges, and is admirably fitted for its purpose, but its value is not confined to the young. The general reader, who desires exact and reliable knowledge of the subject, and at the same time is unable to obtain the larger works of Professor Agassiz, will find in this little volume an invaluable companion. It has all the necessary plates and illustrations to enable the reader fully to comprehend its matter. The diagram of the crust of the earth, as related to zoology, is a most ingenious contrivance to present, at one view, the distribution of the principal types of animals, and the order of their successive appearance in the layers of the earth's crust. The publishers have issued the work in a style of great neatness and elegance.

The Writings of Cassius Marcellus Clay, including Speeches and Addresses. Edited with a Preface and Memoir by Horace Greely, New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a large and beautiful octavo, and is embellished with an admirable likeness of Mr. Clay. The people of this country are so well acquainted with the peculiarities of Cassius M. Clay's manner, that we will not pause to characterize it; and his views upon public subjects are so partisan that we leave their discussion to the politicians of the country. The eminent abilities of Mr. Greely are displayed in the execution of the duties of editor; and the memoir which introduces the work does full justice to the subject.

The Odd Fellows' Amulet, or the Principles of Odd Fellowship Defined; the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. By Rev. D. W. Bristol. Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co.

This is a beautiful little volume, admirably illustrated. It is well written; will be read with interest by the general reader, and should be in the possession of every member of the great and beneficent order which it advocates and vindicates.

The Baronet's Daughters, and Harry Muskett.—Mrs. Grey, who is recognized as one of the most accomplished female novelists of the present day, has recently given to the public another interesting volume, bearing the above title. There are two stories, both of which are marked by the ability which characterizes the whole of Mrs. Grey's works, and are well calculated to make a sultry afternoon pass agreeably away. The American publisher is Mr. T. B. Peterson, who furnishes a neat and uniform edition of Mrs. Grey's novels.

TO OUR READERS.

The Proprietors of "Graham's Magazine," desirous of maintaining for it the high reputation it has secured in the estimation of the people of the United States, are determined to spare no pains to increase its value, and make it universally regarded as the best literary publication in the country. To this end they have placed in the hands of several of our best engravers a series of plates, which will be truly remarkable for their superiority in design and execution. As usual, the pens of the best American writers will be employed in giving grace and excellence to its pages, and in addition to articles which have been secured from new contributors of acknowledged ability, they have the pleasure of announcing that an engagement has been effected with J. Bayard Taylor, Esq., whose writings are so extensively known and admired, by which his valuable assistance will be secured in the editorial department of this Magazine exclusively. This arrangement will, we are assured, be hailed with pleasure by the host of friends which the Magazine possesses throughout the Union, as an earnest that no efforts will be omitted to show the sense the proprietors entertain of past favors, by rendering their work still more attractive and deserving of patronage for the future.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1848. No. 4.

THE UNMARRIED BELLE.

BY ANNA DUVAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike;
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

I was loitering beside my mother's chair, in her drawing-room, one day on my return from school, listening to the conversation between her and some morning visiters; they were discussing most earnestly the merits of a reigning belle.

"She is, indeed, perfectly beautiful," exclaimed my mother. "I looked at her the other evening, when I saw her at the last concert, and thought a more lovely creature could not exist. The music excited her, and her cheek was delicately flushed, which heightened the brilliancy of her eyes; her lovely lips were just half apart and trembling with feeling. Then she understands so well the art and mystery of dressing. While other young ladies around her were in the full pride of brilliant *costume*, the eye felt freshened and relieved when looking at her—there was such a repose in her *demi-toilette*. The simple white dress was so pure and chaste in its effect, displaying only her lovely throat, and her beautiful chestnut-brown hair was gathered up carelessly but neatly, while over one tiny ear fell a rich cluster of ringlets; then, with all her beauty and exquisite taste, she is so unconscious, so unstudied. That the world should call Mary Lee a beauty, I do not wonder; but that society should pronounce her a belle, is, indeed, a surprise to me—she is so unassuming, so free from art and *affectation*."

"So unlike her mother," exclaimed a lady, eagerly. "I think Mary's success in society is as gratifying as unexpected to Mrs. Lee. She delayed her *entrée* into society as long as she could, and used to lament most piteously to me the trouble she expected to have with her, from her total want of animation and spirit. But now she seems to have entirely forgotten her former misgivings, for she takes many airs on herself about Mary's popularity, talking all the while as though scarcely any one was good enough for the husband of the daughter she pronounced one year ago a stupid, inanimate creature."

"Ah!" said a gentleman, laughing, "the tie now is between young Morton and Langley, I believe. As Langley is the more *distingué* of the two, I suppose the mother will favor him; but if one can judge from appearances, the daughter prefers Harry Morton."

"I can assure you," interrupted Mr. Foster, an intimate friend of our family, "the daughter has quite as much admiration for the rich Mr. Langley as the mother. There is a little incident connected with that same concert Mrs. Duval speaks of, that convinces me of the daughter's powers of management."

"Shame on you, Philip Foster!" said my mother, "you should not talk thus of any lady, much less of Mary Lee."

"What was the incident, Mr. Foster?" eagerly inquired the other ladies.

"Yes, do tell us, Phil," urged his gentleman friend.

My mother looked reproachfully at Mr. Foster, but he shook his head laughingly at her, as he said,

"Hear me first, dear Mrs. Duval, before you judge. I was at Mrs. Lee's two or three mornings since. Several visiters were in the drawing-rooms, among them Harry Morton, as usual. I was looking at a new and costly collection of engravings on the *commode* table, when I overheard Harry Morton ask Miss Lee if he should join their party at the concert the next evening. She replied that she regretted

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they were not going, for she had already promised her mother to dine and spend the evening quietly with an old friend. The next evening at the concert the whole Lee party were there, and our belle, Miss Mary, was brought in by young Langley, just newly arrived from Europe. The unconscious *demi-toilette* Mrs. Duval speaks so admiringly of, had the desired effect. Langley's taste has been chastened by a voyage over the Atlantic; the noisy over-dressing of his countrywomen would, of course, annoy his delicate sense—therefore was the simple home costume adopted in preference, and the "*available*" Mr. Langley secured as an admirer."

"I do not believe any such thing, Philip!" exclaimed my mother, indignantly. "I will answer for it, there was some mistake. Mary Lee would scorn a falsehood, and is entirely above all artifice or design. Mrs. Lee is said to be manœuvering and worldly; if she is, her daughter is entirely free from such influences."

"How did Morton take it, Phil?" asked the other friend, laughingly.

"He was with me," replied Mr. Foster, evidently enjoying with some little malice my kind mother's annoyance, "we had dropped into the concert by chance together. He looked thunderstruck, but said nothing, and did not approach her during the whole evening. She knew he was there, however, for I saw her return his cold bow in a painfully embarrassed manner."

The entrance of some other visiters, connected with the Lees, put an end to the conversation. That night, when my nurse was undressing me for bed, I said,

"What's a belle, Katy?"

"A very rich and beautiful young lady," replied my nurse, "who has plenty of lovers, and gets married very soon."

"Will I ever be a belle?" I innocently inquired, as she gathered up my rebellious hair under my cap.

"No," she replied, in impatient tones, "your hair is too straight, and your skin too yellow; but you must do as you're told to, or else nobody will even love you; so go to sleep right away."

I was silenced, and thus obedience was obtained by appealing to my love of approbation. Many years passed, bringing me to womanhood, when I discovered the truth of Nurse Katy's reason why I should not be a belle. Other people decided that my "hair was too straight, and my skin too yellow," to use Katy's homely, rough words; but her *brusque* admonition, that made me go to sleep so quickly when a child, acted upon me as a woman. My approbativeness once roused, I managed, despite my want of personal attractions, to secure a host of friends; and the lesson I then learned, to please others rather than myself for the sake of gaining their love, has caused my life thus far to be very sunny and happy, even more so than if I had been the belle my childish fancy desired.

One of Nurse Katy's principal attributes of a belle, however, Mary Lee was deficient in. She did not get married at all—and Mary Lee she remained all her life. But she was one of the loveliest old maids in the world, and quite as popular in our circle as she had been in her own. She had been confined many years with an invalid mother and paralytic father, but after their death some time, she re-entered society; and her house was the favorite resort of the new set of young people, as it had been in her young days. She gave the most delightful parties, planned the most pleasant enjoyments for us, and although acknowledging herself to be an old maid, she still retained her youthful feelings unimpaired.

Her mind remained in a fresh, healthy state, and her disposition was still sweet and joyous. How we all loved her; she was our confidante, adviser and friend. She was still pretty, and might have proved a very formidable rival had she chosen to enter society as a young lady; but she preferred being regarded by us as an elder friend. The young ladies grouped around her as younger sisters; and one half the young gentlemen would have married her *instanter*, notwithstanding she was ten or fifteen years their senior. Old maid as she was, strange to tell, she was a promoter of marriages. The ill-natured called Mary Lee a match-maker. She certainly did interest herself very much with lovers, fathoming all the little mysteries of their love-quarrels, and setting every thing quite straight, even when they seemed in inextricable confusion.

Miss Lee had been very fond of my mother, and extended to me the same regard, therefore I was, notwithstanding the difference in our ages, on a more intimate footing with her than her other young friends. One day, as we were discussing the merits of an approaching wedding, the conversation assumed a confidential tone.

"Indeed, Enna," she exclaimed, laughingly, "there is nothing more interesting to me than a couple of lovers full of romance, poetry, and perfectly blind and uncaring as to the future. I love to watch them in courtship, lend them a helping hand in the quicksands of that dangerous but delicious season; and then it makes me so happy to congratulate them after their troubles are all over, and they are happily married."

"Ah! if they only could be sure of happiness," I replied.

"Shame on you for that old maid's croak!" she said, with a bright look; "those who are not happy in married life, would never be happy in any situation. There should be no old maids or old bachelors, Enna; we would all be happier married; we fail in fulfilling our missions when we remain single. Hunt up a lover, Enna; let me watch your courtship, and rejoice over your wedding. As a clever friend of mine once said, we think poetry as lovers, but in married life we act true poetry."

I opened my eyes with astonishment, and innocently asked, "Why is it, then, you have never married?"

A shadow crossed over her face, and I felt a desire to recall the question, for I feared I had called up disagreeable reminiscences, but the next instant her countenance was as beaming and calm as before.

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"I will tell you, Enna," she said, as she caressingly rested her head on my shoulder, "why I have never married; but to do that I must relate the history of my rather uneventful life. My story has but little interest, but it will gratify the curiosity of one who loves me. My childhood was spent with an old aunt. She took me when I was a delicate wee thing, and I remained with her until her death, which took place when I was nearly grown. She was a dear, good old lady, and with her my life passed most happily; my short visits home gave me little pleasure, for my mother was a very worldly, ambitious woman, and displayed but little tenderness for me, which, when contrasted with my aunt's fondness and indulgence, made me feel quite as a stranger in my family; and when Aunt Mary died, I wept as bitterly, and felt as lonely and bereft of friends, as though I did not possess a mother, father, and sisters. The two years after my aunt's death were spent in close attention to those accomplishments which had been neglected in my education as unnecessary, and which my mother deemed so essential; and not a day passed without my poor mother's exclamations of despair over me.

"'One comfort there is, however,' she would say, 'your aunt's little fortune of a few thousands will be exaggerated in society, and people will forget your *mauvaise honte* in giving you credit for being an heiress.'

"But the report of my being an heiress was not needed, for when I entered society, to my mother's amazement, I created quite a sensation. I had been looked upon as a pretty girl always; but my mother had so often declared that I was so inanimate and innocent, she never would be able to do any thing with me, and my pretty face would be of no service to me, that I looked upon myself as quite an ordinary person, and was as much surprised at my belle-hood as my family. I wonder my little head was not turned with the attentions I received, so unused as I had been to admiration; it might have been, however, had not a disappointment—a bitter, heart-aching disappointment, wearied me of all this adulation and attention.

"Soon after my entrance into society, I became acquainted with a Mr. Morton—agreeable, good-looking, and attentive he was, of course—quite an acquisition to me in my circle of admirers. His worldly qualifications were not of so brilliant a nature as to attract my prudent mother's fancy, for he was only a young lawyer of slender means and moderate practice. I do not think she ever dreamed of the interest he excited in me, but looked upon him as one of the crowd of attendants necessarily surrounding a belle. But how differently I regarded him. The piles of costly bouquets I received daily, gained but little attention from me, unless I discerned among them the tiny bunch of sweet-violets, tea-roses, and mignonette, which he once in a great while sent me. In my ball-tablets my eyes sought the dances marked down for him; and when he was my partner, the dance, generally so wearisome, was only too short, too delightful; the reminiscence of that happy time makes a silly girl of me again. My mother never imagined he aspired to my hand—she would have looked aghast at the bare mention of such a probability; but she regarded him as a friend, and he was a great favorite with her. She used to say young men like Harry Morton, that knew their places, were invaluable acquaintances for a belle; thus were we thrown a great deal together. She was so blind to his real position with me, quick-sighted as she generally was in other things, I was permitted to have him for my partner in dancing, even for several quadrilles during an evening; he was my constant attendant in my daily rides on horseback, and my mother never hesitated to call upon him if we were at any time in need of an escort to a ball or opera. He was upon the footing of a brother or cousin in the family; but, ah! how dear was he to me. Without any actual explanation, I felt sure of Harry Morton's love. I never had any doubts or jealousies—we seemed to perfectly understand each other. I never looked forward to our future—I was too quietly happy in the present. I only dated from one meeting to another—from the dinner to the party, when he would be ready to hand us from our carriage, to take me off my father's arm in compliance with my mother's constant inquiry and request of, 'Where's Harry Morton? Here, Harry, do take charge of Mary,' a request which he always seemed delighted to obey. Then, after the happy good-night, I would lie my head on the pillow to dream of him and the morning ride we would take together. Why he never spoke to me of his love I cannot tell. It might have been that feelings of delicacy restrained him; my father was rich, while he was but a poor young lawyer; then report had made me an heiress in my own right, as well as a belle, to my worldly mother's great content. That he loved me I am sure, though he never told me with his lips.

"One morning my mother said to me, 'Do not make any engagement for to-morrow, Mary; we must dine *en famille* with dear old Mrs. Langley; we have not been there for a month.'

"Now this Mrs. Langley was a person of great consideration in my mother's eyes. She was very wealthy, and, moreover, had been at the head of the fashionable world for many years. Since my entrance into society, she had been quite an invalid, and rarely appeared in public, but it gratified her exceedingly to have her friends around her, for she dreaded yielding up her command in the world. My mother was an especial favorite of hers; and after I had taken such a prominent situation in society, she expressed great regard for me. Once in a month or so we spent a day with her. She lived in great style—a stately dinner, and a stupid, grand, heavy evening was the amount of the visit. How I used to dread the coming of the day; it was the only time I was separated from Harry, for Mrs. Langley being very exclusive, and making no new acquaintances, he had no *entrée* there. I used to sing for her, arrange her worsteds, tell her of the parties and different entertainments, and read to her her son's last letter. She had only one son, and he had been in Europe for

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two or three years. He was her idol, and she never tired talking of him. Dear old lady, my conscience smote me many times for the feelings of impatient weariness and *ennui* I would give way to during one of her tedious dinner parties.

"The following morning after my mother had announced the visit of penance, Harry Morton made his appearance in our drawing-rooms, as usual, with the other morning visiters. Every one was talking of a new singer who was to make her *debût* on that evening.

"'May I join your party at the concert this evening?' Harry asked me, in a low voice.

"'I regret exceedingly,' I replied, 'that we are not going to the concert. I have already promised mamma to spend a quiet day and evening with an old friend of hers. You must listen attentively to this new *donna*, and tell me all about her voice if you go.'

"'I do not think I shall go,' he replied, in low, earnest tones, 'for I could not enjoy the concert if not with you.' A turn in the general conversation drew us more into notice, and some ladies and gentlemen entering, put an end to all further intercourse between us; how long I remembered and cherished those last words of his. When I made my appearance in my mother's room at 5 o'clock, shawl and hood in hand, she regarded me from head to foot smilingly.

"'What new caprice to-day?' she said, 'and yet I must confess it is very becoming to you.'

"I had felt too languid to dress much, and as the weather was warm, spring being quite far advanced, I had chosen a simple white mull robe for the visit to our old friend, knowing that we should meet with but few visiters there. This I explained apologetically to my mother, who tapped me with her fan good-naturedly, saying that beauties were cunning creatures, they liked to show once in a while they could defy the aid of ornament. The first few months of my entrance into society my mother superintended, with great attention, all my *toilettes*; but near the close of the season she fell into the general opinion, that what ever I did was exactly right; and poor little me, that one short half-year before had no right to express an opinion upon so grave a subject as dress, was now constantly appealed to; and whatever style I adopted was perfect in her eyes. Society had placed its stamp upon me, I could pass current as a coin of high value to her.

"When I reached Mrs. Langley's, I found the old lady attended by but one gentleman, who, beside ourselves, was her only visiter. What was my surprise to hear her introduce him as her son, Templeton Langley. The dinner passed more pleasantly than usual, for Mr. Langley made himself very agreeable. After dinner he proposed we should go to the concert, as he felt an interest in the new *prima donna*, having heard her at her *debût* in Europe. I made an objection, which was overruled by Mrs. Langley's expressing a desire—strange for her—to go likewise; and we went. I had not been ten minutes in the room when, on lifting my eyes, the first person I saw was Harry Morton looking sternly at me. Foolishly, I grew embarrassed, my face burned, and my whole frame trembled with nervous agitation. He did not approach me, but gave me only a cold bow. 'He thinks me guilty of falsehood,' I said to myself. How wretchedly passed the evening, and yet I have no doubt I was an object of envy to many of my young lady friends. The rich *distingué*, Templeton Langley showed himself my devoted admirer, while his mother, the acknowledged leader of *ton*, sat beside us smiling approvingly. My indifferent, cold manner, my simple costume, and my beautiful face, completed that evening the conquest of the fastidious, fashionable young man. You cannot imagine the delight of my mother, when day after day found Templeton Langley constantly beside me, she could scarcely restrain her exultation; while I, poor child, listened with aching, throbbing senses for the approach of one who never came near me. Two or three weeks passed in a whirl of gayety. It was the close of the season, and one or two brides in our circle made the parties very constant. Mrs. Langley proposed that our family should join her son and herself in their summer visit to the Lakes; accordingly we did so, and we spent more than three months traveling. Ere the close of those three months, Templeton Langley offered himself to me. I could not describe to you the scene that ensued between my mother and myself when I rejected him. She was a worldly woman, and my conduct seemed perfectly wild to her. She remonstrated, persuaded, then reproached me in impatient, angry tones. My father was a quiet, amiable man, and rarely interfered with my mother in her management, but he fortunately shook off enough of his lethargy to come to my rescue at this time.

"'If Mary does not love Mr. Langley,' he said, 'why urge her to marry him? Do not scold the poor child,' and he drew me toward him tenderly.

"Templeton Langley was rather an indifferent person in every way. His wealth, combined with his situation in the fashionable world, placed him in a fictitious light; but he had little intelligence, no originality, and only a passable personal appearance. I was constantly drawing the comparison between him and Harry Morton. Harry was so handsome, so brilliant in conversation—and this thought rendered poor Mr. Langley, with all his fastidious, elegant manners, quite unbearable to me. To think of being tied to such a man for life was perfect martyrdom for me; and although hitherto so yielding, I showed myself on this occasion obstinate. Floods of tears I shed, and my mother fancied at first she could overcome my 'ridiculous sentimentality,' as she called it, but in vain; and finding a friend in my father, I remained firm. I felt more sorry for old Mrs. Langley, who was, indeed, terribly distressed, but she treated me very kindly, and exonerated me from all blame. She was, however, really very fond of me, and had set her heart upon having me for a daughter. Mr. Langley returned to Europe, and for many months our circle of friends were quite at a loss to know whether he had offered, been accepted,

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or refused, or whether he had only flirted with me. My mother felt too disappointed to boast of the rejection; and, moreover, she was so occupied in bringing out my sister, Emma, as to have little time to think of me or my affairs. My sister was but seventeen, three years younger than I, but much nearer my age in appearance. I found myself now of but secondary consideration in my mother's eyes. I fear she really disliked me then. She was an ambitious woman, and had set her heart upon my making a brilliant match; this favorite hope of hers I had blighted, and feeling little interest in society, I became of less consequence, for my sad, absent manner made me, of course, uninteresting; therefore, as my reign as a belle was over, my poor mother now sought to dismiss me from her mind and occupy herself with other objects.

"Harry Morton had gone to the Southwest ere we returned from our summer's journey, and we never met again. A year or so afterward I heard of his marriage with a dashing southern belle, and he is now a distinguished man at the South. After these perplexing, unfortunate misunderstandings, my health failed, and for a long while I was an invalid, rarely appearing in society. My two sisters, Emma and Alice, were more lucky than I, for they married happily, and with my mother's gratified approbation —for they each made the 'best match of their season.' Neither one was so pretty as I had been, and as my mother used to ejaculate,

"'Thank Heaven! neither Emma nor Alice are belles; they at least will not trouble me with their exaggerated notions about love and all that nonsense.'

"I passed a miserable, wretched existence for a year or more after Harry and I were separated. How earnestly I prayed for death, so completely prostrated was my spirit by my disappointment. I felt as lonely as I had at the time of dear Aunt Mary's death. In time, however, I aroused myself from my morbid feelings, and in reading and study found at first occupation, then strength and content.

"The week after my youngest sister was married my father was stricken down with paralysis. I was the only one at home with my parents, for my bride sister had sailed for Europe the day after her wedding, and Emma was far distant in her Southern home, having married a wealthy South Carolinian two years before. Faithfully I devoted myself to my father, and when my mother, a year afterward, was seized with a painful, lingering disease, I made myself so necessary to her comfort, that she at last acknowledged, that what had appeared to be her greatest trouble had proved her greatest blessing. She altered very much before her death, and lost entirely all those worldly feelings which had actuated her during her early life. She suffered for many years at times agonizing pain, and during this time I was sole companion and nurse to my parents. Often I thanked Providence for having denied to me my early love, granting to me in lieu an opportunity of fulfilling the most holy of duties. See, Enna, to what an unromantic and yet enviable state of mind I at last attained. Believe me, dearest, we never should grieve over unavoidable troubles, for many times they are but the rough husk of that sweet kernel—a hidden blessing."

ZENOBIA.

BY MYRON L. MASON.

'T was holyday in Rome. Her sevenfold hills
Were trembling with the tread of multitudes
Who thronged her streets. Hushed was the busy hum
Of labor. Silent in the shops reposed
The implements of toil. A common love
Of country, and a zeal for her renown,
Had warmed all hearts, and mingled for a day
Plebian ardor with patrician pride.
The sire, the son, the matron and the maid,
Joined in bestowing on their emperor
The joyous benedictions of the state.
Alas! about that day's magnificence
Was spread a web of *shame!* The victor's sword
Was stained with cowardice—his dazzling fame
Tarnished by insult to a fallen woman.
Returning from his conquests in the East,
Aurelian led in his triumphant train
Palmyra's beauteous queen, Zenobia,
Whose only crime had been the love she bore
To her own country and her household gods.

Long had the Orient owned the sovereign sway
Of Rome imperial, and in forced submission
Had bowed the neck to the oppressor's yoke.
The corn of Syria, her fruits and wares,
The pearls of India, Araby's perfumes,
The golden treasures of the mountains, all
Profusely poured in her luxurious lap,
Crowned to the full her proud magnificence.
Rome regal, throned on her eternal hills,
With power supreme and wide-extended hand,
Plundered the prostrate nations without stint
Of all she coveted, and, chiefly thou,
O Liberty, the birthright boon of Heaven.
But Rome had passed her noon; her despotism
Was overgrown; an earthquake was at work
At her foundations; and new dynasties,
Striking their roots in ripening revolutions,
Were soon to sway the destinies of realms.

The East was in revolt. The myriad seeds
Of dark rebellion, sown by tyranny,
And watered by the blood of patriots slain,
Were springing into life on every hand.
Success was alternating in this strife
'Twixt power and *right*, and anxious Victory,
With balance poised, the doubtful issue feared.
Amid the fierce contention, 'mid the din
Of war's sublime encounter, and the crash
Of falling systems old, Palmyra's queen

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Followed her valiant lord, Palmyra's king.
Ever beside him in the hour of peril,
She warded from his breast the battle's rage;
And in the councils of the cabinet
Her prudent wisdom was her husband's guide.

Domestic treason, with insidious stab,
Snatched from Zenobia's side her gallant lord,
And threw into her hand the exigencies
Of an unstable and capricious throne.
Yet was her genius not inadequate.
The precepts of experience, intertwined
With intellectual power of lofty grade,
Combined to raise Palmyra's beauteous queen
High in the golden scale of moral greatness.
Under the teachings of the good Longinus
The streams of science flowed into her mind;
And, like the fountain-fostered mountain lake,
Her soul was pure as its ethereal food.
The patronage bestowed on learned men
Declared her love for letters. The rewards,
Rich and unnumbered, she conferred on merit
Her own refined, exalted taste betrayed.
Her graceful and majestic figure, crowned
With beauty such as few but angels wear,
Like the rich casing that surrounds the gem,
Heightened the splendor of her brilliant genius.
Equally daring on the battle-field
And in the chase, her prudence and her courage,
Displayed in many a hot emergency,
Had twined victorious laurel round her brow.
Under her rule Palmyra's fortunes rose
To an unequalled altitude, and wealth
Flowed in upon her like a golden sea,
Her wide dominion, stretching from the Nile
To the far Euxine and Euphrates' flood—
Her active commerce, whose expanded range
Monopolized the trade of all the East—
Her stately capital, whose towers and domes
Vied with proud Rome in architectural grace—
Her own aspiring aims and high renown—
All breathed around the Asiatic queen
An atmosphere of greatness, and betrayed
Her bold ambition, and her rivalry
With the imperial mistress of the world.

But 't is the goudiest flower is soonest plucked;
The sturdiest oak first feels the builder's axe.
Palmyra's rising greatness had awaked
The jealousy of Rome, and Fortune looked
On her prosperity with envious eye.
Under the golden eagles of the empire,
Aurelian's soldiers swept the thirsty sands,
And poured into Palmyra's palmy plains,
A mighty host hot for the battle-field.
Borne on her gallant steed, the warrior queen
The conflict sought, and led her eager troops
Into the stern encounter. Like the storm
Of their own desert plain, innumerable,
They rushed upon the foe, and courted danger.
Amid the serried ranks, whose steel array
Glowed in the noonday sun, and threw a flood
Of wavy sheen into the fragrant air,
Zenobia rode; and, like an angry spirit,
Commissioned from above to chastise men,
Where'er she moved was death. There was a flash
Of scorn that lighted up her fiery eye,
A glance of wrath upon her countenance—
There was a terror in her frenzied arm
That struck dismay into the boldest heart.
Alas for her, Fortune was unpropitious!
Her fearless valor found an overmatch
In the experienced prudence of Aurelian;
And scarcely could the desert's hardy sons
Cope with the practiced legions of the empire.
The battle gained, Palmyra taken, sacked—
Its queen a captive, hurled from off a throne,
Stripped of her wide possessions, forced to sue
In humblest attitude for even life—
The haughty victor led his weary legions
Back to Italia's shores, and in his train
His fallen rival, loaded with chains of gold,
Forged from the bullion of her treasury.

'T was holyday in Rome. The morning sun,
Emerging from the palace-crested hills
Of the Campagna, poured a flood of light
Upon the slumbering city, summoning
Its teeming thousands to the festival.
A playful breeze, rich-laden with perfume
From groves of orange, gently stirred the leaves,
And curled the ripples on the Tiber's breast,
Bearing to seaward o'er the flowery plain
The rising peans' joyful melodies.
Flung to the wind, high from the swelling dome
That crowned the Capitol, the imperial banner,
Broidered with gold and glittering with gems,
Unfurled its azure field; and, as it caught
The sunbeams and flashed down upon the throng
That filled the forum, there arose a shout
Deep as the murmur of the cataract.
In that spontaneous outburst of applause
Rome spoke; and as the echo smote the hills
It woke the slumbering memory of a time
When Rome was *free*.
A trumpet from the walls
Proclaimed the day's festivities begun.
Preceded by musicians and sweet singers,
A long procession passed the city-gate,
And, traversing the winding maze of streets,
Climbed to the Capitol. Choice victims, dressed
With pictured ornaments and wreaths of flowers,
An offering to the tutelary gods,
Led the advance. Then followed spoils immense,
Baskets of jewels, vases of wrought gold,
Paintings and statuary, cloths and wares,
Of costliest manufacture, close succeeded
By the rich symbols of Palmyra's glory,
Torn from her temples and her palaces,
To grace a triumph in the streets of Rome.
With toilsome step next walked the captive queen;
And then the victor, in his car of state,
With milk-white horses of Thessalian breed,
And in his retinue a splendid train
Of Rome's nobility. In one long line
The army last appeared in bright array,
With banners high displayed, filling the air
With songs of victory. The pageant proud
Quickened remembrance of departed days,
And warmed the bosoms of the multitude
With deep devotion to the commonwealth.

High in his gilded chariot, decked in robes
Of broidered purple, and with laurel crowned,
Rode the triumphant conqueror, in his hand
The emblems of his power. The capital
Of his wide empire was inflamed with zeal
To do him honor and exalt his praise.
The world was at his feet; his sovereign will
None dared to question, and his haughty word
Was law to nations. Yet his heart was troubled.
In the dim distance he discerned the flight

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Of Freedom, on swift pinions heralding
Enfranchisement to the oppressed of earth.
He knew the feeble tenure of dominion
Based on allegiance with reluctance paid;
And read the future overthrow of Rome
In the unyielding spirit of his victim.

Compared with his, was gold compared with brass.
As o'er the stony street the captive paced
Her weary way before the victor's steeds,
And marked the multitudes insatiate gaze,
The look of calm defiance on her face
Told that she bowed not to her degradation.

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Followed her valiant lord, Palmyra's king.
Ever beside him in the hour of peril,
She warded from his breast the battle's rage;
And in the councils of the cabinet
Her prudent wisdom was her husband's guide.

Domestic treason, with insidious stab,
Snatched from Zenobia's side her gallant lord,
And threw into her hand the exigencies
Of an unstable and capricious throne.
Yet was her genius not inadequate.
The precepts of experience, intertwined
With intellectual power of lofty grade,
Combined to raise Palmyra's beauteous queen
High in the golden scale of moral greatness.
Under the teachings of the good Longinus
The streams of science flowed into her mind;
And, like the fountain-fostered mountain lake,
Her soul was pure as its ethereal food.
The patronage bestowed on learned men
Declared her love for letters. The rewards,
Rich and unnumbered, she conferred on merit
Her own refined, exalted taste betrayed.
Her graceful and majestic figure, crowned
With beauty such as few but angels wear,
Like the rich casing that surrounds the gem,
Heightened the splendor of her brilliant genius.
Equally daring on the battle-field
And in the chase, her prudence and her courage,
Displayed in many a hot emergency,
Had twined victorious laurel round her brow.
Under her rule Palmyra's fortunes rose
To an unequalled altitude, and wealth
Flowed in upon her like a golden sea,
Her wide dominion, stretching from the Nile
To the far Euxine and Euphrates' flood—
Her active commerce, whose expanded range
Monopolized the trade of all the East—
Her stately capital, whose towers and domes
Vied with proud Rome in architectural grace—
Her own aspiring aims and high renown—
All breathed around the Asiatic queen
An atmosphere of greatness, and betrayed
Her bold ambition, and her rivalry
With the imperial mistress of the world.

But 't is the gaudiest flower is soonest plucked;
The sturdiest oak first feels the builder's axe.
Palmyra's rising greatness had awaked
The jealousy of Rome, and Fortune looked
On her prosperity with envious eye.
Under the golden eagles of the empire,
Aurelian's soldiers swept the thirsty sands,
And poured into Palmyra's palmy plains,
A mighty host hot for the battle-field.
Borne on her gallant steed, the warrior queen
The conflict sought, and led her eager troops
Into the stern encounter. Like the storm
Of their own desert plain, innumerable,
They rushed upon the foe, and courted danger.
Amid the serried ranks, whose steel array
Glowed in the noonday sun, and threw a flood
Of wavy sheen into the fragrant air,
Zenobia rode; and, like an angry spirit,
Commissioned from above to chastise men,
Where'er she moved was death. There was a flash
Of scorn that lighted up her fiery eye,
A glance of wrath upon her countenance—
There was a terror in her frenzied arm
That struck dismay into the boldest heart.
Alas for her, Fortune was unpropitious!
Her fearless valor found an overmatch
In the experienced prudence of Aurelian;
And scarcely could the desert's hardy sons
Cope with the practiced legions of the empire.
The battle gained, Palmyra taken, sacked—
Its queen a captive, hurled from off a throne,
Stripped of her wide possessions, forced to sue
In humblest attitude for even life—
The haughty victor led his weary legions
Back to Italia's shores, and in his train
His fallen rival, loaded with chains of gold,
Forged from the bullion of her treasury.

'T was holyday in Rome. The morning sun,
Emerging from the palace-crested hills
Of the Campagna, poured a flood of light
Upon the slumbering city, summoning
Its teeming thousands to the festival.
A playful breeze, rich-laden with perfume
From groves of orange, gently stirred the leaves,
And curled the ripples on the Tiber's breast,
Bearing to seaward o'er the flowery plain
The rising peans' joyful melodies.
Flung to the wind, high from the swelling dome
That crowned the Capitol, the imperial banner,
Broidered with gold and glittering with gems,
Unfurled its azure field; and, as it caught
The sunbeams and flashed down upon the throng
That filled the forum, there arose a shout
Deep as the murmur of the cataract.
In that spontaneous outburst of applause
Rome spoke; and as the echo smote the hills
It woke the slumbering memory of a time
When Rome was *free*.

A trumpet from the walls
Proclaimed the day's festivities begun.
Preceded by musicians and sweet singers,
A long procession passed the city-gate,
And, traversing the winding maze of streets,
Climbed to the Capitol. Choice victims, dressed
With pictured ornaments and wreaths of flowers,
An offering to the tutelary gods,
Led the advance. Then followed spoils immense,
Baskets of jewels, vases of wrought gold,
Paintings and statuary, cloths and wares,
Of costliest manufacture, close succeeded
By the rich symbols of Palmyra's glory,
Torn from her temples and her palaces,
To grace a triumph in the streets of Rome.
With toilsome step next walked the captive queen;
And then the victor, in his car of state,
With milk-white horses of Thessalian breed,
And in his retinue a splendid train
Of Rome's nobility. In one long line
The army last appeared in bright array,
With banners high displayed, filling the air
With songs of victory. The pageant proud
Quickened remembrance of departed days,
And warmed the bosoms of the multitude
With deep devotion to the commonwealth.

High in his gilded chariot, decked in robes
Of broidered purple, and with laurel crowned,
Rode the triumphant conqueror, in his hand
The emblems of his power. The capital
Of his wide empire was inflamed with zeal
To do him honor and exalt his praise.
The world was at his feet; his sovereign will
None dared to question, and his haughty word
Was law to nations. Yet his heart was troubled.
In the dim distance he discerned the flight

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Of Freedom, on swift pinions heralding
Enfranchisement to the oppressed of earth.
He knew the feeble tenure of dominion
Based on allegiance with reluctance paid;
And read the future overthrow of Rome
In the unyielding spirit of his victim.
Uncovered in the sun, weary and faint,
Bowed to the earth with chains of ravished gold,
With feet unsandaled, walked Zenobia,
Slave to the craven tyrant's cruelty.
Neither her peerless beauty, nor her sex,
Nor yet her grievous sufferings could melt
The despot's stony heart. She, who surpassed
Her conqueror in all the qualities
Of head or heart which crown humanity
With nobleness and high preëminence—
She, whose *misfortunes* in a glorious cause,
And not her *errors*, had achieved her ruin—
Burdened with ignominy and disgrace
For her resplendent *virtues*, not her *crimes*—
She who had graced a palace, and dispensed
Pardon to penitence, reward to worth,
And tempered justice with benevolence—
Wickedly torn from her exalted station,
Now walked a captive in the streets of Rome,
E'en at the feet of the oppressors steeds.
Yet was her spirit all untamed. Disdain
Still sat upon her countenance, and breathed
Unmeasured scorn upon her persecutors.
The blush of innocence upon her cheek,
The burning pride that flashed within her eye,
The majesty enthroned upon her brow,
Told, in a language which the tyrant *felt*,
That her unconquered spirit soared sublime
In a pure orbit whither *his* sordid soul
Could ne'er attain. Had he a captive led
Some odious wretch, whose sanguinary crimes,
Long perpetrated under sanction of a strength
No arm could reach, had spread a pall of mourning
Over a people's desolated homes,
He then had *right* to triumph o'er his victim.
But 't was not thus. Insatiable ambition
Had led him to unsheath his victor sword
Against a monarch whose distinctive sway
Ravished from Rome no little of her *right*;
And, to augment the aggregate of wrong,
That monarch was a woman, whose renown,
Compared with his, was gold compared with brass.
As o'er the stony street the captive paced
Her weary way before the victor's steeds,
And marked the multitudes insatiate gaze,
The look of calm defiance on her face
Told that she bowed not to her degradation.
Her thoughts were not at Rome. Unheeded all,
The billows of the mad excitement dashed
About her, and broke harmless at her feet.
Dim reminiscences of former days
Burst like a deluge on her errant mind;
Leading her backward to the buried past,
When in the artless buoyancy of youth
She sat beneath Palmyra's fragrant shades
And gleaned the pages of historic story,
Red with Rome's bloody catalogue of wrong.
Little she dreamed Palmyra's palaces
Should e'er be scenes of Roman violence;
Little she dreamed that *hers* should be the lot
(A captive princess led in chains) to crown
The splendor of a Roman holyday.
Alas! the blow she thought not of had fallen.
A bloody struggle, like a dreadful dream,
Had briefly raged, and all to her was lost,
Save the poor grace of a degraded life.
Her sun of glory was gone down in blood—
The glittering fabric of her power despoiled
To swell the triumph of her conqueror.
But in the wreck of her magnificence,
With eye prophetic, she foresaw the ruin
Of the proud capital of all the world.
She saw the quickening symptoms of rebellion
Among the nations, and she caught their cry
For *freedom* and *for vengeance!* . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . Hark! the Goth
Is thundering at the gate, His reckless sword
Leaps from the scabbard, eager to vindicate
The cause of the oppressed. A thousand years
The sun has witnessed in his daily course
The tyranny of Rome, now crushed *forever*.
The mighty mass of her usurped dominion,
By its own magnitude at last dissevered,
Is crumbling into fragments; and the shades
Of long-forgotten generations shriek
With fiendish glee over the yawning gulf
Of her perdition.

TEMPER LIFE'S EXTREMES.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

'T is wise, in summer-warmth, to look before,
To the keen-nipping winter; it is good,
In lifeful hours, to lay aside some store
Of thought, to leaven the spirit's duller mood;
To mould the sodded dyke, in sunny hour,
Against the coming of the wasteful flood;
Still tempering Life's extremes, that We no more
May start abrupt in Joy's sweet neighborhood.
If Day burst sudden from the bars of Night,
Or with one plunge leaped down the sheer abyss,
Painful alike were darkness and the light,
Bearing fixed war through shifting victories;
But sweet their bond, where peaceful twilight lingers,
Weaving the rosy with the sable fingers.

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THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812—15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(*Continued from page* 136.)

CHAPTER V.

The Revenge.

THE report of the pistol fired by Julia had also been heard upon the pirate brig. To Florette it gave assurance of the safety of the fair fugitive. The pirate sprang to his feet, forgetful of his wound, but fell back helpless upon the companion-way, and soon relapsed into his former thoughtful state, supposing the sound had come from the deck of the Raker, though it had seemed much too near and distinct to appear possible that such was the case.

The escape of Julia was not discovered until the following morning. The wrath of the pirate was fearfully vindictive. Even Florette became alarmed when he fiercely accused her of some share in the disappearance of the captive girl. This she tremblingly denied, suggesting the opinion that Julia must have jumped overboard, in her despair, induced by the threats of the pirate. The loss of the boat was also noticed, but not connected with the escape of Julia, it being supposed that it had been carelessly fastened. As a very natural consequence of his anger, the pirate sought some person on whom he could vent its fury.

"Call aft the other woman," shouted he, "unless she, too, has jumped overboard."

A grim smile was interchanged between the men who heard this order. John's true sex had not been long kept concealed after he had reached the pirate brig, and he had nearly fallen a victim to the rage the unpleasant discovery excited in the men, but his ludicrous and abject expressions of terror, though they awoke no emotions of pity, yet excited the merriment of his captors, and turned their anger into laughter. A man's garments were thrown to him, in which he speedily equipped himself, being indeed in no slight degree relieved by the change. Since that time he had kept himself as much aloof as possible from the crew, anxiously and fearfully expectant of some sudden catastrophe, either that his brains would be blown out without affording him an opportunity to expostulate, or that he would be called upon to walk the plank.

He was roused by a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder.

"O dear, do n't," cried John.

"The captain has sent word for'ard arter you, and faith ye had bether be in a hurry, for he 's a savage when he 's mad."

"O! now I 've got to do it."

"Do what?"

"Why walk the plank to be sure."

"Arrah, jewel! do n't be onaisy now."

"Wont I's, do n't you think?"

"Not a bit of it, darling. I think he will be afther running you up to the yard-arm."

"But I can't run up it."

"Ha! ha! but come along, honey."

Half dragging John after him, the sailor led him to the quarter-deck.

"Here 's the lady, captain, an' faith she 's a swate one."

The truth of the case had already been explained to the pirate.

"You cowardly fool," said he, "did you expect to escape by such a subterfuge? Pat, run him up to the yard-arm."

"Yes, captain, and that will be a relaif to him, for he was mighty afraid he 'd have to walk the plank."

"He was? well then he shall."

The vindictiveness of the pirate commander, who had only changed the mode of John's death because he thought that by so doing he should render it more fearful and bitter to the victim, was the means of saving the poor cockney's life. So do revenge and malice often overreach themselves.

A long plank was laid out over the side of the brig and John commanded to walk out on it. He showed a strong disinclination to obeying, but a huge pistol placed against his forehead quickly influenced his decision, and with a cry of anguish he stepped out upon it. As the board tipped he turned to spring back to the brig, but slipping up, fell upon the board, which he pulled after him into the water.

"Fool," cried the captain to one of his men, "what did you let the board loose for, he will float now till the chase picks him up—fire into him."

A dozen balls were fired at John, and it seems he was hit, for he let go the board and sunk.

"There, captain, he 's done for."

The brig by this time had reached a considerable distance from the place where John had been committed to the deep, and when he rose to the surface, as he soon did, he was out of danger from their shot.

"O dear!" cried he, "I sha n't ever get ashore; I never could swim much."

The waves threw him against the plank.

"O! a shark! a shark!" shouted John, "now do n't;" and he grasped hold of the plank in a frenzy

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of fear. He soon discovered the friendly aid it would afford him, and held on to it with the tenacity of despair.

In less than half an hour the Raker came up. John was noticed from its deck, and a brawny tar seizing a rope and taking two or three turns of it round his left arm sprang overboard to rescue the half unconscious cockney.

As the sailor seized him, John, supposing it to be a shark, uttered a loud cry and lost all sensation. In this condition he was hauled up to the deck of the privateer, where, upon recovering his senses, he found to his great surprise and joy, that instead of being in the belly of some voracious fish, like Jonah of old, he was in safety, and surrounded by the crew of his former vessel, the Betty Allen, including his master.

The poor fellow was severely wounded by a pistol shot, in the arm, but regardless of this he was wild in his demonstrations of joy, especially when told that his young mistress had also escaped.

Captain Greene found that he had gained little, if any, upon the pirate during the night, and became convinced that he must again commence firing upon her, trusting to some lucky ball to carry away a spar, or failing, to allow the villains to escape the punishment they so richly deserved, not only for their inhuman treatment of the crew of the Betsy Allen, but doubtless for numerous other crimes committed upon the seas, as savage in their conception, and more successful in their execution.

The long gun was again uncovered, and a shot dispatched from its huge portals after the pirate brig. The first ball fired fell short of the brig, striking the water directly in its wake, and ricochetting again threw up the water beyond it.

A succeeding ball, however, did some execution, crashing through her top-gallant forecastle, but without in any degree lessening her speed. As every fire from the Raker lessened her speed, Capt. Greene became exceedingly anxious that no balls should be thrown away, and commanded Lieut. Morris to point the gun, having more confidence in his skill than in that of the gunner. The young officer aimed the gun carefully, and as it was fired three cheers arose from his crew, as they perceived the pirate's mizzen-mast fall away.

"She is ours," cried the lieutenant.

"Stand by, men, to take in sail," shouted the captain. "We will draw near enough," continued he to Morris, "to fire into her at our leisure, a pirate is not entitled to a more honorable warfare, and he seems also to greatly outnumber us in men."

As the privateer approached the pirate they could not but admire the singular beauty of her build. She rose and fell upon the waters as gracefully as a free and wild ocean bird. The long red lines of her port-holes swept with a gentle curve from stem to stern, and her stem was so sharp that the bowsprit seemed rather to terminate than to join it. Twelve carronades occupied a double row of port-holes, and the deck seemed crowded with men, all armed with cutlasses and pistols.

"A formidable looking set," said Captain Greene, as he laid aside his glass, "keep the gun lively."

An ineffectual fire opened upon the privateer from the pirate, but though they had a swivel of pretty heavy calibre, turning on its axis amidship in such a manner as to menace at will each point of the horizon, it was evident that its force was far less than the long gun of the privateer.

A well aimed shot brought down the pirate's fore topsail-yard, which hung in the slings, and succeeding shots did much injury to her masts and rigging, and at length the main-topmast fell over the side.

The scene on board the pirate, during this unequal warfare, was one approaching perplexity and disorder. Their commander stood by the helm, gazing at the privateer, his brow clouded with angry thought, and giving little heed to the movements of his crew. He was aroused from his abstraction by the voice of one of his officers.

"Captain, this is bad business, what is to be done?"

The captain gazed at him in silence.

"The crew are alarmed, and demand of you some relief from this harassing state. Our guns will not reach the chase, and we cannot leave her in this crippled state."

At this moment a heavy ball from the privateer whizzed by them and buried itself in the main-mast of the brig.

The captain seemed fully aroused. His eyes flashed with their wonted fire. He turned toward his crew, and saw at a glance the state of depression which had fallen upon them all. He even overheard some muttered words of complaint.

"Pat," says one, "this seems to be playing a rough game, where nothing is to be won on our side."

"Faith, an' ye may say that, but we stand a chance to gain one thing."

"What may that be, Pat?"

"O, a two-inch rope, and a run up to the fore yard-arm."

"The devil! That 's not a pleasant thought, Pat."

"No, but they say it 's an aisy death."

"Silence, men," was heard in the deep tones of the captain's voice.

In a moment all was still, and every eye turned toward the companion-way, on which the captain stood, resting one hand upon the main-boom, as he was exceedingly weak from the wound inflicted by the ba of Captain Horton.

"My brave fellows," said their leader, "do not be alarmed, we shall not be hanged this time. Is our situation any worse than it has been in times heretofore? Trust in me. Have I ever deceived you—have I ever failed yet? You know I have not. Where we cannot conquer by fair battle, we must use stratagem. Be watchful and ready, and we will yet not only escape yonder vessel, but stand upon her deck as masters."

The confidence with which he spoke inspired his followers with like feeling, and with countenances relighted by hope, they returned to their several stations. Their reliance upon their commander was

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unbounded. He had so often triumphed when even greater difficulties opposed, that they already felt sure of ultimate delivery, now that he had been restored to his former energy—they had mistaken the lethargy into which pain and weakness had thrown him for the torpor of despair. Again the joke and laugh went round, and already they began to compute their respective shares of booty in the vessel so soon to be theirs, they knew not how.

"Haul down the ensign, in token that we surrender," cried the captain.

A murmur of indignation and surprise arose from the crew.

"What, men, do you doubt me? 'Tis but a feint. Haul down the flag and take in sail."

The men obeyed with alacrity, for they already clearly comprehended the plan of their leader. It was his intention to entice the privateer alongside, and, well aware of his own superiority in numbers, to make a sudden onset upon her deck, and thus, contrary to all laws of honorable warfare, seize by foul means what could not be obtained in any other way.

These pacific indications were viewed with some surprise on board the privateer.

"By Heaven!" cried Lieut. Morris, "she's tired of this game soon."

"Well, she had no other way to do; as it was we should have sunk her without receiving a shot."

"It was a losing game for her, true enough."

"Lay the brig alongside of her," shouted Captain Greene to his men.

As his men with a cheer began to unfurl all sail, Captain Horton approached the commander of the privateer. He had up to this period ventured no interference, both from matter of delicacy, and because he saw nothing to disapprove of in the course pursued by Captain Greene.

"My dear sir," said he, as he laid his hand upon the arm of the captain of the privateer, "allow me to say a word."

"Certainly, sir," replied the courteous commander. "I ought sooner than this to have asked your advice."

"I would not place too great confidence in the pirate's signal of surrender."

"Do you apprehend foul play?"

"Recollect the savage brutality which the fiend has already evinced, and judge for yourself whether he is worthy of being trusted at all."

"You are right, sir. Lieut. Morris," continued he, turning to his young officer.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Load the long gun with grape and canister, and wheel it abaft—load the larboard guns the same way. Now, my men, don't run too near her. She must send a boat aboard."

The privateer approached within half a cable's length of the pirate.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Captain Greene.

No answer came from the pirate, but her head was rounded to, so as to bear directly down on the Raker.

"Answer me, or I'll fire into you."

"Fire and be d—d," came from the deck of the pirate, and at the same time a broadside was poured into the Raker, which killed two or three men at the guns, and severely wounded Captain Greene.

"Lieut. Morris," cried he, "take the command of the vessel," and falling on the deck he was immediately carried below.

The young officer was fully equal to the emergency of the occasion. At a glance he perceived that the pirate in the confusion which ensued from his unexpected broadside, had fallen foul of the privateer's rigging, and the crowd of his crew in his bow and fore-rigging, all with cutlases drawn, and ready to spring aboard the privateer, plainly announced the intention to board.

"All hands to repel boarders," shouted Morris, and drawing his cutlas he sprang forward, followed by his men.

A well contested struggle ensued, the American seamen, indignant at the foul deceit which had been practiced upon them, fought like tigers, and for a time kept the pirates at bay—they had indeed, notwithstanding their superior numbers, nearly driven them from the deck, when the form of their commander appeared among them. In consequence of his wound he had, contrary to his custom, entrusted the command of the boarders to his first lieutenant, and had remained upon his own vessel watching the fight. He sprung among his crew, with a sword drawn, and a tight sash bound around his waist, from which the dark blood was slowly oozing, his wound having burst away from its ligaments.

"Cowards!" he shouted, "do ye yield—ye are two to their one."

Leaping to their front, he struck down a sailor and plunged into the thickest of the fight. Reanimated by the presence of their leader, who had so often led them to victory, a new spirit seemed to light up the fainting courage of the pirates, and with a fierce yell they rushed forward. The American crew were compelled to fall back before the fierce assault. At the head of his men Lieut. Morris several times crossed swords with the pirate captain, but the swaying of the fight separated them. Perceiving that his men were slowly yielding, though in good order, Lieutenant Morris, cool and collected, cheered their courage, and at this moment thought of the long gun which had been drawn up, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, against the companion-way, and a man with a lighted match stationed by it.

"Fall back to the quarter-deck," cried the young officer.

They retreated in close array, and uncovered the mouth of the huge gun. At the sight of this a cry of dismay broke from the foremost of the pirates, who broke the front rank, and many of them escaped for the time by leaping into the sea.

"Fire," cried Lieut. Morris. In a moment he was obeyed. Wild cries of agony arose amid the gathering smoke, which, as it rolled away, revealed a horrible sight. Not a living pirate stood upon the deck of the privateer. A dense mass of bodies, writhing in pain, lay upon the fore-deck, and many of the pirates who had jumped into the sea were seen scrambling

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up the sides of their own vessel; the pirate chief lay dead at the head of his followers, foremost in death, as he had been in life. It was a terrible and revolting scene—the scuppers literally ran with blood, the bulwarks were bespattered with brains and pieces of scalps; several limbs were strewn about, and the entire deck covered with the dead or dying.

While the crew of the Raker stood for a time awe-struck at the desolation they had themselves made, the pirates, ferocious to the last, had regained their own ship and cut her adrift, and as they paid off fired a broadside into the Raker, which injured several of her men. Roused by this, the privateersmen rushed to their guns. The larboard guns, in obedience to the order of Captain Greene, were already loaded with grape; while with the starboard Morris commanded his men to keep up a steady fire at the masts and rigging.

A fortunate shot from the Raker struck the helmsman on board the pirate, shattering at the same time the tiller. In a moment the brig was up in the wind, and taken aback, throwing the pirates into confusion.

"Ready about," cried Morris, leaping from the carronade-slide on which he had raised himself, and taking in at a glance the exposed position of the enemy—"head her round, and stand ready to give the rascals a taste from our larboard quarter."

The Raker ranged across the bows of the pirate, and before he could regain his headway, raked him with a tremendous broadside of the same deadly missiles which had already destroyed so many of their comrades. The wild cries of anguish which arose from the clouds of smoke told with what destructive effect the death-bolts had been hurled.

The pirate now paid off and returned an ineffectual broadside, but rendered ungovernable by the loss of her head-sails and tiller, he immediately broached-to again, and the privateer poured in another terrible discharge of grape and canister, raking him fore and aft, then heaving-to and taking up a position on his bow, she fired broadside after broadside into him in rapid and deadly succession. The main-mast now fell over the side, and the pirate at the same time fell off before the wind, and drew out of the deep mantle of smoke which had for some time covered both vessels. As the smoke slowly curled up from the deep it was seen that not a living man was visible upon the deck of the pirate. Several of her guns were dismounted, and her masts so cut away that she lay upon the waters a helpless and disabled wreck. Yet the red ensign of death, though rent into ribbons, still fluttered from the peak, and the young lieutenant hesitated to board, having learned caution from the treachery of the pirate.

While the crew of the Raker were thus occupied in watching their enemy, a light female form was seen to issue from the hatchway and gaze around the deck of the pirate. She passed from body to body, but seemed not to find what she sought. At length she turned her eyes, streaming with tears, toward the Raker, and pointing to the flag above her, as if to indicate that there was no one to lower it, she knelt upon the deck, bowing her head upon her hands. Her long hair fell over her forehead and trailed upon the blood-stained deck, as she knelt in mute despair among the dying and the dead. It was a mournful and singular picture of wo, and there were eyes long unused to tears that filled to overflowing as they gazed upon her.

A boat was immediately lowered, and Lieutenant Morris with a dozen of his crew were soon in possession of the pirate's deck. Upon examining the brig it was found that she was fast filling with water, and after conveying to the Raker all that they could lay hands on of value, including a large amount of precious metal, she was left to her fate. Not one of her crew was found living, so destructive had been the continual discharge of grape from the Raker. Florette accompanied them on board, and wept bitterly as she saw the dead body of the pirate commander lying in front of his slaughtered followers, but suffered herself to be led below by Julia, who received her with kindness and gratitude.

All sail was now set upon the privateer, and she bore away from the sinking craft of the pirate upon her former course. The latter vessel, traversed in every direction by the Raker's terrible fire, was rapidly settling into the ocean. Suddenly, with a sound like the gushing of an immense water-spout, a huge chasm opened in the waves—the doomed brig seemed struggling as if with conscious life, and then lashing the waters with her shattered spars and broken masts, went down forever beneath the deep waters, over whose bosom she had so long rode as a scourge and a terror, with blood and desolation following in her wake.

Among the effects of the pirate captain which had been conveyed on board the Raker, a manuscript was found, which seemed to be an autobiography of his life. For what purpose he had written it can never be known—most probably from an impulsive desire to give vent on paper to thoughts and feelings which he could not breathe to any living person, and which he doubtless supposed would never be perused by human eye—they show that, ravage, and lawless, and blood-thirsty as he had become, strong and terrible motives had driven him into his unnatural pursuit, and perchance a tear of pity may fall for him, as the gentle reader peruses the private records of the scourge of the ocean.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pirate's Story.

I am the youngest son of a gentleman of the northern part of England. My father's family is as good as any in the county, for without laying claim to any title of nobility, our blood is as pure and our lineage as ancient as the most boasted in England. I had but one brother, who succeeded at our father's death to the broad lands and rich heritage of our name. The accursed law of primogeniture, to which I owe all the evil that has befallen me, of course debarred me from all share in the family estate. I had refused to enter the army, the church or the navy, though my inclinations were in favor of the latter profession;

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yet a stronger claim than ambition or a roving life kept me on the paternal estate. It was not that I envied my brother the possession of the wide bounds over which he ruled, or that I found less happiness in witnessing his, for I loved my brother, as God is my witness, here, in my lonely cabin, with this great sea around me, and this broad sky above me; here, though no eye may ever see these lines, I write, do I repeat it, I loved my brother dearly and proudly. It was love that kept me idle at home while other young men of England, belonging to the same position in society as myself, and in the same unfortunate category of younger sons, were carving out for themselves fame and wealth in the service of their country.

Helen Burnett was the loveliest girl I have ever seen, and I loved her with all the passionate devotedness of a young and ardent heart; she was to me the light of life, for all was dark when I was not with her. She was the only daughter of our village curate, and resided near our family mansion. We had sported together beneath the venerable trees of the park from the earliest days of childhood. Until I left home for college she had seemed to me as a sister, and I had loved her as such until, on returning home from a long absence at college, I found a blushing and beautiful young woman where I had expected, forgetting the rapid work of time, to meet with the same playful and lovely child I had kissed at parting. She was, indeed, beautiful; tall, graceful, and even commanding in figure, while the mildness of an angel reposed in the glance of her deep-blue eyes, and the sweet smile that so often visited her lips, while her pleasantly modulated voice was music itself.

> "A lyre of widest range,
> Touched by all passion—did fall down and glance
> From tone to tone, and glided through all change of
> liveliest utterance."

Her hair was of the darkest shade of brown, resting in soft wave-like smoothness above her high, pale forehead. Alas! that she was *so* lovely! had she been less so, either I might not have loved her, or I might have been permitted by fortune to have been happy with her.

After leaving college, my time was all devoted to Helen. She loved me no less than I loved her; and I looked forward to a quiet and happy life, picturing the future with colorings of the brightest hope and joyfulness.

It was at this time that my brother returned from a long tour of the Continent. He was one of the handsomest men of the day, and had been distinguished by the appellation which had accompanied him from court to court, of "the handsome Englishman." He was of a medium stature, and faultlessly proportioned; his expansive and intellectual forehead seemed the seat of lofty thought, and his dark flashing eye, intensely expressive, seemed to penetrate to the heart of all who met its glance. I see him now—not in his glorious beauty, but pale—pale, touched by the cold fingers of death.

I had too much of the pride of my race to live as a dependent on my brother's bounty, yet I could not bear the thought of leaving Helen. I was in no situation to marry, and in an undecided state of mind I suffered the days to glide away.

My brother had just come back from a day's angling in the trout-stream that flowed through his lands. He met me at the park-gate.

"Well, John," said I, "what luck to-day?"

"O, William," said he, without heeding my question, "I have seen the most charming girl—the loveliest one that breathes. She outvies all I have seen in my travels; do you know her. She is the curate's daughter."

I felt a sickness at heart, like the bitterness of death—was it a presentiment, a warning of evil to come.

"Say, William?"

"Yes—yes, she is lovely."

"She is an angel."

Sir John passed into the park, and I proceeded, with a strange melancholy I could not dispel, to meet Helen. She was at her father's door, and greeted me with her accustomed kindness of voice and manner.

"Why are you so sad this lovely evening William?"

"Sad!—am I sad?"

"You look so."

"Well, I will be so no longer, then;" and I endeavored to shake off my depression, but not succeeding, I bade her farewell at an earlier hour than was my custom.

From that day my brother's angling excursions became more frequent—but he seldom returned with a full basket. He often spoke to me of Helen, but I always replied carelessly, and changed the topic of conversation to something else, yet when alone, I was in continual torment from my thoughts. I endeavored to console myself with the reflection that Helen's love was plighted to me, and that she would not change, yet my thoughts were continually recurring to my brother's great advantages over me in every respect, not only in fortune but in personal appearance; and I had already, in my suspicions, placed him in the light of a rival for the hand of Helen. I knew his high-minded and honorable disposition too well to fancy for a moment that he would attempt her ruin; and I also knew that there was nothing in the inferior station of Helen's family that would prevent him from seeking her hand in marriage, if she had compelled his love.

All that followed might perhaps have been prevented had I at first told my brother frankly of my love for Helen; but a foolish desire to prove her love for me, and a certain feeling of self-respect kept me silent.

It was not a long time before I either saw, or fancied I saw, a change in the manner of Helen toward me—the thought was torture. I was for days undecided how to act, but at length determined to learn the true state of things. I knew my brother was often at the parsonage, and I trembled for the result.

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"Helen," I asked her, "is not my brother a frequent visiter here?"

It was twilight, but I thought I observed a heightened color in her cheek.

"Yes, he has been here several times since his return."

"Dear Helen, answer me frankly, has he ever spoken to you of love?"

She hesitated, but at length replied,

"He has."

"And did you not tell him your vows were plighted to another?"

"My father entered the room before I made any reply at all."

"Helen, do you love me now the same as ever you have done?"

"You have my plighted word, William." Yet there was something bordering on coldness even in the sweet accents with which she spoke; the nice instinct of love detects each gradation of feeling with an unerring certainty. I was not satisfied, and when I left her, I was more unhappy than ever. I longed to speak to my brother on the subject, yet some indescribable feeling prevented me; and I allowed the days to glide away, growing more and more troubled in mind as they passed by.

I was now convinced that Helen's affection for me was not what it had been; and after a short interview with her, in which she had again repeated her love for me, but in such chilling tones that I felt it was not from the heart she spoke, I sought the chamber of my brother in a state almost bordering on madness. All of our race have been of ungovernable passions, but none more so than myself. I paused at his door to regain in some degree my self-command, then lifting the latch, I entered.

"Ah, brother!" said Sir John, in a cheerful tone.

"Yes, your younger brother," replied I, bitterly.

Sir John started with wonder.

"Why, William, what mean you?"

I paid no heed to the interruption, but continued growing, if possible, still more enraged as I proceeded.

"Are not all the broad lands of our family estate yours—its parks, its meadows, its streams; this venerable mansion, where the *elder son* has rioted for so many generations, leaving the younger to make his way in the world as best he may."

"Brother, are you mad? My purse is yours—I have nothing that is not yours."

"You have every thing, and not content with that, you have sought to win away the love of my affianced bride."

"Who mean you, William?"

"Helen Burnett."

My brother turned pale, and gazing upon me for a moment with astonishment, he heaved a deep sigh, and covered his face with his hands.

I folded my arms, and stood looking upon him scornfully, for my passion had made me consider him in the light of one who had knowingly stolen away my bride.

Sir John at length uncovered his face and spoke.

"I would to God, William, you had told me this sooner."

"Is it then too late?" I inquired, bitterly.

"Too late—too late for my happiness, but not too late for justice and honor. She is yours, William, I resign all pretensions to her hand, and will cease to visit the parsonage."

I was touched by the generous spirit of my brother, and by the mournful shadow which clouded his noble brow. I have ever acted from impulse, and seizing him by the hand, I said,

"Not so, John—not so! She is, as I have told you, my affianced bride; her solemn and oft-repeated vows are mine, and I have thought that her love was forever mine; but this very night I plainly perceived that a change has been wrought in her feelings. She treated me with coldness instead of warmth, and maddened by my interview with her, I rushed into your presence, and have blamed you unjustly."

"My dear brother—"

"No, no, John, I was wrong to accuse you. I should have better known your nobleness. Henceforth let us stand on equal ground; I do not want an unwilling bride, and if you can win her love from me, take her, though it drive me mad."

A gleam of pleasure passed over Sir John's countenance as he replied,

"Be it so, my brother, it is but honorable; yet will I at once resign all hope, and leave the country if you but will it so."

"Sir John, have you reason to think that Helen loves you?"

"She has never said so, but I did not think she looked coldly upon me."

"She is 'false, false as hell!'"

"My dear William, however this suite terminate, any thing in my power shall be done for you. If the estates were not entailed, I would at once give you a deed for half of them, and then I should have no advantage over you in wealth or position. Here is an order for a hundred thousand pounds."

"Sir John I will accept nothing; if I lose Helen, I shall have no more to live for, and I warn you, if I become mad from disappointment, do not cross my path, or I know not the consequence."

"You do not threaten me."

I felt the turbulent passions of my nature rising within me, and fearing that I should lose all self-command, I rushed from the room, and entering the silent park, I wandered from grove to grove till the cool air of the night had calmed my raging spirit, when I sought my own chamber.

I had never told the worthy curate of my love for his daughter, and Helen had never been accustomed to depend on him for advice or consolation. It was to her mother that she had always turned for both, and that mother had died but a year before the return of my brother. Mr. Burnett was a quiet student, passionately fond of his books, as innocent of the world as a child, only fretful and peevish when any thing occurred to disturb the quiet monotony of his existence, and apparently unconscious that his little

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Helen had grown from a child to a woman. His mind was wholly wrapped up in his studies, even at his meals it was abstracted, and he retired hastily to his closet. Helen had no inclination to disturb the serenity of his life, until it became absolutely necessary that he should be made acquainted with her engagement to me; and I had been too thoughtless of all but my own happiness to intrude upon his privacy, confident that his sanction to our marriage would not be refused whenever demanded.

I had yet to learn the lesson, bitter and agonizing, that no woman is proof against the captivating temptations of ambition, and the glare of wealth. I know but little of the sex; they are called angels, and I had thought Helen was an angel—alas! I found my mistake. I read my doom in the averted coldness of her glance; I felt it in the unwilling pressure of her hand whenever we met, and I knew it when I gazed upon the countenance of my brother, on which was a quiet glow of happiness his expressive features could not conceal, even when he knew my searching glance was upon him. O! the agony of feeling which oppressed me in those bitter days; I felt all the savage passions of my nature rising within me; there were moments when I felt as if I could gladly see my brother and Helen stretched dead at my feet. Day by day these vindictive thoughts increased within me. It wanted but the finishing stroke to make me completely mad—it came. Though I had long dreaded to make the trial, on which all my happiness for this world rested, I at length determined to put it off no longer.

The shadows of twilight were settling over the earth as I slowly and sadly approached the parsonage. My head was bowed upon my breast as I walked with a noiseless step upon the little path that led to the unpretending dwelling. I was not aware how near I had come, till a ray of light from the window fell across the path, and recalled me to myself. As I stopped, I heard the tones of my brother's voice in low and earnest conversation. I drew nearer, and beheld a sight which rooted me to the spot, even though I was not wholly unprepared for such a scene.

My brother and Helen were seated in the little arbor before the parsonage, as she and myself had often before sat when I fancied our love was lasting as life. In the dim light I could see that my brother's arm was round her waist, and that her head rested upon his shoulder. I could hear their conversation.

"And you do love me, then, Helen?"

I heard no answer, but the long curls moved slightly upon my brother's shoulder, and as he bent his head and kissed her, I felt that he was answered—I was answered—that he *was* loved.

My brain burned as if on fire—and I sunk to the earth with a low groan. How long I remained unconscious I do not know; when I recovered, Helen and Sir John stood beside me. I sprung to my feet, and gazed upon them with the glare of a maniac. It was so—my brain was crazed.

"William," said Helen.

Her soft voice fell upon my ears with a singular cadence. With a fierce laugh I struck my brother to the earth, and rushed forth into the forest. All that night I must have wandered through its depths. I found myself at the break of day miles from our mansion, lying beneath an aged oak. I did not seem to know myself. I cannot now describe the feelings and thoughts which raged within me. The wild storm which is now lashing the ocean without my cabin is not more wild and fierce—the black sky above me is not more dark and gloomy. They seemed at length to settle into one stern, unchanging emotion, and that was hatred toward my brother, and a stern determination to revenge upon him the cruel wrong which had driven me mad.

My path led along the course of a mountain torrent, whose sudden descent as it hurried toward the river, formed successive water-falls not unmusical in their cadence. A few purple beech and drooping willows with here and there a mountain ash, skirted the ravine that formed its bed; their leaves had fallen before the blasts of autumn, they seemed emblematic of myself; like me their glory had departed—they were shorn of their loveliness by the rough storm, left bare and verdureless in the chilling breath of autumn; the seasons in their round would restore to them their beauty and their bloom, clothing their branches again in all the freshness of youth; but what should give back to me the freshness and youth of the heart? what restore the desolation of of the soul?

Weak and exhausted, I flung myself down in a rude grotto, which commanded a view of the foaming stream as it washed the rocks below; it was a scene fitted to my mood, for I turned in disgust from the beautiful landscape an opening in the forest revealed—the beauty of earth had forever passed away from me. That same opening, however, unfolded to the sight the gray towers of my family mansion, and at once I started to my feet and bent my course toward them.

At length I reached my home—how hateful every thing about the venerable building seemed. I stole to my chamber, and falling upon my couch, slept from pure exhaustion.

It was night when I awoke. I arose, but did not leave my room; seated by the window with the cold wind of November blowing upon my burning brow, I nursed my thoughts of vengeance. I forgot that he against whom I harbored such thoughts was my only brother; I forgot my self-offered trial of our powers with Helen; I forgot every thing—every thing but the fiery feeling of revenge. Yes, I was mad.

Day after day I wandered around the old castle, shunning every one. My brother strove to converse with me, but glaring upon him like a maniac as I was, I rushed past him. I felt the poison of hatred working within me, and I knew the time was coming when my revengeful spirit would find its vent.

I often wandered toward the parsonage, but never sought an interview with Helen. At times I caught a glimpse of her light form as it passed by a window or before the open door that led into the hall. One

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evening I saw my brother enter, and drawing near the window, I saw through the slightly-parted curtain, such evidence of their mutual affection, that, if possible, I became more than ever crazy in my anguish and despair. I waited for him to come out long hours, hours to me of bitterest sorrow, to him of most intense delight. It was an exceedingly cold night. A slight snow had fallen during the day, and the landscape around me glistening in the moonlight, seemed wrapped in a robe of the purest white. Yet as I gazed all seemed to turn into the deep hue of blood—wherever I gazed, every thing presented the same fearful coloring. It was but the shadowy reflection of a coming deed that should forever stain my soul with a deeper red, that the years of eternity could never efface.

At length my brother opened the door of the parsonage and came forth. Leaning against the trunk of an old tree but a little distance from them, I saw and heard the parting acts of endearment. At that terrible moment the determination of my soul was made, and I heard the dark devil within me whisper one of you must die. I shuddered at the thought, but when scarcely out of sight of the parsonage, almost as soon as the door had closed upon the form of Helen, I confronted my brother. Sir John started back, surprised.

"What, William, is it you?"

I laughed scornfully.

"My poor brother!"

"Do you dare to pity me—ha! ha! ha! Sir John! one of us must die this night—here, upon this spot; here are two pistols, take one of them, and it will be soon seen which is the fated one."

Sir John mechanically took the pistol; cocking my own, I retired a few paces, and turning, exclaimed,

"Are you ready?"

My words recalled him to himself; flinging his pistol far into the wood, he exclaimed,

"I will not fire at my brother."

"Coward!"

"The name belongs not to our race; fire at me if you will, I will not at you."

Enraged beyond expression, yet even in my madness ashamed to fire at an unarmed man, I hesitated.

My brother spoke.

"Come, William, let us go home."

Home!—ha! ha! ha! my home is the wood and the cave! Here, take my good-night."

Thus speaking I flung my pistol full at his face with all my strength; it struck him lengthwise, and being cocked, went off in consequence of the concussion.

Sir John fell upon the cold snow. I rushed up to him, and beheld the blood flowing in torrents from a ghastly wound; the ball had taken a downward direction, and penetrated the abdomen.

"William," he said, faintly, "you have murdered me. God forgive you!"

It seemed as if my reason came back to me at that terrible moment as suddenly as it had left me. At the report of my pistol, I had heard a loud scream in the parsonage, and almost at the same time with myself Helen rushed up to the side of my brother.

"Oh!" she cried, in accents of agony, "who has done this?"

"Who!" said I, bitterly, "do you ask? You have done it; but no, Helen, I do not mean it—let us carry him into the parsonage."

With difficulty we lifted the body of my brother, and bearing him into the house, laid him upon a bed. Helen, who had up to this time been sustained by the necessity of exertion, fainted beside the body. I stood gazing upon them in stupid despair. The worthy pastor opened the door of the room; he had heard an unusual noise, and left his books to learn the cause.

I stopped not to converse with him, I could not trust myself to speak, but stooping to the lifeless form of Helen, I imprinted a last kiss upon her pale lips, and burst from the chamber. I do not know the result of that fatal night. It may be that my brother and Helen were both restored to life and happiness. God grant that it was so. It may be that the spirits of both had already passed to another world when I broke from the room, leaving the pale and astonished pastor gazing upon the lifeless bodies of his only daughter and the young lord of the manor. Years have passed since then, and not a happy hour have their long ages borne to me; yet methinks if I could but know that my brother and Helen are living in happiness in the mansion of my fathers, much that is dark and despairing in the remnant of life would be taken from the future.

That night I bade farewell to the haunts of boyhood, and the next day I was out upon the broad ocean. I had jumped aboard of a little vessel which was just weighing anchor, without asking its destination or caring where it bore me. I made brief reply to all interrogatories, merely showing a purse of gold, which was sufficient answer, inasmuch as it showed I was not to be an unprofitable part of the cargo.

Seated upon the companion-way, that evening I watched the receding shores of my native isle, and as the sunlight went out on its white cliffs, leaving them in sombre shade, I felt that so had the light of my life gone out, leaving the darkness of despair forever. Reckless as I was of the future, and dark as was the past, I was not yet dead to all emotion, and I could not witness my native land fading from my view without experiencing those melancholy feelings which the endearing recollections of former years excite, embittered as they were with me by the thought that even if I ever should return to the home of my fathers, I should find no kindred to welcome me back. No wonder, then, that I felt a chilling sickness of the heart as I caught a last glimpse of the Wicklow Mountains gleaming in the warm colorings of the evening sun, as they mingled their hoary summits with the "dewy skies" of my native isle.

The vessel on which I had chanced to take passage was bound for the West Indies. It was a small merchantman, and fell an easy prey to the first pirate that gave chase. We were boarded and

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all consigned to death. When the command was given to the pirates to shoot us all through the head, I stepped forward with a smile, and a heart partaking more of gladness than it had felt for long months, a pistol was at my temple, when the stern voice of the pirate captain commanded his man to stay his hand. He stepped forward and gazed into my face.

"My fine fellow, are you not afraid to die?"

"I have nothing to live for—blow away, and I will thank you."

"By heaven, you are just the man for us! Now take your choice, I have no objection to shoot you, indeed it would be rather pleasant than otherwise, but one of my lieutenants was killed yesterday, and you can fill his place if you will. I give you five minutes to decide while we are dispatching these dogs. I gazed upon the cruel work—it did not shock me; I even smiled at their agony, and had determined to share their fate, when a momentary thought of the unknown, mysterious hereafter restrained my advancing step. Am I ready, thought I, to plunge into its mysteries. I shuddered at the thought. It was not the beautiful blue sky unrolled above me, nor the broad, playful sea around that wooed me to life. No, it was that fear of the "something after death."

"Are you ready to answer?"

"I am thine."

"It is well, throw these carcasses into the sea, and set all sail for the Bermudas. Well, lieutenant," continued he, as the ship fell off before the wind, "give us your name, or it will be awkward work hailing you."

"William—" I stopped, the pride of my race arose within me.

"Well?"

"I will not give my name—call me William, I'll answer to that."

"Very well—lieutenant William, my lads, your second lieutenant."

The men seemed to like me from the first, and as I gazed upon them with a proud, fearless eye, a hearty cheer arose that endorsed my command.

Since then my home has been the pirate's deck; my heart has grown harder and harder with the lapse of time. I love the sight of blood better than I love the flowing wine—the agonizing shriek of death better than the sweetest music—like an emissary of evil I gloat over the tortures of man. I have learned to hate the land of my birth, and all who first drew breath upon her detested soil. I have been foremost in every conflict, yet have I not met death—the only foe whom I cannot conquer by my fierce will and dark heart.

I could not long remain a subordinate in command. I had become the idol of our lawless crew, and a single blow from my sword laid our captain low in death upon his own deck; and I filled his place, smiling with a fiendish pleasure, as I saw his body thrown into the waves, and the hungry sharks severing the limbs yet throbbing with life. I have no feeling for my kind—yet I was not meant for this. Under happier auspices, I might have been a leader in the ranks of God as I am now in those of Satan; my sword might have been drawn for my native land with the purest and loftiest feelings of patriotism, instead of being turned against her and her children. Even now, in the midst of my crimes and desolation, my heart throbs when I think of the great and good of earth, and I feel that, like them, I might have left a name of boast and pride to mankind; now, I shall perish, unknown and unwept; the annals of my house shall never record that one of its scions led a pirate crew to deeds of bloody cruelty and death. Long since I have buried my name in oblivion—I am dead to my kindred, dead to the world; the caves of ocean are yawning for the body of the pirate-chief, and there will he sleep with the howling ocean and the shrieking storm to sing his requiem and his dirge.

[To be continued.

DREAMS.

Yes, there were pleasant voices yesternight,
Humming within mine ear a tale of truth,
Reminding me of days ere the sad blight
Of care had dimmed the brightness of my youth:
Yes, they were pleasant voices; but, forsooth,
They threw a kind of melancholy charm
Around my heart; as if in vengeful ruth,
Our very dreams have knowledge of the harm
Ourselves do to ourselves, without the least alarm!

I love such dreams, for at my couch there stood
One who, in other lands, with magic spell,
Had taught my untaught heart to love the good,
The pure, the holy, which in her did dwell.
It was a lovely image, and too well
I do remember me the fatal hour,
When that bright image—but I may not tell
How deep the thraldom, absolute the power—
My very dreams decide it was her only dower.

Sandwich Islands.

What are our dreams? A sort of fancy sketches,
Limned on the mind's retina, with a grace
More subtle than the wakeful artist catches,
And tinted with a more ethereal trace.
Our dreams annihilate both time and space,
And waft us, with magnetic swiftness, back
O'er an oblivious decade to the place
Where youth's fond visions clustered o'er our track;
Of youth's fond hopes decayed, alas! there is no lack!

I love such dreams, for they are more than real;
They have a passion in them in whose birth
The heart receives again its bean ideal—
Its Platonized embodiment of worth.
Call ye them dreams! then what a mortal dearth
Throws its gaunt shadow o'er our little life!
Our very joy is mockery of mirth,
And our quiescence agony of strife:
If dreams are naught but dreams, what is our real life?

S. O. B.

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A LEAF IN THE LIFE OF LEDYARD LINCOLN.

A SKETCH.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

It was in the joyous leaf-giving, life-giving month of June, of 18—, after an absence of six years, that I found myself once more among my own dearly loved native hills.

An intense worshiper of Nature, I had gratified to the utmost my passion and curiosity by exploring all the accessible regions of the old world. I had studied every scene that was in any way famous, or *infa*mous I might say with regard to some, if the necessity of clambering down or up unclimbable precipices, or wading through interminable swamps, could render them so.

With all the fatigue and hardships I had undergone my reward was great, and had more than repaid me for the perilous dangers I had courted and conquered. I had gazed, and dreamed, and raved by turns. I had been melted into tears of tenderness by the perfect harmony and loveliness of some scenes, and had been frozen into awe by the magnificent grandeur and terrible sublimity of others. And, after those six years of travel in foreign lands, I had returned, my brain one endless panorama of hills, valleys and cloud-capped mountains, earth, skies, wood and water. Not one of those gorgeous scenes, however, had moved me as I was moved when once again I beheld my boyhood's home—the stately mansion of my fathers. Half hidden, it rose majestically amid the noble elms that surrounded it; there lay the velvet-green sloping lawn in front—down which, as a boy, I had rolled in the summer and sledded in the winter—there the wild, night-dark ravine in the rear—fit haunt for elves and gnomes—that terminated amid jagged rocks and tangled trees, in a rushing, roaring brook of no mean dimensions, almost as large as many of the so-called rivers of the mother country. Just at this point, at the turn of the old time-worn stage-road, where the venerable, picturesque old homestead of my sires burst thus suddenly into view, an opening in the trees, whether by accident or design, revealed one of the very merriest, maddest of musical water-falls, that went foaming and tumbling its snow-white, sparkling waters over a bed of huge rocks, and then, by a sudden willful bend, that same loud-uttering brook was lost to view.

As the rattling stage neared my home, my heart leaped within me, and every fibre of it trembled with emotion. I could have hugged and kissed each familiar sturdy old tree, looking so grand and natural. My soul warmed and yearned toward the well remembered scene; and as I thought upon my fond, doting mother and my loving, lovely sisters, and my ever-indulgent father, I could have wept in the intensity of my joy at finding myself so near them, and breathing the same free, pure, health-giving air that had nurtured my childhood. But was there not sitting directly opposite to me one of the most exquisitely beautiful of God's lovely women; and did not her saucy, demure eyes seem to read my very soul? I therefore restrained a display of my feelings, for it would not have appeared in the least dignified or proper in a fine-looking young man (such as I imagined myself to be) of four-and-twenty, to be seen with eyes streaming like a young girl.

More than once, during our short stage-coach ride had our eyes met; and hers had revealed to me a living well of spiritual beauty; and although they were withdrawn as soon as they encountered mine—not coquettishly, but with true feminine modesty—still they were not turned away until our mutual eyes had flashed one electrical spark of mutual understanding and mutual sympathy, that whole volumes of dull words could never express either as vividly or as truly. What a heaven-born mystery is contained in the glance of an eye: it can kill and can make alive; it can fill the heart with a sudden and delicious ecstasy, and it can plunge it into the deepest, darkest despair.

I gave her one last look as the stage stopped before my father's door, and if it expressed one tithe of what I felt, it told her of my warm admiration of her glorious beauty, and of my sorrow at leaving her, perhaps forever, without knowing more of her.

For the time the matchless image of my stage-coach companion was lost in the loving embraces and tender greetings of my family. I felt it truly refreshing, after six years of exile from my own kith and kin, to be caressed and made much of; to be told by three deliciously beautiful, exquisitely graceful sisters, hanging around one, and kissing one every other word, to be told how much the few last years had improved one, how handsome, &c. one was grown; was it not enough to somewhat turn one's brain, and make one a little vain and considerably happy.

In the still hush of the night, after finding myself once more in my own room—*my* room, with its cabinets of shells and mosses, that I had collected when a boy in my various trips to the seashore, all religiously left arranged as I had left them, its guns, fishing-rods, stuffed rabbits and birds, its preserved rattle-snakes and cases of insects, all of which had stood for so long a time in their respective places that they had become a part of the room—in the still

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hush of the night the divine image of my most beautiful stage-coach companion arose before me. The evening was warm and soft, and gleaming in the gorgeous moonlight lay that wild, weird ravine, and the ever downward, foaming water-fall. Its musical utterings, the delicious moonlight, and my own newly awakened and hitherto invulnerable heart, all conspired to make me poetical and inspired, or at least to imagine myself to be so; and pardon me if I gave utterance in verse to some of my feelings. But do not in the least imagine that you are going by any means to be presented with a fatiguing copy of my passionate numbers; in the first place I am very diffident, and in the next—but never mind the next, I will tell you in plain prose that I felt convinced in my heart, I felt a rapturous presentiment that the unutterably lovely being I had that day beheld would ere long be my own dear little wife, forever and forever. An indistinct dream of having somewhere, at some time before, known her haunted me and tormented me, but I racked my brains in vain to recollect the spot or time, and finally came to the conclusion that it had been in another state of existence we had met.

I had been home but a few days when business letters came, demanding the presence of my father or myself in Philadelphia. My father expressed a desire that I should go, and a certain internal prompting urged me to comply with his request. The next morning bright and early found me seated in the same stage-coach in which I had met her. The due progress of steamboat and cars deposited me safely the day after in the goodly city of Squareruledom.

The first leisure moment at my command, I paid my respects to the family of my father's brother. I found my good uncle and aunt at home; but my little pet Emily—their only child—whom I had last seen a rosy romping little imp of twelve—was unfortunately out. My uncle urged me very hard to make his house my home during my stay in Philadelphia; but I had taken up my abode in the family of an old college chum of mine, who had lately commenced the practice of the art of healing, and who I knew would be none the worse from a little of my help in a pecuniary way. I therefore declined my kind uncle's request, with a promise to come and see them often.

Judge of my inexpressible joy when, turning a corner of a street, after leaving my uncle's, who should I chance upon but the very being of whom my brain and heart were full! Yes, there was the identical she, and bless her dear little heart! she gave me a bright half smile of recognition, which I returned with as profound a bow as ever courtier bowed to queen, or devotee to Pope's sublime imperial toe.

An omnibus came rolling by, which she, with a motion of her neat little gloved hand, bid stop. She stepped lightly into it, while I, with my usual impetuosity, without knowing exactly what I was doing, sprang after her. I consoled myself for my apparent rudeness by throwing the entire blame upon the elective affinities.

On we went, and from time to time as I stole a glance at her sweet face, I thought I detected a sly, mischievous little devil playing around the corners of her small dimpled mouth, and about the pure lids of her downcast long-fringed eyes. She never vouchsafed me a look, however; and as we went on, and as I still watched her lovely face, a dread vision arose up before me of a six-foot and well proportioned youth, with fierce whiskers and a moustache of undisputable cut and style, that I remembered to have seen with the young lady during our stage-coach ride together—that I remembered, with a terrible heart-sinking, was impressively attentive to her. I inwardly resolved to let nature have her way, and let all the hair grow on my face that would; what if it did grow a little reddish or so—why I should resemble the rising sun, with my glory like a halo around me. Seriously, I have long been of the opinion that a shaved face is as much of a disgrace, and ought to be so considered, as a shaved head fresh from prison. Why do we not finish the half completed work and actually shave off the hair of our heads, our eye-brows and lashes, as well as our beards, and thus go cool and comfortable through the world? There would be this advantage in it, the disciples of Spurzheim would have no trouble of making a map of our bumps at sight; and then think what an immense saving it would be in combs and brushes, to say nothing of pomatum, which some so freely use. I rejoice sincerely to see the sudden rise in crops of hair, and most truly hope they will not have as rapid a fall. Shaving is artificial and injurious, exposing parts to cold that Nature never meant should be exposed. Black, white or red—hair is a protection and ornament that no manly face or head should be without. Rejoice ye, therefore, over every repentant sinner who tarrieth in Jericho and letteth his beard to grow.

But to return to my little omnibus companion, who by this time was gracefully moving over the smooth gravel-walks of Fairmount—for there we had stopped—and exceedingly refreshing were its cool shades and splashing fountains on that sultry June day. I kept as near her as I could without appearing rude, especially as I had received one or two half glances from her bright eyes, that nearly annihilated me, such an unearthly fluttering and bumping in the region of my heart did they create. Mercy upon me! what would a whole glance do? And for a whole glance I courageously resolved to strive, let the consequences be what they might.

Now do you not expect an earthquake, or a roaring bull, or at least a rabid dog? It was nothing more however than a refreshing shower of rain—truly refreshing to my thirsty soul, for it gave me that coveted *whole* glance. Heavens! I actually staggered, and would undoubtedly have fallen had it not been for a friendly sapling—you will sneer at witless I—that grew near me. But just try the effect upon yourself—a shock of electricity is nothing in comparison to a shock from a pair of bright eyes—such eyes as hers. The truth of the case was here, of a sudden, apparently from out the clear sky, came

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down, with not a moment's warning, a perfect avalanche of rain-drops—all expressly got up, or down, for my benefit, else why did I happen to have an umbrella in my hand? "A wise man—" you remember the rest. My beautiful incognito was away up those long stairs, and walking leisurely around the immense basin, when the rain came down. I was not very far from her, and in less than an instant my umbrella was over her pretty little blue bonnet, with—

"Be kind enough to accept my umbrella, Miss"—in the most insinuating manner of which I was master.

"Thank you! but I will not deprive you of its shelter," with that whole glance of which I spoke. So on we went together, and somehow after we found ourselves under shelter, it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to fall into a pleasant conversation. After talking about the scenery, weather, &c., we had mutually enjoyed during our short stage ride, I spoke of the beauty around us, and asked her if she often visited this lovely spot.

"Not very often," replied she. "It is very beautiful though, in spite of all they have done to spoil it."

"To spoil it!"

"Yes, by making it as much like a chess-board as possible, all straight lines and stiffness. That is Philadelphia however."

"Then you are not a Philadelphian, or it is not a favorite city with you?"

"There you are mistaken. It is my native place, and a city I love dearly—with all its formalities and inhospitalities toward strangers. Philadelphia is a prim matron, with a warm heart but a most frigid, repulsive exterior, until you become acquainted with her—one of her particular children."

"I have been told that there is a finer collection of works of art here than in any other city in the Union."

"I believe you have been told correctly. We have more time in our quiet way to look after and admire the productions of the great masters. Our taste has wonderfully improved within a few years."

"I have not been in town long enough to visit any of your show places yet."

"How I *should* like to see that lovely water-fall and the whole of that beautiful scene on canvas. Do you know I almost envied you a home in that beautiful house with all its picturesque surroundings."

"I am truly thankful you had the kind grace to think of me at all."

"How could I help it? I had a feeling the first moment I saw you that you and I were destined to be friends. Is there not a certain mysterious something—call it magnetism or instinct—that either draws us toward or repels us from every person we meet in either a greater or less degree? With me this instinct is very strong, and I obey it implicitly, never in one instance having found it to fail. I know at once who to trust and who to love. And would know, by the same unerring law of my nature, who to hate if ever I felt the least inclination to hate. The only feeling of hate I ever experienced is a strong desire to avoid all persons or things that are disagreeable to me. I love harmony the most perfect, and discord is a thing for me to flee from. I felt toward you a most decided drawing, and I felt a conviction then, as I do now, that we are to be very near and dear friends."

The little angel! I could have hugged and kissed her on the spot; but I hugged her in my soul, and inwardly vowed to consecrate my life to her, if the "drawing" she felt for me could be rendered sufficiently strong to admit of such a thing. On a sudden I bethought me of the whiskered incognito, her stage attendant. I mustered courage to ask her in a half laughing way, if that fine-looking fellow she had called Charles were her brother.

Instantly her manner changed from that of sweet and almost tender seriousness to an arch, quizzical one that puzzled me.

"Oh no, not my brother," said she.

"*Not* her brother—a sharp pang of pain shot through me—I was getting dreadfully jealous—I looked all manner of curiosity and all manner of questions; she took pity on me and said—a smile still lurking in the corner of her eye—

"He is no more nor less than the intended future husband of the one you see before you."

"The future devil! I sincerely beg your pardon, but—you take me by surprise—I regret—but really I do not feel that it can be so."

"And why not?"

"Truly, why not!"

"He is very handsome."

"That is as one thinks."

"And very accomplished."

"In flattery, most like."

"And a most profound scholar."

"In the art of making love, it would seem."

"But I do not love him."

"Not love him!"

"No, nor never can."

"Then why, my dearest young lady, do you marry him?"

"You may well ask; why indeed?",

"You seemed very friendly with him the day I saw you together, and happier than I could have wished you."

"That was before I knew I was to be his wife. It has only been decided upon a few days."

"And now?"

"It is a long story, that I may tell you if we should meet again. I never can love him, though I greatly esteem him, and—"

"*Esteem!*"

"A sad substitute for love; but what is love without esteem?"

"What is esteem without love?"

"Very true. It was not my own doing, although I reluctantly gave my consent. If I can with honor release myself from this unfortunate engagement—I have thought more and more every day since, that love, true heart-love, is the only tie that should sanction the union of two beings—but why should I talk in this way to you, a stranger? I cannot feel, how-

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ever that you are a stranger; we have surely met before in some other state of being. I am a firm believer in the beautiful faith of the transmigration of souls—of pre-existence. What is it that brings two congenial souls together, uniting them in one hour in more perfect harmony than whole years could effect among ordinary acquaintances?"

"Something unexplainable," I answered, "as it is mysterious. We can call it elective affinity, and can talk very learnedly upon the singular attraction of the magnet, as applied to the poles as well as souls, and we can make vast and wise experiments, and in the end be as far from the real cause as we were before the Solomonic experiments were made. The school-boy's reasoning was more to the point—

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

I love you dearly, Dr. Fell, the reason why, &c., would be just as conclusive. We are so accustomed to seeing drops of water drawing near to meet each other, and mingling in a loving embrace of perfect unity, that we cease to wonder at the occurrence, as we do also at the fact that oil and water will not mingle."

"Just as my soul will *not* mingle with the souls of some. There is an antagonism more or less decided between my inner self and many persons I know; people, too, that I am compelled to be friendly with, and wish to be friendly with, many of them my cousins and aunts. Then again toward some am I as irresistibly attracted."

Her beautiful eyes sought mine frequently during our conversation, and her glorious soul looked through them—earnest, simple and pure.

"Just so," resumed she, after a pause, during which her sweet, soft eyes had been gazing on the dreamy waters. "Just so have I felt attracted toward you. I could sit down beside you and tell my whole soul to you as freely as though you were my own brother."

The word *brother* sent a disagreeable shiver through me that all her sweet confidence could not banish.

"But," exclaimed she, starting up, "what am I doing? The rain has stopped, and the waning sun warns me that it is time to be at home. And what *must* you think of me? I hardly dare to ask the—"

"That you are the most lovely, most glorious of all Heaven's glorious creatures; that you—"

"There, there! if you talk in that way, I shall truly repent having said all I have to you."

"Forgive me; though I spoke sincerely, I hope—"

"I will forgive on condition of good behavior in future. But I must not stay for another word. Promise me that you will not leave this spot until ten minutes after the omnibus I shall be in is out of sight."

"I promise," said I, reluctantly.

She gave me her little, soft, ungloved hand at parting; its gentle pressure sent a thrill of ecstasy through me, and I looked all the unutterable things that my full soul felt into her warm brown eyes. And, by the way, I may as well say that my own eyes are—they are a dark, deep blue, and strangely expressive, if I believe my sisters and my friends, and—my own glass.

For one week did I wander up and down the streets, and watch every omnibus, and stare into the windows and doors of every house I passed. I peered under every pretty bonnet I met, and was, on the eighth day, giving full chase to a coquettish little blue one, in the earnest hope of finding the sweet face of my beautiful incognita hidden under it, when some one laid a strong grasp on my shoulder, and looking around, I beheld the generous face of my good uncle.

"Bless the boy! why, Led, what is your hurry? Your business must have been *very* urgent this last week. Why, in the name of all the saints, have you kept away so studiously? There is poor little Emily actually dying with anxiety to see you. Bless my soul! is this the way to treat your friends? But now that I have fairly captured you, I do not intend to let you go."

And he did not, and would not; so I had to go with him. And what do you think? The first object that met my bewildered gaze, as my uncle led me into the drawing-room, was—herself! her very self! but so altered, looking so cold and stately. My uncle introduced me to her as "My daughter Emily, nephew Ledyard." "My daughter Emily" inclined her beautiful head most graciously, and sweetly smiled, but not one recognizing glance did she deign to bestow on poor "nephew Ledyard." Lovely she was, and proud and majestic as a queen. What could it mean? I made several well-planned allusions to omnibuses and stages, &c., not one of which did she seem to comprehend.

Her exceeding beauty still charmed me in spite of her coldness; and I stayed to tea and then the evening. My cousin sung for me; her voice was highly cultivated and exceedingly sweet, and full of feeling. Song after song she poured forth into the listening air, and each song entranced me more than the last.

We conversed gayly on several topics, and she grew more and more familiar with me, alluded playfully to our childish intimacy; still, to the very close of the evening, did she refuse to remember by look or word that we had met since children. She evidently wished to forget, and wished me to forget the whole of that pleasant interview that had afforded *me*, at least, such soul-felt delight; yet she acted her part so well, was so careless and unconscious, and withal so cold and full of queenly dignity, that I went home in a perfect bewilderment of amazement.

As I lay tossing on a sleepless bed, and in my heart bitterly railing against the perversity and incomprehensibility of women, I found myself incessantly repeating to myself, "Am I Giles, or am I not;" the truth flashed upon me that I was the unhappy victim of an optical illusion, that the Cousin Emily I had but a little before left was simply my Cousin Emily, and not the beautiful being of whom my heart and life were full—that incessant thinking of her, and seeking her, had crazed my brain. I relighted my lamp and made my way into the doctor's

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study. I read all I could find on the subject of optical delusion and maniacal hallucination until I convinced myself that I was laboring under a very alarming attack of one or both, and resolved on seriously consulting my friend, the doctor, early the next morning.

I went back to bed with the decided opinion that I was exceedingly to be pitied—how would it appear in the papers? for I must undoubtedly grow worse, and it must undoubtedly end in suicide. "Sad occurrence," "nice young man," "brilliant prospects," "only son of —," and "promising talents," "laboring under incipient insanity," "fatal cause unknown," &c., &c. I sympathized with myself until near morning, then fell into a sleep, which lasted until the bell rung for breakfast. I dressed in a hurry, and got down before the muffins were quite cold. I ate a hearty breakfast, read a newspaper or two, and determining on seeing my cousin again before I made up my mind to ask advice, I soon found myself at her door. The fresh morning air and the walk had so invigorated me, that I laughed at my last night's fears, especially as my lovely cousin came into the drawing-room to receive me, radiant with health and beauty. I found her just the same as she was the night before, gay, witty and charming, and as cold as marble. Still I could not be mistaken; for, with all her feigned coldness—for some good reason of her own undoubtedly—there was no doubting her identity with that of my glorious Fairmount vision.

The day was a lovely one, soft and mild as a June morning could make it. After conversing on indifferent subjects for a time, I asked her, remarking on the deliciousness of the morning, if she would not like to go out with me to Fairmount. She assented with a quiet smile, as innocently as though she had never in her life before heard of such a place as Fairmount.

"The little deceiver!" thought I. "Which way shall we go?" said I, aloud, and very significantly, "shall we take the omnibus?"

"I will order the carriage," replied she, with a slight shrug; "I never ride in those omnibusses, one meets with such odd people."

"*Never?*" asked I, emphatically.

"Certainly, never!" answered she, with much apparent surprise.

My drive was a delightful one. How could it be otherwise, with a glorious day surrounding me, and a gloriously beautiful cousin sitting beside me, with whom I could not exactly make up my mind whether to fall desperately *in* love, or desperately *out* of love. I, too, such an enthusiastic lover of beauty. But she chose to be so different from what she was at our first meeting—so reserved, that I could not decide whether I most loved or was most indifferent to her.

We rode all the morning, and I left her, promising to call again in the evening. I walked the streets until dark, the whole affair vexed me so much—I, such a hater of all mysteries, the most impatient of all breathing mortals. I determined to come at once to an understanding with my perverse little cousin, and to decide at once the puzzling question whether to love or not to love.

In the evening I found myself alone with my little tormentor.

"Now, sweet Cousin Emily," said I, playfully, "you have been teazing me long enough with your pretty affectation of ignorance and innocence—not but that you are as ignorant as the rest of your sweet sex, and as innocent too—but, I beseech you, lay by this masquerading, you have played possum long enough. I humbly implore of you to be the same to me that you were in our first visit to Fairmount—the earnest, simple-hearted Cousin Emily you then were."

"Mr. Lincoln speaks in enigmas; I must confess I do not understand his meaning, nor his elegant allusion to 'playing possum.'"

This she said with so much haughtiness, that I was taken all aback. Rallying, however, in a moment I determined not to give up the point.

"I beseech of you to pardon the inelegance of my expression, and also my pertinacity in insisting upon some explanation of your manner toward me. It will all do very well for the stage," continued I, bitterly, "but in real life, among cousins, and two that have met so frankly, and in such sincerity, I feel that our acquaintanceship must at once end, pleasant as it has been, as it might be to me, unless you lay aside this assumed coldness. It harasses me more than I can express. Emily, after seeing you in the stage-coach, I thought I had never met with one half so lovely, and I could think of nothing but you. After remaining at home but one week, business called me to Philadelphia. Judge of my delight when almost the first object that met my view was your beautiful, unforgotten little self. You were just stepping into one of those very omnibusses you have since seen fit to decry. What followed you must remember as distinctly as I—no *not* as distinctly, for the whole of that delicious interview is engraven on my heart—one of the sun-bright scenes of my life that I can never forget. And now, after that beautiful interchange of thought and soul that promised—every thing, do I find you cold, impassive. If you repent the trust you so freely reposed in me, in all frankness, say so; but for the sweet love of heaven, do not pretend to such—"

"For the sweet love of heaven what is the man raving about? Are you mad, dear cousin, insane? Poor Cousin Ledyard! Or is it—?" her whole manner changed, her brilliant eyes lighted up with intense fire. How beautiful she looked! I could have knelt and worshiped her, though, strange to say, my restless, ardent love for her had entirely abated. "Yes!" exclaimed she, "it must be so;" and with that she clasped her small white hands, and throwing back her fine head, laughed with all her heart, and strength, and soul.

"This was very pleasant for me; still I had to join her laugh, it was so genuine and infectious.

"Forgive me, dear cousin, forgive me for my rude laughter; forgive me also for my folly in attempting

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to deceive you. You will hereafter find me the same you found me in our first pleasant interview. Here is my hand—I will not explain one other word to-night; I hear voices on the stairs. Come here to-morrow evening at eight, and you shall know all—all my reasons."

"And why not to-morrow morning, cruel cousin?"

"I am engaged all of the day to-morrow. I go with mamma and papa out of town, ten miles or so, to dine; a stupid affair, but mamma wishes it."

"But before you go—just after breakfast."

"No, no—come in the evening."

By this time the voices heard on the stairs had entered the room in the shape of a merry half-dozen of my cousin's young friends. Feeling too agitated for society, I withdrew.

And now another night and a whole day more of suspense—that pale horror, that come in what shape it will, even in the shape of a beautiful cousin, always torments the very life from my heart.

All the clocks in town were striking eight as I rung my uncle's bell. I found the drawing-room full of company, at which I felt vexed and disappointed.

My lovely cousin came up to me and placed her arm within mine, and led me through the next room into the conservatory, and there, seated amid the rare eastern flowers, herself the queen of them, was, gracious heaven! I dared scarcely breathe, so great was my fear of dispelling the beautiful illusion. It was she! none other; my stage-coach companion—my Fairmount goddess. The musical, measured voice of my statue-like Cousin Emily brought me to myself.

"Allow me, Cousin Ledyard, to introduce you to *my* Cousin Emily."

There they both stood, one Cousin Emily, calm, stately, serene; the other trembling and in blushes.

I looked from one to the other in the most ludicrous bewilderment, yet each glance showed me more and more what a wonderful fool I had been making of myself for the last few days. Still they were strangely alike; their own kindred could not at times distinguish one from the other. My heart could feel the difference. *My* Emily was a child of nature, the other bred in a more conventional school. My Emily was a shade less tall, less stately, less Grecian, and exquisitely more lovely, and loving.

But that double wedding *was* a grand one. By what means my Emily contrived to disentangle herself from that handsome-whiskered "Charles," and to entangle him fast in the chains of the other Emily, any one who wishes to know, and will take the trouble, can have all due information on the subject, and can also learn how I wooed my peerless Emily and won her, by coming to our lovely picturesque dwelling, situate in one of the most romantic spots in the country. I write you all to come, one by one, and spend a month with me, and you shall know all the particulars. You will find my little Emily a pattern housekeeper; you will also find a ready welcome. Bless her sweet face! There she sits, at the moment that I am writing this to you, with her willow arms twined around the exquisite form of her little lily-bud boy, and bending low her graceful form over him, hushing to sleep the very bravest, noblest, merriest little specimen of babyhood—the exact image of his enraptured father.

THE DEFORMED ARTIST.

BY MRS. E. H. HORSFORD.

The twilight o'er Italia's sky
Had wove a shadowy veil,
And one by one the solemn stars
Looked forth serene and pale;
As quickly the waning light
Through a high casement stole,
And fell on one with silver hair,
Who shrived a passing soul.

No costly pomp and luxury
Relieved that chamber's gloom,
But glowing forms, by limner's art
Created, thronged the room:
And as the low winds echoed far
The bell for evening prayer,
The dying painter's earnest tones
Fell on the languid air.

"The spectral form of Death is nigh,
The thread of Life is spun,
Ave Maria! I have looked
Upon my latest sun.

And yet 't is not with pale disease
This frame is worn away,
Nor yet—nor yet with length of years—
A child but yesterday

"I found within my father's hall
No fervent love to claim—
The curse that marked me from my birth
Devoted me to shame.
I saw upon my brother's brow
Angelic beauty lay,
The mirror gave me back a form
That thrilled me with dismay.

"And soon I learned to shrink from all,
The lowly and the high;
To see but scorn on every lip,
Contempt in every eye.
And for a time e'en Nature's smile
A bitter mockery wore,
For beauty stamped each living thing
The wide creation o'er;

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"And I alone was cursed and loathed;
'T was in a garden bower
I knelt one eve, and scalding tears
Fell fast on many a flower;
And as I rose I marked with awe
And agonizing grief,
A frail mimosa at my feet
Fold close each fragile leaf.

"Alas! how dark my lot if thus
A plant could shrink from me;
But when I looked again I marked
That from the honey-bee,
The falling leaf, the bird's gay wing,
It shrunk with pain and fear,
A kindred presence I had found,
Life waxed sublimely clear.

"I climbed the lofty mountain height
And communed with the skies,
And felt within my grateful heart
Strange aspirations rise.
Oh! what was this humanity
When every beaming star
Was filled with lucid intellect,
Congenial, though afar.

"I mused beneath the avalanche,
And traced the sparkling stream,
Till Nature's face became to me
A passion and a dream:

Then thirsting for a higher lore
I left my childhood's home,
And stayed not till I gazed upon
The hills of fallen Rome.

"I stood amid the forms of light,
Seraphic and divine,
The painter's wand had summoned from
The dim Ideal's shrine;
And felt within my fevered soul
Ambition's wasting fire,
And seized the pencil with a vague
And passionate desire

"To shadow forth, with lineaments
Of earth, the phantom throng
That swept before my sight in thought,
And lived in storied song.
Vain, vain the dream—as well might I
Aspire to build a star,
Or pile the gorgeous sunset clouds
That glitter from afar.

"The threads of life have worn away,
Discordantly they thrill,
But soon the sounding chords will be
Forever mute and still.
And in the spirit-land that lies
Beyond, so calm and gray,
I shall aspire with truer aim—
Ave Maria! pray!"

A FAREWELL TO A HAPPY DAY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Good-bye—good-bye, thou gracious, golden day:
Through luminous tears, thou smilest, far away
In the blue heaven, thy sweet farewell to me,
And I, through *my* tears, gaze and smile with thee.

I see the last faint, glowing, amber gleam
Of thy rich pinion, like a lovely dream,
Whose floating glory melts within the sky,
And now thou 'rt passed forever from mine eye!

Were we not friends—*best* friends—my cherished day?
Did I not treasure every eloquent ray
Of golden light and love thou gavest me?
And have I not been true—most true to thee?

And *thou*—thou camest like a joyous bird,
Whose sacred wings by heaven's own air were stirred,
And lowly sang me all the happy time
Dear, soothing stories of that blissful clime!

And more, oh! more than this, there came with thee,
From Heaven, a stranger, rare and bright to me,
A new, sweet joy—a smiling angel-guest,
That softly asked a home within my breast.

For talking sadly with my soul alone,
I heard far off and faint a music-tone,
It seemed a spirit's call—so soft it stole
On fairy wings into my waiting soul.

I *knew* it summoned me to something sweet,
And so I followed it with fluttering feet;
And found—what I had prayed for with wild tears—
A rest, that soothed the lingering grief of years!

So for that deep, perpetual joy, my day!
And for all lovely things that came to play
In thy glad smile—the pure and pleading flowers
That crowned with their frail bloom thy flying hours—

The sunlit clouds—the pleasant air that played
Its low late-music 'mid the leafy shade—
And, dearer far, the tenderness that taught
My soul a new and richer thrill of thought—

For these—for all—bear thou to Heaven for me
The grateful thanks with which I mission thee!
Then should thy sisters, wasted, wronged, upbraid,
Speak *thou* for me—for thou wert not betrayed!

'T was little—true—I could to thee impart—
I, with my simple, frail and wayward heart;
But that I strove the diamond sands to light,
In Life's rich hour-glass, with *Love's* rainbow flight;

And that one generous spirit owed to me
A moment of exulting ecstasy;
And that I won o'er wrong a queenly sway—
For this, thou 'lt smile for me in Heaven, my Day!

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SAM NEEDY.

A TALE OF THE PENITENTIARY.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

Several years ago, a man of the name of Samuel Needy, a poor artisan, was living in London. He had with him a wife, and a child by this wife. This artisan was skillful, quick, intelligent, very ill-treated by education, very well-treated by nature—able to think, but not to read. One winter his work failed him—there was neither fire nor food in his garret; the man, the woman, and the child were cold and hungry; he committed a theft; it is unnecessary to state what he stole, or whence he stole it. Suffice it to know, that the consequences of this theft were three days' food and fire to the wife and child, and five years of imprisonment to the man.

Sam Needy, lately an honest man, now and henceforth a thief, was dignified and grave in appearance; his high forehead was already wrinkled, though he was still young; some gray lines lurked among the black and bushy tufts of his hair; his eye was soft, and buried deep beneath his lofty and well-turned eye-brow; his nostrils were open, his chin advancing, his lip scornful; it was a fine head—let us see what society made of it.

He was a man of few words—more frequent gestures—somewhat imperious in his whole manner, and one to make himself obeyed; of a melancholy air—rather serious than suffering; for all that he had suffered enough.

In the place where he was confined there was a director of the work-rooms—a kind of functionary peculiar to prisons, who combined in himself the offices of turnkey and tradesman, who would at the same time issue an order to the workman and threaten the prisoner—put tools in his hand and irons on his feet. This man was a variety of his own species—a man peremptory, tyrannical, governed by his fancies, holding tight the reins of his authority, and yet, on occasion, a boon companion, jovial and condescending to a joke—rather hard than firm—reasoning with no one—not even himself—a good father, and doubtless a good husband—(a duty, by the way, and not a virtue;) in short, evil but not bad. The principal, the diagonal line of this man's character was obstinacy; he was proud of it, and therein compared himself to Napoleon, when he had once fixed what he called *his will* upon an absurdity, he went to its furthest length, holding his head high, and despising all obstacles. Such violence of purpose without reason, is only folly tied to the tail of brute force, and serving to lengthen it. For the most part, whenever a catastrophe, whether public or private, happens amongst men, if we look beneath the rubbish with which it strews the earth, to find in what manner the fallen fabric had been propped, we shall, with rare exceptions, discover it to have been blindly put together by a weak and obstinate man, trusting and admiring himself implicitly. Many of the smaller of these strange fatalities pass in the world for providences. Such was he who was the director of the work-rooms in the House of Correction where poor Sam Needy was sent to undergo his sentence. Such was the stone with which society daily struck its prisoners to draw sparks from them. The sparks which such stones draw from such flints often kindle conflagrations.

In a short time Sam found the prison air natural to him, and appeared to have forgotten every thing; a certain severe serenity, which belonged to his character, had resumed its mastery.

In about the same time he had acquired a singular ascendency over all his companions, as if by a sort of silent agreement, and without any one knowing wherefore, not even himself. All these men consulted him, listened to him, admired and imitated him, (the last point to which admiration can mount.) It was no slight glory to be obeyed by all these lawless natures; the empire had come to him without his own seeking—it was a consequence of the respect with which they beheld him. The eye of a man is a window, through which may be seen the thoughts which enter into and issue from his heart.

Place an individual who possesses ideas among those who do not, at the end of a given time, and by a law of irresistible attraction, all their misty minds shall draw together with humility and reverence round his illuminated one. There are men who are iron, and there are men who are loadstone. Sam Needy was loadstone. In less than three months he had become the soul, the law, the order of the work-room; he was the dial, concentrating all rays; he must even himself have sometimes doubted whether he were king or prisoner—it was the captivity of a pope among his cardinals.

By as natural a reaction, accomplished step by step, as he was loved by the prisoners, so was he detested by the jailers. It is always thus, popularity cannot exist without disfavor—the love of the slaves is always exceeded one degree by the hate of their masters.

Sam Needy was, by his particular organization, a great eater; his stomach was so formed, that food enough for two common men would hardly have sufficed for his nourishment. Lord Slickborough had one of these large appetites, and laughed at it; but that which is a cause of gayety for a British peer,

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with a rent-roll of fifty-thousand pounds a year, is a heavy charge to an artisan, and a misfortune to a prisoner.

Sam Needy, free in his own loft, worked all day, earned his four pounds of bread, and ate it; Sam Needy, in prison, worked all day, and, for his pains, received invariably one pound and a half of bread, and four ounces of meat; the ration admits of no change. Sam was therefore constantly hungry whilst in the House of Correction; he was hungry, and no more—he did not speak of it because it was not his nature so to do.

One day Sam, after devouring his scanty pittance, had returned to his work, thinking to cheat his hunger by it—the rest of the prisoners were eating cheerily. A young man, pale, fair, and feeble-looking, came and placed himself near him; he held in his hand his ration, as yet untouched, and a knife; he remained in that situation, with the air of one who would speak, and dares not. The sight of the man, and his bread and meat annoyed Sam.

"What do you want?" said he, rudely.

"That you would do me a service," said the young man, timidly.

"What?" replied Sam.

"That you would help me to eat this—it is too much for me."

A tear stood in the proud eye of Sam; he took the knife, divided the young man's ration into two equal parts, took one of them, and began eating.

"Thank you," said the young man; "if you like, we will share together every day."

"What is your name?" said Sam.

"Heartall."

"Wherefore are you here?"

"I have committed a theft."

"And I too," said Sam.

Henceforth they did thus share together every day. Sam Needy was little more than thirty years old, but at times he appeared fifty, so stern were his thoughts usually. Heartall was twenty—he might have been taken for seventeen, so much innocence was there in his appearance. A strict friendship was knit up between the two, rather of father to son than brother to brother, Heartall being still almost a child, Sam already nearly an old man. They wrought in the same work-room—they slept under the same vault—they walked in the same airing-ground—they ate of the same bread. Each of these two friends was the universe to the other—it would seem that they were happy.

Mention has already been made of the director of the work-rooms. This man, who was abhorred by the prisoners, was often obliged, in order to enforce obedience, to have recourse to Sam Needy, who was beloved by them. On more than one occasion, when the question was, how to put down a rebellion or a tumult, the authority without title of Sam Needy had given powerful aid to the official authority of the director; in short, to restrain the prisoners, ten words from him were as good as ten turnkeys. Sam had many times rendered this service to the director, wherefore the latter detested him cordially. He was jealous of him; there was at the bottom of his heart a secret, envious, implacable hatred against Sam—the hate of a titular for a real sovereign—of a temporal against a spiritual power; these are the worst of all hatreds.

Sam loved Heartall greatly, and did not trouble himself about the director. One morning when the turnkeys were leading the prisoners, two by two, from their dormitory to the work-room, one of them called Heartall, who was by the side of Sam, and informed him that the director wished to see him.

"What does he want with you?" said Sam.

"I do not know," replied the other.

The turnkey took Heartall away.

The morning past; Heartall did not return to the work-room. When the dinner hour arrived, Sam expected that he should rejoin Heartall in the airing-ground—but no Heartall was there. He returned into the work-room, still Heartall did not make his appearance. So passed the day. At night, when the prisoners were removed to their dormitory, Sam looked out for Heartall, but could not see him. It would seem that he must have suffered much at that moment, for he addressed the turnkey—a thing which he had never done before.

"Is Heartall sick?" was his question.

"No," replied the turnkey.

"Why is it, then, that he has not again made his appearance to-day?"

"Ah," replied the turnkey, carelessly, "they have put him in another ward."

The witnesses who deposed to these facts at a later period, remarked, that at this answer, Sam's hand, in which was a lighted candle, trembled a little. He again asked, calmly,

"Whose order was this?"

The turnkey said Mr. Flint's."

The name of the director of the work-rooms was Flint.

The next day went by like the last, but no news of Heartall.

That evening, when the day's work ended, Mr. Flint came to make his usual round of inspection. As soon as Sam Needy saw him, he took off his cap of coarse wool, buttoned his gray vest, sad livery of the work-house, (it is a principle in prisons, that a vest, respectfully buttoned, bespeaks the favor of the superior officers,) and placed himself at the end of his bench, waiting till the director came by. He passed.

"Sir," said Sam.

The director stopped and turned half round.

"Sir," said Sam, "is it true that Heartall's ward has been changed?"

"Yes," returned the director.

"Sir," continued Sam, "I cannot live without Heartall; you know that with the ration of the house I have not enough to eat, and that Heartall shared his bread with me."

"That was his busines," replied the director.

"Sir, is there no means of getting Heartall replaced in the same ward as myself?"

"Impossible! it is so decided."

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"By whom?"

"By myself."

"Mr. Flint," persisted Sam, "the question is my life or death, and it depends upon you."

"I never revoke my decisions."

"Sir, is it because I have given you offence?"

"None."

"In that case," said Sam, "why do you separate me from Heartall?"

"*It is my will*," said the director.

With this explanation he went away.

Sam Needy stooped his head and made no answer. Poor caged lion, from whom they had taken his dog!

The grief of this separation in no way changed the prisoner's almost disease of voracity. Nor was he, in other respects, obviously altered. He did not speak of Heartall to any of his comrades. He walked alone in the airing-ground, in the hours of recreation, and suffered hunger—nothing more.

Nevertheless, those who knew him well, remarked something of a sinister and sombre expression which daily overspread his countenance more and more. In other respects he was gentler than ever. Many wished to share their ration with him, but he refused with a smile.

Every evening, after the explanation which the director had given him, he committed a sort of folly, which, in so grave a man, was astonishing. At the moment when the director, in the progress of his habitual duty, passed by Sam Needy's working-frame, he would raise his eyes, gaze steadily upon him, and then address to him, in a tone full of distress and anger, combining at once menace and supplication, these two words only—"*remember Heartall!*" the director would either appear not to hear, or pass on, shrugging his shoulders.

He was wrong. It became evident to all the lookers on of these strange scenes, that Sam Needy was inwardly determined on some step. All the prison awaited with anxiety the result of this strife between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved, that once Sam said to the director, "Listen, sir, give me back my comrade; you will do well to do it, I assure you. Take notice that I tell you this."

Another time, one Sunday, when he had remained in the airing-ground for many hours in the same attitude, seated on a stone, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead buried in his hands, one of his fellow-convicts approached him, and cried out, laughing,

"What are you about here, Sam?"

Sam raised his stern head slowly, and said, "*I am sitting in judgment!*"

At last, on the evening of the 1st of November, 1833, at the moment when the director was making his round, Sam Needy crushed under his foot a watch-glass, which he had that morning found in the corridor. The director inquired whence that noise proceeded.

"It is nothing," said Sam. "It is I, Mr. Flint—give me back my comrade."

"Impossible!" said his master.

"It must be done though," said Sam, in a low and steady voice, and looking the director full in the face, added, "reflect, this is the first of November, I give you till the 10th.

A turnkey made the remark to Mr. Flint that Sam Needy threatened him, and that it was a case for solitary confinement.

"No, nothing of the kind," said the director, with a disdainful smile, "we must be gentle with these sort of people."

On the morrow, another convict approached Sam Needy, who walked by himself, melancholy, leaving the other prisoners to bask in a patch of sunshine at the further corner of the court.

"What now, Sam—what are you thinking of? You seem sad."

"*I am afraid*," said Sam, "*that some misfortune will happen soon to this gentle Mr. Flint.*"

There are nine full days from the 1st to the 10th of November. Sam Needy did not let one pass without gravely warning the director of the state, more and more miserable, in which the disappearance of Heartall placed him. The director, worn out, sentenced him to four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement, because his prayer was too like a demand. This was all that Sam Needy obtained.

The 10th of November arrived. On this day Sam arose with such a serene countenance as he had not worn since the day when *the decision* of Mr. Flint had separated him from his friend. When risen, he searched in a white wooden box, which stood at the foot of his bed, and contained his few possessions. He drew thence a pair of sempstress's scissors. These, with an odd volume of Cowper's poems, were all that remained to him of the woman he had loved—of the mother of his child—of his happy little home of other days. Two articles, totally useless to Sam; the scissors could only be of service to a woman—the book to a lettered person. Sam could neither sew nor read.

At the time when he was traversing the old hall, which serves as the winter walk for the prisoners, he approached a convict of the name of Dawson, who was looking with attention at the enormous bars of a window. Sam was holding the little pair of scissors in his hands; he showed them to Dawson, saying, "To-night I will divide those bars with these scissors."

Dawson began to laugh incredulously. Sam joined him.

That morning he worked with more zeal than usual—faster and better than ever before. A little past noon he went down on some pretext or other to the joiner's workshop, on the ground-floor, under the story in which was his own. Sam was beloved there as every where else; but he entered it seldom. Thus it was—"Stop, here's Sam!" They got round him; it was a perfect holyday. He cast a quick glance around the room. Not one of the overlookers was there.

"Who has a hatchet to lend me?" said he.

"What to do?" was the inquiry.

"Kill the director of the work-rooms."

They offered him many to choose from. He took the smallest of those which were very sharp, hid it

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in his trowsers, and went out. There were twenty-seven prisoners in that room. He had not desired them to keep his secret; they all kept it. They did not even talk of it among themselves. Every one separately awaited the result. The thing was straightforward—terribly simple. Sam could neither be counseled nor denounced.

An hour afterward he approached a convict sixteen years old, who was lounging in the place of exercise, and advised him to learn to read. The rest of the day was as usual. At 7 o'clock at night the prisoners were shut up, each division in the work-room to which they belonged, and the overseers went out, as it appears was the custom, not to return till after the director's visit. Sam was locked in with his companions like the rest.

Then there passed in this work-room an extraordinary scene, one not without majesty and awe, the only one of the kind which is to be told in this story. There were there (according to the judiciary deposition afterward made) four-and-twenty prisoners, including Sam Needy. As soon as the overseers had left them alone, Sam stood up upon a bench, and announced to all the room that he had something to say. There was silence.

Then Sam raised his voice, and said, "You all know that Heartall was my brother. Here they do not give me enough to eat; even with the bread which I can buy with the little I earn, it is not sufficient. Heartall shared his ration with me. I loved him at first because he fed me, then because he loved me. The director, Mr. Flint, separated us; our being together could be nothing to him—but he is a bad-hearted man, who enjoys tormenting others. I have asked him for Heartall back again. You have heard me. He will not do it. I gave him till the 10th, which is to-day, to restore Heartall to me. He ordered me into solitary confinement for telling him so. I, during this time, have sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him to death. In two hours he will come to make his round. I warn you that I am about to kill him. Have you any thing to say on the matter?" All continued silent.

He went on; he spoke (so it appears) with a peculiar eloquence, which was natural to him. He declared that he knew he was about to do a violent deed, but could not think it wrong. He appealed to the conscience of his four-and-twenty listeners. He was placed in a cruel extremity; the necessity of doing justice to himself was a strait into which every man found himself driven at one time or other; he could not, in truth, take the director's life without giving his own for it; but it was right to give his life for a just end. He had thought deeply on the matter, and that alone, for two months; he believed he was not carried away by passion, but if it were so, he trusted they would warn him. He honestly submitted his reasons to the just men whom he addressed. He was about to kill Mr. Flint; but if any one had any objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say, that before killing the director, Sam ought to make one last attempt to soften him.

"It is fair," said Sam. "I will do so."

The great clock struck the hour—it was eight. The director would make his appearance at nine.

No sooner had this extraordinary court of appeal ratified the sentence he had submitted to it, than Sam resumed his former serenity. He placed upon the table all the linen and garments he possessed—the scanty property of a prisoner—and calling to him, one after the other, those of his companions whom he loved best after Heartall, he divided all amongst them. He only kept the little pair of scissors. Then he embraced them all. Some of them wept—upon these he smiled.

There were moments in this last hour, when he chatted with so much tranquillity, and even gayety, that many of his comrades inwardly hoped, as they afterward declared, that he might perhaps abandon his resolution.

He perceived a young convict who was pale, who was gazing upon him with fixed eyes, and trembling doubtless from expectation of what he was about to witness. "Come, courage, young man," said Sam to him, softly, "it will be only the work of a moment."

When he had distributed all his goods, made all his adieux, pressed all their hands, he interrupted the restless whisperings which were heard here and there in the dim corners of the work-room, and commanded that they should return to their labor. All obeyed him in silence.

The apartment in which this passed was an oblong hall, a parallelogram, lighted with windows on its two longer sides, and with two doors opposite each other at the two ends of the room. The working-frames were ranged on each side near the windows, the benches touching the wall at right angles, and the space left free between the two rows of frames formed a sort of avenue, which went straight from one door to the other, crossing the hall entirely. It was this which the director traversed in making his inspection; he was to enter at the south door, and go out by the north, after having looked at the workmen on the right and left. Commonly he passed through quickly and without stopping.

Sam Needy had reseated himself on his bench, and had betaken himself to his work. All were in expectation—the moment approached; on a sudden they heard the clock strike. Sam said, "It is the last quarter." Then he rose, crossed gravely a part of the hall, and placed himself, leaning on his elbow, on the first frame on the left hand side, close to the door of entrance; his countenance was perfectly calm and benign.

Nine o'clock struck—the door opened—the director came in.

At that moment the silence of the work-room was as of a chamber full of statues.

The director was alone as usual; he entered with his jovial, self-satisfied, and stubborn air, without noticing Sam, who was standing at the left side of the door, his right hand hidden in his trowsers, and passed rapidly by the first frames, tossing his head, mumbling his words, and casting his glance, which

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was law, here and there, not perceiving that the eyes of all who surrounded him were fixed upon him as upon a fearful phantom. On a sudden he turned sharply round, surprised to hear a step behind him.

It was Sam Needy, who for some instants followed him in silence.

"What are you about there?" said the director. "Why are you not in your place?"

Sam Needy answered respectfully, "Because I have something to say to you, Mr. Flint."

"What about?"

"Concerning Heartall."

"Still Heartall!" exclaimed the director.

"Always," replied Sam.

"Be quiet," said the director, walking on again. "You are not content, then, with your four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement?"

Sam followed him—"Mr. Flint, give me back my comrade."

"Impossible!"

"Sir," said Sam, in a tone which might have softened the heart of a fiend, "I entreat you, restore Heartall to me. You shall see how well I will work. To you who are free, it is no matter—you do not know what the worth of a friend is; but I have only the four walls of my prison. You can come and go, I have nothing but Heartall—give him back to me. Heartall fed me—you know it well. It will only cost you the trouble of saying yes. What can it be to you that there should be in the same room one man called Sam Needy, another called Heartall?—for the thing is simply that, Mr. Flint; good Mr. Flint, I beseech you earnestly, for Heaven's sake!"

Sam had probably never before said so much at one time to a jailer; exhausted with the effort, he paused. The director replied, with an impatient gesture,

"Impossible—I have said it; speak to me no more about it, you wear me out."

Then, as if in a hurry, he stepped on more quickly, Sam following. Thus speaking, they had reached the door of exit; the prisoners looked after them, and listened breathlessly.

Sam gently touched the director's arm. "At least let me know why I am condemned to death—tell me why you have separated him from me?"

"I have told you," answered the director; "*it is my will.*"

He turned his back upon Sam, and was about to take hold of the latch of the door.

On this answer Sam had retreated a step; the assembled statues who were there saw him bring out his right hand, and the hatchet with it; it was raised, and ere the victim could utter one cry, three blows, one upon the other, had cleft his skull. At the moment, when he fell back, a fourth blow laid his face open; then, as if his frenzy, once let loose, *could not stop*, Sam struck a fifth blow; it was useless—he was dead.

"Now for the other!" cried the murderer, and threw away the hatchet. That other was himself. They saw him draw from his bosom the small pair of scissors, and before any one could attempt to hinder him, bury them in his breast. The blade was too short to penetrate. He struck them in again and again, so many as twenty times. "Accursed heart! cannot I then reach you?" and finally fell in a dead swoon, bathed in his blood.

Which of these men was the victim of the other?

When Sam returned to consciousness, he was in bed, well attended, his wounds carefully bandaged; a humane nurse was about his pillow, and more than one magistrate, who asked him, with the appearance of great interest, "Are you better?"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors with which he had wounded himself, had done their duty ill—none of the wounds were dangerous.

The examinations commenced. They asked him if it were he who had killed the director of the work-rooms. He replied, "It was." They asked him why he had done it. He answered—*it was his will.*

After this the wounds festered. He was seized with a severe fever, of which he only did not die. November, December, January, and February, went over in recovering him and preparing for his trial; physicians and judges alike made him the object of their care—the former healed his wounds, the latter made ready his scaffold. To be brief, on the 5th of April, 1834, he appeared, being perfectly cured, before the Court of Sessions.

Sam made a good appearance before the court; he had been carefully shaved, his head was bare; he was dressed in the sad prison livery of two shades of gray.

When the trial was entered upon, a singular difficulty presented itself. Not any of the witnesses of the events of the 10th of November, would make a deposition against Sam. The presiding judge threatened them with his discretionary power in vain. Sam then commanded them to give evidence. All their tongues were loosed. They related what they had seen.

Sam Needy listened with profound attention. When one of them, out of forgetfulness, or affection for him, omitted some of the circumstances chargeable upon the accused, Sam supplied them. By this means the chain of facts which has been related was unfolded before the court.

There was one moment when some of the *females* present wept. The clerk of the court summoned the convict, Heartall. It was his turn to come forward. He entered, staggering with emotion—he wept. The police could not prevent his falling into the arms of Sam. Sam raised him, and said with a smile to the attorney-general, "Here is a villain who shares his bread with those who are hungry." Then he kissed Heartall's hand.

The list of witnesses having been gone through, the attorney-general rose and spoke in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, society would be shaken to its foundation if public vengeance did not overtake such great criminals as this man, who, etc., etc."

After this memorable discourse, Sam's advocate spoke. The pleader against, and the pleader for,

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made each in due order, the evolutions which they are accustomed to make in the arena which is called a criminal court.

Sam did not think that all was said that might be said. He arose in his turn. He spoke in a manner which must have amazed all the intelligent persons present on the occasion. It appeared as if there were more of the orator than the murderer in this poor artisan. He spoke in an upright attitude, with a penetrating and well-managed voice; with an open, sincere, and steadfast gaze, with a gesture almost always the same, but full of command. There were moments in which his genuine, lofty eloquence stirred the crowd to a murmur, during which Sam took breath, casting a bold gaze upon the bystanders. Then again, this man, who could not read, was as gentle, polished, select in his language, as a well-informed person—at other moments modest, measured, attentive, going step by step over the irritating parts of the argument, courteous to his judges. Once only he gave way to a burst of passion. The attorney-general had proved in his speech that Sam Needy had assassinated the director without any violence on his part, and consequently *without provocation*.

"What!" exclaimed Sam Needy, "I have not been provoked! Ay—it is very true—I understand you. A drunken man strikes me with his dagger—I kill him, I have been provoked; you show mercy to me, you send me to Botany Bay. But a man who is not not drunk, who has the perfect use of his reason, wrings my heart for four years, humbles me for four years, pierces me with a weapon every day, every hour, every minute, in some unexpected point for four years. I had a wife, for whose sake I became a thief—he tortures me through that wife; a child for whom I stole—he tortures me through that child. I have not bread enough to eat—a friend gives it me; he takes away my friend and my food. I ask for my friend back—he condemns me to solitary confinement. I speak to him—him, the spy—respectfully; he answers me in dog's language. I tell him I am suffering—he tells me I wear him out. What would you, then, that I should do? I kill him. It is well—I am a monster; I have murdered this man; I have not been provoked. You take my life for it—be it so."

The debates being closed, the presiding judge made his impartial and luminous summing up. The results were these: a wicked life—a wretch in purpose. Sam Needy had begun by stealing—he then murdered. All this was true.

When the jury were about being conducted to their apartment, the judge asked the accused if he had any thing to say upon the questions before them.

"Little," replied Sam, "only this; I am a thief and an assassin. I have stolen, and have slain a man. But why have I stolen? Why have I murdered? Add these two questions to the rest, gentleman of the jury."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation on the part of the twelve individuals whom he had addressed as *gentlemen of the jury*, Sam Needy was condemned to death.

Their decision was read to Sam, who contented himself with saying, "It is well—but why has this man stolen? Why has this man murdered? These are questions to which they make no answer."

He was carried back to prison—he supped almost gayly.

He had no wish to make an appeal against his sentence. The old woman who had nursed him entreated him with tears to do so. He complied out of kindness to her. It would appear as if he had resisted till the very last moment, for when he signed his petition in the register, the legal delay of three days had expired some minutes before. The benevolent old nurse gave him a crown. He accepted the money and thanked her.

While his appeal was pending, offers of escape were made him. There was thrown, one after the other, in his dungeon, through its air-hole, a nail, a bit of iron file, and the handle of a bucket. Any of these three tools would have been sufficient to so skillful a man as Sam Needy to cut through his irons. He gave up the nail, the file, and the handle to the turnkey.

On the 10th of June, 1834, seven months after the deed, its expiation arrived. That day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the recorder of the tribunal entered Sam Needy's dungeon, and announced to him that he had not more than an hour to live. His petition was rejected.

"Come," said Sam, coldly, "I have this night slept well, without troubling myself that I should sleep still better the next."

It would appear as if the words of strong men always receive a certain dignity from approaching death.

The chaplain arrived—then the executioner. He was humble to the one, gentle to the other.

He maintained a perfect ease of spirit. He listened to the chaplain with extreme attention, accusing himself of many things, and regretting that he had not been instructed in religion.

At his request they had given him back the scissors with which he had wounded himself. One blade, which had been broken in his breast, was wanting. He entreated the jailor to have these scissors taken to Heartall as from himself.

He besought those who bound his hands to place in his right hand the crown-piece which the good nurse had given him—the only thing which was now remaining to him.

At a quarter to eight he was led out of his prison, with the customary mournful procession which attends the condemned. He was pale; his eyes were fixed on the chaplain—but he walked with a firm step.

He ascended the scaffold gravely. He shook hands with the chaplain first, then the executioner, thanking the one, forgiving the other. The executioner *pushed him back gently*, says one account. At the moment when the assistant put the hideous rope round his neck, he made a sign to the chaplain to take

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the crown-piece which he had in his right hand, and said to him, "*For the poor.*" At that moment the clock was striking eight, the sound from the steeple drowned his voice, and the chaplain answered that he could not hear him. Sam waited for an interval between two of the strokes, and repeated with gentleness, "*For the poor.*"

The eighth stroke had scarcely sounded when this noble and intelligent criminal was launched into eternity.

THE ANGEL OF THE SOUL.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Una stella, una notte, ed una croce. *Antonio Bisazza.*

Silence hath conquered thee, imperial Night!
Thou sit'st alone within her void, cold halls,
Thy solemn brow uplifted, and thy soul
Pairing the space with dumb and mighty thought.
The dreary wind ebbs, voiceless, round thy form,
Following the stealthy hours, that wake no stir
In the hushed velvet of thy mantle's fold.
Thy thoughts take being: down the dusky aisles
Go shapes of good, and beckoning ghosts of crime,
And dreams of maddening beauty—hopes, that shine
To darken, and in cloudy height sublime,
The spectral march of some approaching Doom!
Nor these alone, oh! Mother of the world,
People thy chambers, echoless and vast;
Their dewy freshness like ambrosial cools
Life's fever-thirst, and to the fainting soul
Their porphyry walls are touched with light, and gleams
Of shining wonder dazzle through the void,
Like those bright marvels which the traveler's torch
Wakes from the darkness of three thousand years,
In rock-hewn sepulchres of Theban kings.
Prophets, whose brows of pale, unearthly glow
Reflect the twilight of celestial dawns,
And bards, transfigured in immortal song,
Like eager children, kneeling at thy feet,
Unclasp the awful volume of thy lore.

My soul goes down thy far, untrodden paths,
To the dim verge of being. There its step
Touches the threshold of sublimer life,
And through the boundless empyrean leaps
Its prayer, borne like a faint, expiring cry,
To angel-warders, listening as they pace
The crystal walls of Heaven. Down the blue fields
Of the untraveled Infinite, they come:
Beneath their wings one sweet, dilating wave
Thrills the pure deep, and bears my soul aloft,
To walk amid their shining groups, and call
Its guardian spirit, as an orphan calls
His vanished brother, taken in childhood home:

"White through my cradled dreams thy pinions waved,
Lost Angel of the Soul! thy presence led
The babe's faint gropings through the glimmering dark
And into Being's conscious dawn. Thy hand
Held mine in childhood, and thy beaming cheek
Lay close, like some fond playmate's, to mine own.
Up to that boundary, whence the heart leaps forth
To life, like some wild torrent, when the rains
Pour dark and full upon the cloudy hills,
Thy gentle footsteps wandered near to mine.
Be with me now! Oh, in the starry hush
Of the deep night, that holds the earthly down
In all my nature, bring to me again
The early purity, which kept thy hand
From the entrancing harp it held in Heaven!
Through the warm starting of my hoarded tears,
Let me behold thine eyes divine, as stars
Gleam through the twilight vapors of the sea!

"Not yet hast thou forsaken me. The prayer
Whose crowning fervor lifts my nature up
Midway to God, may still evoke thy form.
Thou hast been with me, when the midnight dew
Clung damp upon my brow, and the broad fields
Stretched far and dim beneath the ghostly moon;
When the dark, awful woods were silent near,
And with imploring hands toward the stars
Clasped in mute yearning, I have questioned Heaven
For the lost language of the book of Life.
Oh, then thy face was glorious, and thy hair
On the white moonbeam floating, veiled thy brow,
But in the holy sadness of thine eye
Which held my spirit, tremblingly I saw,
Through rushing tears, the sign of angel-grief
O'er the false promise of diviner years.
From the far glide of some descending strain
Of tenderest music I have heard thy voice;
And thou hast called amid the stormy rush
Of grand orchestral triumph, with a sound
Resistless in its power. I feel the light,
Which is thine atmosphere, around my soul,
When a great sorrow gulfs it from the world.

"Come back! come back! my heart grows faint, to know
How thy withdrawing radiance leaves more dim
The twilight borders of the night of Earth.
Now when the bitter truth is learned; when all
That seemed so high and good but mocks its seeming—
When the warm dreams of youth come shivering back,
In the cold chambers of the heart to die—
When, with the wrestling years, familiar grown
The merciless hand of pain, desert me not!
Come with the true heart of the faithful Night,
When I have cast away the masquing garb
Of hollow Day, and lain my soul to rest
On her consoling bosom! From the founts
Of thine exhaustless light, make clear the road
Through toil and darkness, into God's repose!"

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SCOUTING NEAR VERA CRUZ.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY RCOLLEN.

Hours before day, Lieutenant Rolfe and his party were threading the mazes of the chapparal. The moon glistened upon their bayonets and bright barrels. Their path lay in a southwesterly direction, near the old road to Orizava. Here it passed through a glade or opening, where the moonbeams fell upon a profusion of flowers, there it reëntered dark alleys among the clustering trees, where the "trail arms" was given in a half whisper. The boughs met and locked overhead, and the thick foliage hid the moon from sight. Now a bright beam escaping through some chance opening in the leaves, quivered along the path, and scared the wolf in his midnight wanderings. Out again upon the open track through the soft grass, and winding around the wild maguey, or under the claw-shaped thorns of the musquit. A deer sprung from his lair among the soft flowers—looked back for a moment at the strange intruders, and frightened at the gleaming steel, dashed off into the thicket. The woods are not silent by night, as in the colder regions of the north. The southern forest has its voices, moonlit or dark. All through the livelong night sings the mock-bird—screams the "loreto." From dark till dawn, you hear the hoarse baying of the "coyote," and the dismal howl of the gaunt gray wolf. The cicada fills the air with its monotonous and melancholy notes. In all these sounds there is a breathing, a wild voluptuousness that tells you you are wandering in the clime of the sun—amidst scenes like those rendered classical by the pen of St. Pierre. They who have read the sweet French romance, will recognize his faithful painting of tropical pictures. The sunny glades—and shady arbors—the broad green and yellow leaves—the tall palm-trees, with their long, lazy feathers and clustering fruits waving to the slightest breeze, and looking the same as in that sea island where they flung their changing shadows over the loves of Paul and Virginia. Scouting at night, and to strangers (as were Rolfe and his men) in the land, was not without its perils. Objects of alarm were near and around. The nopal rose before you like the picket of an enemy. Its dark column gleaming under the false light of the moon is certainly some sentinel on the outpost. A halt is the consequence, and silent and cat-like one of the party, on his hands and knees, steals nearer and nearer, through the thorny brambles, until the true nature of the apparition betrays itself, in the shape of a huge column of prickly pear. He then returns to his comrades, and the obstacle is passed, some one as he passes, with a muttered curse, slashing his sabre through the soft trunk of the harmless vegetable.

The wild maguey grasps you by the leg, as though some hideous monster had sprung from the bushes. You start and rush forward, only to be dragged back among the elastic leaves. It is useless to struggle. You must either return and unwind yourself by gentle means, or leave the better part of your cloth inexpressibles in the ruthless fangs of the plant. The ranchero fences his limbs with leather, or with leggings of tiger-skin. It is not fancy or choice to wear leather breeches in Mexico. Necessity has something to say in fixing the fashion of your small clothes.

When day broke, Rolfe and his party were ten miles from camp—ten miles from the nearest American picket, and with only thirty men! They were concealed in a thicket of aloes and musquit. This thicket crowned the only eminence for miles in any direction. It commanded a view of the whole country southward to the Alvarado.

As the sun rose the forest echoed with sounds and song. The leaves moved with life, as a thousand bright-plumed birds flashed from tree to tree. The green parrot screamed after his mate, uttering his wild notes of endearment. They are seen in pairs flying high up in the heavens. The troupiale flashed through the dark foliage like a ray of yellow light. Birds seemed to vie with each other in their songs of love. Amidst these sounds of the forest, the ear of Rolfe caught the frequent crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and the other well-known sounds of the settlement. These were heard upon all sides. It was plain that the country was thickly settled, though not a house was visible above the tree-tops. The thin column of blue smoke as it rose above the green foliage proved the existence of dwellings.

At some distance, westward, an open plain lay like an emerald lake. The woods that bordered it were of a darker hue than the meadow-grass upon its bosom. In this plain were horses feeding, and Rolfe saw at a glance that they were picketed. Some of them had dragged their laryettes and were straying from the group. There appeared to be in all about an hundred horses. It was plain that their owners were not far off. A thin blue smoke that hung over the trees on one side of the meadow gave evidence of a camp. The baying of dogs came from this direction, mingled with the sounds of human voices. It was evidently a camp of the "Jarochos," (guerilleros.)

Suddenly a bugle sounded, wild and clear above the voices of the singing-birds, a few notes somewhat resembling the dragoon stable-call. The horses flung up their heads and neighed fiercely, looking toward the encampment. Presently a crowd of men were seen running from the woods, each carrying a

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saddle. The few strays that had drawn their pickets during the night, came running in at the well-known voices of their masters. The saddles were flung on and tightly girthed—the bits adjusted and the lariettes coiled and hung to the saddle-horns, in less time than an ordinary horseman would have put on a bridle. Another flourish of the bugle, and the troop were in their saddles and galloping away over the greensward of the meadow in a southerly direction. The whole transaction did not occupy five minutes, and it seemed to Rolfe and his party, who witnessed it, more like a dream than a reality. The Jarochos were just out of musket range. A long shot might have reached them, but even had Rolfe ventured this, it would have been with doubtful propriety. Rumor had fixed the existence of a large force of the enemy in this neighborhood. It was supposed that at least a thousand men were on the Alvarado road, with the intention of penetrating our lines, with beeves for the besieged Veracruzanos.

"They got off in good time, sergeant," muttered Rolfe, "had they but waited half an hour longer—Oh! for a score of Harney's horses!"

"Lieutenant, may I offer an opinion?" asked the sergeant, who had raised himself and stood peering through the leafy branches of a cacuchou-tree.

"Certainly, Heiss, any suggestion—"

"Wal, then—thar's a town," the sergeant lifted one of the leafy boughs and pointed toward the south-east—a spire and cross—a white wall and the roofs of some cottages were seen over the trees. "Raoul here, who 's French, and knows the place, says it 's Madalin—he 's been to it—and there 's no good road for horses direct from here—but the road from Vera Cruz crosses that meadow far up—now, lieutenant, it 's my opinion them thieving Mexicans is bound for that 'ere place—Raoul says it 's a good sweep round—if we could git acrosst this yere strip we 'd head 'em sure."

The backwoodsman swept his broad hand toward the south, to indicate the strip of woods that he desired to cross. The plan seemed feasible enough. The town, although seemingly near, was over five miles distant. The road by which the guerrilleros had to reach it was much farther. Could Rolfe and his party meet them on this road, by an ambuscade, they would gain an easy victory, although with inferior numbers, and Rolfe wished to carry back to camp a Mexican prisoner. This was the object of the scout, to gain information of the force supposed to be in the rear of our lines. The men, too, were eager for the wild excitement of a fight. For what came they there?

"Raoul," said Rolfe, "is there any path through these woods?"

"Zar is, von road I have believe—oui—Monsieur Lieutenant."

Raoul was a dapper little Frenchman, who had joined the army at Vera Cruz, where we found him. He had been a sort of market-gardener for the plaza, and knew the back country perfectly. He had fallen into bad odor with the rancheros of the *Tierra Caliente*, and owed them no good-will. The coming of the American army had been perfe
Raoul, who was now an
as circumstances afterwa
title. al was insu

"Close teecket, monsie
man, "but there be von roa er sure, by
that tree, vot you call him ee,"

Raoul pointed to some live-o aks that formed a dark belt across the woods.

"Take the lead, Raoul."

The little Frenchman sprung out in fr commenced descending into the dark woods beneath. The party was soon winding through the shadowy aisles of a live-oak forest. The woods were at first open and easy. After a short march they came to a small stream, bright and silvery. But what was the surprise of Rolfe to find that the path here gave out, and on the opposite bank of the rivulet the trees grew closer together, and the woods were almost woven into a solid mass, by the lianas and other creeping plants. These were covered with blossoms. In some places a wall of snow-white flowers rose up before you. Pyramidal forms of foliage, green and yellow, over which hung myriads of vine-blossoms, like a scarlet mantle. Still there was no path—at least to be trodden by human foot. Birds flew around, scared in their solitary haunts. The armadilla and the wolf stood at a distance with glaring eyes. The fearful-looking guana scampered off upon the decaying limbs of the live-oak, or the still more fearful cobra di capella glided almost noiselessly over the dry leaves and brambles.

Raoul confessed that he had been deceived. He had never traveled this belt of timber. The path was lost.

This was strange. A path had conducted them thus far, but on reaching the stream had suddenly stopped. Soldiers went up and down the water-course, and peeped through the trellis of vines, but to no purpose. In all directions they were met by an impenetrable chapparal.

Chafing with disappointment, the young officer was about to retrace his way, when an exclamation from Heiss recalled him. The backwoodsman had found a clew to the labyrinth. An opening led into the thicket. This had been concealed by a perfect curtain of closely woven vines, covered with thick foliage and flowers. It appeared at first to be a natural door to the avenue which led from this spot, but a slight examination showed that these vines had been trained by human hands, and that the path itself had been kept open by the same agency. Branches were here and there lopped off and cast aside, and the ground had the marks of human footsteps. The track was clear and beaten, and Rolfe ordering his men to follow noiselessly, in Indian file, took the lead. For at least two miles they traced the windings of this forest road, through dark woods, occasionally opening out into green flowery glades. The bright sky began to gleam through the trees. Farther on and the breaks became larger and more frequent. An extensive clearing was near at hand. They reached it, but to their astonishment, instead

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they had been expecting
were the appearance of a
ts and turrets of a house
ure. The house itself ap-
peared of a[illegible]ental style, and was buried amidst groves of the [illegible]st foliage. Several huge old trees spread their branches over the roof, and their leaves hung around the fantastic turrets.

What [illegible]'d have been fields were like a succession [illegible]wer-beds—and large shrubs, covered with sheets of pink and white blossoms that resembled wild roses. This shrubbery was high enough to conceal the approach of Rolfe and his party as they followed the path—apparently the only one which led to the house.

On nearing this, the officer halted his men in a little glade, and taking with him Heiss and the boy Gerry, (who might return for the men in case of a surprise,) proceeded to reconnoitre the strange-looking habitation.

A wall of ivy, or some perennial vine, lay between him and the house. A curtain of green leaves covered the entrance through this wall. This appeared to have grown up by neglect. As Rolfe lifted this festoon, to pass through, the sound of female voices greeted him. These voices reached his ear in tones of the lightest mirth. At intervals came a clear ringing laugh from some throat of silver, and then a plunging, splashing sound of water. Rolfe conjectured that some females were in the act of bathing, and not wishing to intrude upon them sat down for a moment outside the wall. The sounds of merriment were still heard, and among the soft tones the officer imagined that he could distinguish the coarser voice of a man. Curiosity now prompted him to enter. Moreover, he reflected that if there were men there already there could not be much impropriety in his taking a share in the amusement.

Drawing aside the curtain of leaves he looked in. The interior was a garden, but evidently in a neglected state. It appeared the ruin of a once noble garden and shrubbery. Broken fountains and statues crumbling among weeds, and untrained rose-trees, met the eye. The voices were more distinct, but those who uttered them were hidden by a hedge of jessamines. Rolfe stepped silently up to this hedge and peeped through an opening. The picture presented was indeed an enchanting one.

A large fountain lay between him and the house filled with crystal water. In this fountain two young girls were plunging and diving about in the wildest abandon of mirth. The water was not more than waist deep, and the arms and bosoms of the young girls appeared above its surface. They were strikingly alike, in all except color. In this there was a marked contrast. The neck, arms and bosom of one seemed carved from snow-white marble, while the other's complexion was almost as dark as mahogany. There was the same cast of features, the same expression in both countenances, and their forms, just emerging from the slender figure of girlhood, were exactly alike. Their long hair trailed after them, black and luxuriant, on the surface of the water, as they plunged and swam from one side of the basin to the other. A huge negress sat upon the edge of the fountain, seemingly enjoying the bath as much as those who partook of it. It was the voice of this negress that Rolfe had mistaken for that of a man.

The young officer did not hesitate a moment, but stole gently back and regained his comrades.

Then striking through the flowery fields that stretched away toward the woods in the rear, he commenced searching for the path that led from the woods in a direction opposite to that whence he had come, without disturbing the inmates of this peaceful mansion. Finding this path on the other side, the party entered and hastily kept on, in order to intercept the guerilleros, whom they still hoped to fall in with. In these hopes they were not disappointed, for emerging from the woods near Medellin they came upon the guerilleros, with whom they had a sharp skirmish. Rolfe and his party were successful, killing two of the guerrilla and taking the same number prisoners.

The young girls continued their pleasant pastime, little dreaming how near to them had been these strange and warlike visiters.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

"I WANT to go home!" saith a weary child,
That hath lost its way in straying;
Ye may try in vain to calm its fears,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears,
It looks in your face, still saying—
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" saith a fair young bride,
In anguish of spirit praying;
Her chosen hath broken the silver cord—
Hath spoken a harsh and cruel word,
And she now, alas! is saying—
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" saith the weary soul,
Ever earnest thus 'tis praying;
It weepeth a tear—heaveth a sigh—
And upward glanceth with streaming eye
To its promised rest, still saying—
"I want to go home!"

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THE HUMBLING OF A FAIRY.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

THE Princess Dewbell was confessed to be the queen of the ball, notwithstanding that the beauty and grace and wit of the whole realm were there, for it was the birth-night festival of the fairy princess, and her royal father, with all a parent's fond pride, had exhausted invention, and impoverished extravagance, to give *éclat* to the occasion. The walls of his ancestral palace were sparkled all over with dew-drops, which a troop of early bees had spent all the summer mornings in collecting and preserving in the royal patent dew-preserver, invented by one of the native geniuses of the realm. These brilliant mirrors, flashing in the light of ten thousand fire-flies of the royal household, whose whole lives had been expended in learning how to carry their dainty lamps about so as to produce the finest effects, reflected the forms of the ladies and the dazzling military trappings of the handsome cavaliers, (there was war at that time between the glorious empire of Fairydom and the weak and infatuated republic of Elfland on its southern borders, and the epaulette and spurs were the only pass to the hearts of the fair,) imbuing them with an infinitude of prismatic hues, all softened into a kind of tinted starlight, exquisite as the dying voice of music. In this gorgeous saloon, at the head of which sat, well pleased, the benevolent old King Paterflor and his modest and still lovely queen Sweetbine, all were noble and accomplished and beautiful and gay; but the charms of the Princess Dewbell, just bursting into the richness of full-grown fairyhood, were so surpassing that none had ever been found to question, even in their own hearts, her supremacy. This, perhaps, may appear strange to many of my pretty readers, but they must remember that mine is a faithful chronicle of fairies —not of women. The princess was standing lightly touching—it could not be said that she leaned against —the slender stalk of a garden lily, that rose like an emerald column of classic mould above her lovely form, and expanded into a graceful dome of transparent and crimson-veined cornelian above her head. Her eyes were cast pensively (at the Musical Fund Hall it would have been called coquettishly) upon the ground, and ever and anon she tossed her proud head with an imperious gesture, until the streaming curls waved and parted around her cheek and neck, like vine-leaves about a marble column as the south wind creeps among them soliciting for kisses. The lady Dewbell, amid all this scene of enchantment, which spread out before and around her, as if her own loveliness had breathed it into existence, still was discontented; sad, perhaps, at the total absence of care in her bosom, and sighing for a sorrow. Unhappy lady Dewbell! She had so many hundred times been told, what she herself believed full well, that she was absolutely the most beautiful creature in existence, that the tale had lost its interest. The champagne of flattery, its creaming foam long ago melted into the brain, stood untasted before her, dull and flat as the subsided fountain poured by the last rain-shower into the tulip's cup. And so the fairy princess stood listless and apart from the joyous revel, her little form swaying lightly to and fro, with the undulations of the lily-stem against which she more perceptibly rested. It is well for Root and Collins and Plumbe that the royal daguerreotyper was laid up in a cowslip, with a broken skylight which he had received in a rough-and-tumble with a gnat, about the ownership of a particular ray of light, at last sunsetting.

But if the lady Dewbell were queen of the ball, the noble knight Sir Timothy Lawn was as undisputedly worthy of the post of honor among her gallant train of admirers. Indeed, it was universally known, of course as a profound secret among the gossips of the palace, that Sir Timothy was the declared lover of the proud Dewbell, and it was even whispered that she had actually been seen hanging around his neck one bright June morning, in a sweet clover-nook by the brook-side, while he bent tenderly over her, his eyes filled with tears of rapture. But as this story could only be traced to a rough beetleberd, who said he saw the lovers thus as he was driving his herd of black cattle to water, it was not generally believed. At any rate, all the ladies were decidedly of opinion that Sir Timothy was in every way a match for the haughty beauty, and that if she did not accept him while he was in the humor she would be very likely to go farther and fare worse. In fact, several old maids and bluestockings, over their dishes of scandal and marsh-fog, (both of which they made uncommonly strong,) openly avowed it as their opinion, that he was a great deal too good for her, and that, if the truth must be told, the princess was an impertinent, saucy and irreverent creature, who had n't the slightest respect for her superiors. "As to her beauty," said one of these crones, whose little face was very much of the size and complexion of a dried camomile-flower, and who was shrewdly suspected of qualifying her marsh-fog with pale pink-brandy—"As for her beauty, that is all in my eye. I have seen plenty of your plump, smooth-skinned pieces of paint and affectation fade in my time, little as I have yet seen of life. Mark my words—before we have reached our prime, my great lady princess will be as ugly as—"

"As ugly as yourself, granny! Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! haw, haw, haw!" shouted a mirthful voice, while an indescribably comic face, half cat and half baby, appeared for a single glimpse above the bur-

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dock leaf behind which the spinsters were holding their *conversazione*.

"There 's that imp Puck again, as sure as I am a woman!" exclaimed the gentle Mrs. Mullenstalk, rising hastily and spilling a dish of fog all over the front of her new green and yellow striped grass dress, as she ran toward the spot whence the voice had proceeded. "I 'll to the palace this very night, and lay my complaint against that wretch. We 'll see whether virtuous ladies are to be insulted in this manner, and their helplessness trampled under foot!"

The intruder had already disappeared; but as the amiable Mrs. Mullenstock got her spectacles adjusted, she just caught sight of him throwing a somerset into a pumpkin-flower; while his laugh still sounded faintly upon the air, mingled with snatches of a wild refrain, of which she could only distinguish these lines:

"Oh ho, Granny Mullenstock, how envious you be;
I 'll plague you to death, or the hornets catch me!"

The spinster shook her fist and grinned horribly at the broad-mouthed, innocent yellow flower, down whose throat the varlet had leaped—but chancing at that moment to catch a glimpse of her own face in a little bit of mica, which served her for a toilet-mirror, she uttered the least bit of a little shriek in the world and fainted—her companions, who had by this time gathered round her, exchanging sly winks and malicious looks of gratification as she went off.

But we must return to the ball-room, where the fire-flies have got sleepy, and many of them had already put out their lamps and retired, and the brilliant company of dancers and promenaders has dwindled down to a few sets, composed of those ladies who had not been asked to dance in the height of the evening, and some sour-looking gentlemen in very tight coats and pants, who had "got the mitten" from their sweethearts at the door, and were desperately trying to do the amiable out of sheer revenge. At length even these disappeared; the saloons were entirely deserted, save by the beautiful mother moonbeam, who slept upon the fragrant turf, her babe, the silver starlight, folded lovingly within her bosom.

Yet no, the scene is not quite solitary. Carefully bending aside the tall, slender spears of diamond-tipped grass that perpetually guarded the sacred domain of the imperial palace, a cavalier in full armor appears, making way for a lady, whose long veil of the finest spider's web completely conceals her head and form, making her seem like an exhalation, taking, as its highest gift of grace, the shape of woman. The two advance slowly and cautiously to the centre of the saloon, and then the cavalier, throwing himself on his knees, (that 's the way fairies invariably make love,) beseeches his companion to have pity upon him. The lady throws back her veil with a motion of indescribable grace, and looking down into the upturned face of her lover, seriously a moment, then lightly, utters a low laugh, and replies,

"Very well, Sir Timothy Lawn, upon my word! Quite prettily done, indeed! You must have been taking lessons of Signor Sweetbriar, the royal parson. Now do run and bring me a glass of geranium-dew—I protest I have drank scarcely a drop all the evening."

"Not one word, then, for your poor lover and true knight," sighed Sir Timothy, in a tone of the deepest despondence.

"I did not come here to listen to school-boy nonsense," said the lady Dewbell, with a haughty and impatient motion of the head. "I came to get a glass of geranium-water. But, as you decline obliging me to that extent, I suppose I must e'en get it for myself. Good-night to you, Sir Timothy! Pleasant dreams!" and she disappeared.

The knight was for a moment confounded; then rising slowly, he pointed to a bright star that shone directly above him, winking and winking with all its might, as much as to say, "what a green-horn you are!" and swore an oath that no fairy should ever henceforth have power over his heart, till she who had so wantonly scorned and insulted him should beg to be forgiven. As he was turning sadly away, to seek his solitary chamber in the upper branch of a bachelor's button, on the other side of the brook, the elf-clown Puck stood before him, looking as demure as puss herself.

"Well, fool," said the knight, somewhat impatiently, "how long hast thou been listening here?"

"As long as my ears, your worship," replied the urchin, undauntedly, "and they were long enough to hear that your worship's valiancy is a very much over-praised commodity—since a maiden's dainty veil of knitted night-air has proved too strong for him.

The knight he sued, and the knight he sighed,
But he went away without supper or bride."

"Silence, imp! or I 'll make thine ears, of which thou hast had such pestilent service, shorter by a span."

"No, I thank your valiancy! my ears do very well as they are. And I came to do you a good turn by offering you the use of them. But as your worship is so high and dry in Dundrum Bay, as we say at sea, I 'll e'en get back to my nap in the hazle copse again."

"Nay, good Puck, I meant thee no harm, as thou knowest well enough. Since thou knowest my innermost grief, let me hear thy fool's advice in the matter.' '

"If I gave thee advice, I were in truth a fool. But I 'll very willingly forgive thee this time, and tell thee what I overheard to-night at the palace."

"Ah, that 's a good Puck!"

"That depends on circumstances, your valiancy. I am somewhat like a dish of toasted gallinippers—whether it is palatable or not depending very much in the way it is served. But this is what I heard his majesty say to her majesty. 'Sweetbine, my dear,' said he, 'don't you think Dewbell has a fancy for our brave and noble knight, Sir Timothy Lawn?' 'Why, my love,' replied her majesty, 'I have long been almost certain that she loved him. But she is such a confirmed flirt I am afraid she can never be brought to say so. I have n't the least idea that she

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would not reject Sir Timothy, were he to propose.' 'We must cure her of this fatal pride and folly,' replied his majesty, 'and I think that, with a little of your assistance, I can manage it capitally.' And then the dear old people passed into the royal bed-chamber, in the japonica wing, and I heard no more."

"I'll to the king."

"And I'll to a better friend than he; if you permit me, your worship, I take my *bough* and *leave*."

"Avaunt, vile punning Puck! Thou hast been to Philadelphia, where all the streets rhyme, and every corner is a pun upon the next. May the fiend unquip thee! Away!"

"If thou likest not jokes, thou hadst best stick to thy bachelor's-buttonhood. I tell thee, marriage is a capital joke."

"What knowest thou of marriage?"

"I am one of its fruits."

"A bitter jest, indeed, and plucked ere half ripened. St. Bulwer! but thou wilt be a mother's blessing when thou art fully grown!"

"Better save thy wits, sir knight! Thou wilt have a plentiful lack of them ere the honeymoon be out of the comb. A pleasant roost in thy bachelor's hall, and many of them!" and the vagabond sprung upon the back of a green lizard creeping silently through the grass, and sticking his heels into his astonished charger, dragoon-fashion, disappeared down the bank of the brook.

The old king and his good wife, Sweetbine, were very much grieved at the foolish trifling of their daughter, Dewbell—for they were well assured that Dewbell loved the noble knight, Sir Timothy, and that it was only a spirit of mere wantonness that led her to vex and torment him. Long into the night did the royal couple converse, striving to devise some means of bringing their wayward daughter to her senses. They at last hit upon a plan, which they fondly hoped might be the means of securing the happiness of their child, and settling her comfortably in life.

The next morning his majesty sent for the dwarf, Puck, to his private cabinet, and received him with an unusually grave and troubled aspect.

"Venerable sire," said Puck, making a mock reverence, and scarcely able to suppress a chuckle at the solemn looks of his master, "what facetious dream hath been playing its mad pranks about thy sacred pillow? Never saw I kingly face so mirthfully beprankt."

"Come hither, good Puck," said the king, patiently, "and when thou hast made thy breakfast of fun upon thy poor master, listen to him seriously."

"Dear prince, said the dwarf, suddenly running up to the king and casting himself weeping at his feet, "art thou, then, really troubled? Forgive thy poor slave!" and he began blubbering in the most pitiable manner, while he looked up into the face of the king with such a look of wo-begone and ludicrous despair, that Paterfior himself could scarce refrain from bursting into laughter.

"Thou hast done nothing wrong, good Puck—handsome Puck," said the king, chucking his favorite under the chin. "I have need of thee. Here is my signet-ring. Bring me straight hither a young and handsome peasant, one who has never been seen by the court, nor any inhabitant of the palace. He must be intelligent, conscientious, and trustworthy. Dost thou know of such a one?"

"Yes, your majesty, I think I do. My friend, young Paudeen O'Rafferty, the son of the old forest-keeper, has just returned from Ireland, where he was carried by the fairies at his christening, and has been kept ever since until now, trying to get through the rent made by Mr. O'Connell in the pockets of his relatives. He's as tight an Irish lad as your majesty ever saw; and as for his honesty, I'll endorse it with both hands. The O'Raffertys are constitutionally honest."

"Well, bring him hither at once. I shall be ready to receive him."

Puck, with his funny face entirely restored to good humor, left the palace by a private gate, and running across a beautiful meadow, disappeared in the dark green forest. Idle lingerer as he was, he felt a strong inclination, at every hazel-copse he passed, to stop and have a chat with the rabbits he knew were hid beneath it; and more than once he was on the point of running up to a friendly deer and kissing his cold, black nose, just for auld lang syne. But, for a wonder, he was constant to his errand, and ran straight on—not stopping even to throw stones at a squirrel by the way—till he came to the forester's hut.

He found the old forester and his wife alone. They received him kindly, for, notwithstanding his mad pranks, Puck was a favorite every where, and especially among the poor and humble, who were always safe from his mischievous propensities. The young Paudeen was out a little bit in the forest, but would return directly.

"And what brings good Master Puck from among the great lords and beautiful ladies of the coort to our poor little shieling, not bigger nor bethter than the mud cabins of ould Ireland itself?" inquired the old woman, who had grown, with age and toil, wrinkled deaf and sour.

"I'll explain all that as soon as Paudeen comes home," replied the grave and mysterious Puck; "but, in the meantime, how do you get on Mr. O'Rafferty, and what is the news in the forest?"

"We get on but poorly," said the old forester, "and the news is, that the people at the other side of the forest, where the potatoes have all rotted, and the land is wore down to its bare bones, for want of rest like, are very bad. Some of the women and childhers have already starved, and the men have for the most part took to dhrinken and fighten, till things is in a mighty bad way."

"Yes," chimed in the old woman, who seemed to have caught by instinct the subject of conversation, "and the poor starven people say, too, that there is plenty of money squandhered upon extravagance by the king and his coort to give them all bread; and that the forests that is kept for the deers and craythurs to be killed for the sport of the big folks,

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would give every man a bit of fresh land, and that the potatoes would grow well enough then."

"Auch, Peggy, will ye have us hung for parjery, out and out!" exclaimed the terrified husband, casting a deprecating look at Puck. "Poor craythur, she does n't know what she is saying."

At this juncture the young Paudeen made his appearance, and put a stop to a conversation that was becoming decidedly stupid. He made his respects cordially to Puck; and when he heard his errand, seemed amazed and delighted. After a good deal of difficulty, the old lady was made to understand what was the desire of the king.

"Hooh!" exclaimed the old crone, leaping from her seat and dancing about the room, "the dhrame 's come true at last! Och, hullybaloo! did n't I know that the pretty Paudeen was n't born for the pig-stye! Bedad, but he 'll ruffle the gentles! Wont you, darlint?" and the old woman fell upon her son's neck, smothering him with kisses, while the poor youth could hardly keep his legs under the vigor of her maternal caresses.

PART II.

In a few days after the interview of Puck and Paudeen in the hut of the forester, there was great excitement at the court of Fairyland. The fashionable milliners and dress-makers never had seen such a time—orders from the aristocracy poured in upon them by scores, and their doors were beset by fashionable carriages, and little fairy footmen caparisoned in long coats with many capes, and broad, red bands fastened with shining buckles round their hats. The great *artistes* who were at the head of these establishments saw themselves amassing fortunes from the sudden influx of fashionable custom. But the poor little fairy seamstresses, who sat up all night, sometimes without time to eat or sleep, from sunset to sunset, so that all these splendid dresses might be finished in time—they did not fare so well. They grew pale and sick, and sat swaying and swinging about as they worked, until one might have thought them the ghosts of fairy workers, come back for a ghostly midnight frolic in their old haunts. It was melancholy enough, truly; but then nobody knew any thing about it. The rich ladies, when their splendid robes came home, did not stop to think that good, earnest, faithful fairy hearts had embroidered the roses that adorned the skirts from their own cheeks, and spangled them with the broken fragments of their youth's faded dreams. If they had—

Well, and if they had?

That is not at all to the purport of my story; and so I will proceed to let the reader into the secret of all this flutter and fluster. A great prince had made his appearance at the court of Peterfior, and had created almost as great an excitement in Fairyland as a new prima donna with bright eyes and a *sfogato* voice among mere mortals. Nobody knew exactly who he was, but he came from a great way off, and had a name as long as a province, and, beside being incalculably wealthy, it was universally voted (ladies vote in Fairyland) that he was the very handsomest love of a fairy knight that ever jingled spurs, or sighed at the feet of beauty. He had come to court evidently with the "highest recommendations" to the king, such as would have procured him immediate access into the first "circles," even in Philadelphia, where society lives behind barred doors, and goes about armed cap-a-pie against encroachment or intrusion. He had been at once received at the royal table, and a splendid suite of apartments had been assigned him in the palace itself. Such extraordinary attentions from the imperial family, of course, made the stranger a favorite and a welcome guest wherever he appeared; and there was not a lady at court who would not have given her eyes—if it would not have spoiled her beauty—for a smile from his magnificent mouth.

It was discovered, however, at a very early stage of the proceedings, that the chief object of the prince's admiration was the lady Dewbell, who, proud as she was, could not help feeling flattered by the evident and special devotion of one for whom the whole of her sex were dying. Sir Timothy Lawn, who, from pique or melancholy, or from some unknown cause, had left the court the very day after the arrival of the new prince, was not entirely forgotten, but was laid away carefully on a back shelf of her heart; and the lady Dewbell never had been so beautiful, so fascinating, so joyous and irresistible. Courts are as fickle as coquettes; and before the month had passed, in a series of brilliant *fêtes* and entertainments, at all of which the prince and princess were the reigning toast, it was regarded as a settled thing that there would, ere the maple leaves grew red in the dying gaze of the year, be a royal marriage in Fairyland.

But while to all around the beautiful Dewbell was ever the same careless, saucy and happy creature as ever, in her heart she nursed a bitter sorrow. After many and severe struggles, she was forced at last to make to herself the humiliating acknowledgment that she deeply and truly loved Sir Timothy Lawn, that noble and chivalric spirit, whom her unworthy trifling had driven—so her frightened heart interpreted it—in disgust from her. Compelled in common courtesy to receive the devoted attentions of the stranger prince, and to hear every day and every hour repeated the earnest solicitations of her father that she should school herself to regard the stranger as her future husband, her little fairy heart was quite broken with its ceaseless struggles. Her pride and self-will were entirely vanquished, and she felt herself truly the most miserable of fairy maidens. Suicide is of course a thing strictly prohibited among immortals; but had it been otherwise, I sadly fear that one of the lady Dewbell's spider-web silk hose would some morning have been found without a garter, and she herself hanging like a beauteous exhalation among the elm-leaves in the morning sunshine. Oh, had Sir Timothy been there then, he would have found, instead of his imperious and tantalizing coquette, the tenderest and truest of dis-

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consolate maidens, ready to melt into his arms between the delicious pause of a sigh and a kiss. "Naughty, cruel Sir Timothy! Horrid creature! to take all my nonsense for real earnest, and to go away and leave me to be persecuted to death!" exclaimed the lady Dewbell, with an uncontrollable burst of tears, as she threw herself, her toilet half finished, and her hair all strewn over her face and shoulders, upon her little praying cushion. "What will become of poor Bell!"

"What ails my daughter?" said the sweet, soft voice of the queen mother, as she knelt tenderly over her child, and pressed her head to her bosom. "Tell your sorrows to your mother."

"Oh, mother, I am the most wretched fairy that ever existed. I don't want to marry that odious, red-haired stranger; and my father has made me promise that the wedding shall take place on Halloween—and I—I have consented. But I love Sir Timothy; and I wont marry any body but him," sobbed the poor creature, convulsively, as she cast herself upon the floor, and looked up to her mother, terrified and half frantic.

"But, dearest, you know you laughed at poor Sir Timothy's vows—and he is so sensitive."

"Oh, yes, I know I did, but I'll never do so any more. If Sir Timothy will only come back and forgive me, and marry me, just this once, I will never, never offend him again as long as I live—never, never, never! Do, mamma, do make him come back!"

"Poor child! I will certainly do all I can. But you have promised to be married on Halloween."

"Oh, yes, but that is a good fortnight off, and you can bring Sir Timothy back before then, you know, and he can kill this horrid stranger, and then every body will be *so* happy!" and the face of the volatile creature began already to re-clothe itself in smiles.

"I fear you are mistaken, love," said her mother, solemnly, and shaking her head in an impressive manner, she added, "do not deceive yourself with such fallacies, my daughter; your princely word is passed, your father's royal honor is pledged, and you must be married on Halloween."

The lady Dewbell, sobbing hysterically, again looked up. She was alone; at the same moment the cat-and-baby face of Puck glanced by the window, and a wild, mischievous laugh melted away into a song, of which the lady only caught the two last lines:

> "He rideth fast, and he rideth well,
> But his heart still clings to the pretty Bell."

"Oh, bless thee, dear Puck!" sighed the haply wondering lady, rising and leaning from the window. "May thy sweet prophecy come true!"

PART III.

'T is Halloween midnight. Through the tall windows of the venerable church streamed in the broad moonlight, in bright silver floods, that lost themselves in the profound recesses of the distant aisles, or fell like many-colored snow-flakes upon the marble floor. Entering without sound, came up the middle aisle the royal wedding-procession. First walked the father, the royal Paterflor, looking stern and determined, yet, it must be confessed, a little roguish about the crowsfeet. Upon his arm leaned his pale and stricken daughter, the once proud, joyous and imperious Princess Dewbell. She was pale as a lily's cup, and drooping as its stem. She never raised her head from her bosom, and her eyes, once sparkling like fountains of light, were hidden beneath their willowy lids. Next comes the "red-haired prince," as the lady Dewbell had scornfully denominated him, (his head *was* a little inclined to flame, dear reader, between you and me,) respectfully conducting the ever sweet and placid Queen Woodbine; and after them a troop of merry and gayly-dressed fairies, both ladies and gentlemen, but very demure and solemn; while Puck, in the united capacity of Hymen and Grand Usher, was dodging about with his flaming torch, now in front, now in rear, now here, now there, and every where imparting an air of grotesqueness to the whole affair.

At the altar the party stopped, and ranging themselves in the approved order for such occasions, the priest—a grave and reverend bullfrog, whose surplice was scrupulously neat and tidy—proceeded with the ceremony. When he came to the question, "dost thou, my daughter, freely and voluntarily bestow thy hand and thy affections upon this man, Paudeen O'Rafferty, commonly called Pat?"

The pale and shrinking lady raised her head and opened her great ox-like eyes; the bridegroom looked sheepish and hung his head; King Paterflor seemed suddenly troubled with a severe fit of coughing, and the priest could scarcely forbear a chuckle.

"Father, dear father, what is the meaning of this cruel joke?" exclaimed the poor lady Dewbell, running to her father and catching hold of his arm. But the old king's cough was still very troublesome. She then appealed to the priest, but he seemed deaf, and only made a grum kind of noise in his throat, that sounded a good deal like "Pat O'Rafferty."

"Who, then, are you, sir?" demanded she, at last, of the groom, turning suddenly and imperiously upon him her piercing gaze.

"So plaze yer ladyship, I am Paudeen O'Rafferty, the son of the forester—at yer ladyship's service."

The fairy princess was about to faint, in the most approved manner, and had already selected a convenient cushion upon which to fall, when a tall and noble form crossed the moon-ray, and Sir Timothy Lawn stood before her.

"Beloved princess," said he, kneeling, and respectfully taking her hand, "I hope my presence is not disagreeable to the queen of my heart, for whose love I have so long pined. Speak to me frankly, sweet lady Dewbell, tell me, can you love me? Will you permit me to call you mine forever?"

The lady Dewbell changed her intention respecting the cushion upon which she had intended to faint, and, somehow, found herself before she was half

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conscious of it, in her lover's arms. An explanation ensued; the prince Paudeen gave up his post of honor to Sir Timothy; the ceremony was concluded on the spot; and as the gay and joyous party left the church, Puck was seen sitting at the organ accompanying himself in a sort of wild yet sweet chant, of which the lady Dewbell easily distinguished—

"Oh, a merry tale will the gossips tell,
Of the happy mishap of the proud lady Bell."

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Long have I gazed upon all lovely things,
Until my soul was melted into song,
Melted with love till from its thousand springs
The stream of adoration, swift and strong,
Swept in its ardor, drowning brain and tongue,
Till what I most would say was borne away unsung.

The brook is silent when it mirrors most
Whate'er is grand or beautiful above;
The billow which would woo the flowery coast
Dies in the first expression of its love;
And could the bard consign to living breath
Feelings too deep for thought, the utterance were death!

The starless heavens at noon are a delight;
The clouds a wonder in their varying play,
And beautiful when from their mountainous height
The lightning's hand illumes the wall of day:—
The noisy storm bursts down—and passing brings
The rainbow poised in air on unsubstantial wings.

But most I love the melancholy night—
When with fixed gaze I single out a star
A feeling floods me with a tender light—
A sense of an existence from afar,
A life in other spheres of love and bliss,
Communion of true souls—a loneliness in this!

There is a sadness in the midnight sky—
An answering fullness in the heart and brain,
Which tells the spirit's vain attempt to fly
And occupy those distant worlds again.
At such an hour Death's were a loving trust,
If life could then depart in its contempt of dust.

It may be that this deep and longing sense
Is but the prophecy of life to come;
It may be that the soul in going hence
May find in some bright star its promised home;
And that the Eden lost forever here
Smiles welcome to me now from yon suspended sphere.

There is a wisdom in the light of stars,
A wordless lore which summons me away—
This ignorance belongs to earth which bars
The spirit in these darkened walls of clay,
And stifles all the soul's aspiring breath;—
True knowledge only dawns within the gates of Death.

Imprisoned thus, why fear we then to meet
The angel who shall ope the dungeon-door,
And break these galling fetters from our feet,
To lead us up from Time's benighted shore?
Is it for love of this dark cell of dust,
Which, tenantless, awakes but horror and disgust?

Long have I mused upon all lovely things;
But thou, oh Death! art lovelier than all;
Thou sheddest from thy recompensing wings
A glory which is hidden by the pall—
The excess of radiance falling from thy plume
Throws from the gates of Time a shadow on the tomb.

THE BARD.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

Why should my anxious heart repine
That Wealth and Power can ne'er be mine,
And Love has flown—
That Friendship changes as the breeze?
Mine is a joy unknown to these;
In Song's bright zone,
To sit by Helicon serene,
And hear the waves of Hippocrene
Lave Phœbus' throne.

Here deathless lyres the strains prolong,
That gush from living founts of song,
Without a cross;
Here spirits never feel the weight
Of Wrong, or Envy, or of Hate,
Or earthly loss;
The pomp of Self—the pride of Birth—
The gilded trappings of this earth
Return to dross.

Oh, ye! who would forget the ills
Of earth, and all the bosom fills
With agony!
Come dwell with me in Fancy's dream,
Beside this lovely fabled stream
Of minstrelsy;
And let its draughts celestial roll
Into the deep wells of thy soul
Eternally.

God always sets along the way
Of weary souls some beacon ray
Of light divine;
And only when my spirit's wings
Are weary in the quest of springs
Of Song, I pine;
If I could always heavenward fly,
And never earthward turn mine eye,
Bliss would be mine.

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THE WILL.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

PART I.

There is peace in the Night of the Early Dead—
It will yield to a glorious morrow! *Clarke.*

Amid all the brightness and bloom which the imagination conjures up, when we think of the sunny islands lying within the tropics, many mournful associations arise and cast a sadness over the picture. Very few have not had within the circle of their relatives, or friends, some cherished one, who has vainly sought the balmy breezes of those favored spots, with the feverish hope that amid their loveliness Death would forget to launch his arrows for them.

Alas! to die among strangers is usually the fate of those who are thus lured from their homes by a deceitful hope. There, where Nature wears a perpetual verdure—where the fervid sun brings forth a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in more northern regions, the wearied spirit sinks to repose, soothed, or saddened, by the glow of existence around.

A spacious apartment on the southern side of a highly ornamented villa, opened into a magnificent garden, filled with orange-trees, oleanders, and many other gorgeous flowers peculiar to the climate of Cuba; while in the distance the sunlight gleamed upon a row of towering palms, whose stately columns, crowned by their verdant coronal, resembled the pillars of some mighty temple, which found a fitting canopy in the blue arch of heaven, glowing with the gorgeous hues of a tropical sunset.

The floor of this room was inlaid with marble of different colors, and the couch and windows were draped with snowy lace, lightly embroidered at the edges, and looped with cords of blue and silver—tables with marble tops, supporting porcelain vases filled with flowers, were placed between the windows, for these ephemeral children of sunshine were dear to the heart of the dying one. Beside one of these stood a large cushioned chair, in which reclined a young man of delicate features and wasted form. He appeared in the last stages of his fell disease, and the friends who had received him beneath their roof to die, wondered that he should have been deluded with the hope that health could ever again reanimate his bowed and shrunken form. There was an expression of care upon his sharpened features—a feverish restlessness in his manner, which betrayed the spirit's unrest

At his feet sat a young girl, whose brilliant complexion and pale-brown hair betrayed her Saxon origin; the finely rounded figure, the delicately formed feet and hands, and the gracefully turned head and bust, were all evidences of the grade of life to which she belonged. She held the burning hand of the invalid between her own soft, cool palms, and sung in a sweet low voice an old ballad which told of the ancient greatness of the Saxon race. At a short distance from them sat an elderly lady, clad in deep mourning, and her saddened countenance corresponded well with her weeds.

The young man made an impatient movement, and said—"Sing not to me England's former prowess, dear Edith. What to the dying can such themes be but a bitter mockery? Take your guitar, my sister, and throw your soul into its vibrating strings, while you sing me such a lay as I can fancy the angels of Heaven to be pouring forth around the throne of God."

"Shall I sing the chants of our church, dearest Edgar?" said Edith in a subdued voice.

"Yes—yes—they breathe peace and resignation into my restless soul. When I am dying, my sister, stifle your own feelings as you love me, and pour into my failing senses those magnificent strains. If God sees fit to tear me from you before I can legally provide for you and my beloved mother, I shall be enabled to forget the bitter truth in listening to your sweet voice. You promise me this, Edith?"

"I do—Heaven will sustain me even then, my darling brother, and give me power to forget my own anguish in soothing your last moments."

Edith Euston pressed his hand to her lips, and raising from the floor a guitar which lay beside her, she poured forth a strain of melody which seemed to soothe the senses of the invalid to rest. His eyes closed, and an expression of repose rested on his worn features.

Twilight deepened over the earth—a single ray of light, from the reddened sky, fell through the open window upon the figure of the young girl, and the mother, who sat silent and abstracted, thought as she glanced upon her that even in a higher world her beloved Edith could wear no lovelier outward semblance than was now hers. There was an expression of elevated feeling, of pure tenderness in her upturned face which revealed the high and noble soul within. One fitted to suffer and conquer in the dark struggle which she felt awaited her.

Hers were not the only eyes which contemplated that lovely picture of sisterly devotion upon that twilight eve. Another stood without, beneath the shadow of a high hedge, and gazed upon the unconscious musician with even deeper admiration; and his dark, expressive features lighted up with an emotion almost of reverence. The stars came forth in the translucent depths of ether; the young moon cast her tremulous light over the garden, yet still the intruder lingered in his place of concealment. Twice he put the boughs aside, as if to approach the room and announce his presence, but again receded,

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as if irresolute and uncertain as to the effect his presence might produce.

At length all became silent. The tones of the instrument died slowly away, and the voice of the singer ceased to pour forth its song. The windows were still unclosed, for the invalid had reached that distressing stage in his malady, when his oppressed breathing required a constant circulation of free air. A lamp burning beneath an alabaster shade was swung from the centre of the ceiling, and its mellow lustre diffused a faint moonlight radiance throughout the apartment.

With suppressed breathing the two ladies watched the sleep of the sick youth, and he who had so earnestly observed every movement of Edith, ventured to approach so near the open window that the heavy and interrupted respiration of young Euston was distinctly audible to him; while his eagle eye sought to penetrate the shadow in which his features reposed, that he might read upon them the ravages made by approaching dissolution.

As he stood thus, the moonlight revealed a tall, well proportioned figure, clad in a suit of black, well fitted to his form. His prominent features and flashing black eyes were half concealed by a large straw hat, which was carelessly placed upon his head. As he gazed upon the sleeping form, his lips curled, and a strange expression of exultation came to his face; his eye wandered triumphantly to the fair brow of Edith.

"Twice rejected," he muttered half audibly—"twice rejected, and with scorn, by yon dainty girl; now methinks my vengeance is almost within my grasp. I hold her future destiny in my power; for this boy *cannot* drag out his existence another week. Yes, Edith—to labor you have not been bred—to beg you will be ashamed, and he who vainly hopes that time will be granted him to deprive me of my inheritance, will perish from my path, just as he believes himself on the verge of consummating his hatred to me."

Edith softly arose, and making a sign to her mother, glided noiselessly from the room by a distant window, which opened to the floor. The intruder hesitated a moment, and then followed her with light and rapid steps. The flutter of her white dress guided him to the retreat she had chosen, and she had scarcely thrown herself upon a rustic seat beneath the shelter of some orange-boughs, and given vent to her painfully repressed emotion, by a burst of tears, when the dark stranger stood before her. She started up and would have fled, but he spoke, and the sound of his voice seemed to bind her to the spot as by a spell.

"Why would you fly from me, Edith?" he asked. "I come in the spirit of good-will to you and yours."

A struggle seemed to be passing in the mind of the young girl. She wiped her tears away, and after a pause answered in a tone which faltered at first, but grew firm, and even haughty as she proceeded.

"What has brought you hither, Mr. Barclay? Yet why do I ask? To exult in the fate of your unfortunate victim; to watch each painful breath which brings him nearer to his grave, with the certainty that the very eagerness with which he desires a few more days of existence, that he may fulfill a sacred duty, is fast wearing away the faint thread that yet binds him to life. Oh false, unfeeling man! depart, I pray you, if one human instinct yet remains within your callous heart, and leave my unhappy brother to die in peace."

She turned to depart, but Barclay stepped forward and placed his hand on her arm, as if to detain her. She shrunk from his touch with an expression of loathing, which called the crimson to his cheek, but he suppressed his emotion, and said calmly—

"I knew that you would soon need a protector, Miss Euston, and I came hither with the faint hope that I might be able to overcome your cruel prejudices against me—that I might become to you a friend at least, if no dearer title were allowed me."

"You a friend to *me*!" exclaimed Edith impetuously. "You, who lured my brother from his home, to wreck his existence in the life of dissipation to which you tempted him. Ever feeble from his boyhood, you knew that little was needed to destroy his frail constitution—yet, because he stood between you and the possession of wealth, his life was offered as the sacrifice to your criminal cupidity. And now you come hither to watch the last fluttering throes of existence, fearful that Death may delay his arrows until he shall have passed that hour which entitles him to dispose of his property—and disappoint your hopes, by bequeathing his wealth to those who are dearest to him."

"You are excited, Edith. You judge me too severely. Edgar's own headlong passions destroyed him. I merely urged him to do as others of his years and station, without foreseeing such fatal results. My love for you would have prompted me to save your brother."

"Speak not to me of love—dare not approach the sister of your victim with proffers of affection. The death of Edgar may leave me penniless—nearly friendless—I have been tenderly nurtured, but I would sooner embrace a life of sternest self-denial, of utter poverty, than link myself with infamy in your person. Leave me—and dare not approach the room of my brother, to imbitter his last hours by your presence."

"And your mother, my fair heroine?" said Barclay, in a tone of sarcasm bordering on contempt. "What will become of her if you persist in the rejection of the only person in the wide world on whom you have any claim? She is old, feeble, broken in health and spirit. Ah! will not your proud heart faint when you behold her sharing this life of poverty and self-denial, which seems to you so much more attractive than the home and protection I offer you?"

Edith stifled the tears that sprung anew to her eyes, and after a brief struggle said with composure—

"My mother is too honorable—she has too bitter a disdain of meanness ever to wish her child to sacrifice the truth and integrity of her soul, by accepting the hand of one for whom she has no respect."

"By Heaven!" said Barclay passionately, "you

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force me to throw away the scabbard and declare war to the knife. Be it so, then. Yonder weak boy cannot survive five of the ten days yet required to complete his majority. Then comes to me—yes to *me*—all his wealth; and only as *my* wife shall one ray of my prosperity shine upon you. The gray hairs of your only parent may be brought to the grave by want and sorrow, and unless you relent toward me my heart shall be steeled to her sufferings."

At this picture, which was only too likely to be realized, the courage of the unhappy Edith forsook her, and she exclaimed in faltering tones—

"My dear, dear mother! for her sake any other sacrifice might be borne—but not this—not this. My brother yet lives, and Heaven may in pity prolong his existence beyond the hour he so anxiously prays to see. Then we escape your power."

Barclay laughed mockingly.

"This is the fifteenth, and he is not of age until the twenty-fifth, exactly at the second hour of the morning. One moment only before that time should Death claim his victim the estate is mine, and you dependent on my bounty. Think you that the frail and wasted ghost of a man who struggles for breath in yonder room can live through another week? Hope—yes, hope for the best, for despair will come soon enough. I feel as secure of my inheritance as though it were already mine."

Edith proudly motioned him from her path, and fled toward the house, with his mocking words still ringing in her ears. Her brother yet slept, and as she gazed upon his sunken features it seemed to her as if death were already stamped upon them, and she bent her head above his still face, to convince herself that he yet breathed.

Barclay and Euston were distantly related, and had both been educated by an eccentric kinsman, with the belief among their connections that he designed dividing his ample fortune between them. To the surprise and chagrin of Barclay, he found on the death of Colonel Euston that the whole of his estate was bequeathed to his young cousin, encumbered with an annuity to himself, which appeared to one of his expensive tastes, and lavish prodigality, as absolute poverty.

Edgar Euston was then but seventeen years of age, and of a delicate bodily organization, which did not promise length of days. A clause in Colonel Euston's will offered a temptation to Barclay, which he had not sufficient principle to resist. If Euston died before attaining his majority the estate was to pass into the hands of his kinsman, and no mention was made of the mother or sister of the young heir. Barclay reflected that if he could remove Euston from his path, before he attained his twenty-first year, the coveted wealth would yet be his.

From that hour he made every effort to win the confidence and affection of young Euston. He was his senior by nearly ten years, and possessed a knowledge of the world, and a fascination of manner which was extremely attractive to a youth who had passed the greater portion of his life, at a country residence, in the society of his mother and sister. Euston entered one of our Northern colleges, and under the auspices of his kinsman he soon achieved a reputation which was far more applauded by the wild students than agreeable to the professors. He blindly followed wherever Barclay led, and before he entered his twenty-first year he returned to his early home, with a constitution completely broken by the reckless life he had led, and the symptoms of early decay in his flushed cheek and hollow cough. Vain had been the entreaties and remonstrances of his mother and sister; under the influence of his tempter, they were utterly disregarded—until the hand of disease was laid upon him, and he felt that the only atonement he could offer for all the suffering he had inflicted upon them would probably be denied to him.

He earnestly desired to live, that he might reach that age which would entitle him to make a legal transfer of his property to those who were deservedly dear to him, for in the event of his death without a will, his mother and sister would be left entirely dependent on the tender mercies of his successor. An unfortunate lawsuit had deprived his mother of the property which had become hers on the death of his father, and his own reckless extravagance had dissipated more than the annual revenue of his own property since it came into his possession.

Too late he discovered the baseness of Barclay's motives, and renounced all intercourse with him—but he would not thus be cast off. He had seen and loved the noble-hearted Edith, and he forced his hypocritical offers of service upon the afflicted family, until Edith distinctly assured him that he need never hope for a return to his passion.

Euston had long since abandoned all hope of recovery, but he sought the mild climate of Cuba, trusting that the fatal day might be deferred until he had secured independence to his family, but his physician feared that the very eagerness of his wishes would eventually defeat them. It was mournful, and deeply touching, to witness that clinging to existence in one so young, not from love of life itself, but from a desire to perform an act of justice. That completed, his mission on earth was ended, and Death might claim him without a murmur.

The hours dragged heavily on toward the desired day, and each one as it passed appeared to hurry the poor invalid with rapid strides toward the grave, that seemed eager to claim its prey. Barclay had not again ventured to intrude on Edith, but he nightly hovered around the room of the dying youth, and gloated on the wasted and death-like form which held his earthly fortunes in his hands.

A skillful physician had accompanied Euston from his native land, and his unremitting attention, aided by the tender nursing of his affectionate sister, seemed as if they would eventually reap their reward in the preservation of life beyond the hour of his majority.

In pain and weariness time slowly waned, but it still left him life and an unclouded mind; and the

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bold, bad heart, that nightly watched him, feared that the wealth he so ardently coveted, might yet elude his grasp.

The evening of the twenty-fifth at last arrived. Euston reclined in his chair as we first beheld him, wrapped in a brocade dressing-gown, whose brilliant colors made his extreme pallor the more remarkable; a table was drawn close beside him, and on it, at his own desire, was placed his repeater, from which his eyes scarcely wandered. His breath came slowly and gaspingly, and at brief intervals his physician moistened his parched lips with a restorative cordial, and murmured words of encouragement in his ear.

As before, Edith sat at his feet, with her guitar, ready to stifle her deep emotion, and fulfill her promise to sing to him while his parting soul was struggling for release from its earthly tenement. His mother leaned over his chair, and bathed his cold brow with her burning tears; in the back-ground sat a clergyman, gazing on the scene with absorbing interest.

Each one in that hushed room felt the approach of the stern tyrant, and all prayed fervently that his dart might be stayed yet a few hours.

"My sister, sing to me. Soothe me into quietness by the loved tones of your voice. It is my *only* hope for life beyond the desired hour," murmured the dying youth.

With tremulous fingers Edith touched the chords, and poured forth the solemn strains to which he loved to listen, and he sunk back and closed his eyes. At first her voice faltered, but she gradually regained her self-command, and never had those clear, rich tones uttered a sweeter strain, than that which floated around the fluttering spirit, which struggled to release itself from the attenuated form of the early doomed.

Barclay stood without, watching the scene with breathless interest, and a terrible struggle was passing in his dark and stormy soul. Euston might live beyond the hour of two, and he would then be a beggar. His eye wandered toward Edith, so nobly devoted, so purely beautiful; and the tempter whispered,

"She might save you—ennoble you; the love, the sweet influence of such a woman are all powerful. Once yours, you could surround her with such an atmosphere of care and tenderness, that her heart must be won to love you—to forget the past. Without her, you are doomed—doomed. What matters a few more moments of existence to one like him, when the eternal welfare of a human being hangs trembling in the balance? Deprived of the means of living, Edith will have no choice—she must marry you, or debase her pride of soul before the iron sway of poverty. Her mother is old—infirm; and for her sake, the daughter will listen to your proffers of love. Take your destiny into your own hands. Cowardly soul! why falter now? It is but completing your own work. He is *your* victim—you know it, and feel it in every pulse of your throbbing heart. Years of usefulness might have been his, but for you; then complete the sacrifice without hesitation. What avails it to have accomplished so much, if the reward escapes you at the last moment?"

Such were the wild thoughts that oppressed his soul during those terrible hours. He saw that the parchment which disinherited him was placed beside Euston, and the pen stood in the inkstand, ready to do its service, so soon as the hand of the watch pointed to the hour of two; and he ground his teeth in impotent rage, as the moments flitted by, and Euston yet continued to breathe.

Terrible is the watch of love beside the flitting soul which parts in peace; but how much more awful was that vigil, in which the anguish of bereavement was doubly embittered by the fear of future want to those who had been reared amid all the refinements of luxury. The mother looked upon her remaining child, and felt that she was not formed to struggle with poverty and neglect, and the daughter bent her tearful eyes on that venerable form, and in the depths of her soul, prayed that her old age might be spared the grinding cares of want.

The watch struck the half hour—then the quarter—and a feeble motion of Euston stopped the hand of Edith as she swept it over the strings of her instrument. She arose and stood beside him; a breathless silence reigned throughout the apartment, only broken by the monotonous ticking of the watch, which struck upon the excited nerves of those around with a sound as distinct as the reverberations of thunder.

Not a word was uttered until the hand pointed to the hour, then, as if endued with sudden energy, the dying man stretched forth his hand, and grasping the pen, said in a firm, distinct voice,

"Now let me sign my name, and yield up my spirit to the angel that has been beckoning me away for hours. My mother—my sister, God has vouchsafed to me a mercy I did not deserve. Thank Heaven! your interests are safe. You are free from *his* power."

At that instant a strange cry was heard; a bird flew into the room, and, dazzled by the light, flapped his wings against the shade of the lamp, overturned it, and left the apartment in utter darkness. In the confusion of the moment, a figure glided through the open window, and stood beside the chair of Euston. He noiselessly placed his firm grasp upon his laboring breast, and held it there a single instant. A faint rattling sound was heard, and Edith wildly called for lights.

Noiselessly as he had entered glided that dark form from the side of his victim, and buried itself in the shadows of the trees without. Many lights flashed into the room—they glared coldly on the face of the dead, and the mother sunk senseless in the arms of her daughter.

PART II.

Several months have passed away, and Mrs. Euston and her daughter have returned to their native land. A single room in an obscure boarding-house in the heart of a southern city was occupied by both. The expenses of their voyage to New Orleans, and

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a few months sojourn in their present abode, humble as it was, had nearly exhausted their slender resources. Edith had made many efforts to procure a few scholars to instruct in music and drawing, but the departure of the greater portion of the wealthy, during the unhealthy season, had deprived her of those she had been able to obtain. She thought of going out as a daily governess, but the feeble health and deep dejection of her mother, offered an insuperable objection to such an arrangement. When she left her alone even for an hour, she usually found her in such a state of nervous excitement on her return, as was painful to behold.

Edith is seated near the only window of their sordid apartment in the afternoon of a sultry summer day; the sun is shining without with overpowering splendor; a heated vapor rises from the paved streets and seems to shimmer in the breathless atmosphere. Edith had lost all the freshness and roundness of youth; her cheek was deadly white, and her emaciated form seemed to indicate the approach of the terrible disease of which her brother had died. She was sewing industriously, and her air of weariness and lassitude betrayed the strong mastery of the spirit over the body, in the continuance of her employment.

Mrs. Euston was lying on the bed; and twenty years seemed to have passed over her since the night of her son's death. The oppressive heat had induced her to remove her cap, and her long hair, white as the snows of winter, lay around her wasted and furrowed features. From infancy the respect and observance due to one of high station had been bestowed upon her, and the reverse in their fortunes was more than she could bear. At first, her high-toned feelings had shrunk from obligations to the new heir, and she approved of Edith's rejection; but as time passed, amid privations to which she had never been accustomed, her very soul revolted against their miserable mode of living.

To a woman of refined feelings and vivid imagination, the coarse and sordid realities around her were sufficiently heart-sickening, without having the terrible fear forced upon her that her only child was hurrying to the grave through her exertions to keep them literally from starvation. Her daughter now thought she slept, but her mind was far too busily occupied to permit the sweet influences of slumber to soothe her into a momentary forgetfulness of her bitter grief. Suddenly she unclosed her eyes, and spoke.

"Edith, my child, lay aside that work—such constant employment is destroying you. Is it not time that we heard from Robert Barclay? Surely he will not be relentless, when he hears that your health is failing. After all, Edith, you need not be so averse to receiving assistance from him; the property he holds is rightfully ours."

"Mother," replied Edith, a faint flush mounting to her cheek, "for your sake I have submitted to humiliate myself before our ruthless kinsman, but I fear it will be in vain. Only as his wife will my claims on his humanity and justice be acknowledged. Would you not shrink, dearest mother, from condemning your child to such a doom? Could you not better bear to stand above my grave, and know me at peace within it, than to behold me wedded to this unprincipled man, to whose pernicious example my brother owed his early doom?"

"Speak not of dying, my daughter," said the poor mother, hysterically, "I cannot bear it; I am haunted by the fear that I shall at last be left on earth alone. I daily behold you fading before my eyes without the power to avert the fate I see written upon your pale cheek and wasted form. As Robert's wife you would have a luxurious home, the means of gratifying refined tastes, and of contributing to the happiness of others. He may atone to me, by the preservation of one child, for the destruction of the other."

"Mother, your fears for me blind you to the truth. Are not mental griefs far more difficult to bear than the privations of poverty, galling as they are? As Mr. Barclay's wife, I should loathe myself for the hypocrisy I should be compelled to practice toward him; and the wealth for which I had sold myself, would allow me leisure to brood over my own unworthiness, until madness might be the result. No, no, mother—come what may, I never can be so untrue to myself as to become the wife of Robert Barclay."

"God help us, then!" said Mrs. Euston, despondingly.

A carriage drove to the door, and a gentleman alighted from it. Edith heard the bustle, but she did not look out to see what occasioned it, and she was startled from her painful reverie by a knock on the door. She opened it, and started back with a faint cry as she recognized Barclay.

"The landlady told me to come up," he said, as he glanced around the wretched apartment, and a slight twinge of remorse touched his heart as he remarked the changed appearance of Edith. She motioned him to enter, while Mrs. Euston arose from the bed, and offered him a seat.

"I concluded it would be best to reply to your communication in person," said he to Mrs. Euston, as he took the offered chair. "I come with the most liberal intentions, provided Miss Euston will listen to reason. I am grieved to see you in a place so unsuited to your former station as this wretched apartment."

"And yet," said Edith, "I have passed some pleasant hours in this room, comfortless as it looks. So long as I had the hope of being able to provide for our wants by my own exertions, I found contentment in its humble shelter."

"Your happiness must then be truly independent of outward circumstances," replied Barclay, with a touch of his old sarcasm. "I supposed, from the tenor of your mother's petition, that you had begun to repent of your high-toned language to me in our last interview, and would now accede to terms you once spurned, as the price of my assistance to you and yours."

Edith curbed her high spirit, and calmly replied,

"You misunderstood my mother's words. As the mother of the late heir, she justly considers herself

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entitled to a pittance from your estate, and she claimed from your humanity, what she was hopeless of obtaining from your sense of justice. For myself, I hoped for nothing from either, but I acquiesced in her application. I am sorry that you have founded on it expectations which must prove fallacious."

"Then, madam, I need remain no longer," said Barclay, addressing Mrs. Euston. "Your daughter remembers our interview previous to, and after, the death of her brother; the only terms on which I would assist you were then explicitly expressed.

Mrs. Euston caught his hand, and bowed her venerable head upon it.

"Have mercy, Robert, upon my gray hairs—my daughter; look at her—she is dying by inches—she is stifling in this wretched spot. The money that was my son's should surely buy a shelter for us. Leave us not helpless, hopeless. My God! my God! give me eloquence to plead for my child!" and she threw herself upon the floor, and raised her clasped hands to heaven.

"Madam," said Barclay, "it only rests with your daughter to have mercy upon you and herself. Where, I ask you, is her filial piety, when she beholds you suffer thus, and relents not toward one who offers her a love that has survived coldness, contempt, contumely."

Edith approached her mother, and assisted her to rise.

"My dearest mother, calm yourself. Humble not yourself thus before our oppressor. God is just—is merciful. He will not forget the widow and the orphan in their extremity. Leave us, Mr. Barclay; had my wishes alone been consulted, you never would have been called on thus to witness our misfortunes."

Barclay bowed, and haughtily strode from the room.

"Another month of privation," he muttered, "and she will surely be mine or Death's. It does not much matter to which she belongs. Ah, if she only knew all!" and he sprung into his cabriolet, and dashed off toward the more aristocratic portion of the city.

In the hope that Edith would be forced to relent, Barclay had remained in New Orleans thus late in the season, and he resolved to linger yet a little longer, until want and suffering should leave her no choice. His passion for her was one of those insanities to which men of his violent character are often liable. He desired her as the one great gift, which was to purify, to exalt him in the scale of humanity. The delicate beauty of her person, the sensibility of her soul, the grace of her manner, rendered her irresistibly attractive to him; but so selfish was his love, that he would sooner have seen her perish at his feet, than have rendered her assistance, except at the price proposed.

Another month passed by, and still there was no news of Edith or her mother. He grasped the daily paper, almost with a sensation of fear, and glanced at the column of deaths, which at that season usually contains a goodly array. Their names were not yet among them, or perchance in their poverty and obscurity they would not find admittance even among the daily list of mortality.

The yellow fever had commenced its annual ravages, and Barclay retreated to a country-house in the vicinity, owned by a friend, and dispatched a confidential servant to inquire concerning Mrs. Euston and her daughter. They were still in the same place, but the mother had been ill, and was still confined to her bed.

One morning, about two weeks afterward, Barclay was seated in a delightful little saloon, over a late breakfast. The room was furnished with every appliance of modern luxury, and the morning air stirred the branches of noble trees without, whose verdant shade completely shut out the glare of the sun. A servant entered, and presented to him a letter which had just been left. The irregular hand with which it was directed, prevented him from recognizing the writing of Edith, and when he opened the missive, which had evidently been blotted with her bitter tears, a flush of triumph mounted to his cheek, and he exclaimed with an oath,

"Mine at last!—I knew it must end thus!"

The letter contained the following words:

"After a night of such suffering as casts all I have previously endured into the shade, I address you. My mother now lies before me in that heavy and death-like sleep which follows utter exhaustion. Her state of health for the last month has demanded my constant care, and the precarious remuneration I have been able to obtain for sewing, I have thus been compelled to give up. We have parted with every souvenir of our better days—even our clothing has been sacrificed, until we have but a change of garments left; and now our landlady insists on being paid the small sum we owe her, or we must leave her house to-day. She came into our room last evening, and the scene which ensued threw my mother into such a state of nervous excitement, that she has not yet recovered from it.

"I cannot disguise from myself that she is very ill. If she awakes to a renewal of the same anguish, I dare not contemplate the consequences. You know that I do not love you, Mr. Barclay. I make no pretension to a change in my feelings; repugnant as it must be to a heart of sensibility, I must view this transaction as a matter of bargain and sale. I will accept your late offer, to save my mother from further suffering, and to gain a home for her declining years.

"For myself, I will endeavor to be to you—but why should I promise any thing for myself. God alone can give me strength to live after the sacrifice is completed.

"EDITH."

There was much in this letter that was wounding to his vanity, and bitter to his feelings; but he had triumphed! The stately pride of this girl was humbled before him—her spirit bowed in the dust before the gaunt spectre she had thought herself capable of braving. She would be his—the fair, the pure in heart, would link herself to vice, infamy and crime, for money. Money! the world's god! See the countless millions groveling upon the earth before the great idol—the golden calf, which so often brings with it as bitter a curse as was denounced against

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the people of old, when they forsook the living and true God for its worship.

Can it not buy every thing—even woman's love, or the semblance of it, which would serve him just as well? He, the murderer of the brother, would purchase the compliance of the sister with this magical agent; but—and his heart quailed at the thought—could it buy self-respect? Could it enable him to look into the clear eye of that woman he would call his wife, and say, "My soul is worthy to be linked with thine in the realms of eternity."

No—he felt that the sacrilegious union must be unblessed on earth, and severed in heaven, yet he shrunk not from his purpose.

He lost no time in seeking Edith; Mrs. Euston was yet buried in the leaden slumber produced by a powerful narcotic. The unhappy girl received him alone, and he remarked that his words of impassioned love brought no color to her marble cheek—no emotion to her soul; she seemed to have steeled herself for the interview, and it was not until he pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her pallid lips, that she betrayed any sensibility—then a thrill, a shudder pervaded her whole frame, and he supported her nearly insensible form several moments before she regained power to sustain herself. Could he have looked into that breaking heart, and have read there all the bitter loathing, the agonized struggles for self-control, would he have persisted in his suit? Yes—for this was a part of his vengeance for the slights she had put upon him; and in the future, if she did not play the part he thus forced upon her, with all the devotion he should exact, had he not bitter words at his command to taunt her with the scene of that morning?

A physician was called in, who advised the removal of Mrs. Euston while she slept; and arrangements were soon made to accomplish it. The family to whom Barclay's present retreat belonged, were spending the summer at the north, and their house had been left at his disposal. He determined to remove Mrs. Euston and her daughter thither, while he took up his own abode, until the day of his marriage, with a bachelor friend in the neighborhood.

Edith demanded an interval of a week before their union took place, which he reluctantly granted. Naturally prodigal, he employed the time in ordering the most elegant *trosseau* for his bride. She who so lately was struggling with bitter want, was now surrounded by servants eager to anticipate every wish, while Barclay played the devoted lover. Edith prayed earnestly for power to regard him with such feelings as alone could hallow the union they were about to form. Vain were her lonely struggles—her tearful supplications; a spectral form seemed to rise ever between them, and reproach her that she had been so untrue to herself, even for the preservation of a mother.

The only thing that consoled her for her great sacrifice, was that her beloved mother seemed to revive to some sense of enjoyment, when she again found herself surrounded by that comfort to which she had been accustomed. Weakened in mind as in body, Mrs. Euston fondly flattered herself that her daughter might yet be happy amid the splendors of wealth; and the poor mother welcomed the arbiter of their future fate with smiles and courteous words, to which he listened with politeness, and scorned as the hollow offspring of necessity.

The dreaded day at length arrived, and with the calmness of exhausted emotion, Edith prepared herself for the ceremony which was to consign her to the protection of Barclay. She believed her earthly fate sealed, and resignation was all she could command.

Amid all her suffering, there was one thought which arose perpetually before her; there was one human being on earth who would have risked his life to serve or save her, and she knew that a heart worthy of her love would hear the history of her enforced marriage with bitter disappointment and anguish.

Near the home of her infancy dwelt a family of sons and daughters with whom she had been reared in habits of intimacy. Between herself and the eldest son a strong attachment had grown up; it had never been expressed in words, yet each felt as well assured of the affection of the other, as if a thousand protestations had been uttered. About the time that Mrs. Euston and her daughter left their own home to travel with their beloved invalid, Walter Atwood bade adieu to his paternal home, on a tour to Europe, where he was to complete his professional education as a medical man.

Mrs. Euston's place passed into the hands of strangers, and after a few months all intercourse by letter ceased between their former friends and themselves. After the death of her son, the bereaved mother would not consent to return to their former neighborhood, and thus all trace of them was lost to the Atwoods; but Edith knew in her deep heart that Walter would return—would seek her; and it was this conviction which gave her firmness to resist so long the overtures of Barclay.

Now all was at an end; another hour and the right even to think of him would no longer be hers. Her mother entered her room, folded her to her breast, and whispered,

"The hour has arrived, my child. Robert is here with the clergyman. Do not keep them waiting."

"I am quite ready, mother," said Edith, calmly, and she advanced without hesitation toward the door, for she heard an impatient step without, which she well knew. Barclay awaited her in the hall—he impetuously seized her hand and drew it beneath his arm.

At that moment the door-bell was violently pulled, and both turned impulsively to see who made so imperious a demand for admittance.

At the open door stood two figures, one of a young man, who appeared deeply agitated, for his features, beneath the light of the lamps, seemed white and rigid, as if cut from marble. Over his shoulder appeared a swarthy face, with a pair of bright, keen eyes, gleaming from beneath overhanging brows.

Edith and Barclay both uttered an exclamation—but they were very different in their character. In the impulse of the moment, the former drew her hand forcibly from him who sought to retain it, and with

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one bound, was in the arms of the foremost stranger, as she exclaimed,

"Walter—my saviour—my preserver! you have come at last!"

The face of Atwood lost its unnatural rigidity as he pressed her to his heart, and said,

"Thank Heaven! I am not then too late!"

Barclay advanced threateningly,

"What does this mean, sir? Are you aware that such conduct in my house is not to be tolerated—that you shall answer for it to me with your life?"

"It means, Mr. Barclay, that I come with authority to prevent the unholy alliance you were about to force upon this helpless and unprotected girl, to place the seal upon your crimes, by clasping in wedlock the hand of the sister with that which is red with the brother's blood."

"'T is false—the boy killed himself, as Edith herself knows full well. Am I to be held accountable for the dissipation of a young fool, who, when once the curb was removed, went headlong to destruction without the necessity of any prompting from me."

"We will waive that part of the question, if you please, Mr. Barclay. I have brought with me one who can prove much more than that. Come forward, Antoine."

The Frenchman advanced, and Barclay grew pale as he recognized him.

"Let us retire to a private room," continued Atwood, in a lower tone—"I would not have Mrs. Euston and her daughter hear too suddenly the developments I am prepared to make."

Then turning to Edith he said—

"You are saved, my dear Edith. Retire with your mother, while I settle with Mr. Barclay."

Mechanically Barclay led the way into an adjoining room. When there, he turned haughtily and said—

"Now, sir, explain yourself—tell me why my privacy is thus invaded, and—"

Atwood interrupted him.

"It is useless to attempt bravado with me, sir. Your whole career is too intimately known to me to render it of any avail. You know that from my boyhood I have loved Miss Euston, for you may remember a conversation which took place between us several years since, when you were received as a visiter at her mother's house. Jealousy enabled you to penetrate what had been carefully veiled from others, and you taxed me with what I would not deny. Do you remember the words you used to the boy you then spoke to? That you would move heaven and earth to win Edith Euston."

"To what does all this tend?" asked Barclay, in an irritated tone.

"Patience, and you will see. I returned from Europe and found that Mrs. Euston's family had left for Havanna. Her lawsuit had gone against her, and she had lost her home. Nothing more was known of her. I lost no time in following her. I reached Cuba, and after many inquiries, traced her to the house of the family which had received her beneath their roof. There I heard the history of her son's unhappy death, at the moment he was about to confer independence upon his mother and sister. *You* were mentioned as a visiter after his death; your *generous* offer to share with Miss Euston as your wife the wealth which should have been hers was dwelt on. All this aroused a vague suspicion in my mind. I made minute inquiries, and traced you through all the orgies of your dissipation. One night I was following up the inquiry, and I entered a tavern much frequented by foreigners. A man sat apart in gloomy silence. One of his comrades said—

"'Antoine grieves over the loss of his bird. All the money the American paid him does not make him forget that he sold his best friend!'

"By an electric chain of thought, the incident which attended poor Euston's last moments, occurred to me. I approached the man, and addressed him in French, for I saw that he was a native of that country. I spoke of his bird. He shook his head and said—

"'It is not the loss of the bird, monsieur, but the use that was made of him, that troubles my conscience.'

"In short, to condense a long story, I learned from Antoine, that he remained in your lodgings several days, until the mackaw he sold to you became sufficiently accustomed to you to be caressed without biting. During that time you had a room darkened, and required him to train the bird to fly at a light and overturn it. When he was dismissed, his curiosity was excited, and he watched your movements. He nightly dogged your steps, and traced you to the garden of the villa. He stood within a few feet of you on the night of Euston's death, and beheld the use to which you put his bird. His eyes, accustomed to the gloom without, beheld your dark form glide to the side of your victim. He saw your murderous hand pressed upon the breast of the dying youth."

"'T is false—false. I defy him to prove it."

"It is true, sir—the evidence is such as would condemn you in any court; and now listen to me. I offer you lenient terms, in consideration of the ties of relationship which bind you to those you have so cruelly oppressed. One third of the fortune for which you have paid so fearful a price shall be yours, if you will sign a paper I have with me, which will restore the remainder to Mrs. Euston. If you refuse, I have in my pocket a writ of arrest, and the officers are in the shrubbery awaiting my orders to execute it. Comply with my terms and I suffer you to escape."

Thus confronted by imminent danger, Barclay seemed to lose his courage and presence of mind. He measured the floor with rapid steps a few moments, and then turning to Atwood motioned for the paper, to which he affixed his signature without uttering a word.

"There is yet another condition," said Atwood. "Leave this country within forty-eight hours. If, after that time, I am made aware of your presence within the jurisdiction of the United States, I will have you arrested as a murderer. The peace of mind of those I have rescued from your power shall not be periled by your presence within the same land they inhabit."

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Barclay ground his teeth with rage.

"I *shall* leave it, be assured, but not to escape from this absurd charge."

"Go then. I care not from what motive."

Another instant, and Barclay had passed from the room. Edith and her mother traveled to their former home in the beautiful land of Florida, under the protection of Atwood, and there, amid rejoicing friends, surrounded by all the happy associations of her bright youth, she gave her hand to her faithful lover.

Barclay perished in a street brawl, in a foreign land, and the whole of her brother's estate finally devolved upon her.

A VOICE FOR POLAND.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Up, for encounter stern
While unsheathed weapons gleam;
The beacon-fires of Freedom burn,
Her banners wildly stream;
Awake! and drink at purple springs—
Lo! the "White Eagle" flaps his wings
With a rejoicing scream,
That sends an old, heroic thrill
Through hearts that are unconquered still.

Leap to your saddles, leap!
Tried wielders of the lance,
And charge as when ye broke the sleep
Of Europe, at the call of France:
The knightly deeds of other years
Eclipse, ye matchless cavaliers!
While plume and penon dance—
That prince, upon his phantom steed,
In Elister lost your ranks shall lead.

Flock round the altar, flock!
And swear ye will be free;
Then rush to brave the battle shock
Like surges of a maddened sea;
Death, with a red and shattered brand
Yet clinging to the rigid hand,
A blissful fate would be,
Contrasted with that darker doom
A branded brow—a living tomb.

Speed to the combat, speed!
And beat oppression down,
Or win, by martydom, the meed
Of high and shadowless renown;
Ye weary exiles, from afar
Come back! and make the savage Czar
In terror clutch his crown;
While wronged and vengeful millions pour
Defiance at his palace-door.

Throng forth with souls to dare,
From huts and ruined halls!
On the deep midnight of despair
A beam of ancient glory falls:
The knout, the chain and dungeon cave
To frenzy have aroused the brave;
Dismembered Poland calls,
And through a land opprest, betrayed,
Stalks Kosciusko's frowning shade.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

BY MAYNE REID.

They tell me, lady, that thy heart is changed—
That on thy lip there is another name;
I'll not believe it—though for life estranged—
I know thy love's lone worship is the same.
The bee that wanders on the summer breath,
May wanton safely among leaves and flowers,
But by the honied jar it clings till death—
There is no change for hearts that loved like ours.

You may not mock me—'t is an idle game—
The lip may lie, the eye with bright beguiling
May, from the world, conceal a suffering flame,
But 't is the eye and not the heart is smiling;
And I, too, have that power of deceiving,
By the strong pride of an unfeeling will,
The cold and cunning world in its believing—
What boots it all? The heart will suffer still.

Comes there not o'er thy spirit, when 't is dreaming
In the lone hours of the voiceless night,
When the sweet past like a new present seeming,
Brings back those rosy hours of love and light?
Comes there not o'er thy dreaming spirit then
Delicious joy—although 't is but a vision—
That we have met, caressed and kissed again,
And revel still among those sweets Elysian?

Comes there not o'er thy spirit when it wakes,
And finds, with sleep, the vision too hath parted
A lone depression, till thy proud heart aches.
And from thy burning orb the tear hath started?
And with sad memories through thy bosom thronging,
Within thy heart's most secret deep recesses
Feel'st thou not then an agony of longing
To dream again of those divine caresses?

To dream them o'er and o'er, or deem them real,
While penitence is speaking in thy sighs—
For this, unlike thy dream, is not ideal—
It brings the pallid cheek, the moistened eyes;
Then, lady, mock not love so deeply hearted,
With that light seeming which deceit can give—
The love I promised thee, when last we parted,
Shall never be another's while you live.

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A PIC-NIC IN OLDEN TIME.

BY QUEVEDO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Joy is as old as the universe, yet as young as a June rose: and a pic-nic has of all places been its delight, since the little quiet family *fêtes champêtres* of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. So it is of no especial consequence in what reign of what kingdom our clever artist has laid his scene—and sooth to say, from the diversified and pleasantly incongruous costume and accessories of the picture, it might puzzle an uninitiated to tell. But we, who are in the secrets of Maga, and to whom the very brain-workings of her poets and painters are as palpable as the crystal curdling of the lake beneath the filmy breath of the Frost King, of course know all about it, and will whisper in your ear the key to the pretty harmonies of wood and sky and happy faces which he has spread out in a sort of visible cavatina, or dear little love-song, beneath your eye.

It was a gay time at Sweetbriar Lodge—for the fair Alice Hawthorn had just been married to the Squire of Deerdale, and the happy pair (new-married people were even in those times happy, although they were not so set down in the newspapers,) had determined to spend the honey-moon quietly at home, like sensible people, instead of posting off to Bath or Brighton, or mewing themselves up in some outlandish corner of the country, where they could see and hear nothing but themselves, until they were ready to commence the married life by being cloyed with each other's society. The season was mid-summer, and the weather so balmy and beautiful that after wandering about in the woods and fields all day, and watching the moon creep stealthily up the sky to view herself in the fountain, one felt a longing to make his bed on the fresh turf under the katydid's bower, and sleep there. Of course I don't mean the young and happy bridegroom. He never dreamed of being absent from his Alice,; and he even felt quite jealous of her little sister Emma, who used sometimes to come and put her laughing, roguish face and curly head between the lovers, as they were sitting on the sofa or reclining on the green turf by the little fountain.

But Alice had another sister, older than herself, and who had already refused several excellent offers of marriage—declaring that she intended to live and die single, unless she should fall in love with some wandering minstrel or prince in disguise, like Lalla Rookh. Her name was Hortensia; but on account of her proud indifference to the attentions and compliments which were every where offered to her wonderful beauty, she was usually called Haughty Hawthorn—a name which seemed to please her better than all the flatteries of which she was the object. She was already twenty-two, and ripening into the full magnificence of glorious womanhood—her heart yet untouched by the electric dart of love, and her fancy free as the birds of air.

Now it was quite natural that the gentle Alice, whom love had made so happy, should willingly enter into a conspiracy with her husband and a parcel of the young people of the neighborhood against the peace and comfort of her haughty sister—deeming of course—as I myself am also of opinion—that a young lady out of love ought to be supremely miserable, whatever she herself may think about it.

Keeping in view the peculiar requisites required by Haughty in a lover, the plan was to get up an old-fashioned pic-nic, at which a young friend of Squire Deerdale, who was studying for an artist, and had just returned from Italy, where he had picked up a little music as well as painting, should be introduced after a mysterious fashion, which would be sure to inflame the imagination of the loveless lady. The artist, according to the squire, was handsome as a prince and eloquent as a minstrel, and his extensive practice in Rome had made him perfect master of the fine arts, the art of making love included. So the pic-nic was proposed that very evening, to take place the next day. Hortensia, who was fond of frolick and fun as the best of them, albeit not yet in love, fell at once into the snare; and the squire carelessly led the conversation to turn upon the sudden and unexpected arrival of the young Duke of St. James upon his magnificent estate adjoining Sweetbriar Lodge, which he said had taken place that very day.

"The duke," said the squire, "is, as you all have heard, one of the most romantic and sentimental youths in the world, and quite out of the way of our ordinary extravagant, matter-of-fact young nobility. I had the pleasure of meeting him when I was in Rome, and could not help being charmed with him. He read and wrote poetry divinely, played the mandolin like St. Cecilia, and sung like an improvisatore. I met him to-day, as he was approaching home in his carriage, and found him, as well as I could judge from a five minutes' conversation, the same as ever. I say nothing—but should a fresh-looking, golden-haired, dreamy-eyed youth be seen at our pic-nic to-morrow, I hope he will be greeted with the courtesy and welcome due not only to a neighbor but a man of genius."

This adroitly concocted speech was drank in like wine by the unsuspicious Hortensia. A duke! a poet! a romantic man of genius! What was it made her heart beat so rapidly?—*her* heart, that had never beat out of time save over the page of the poet or the novelist—or may be in the trance of some beautiful midnight dream, such as love to hover around the pillows of fair maidens, and who can blame them?

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The next morning, as Willis says of one of his fine days, was astray from Paradise; and bright and early our pic-nickers, comprising a goodly company of young people, married and single, with several beautiful children, including of course the roguish Emma, were on the field selected for the day's campaign. It was a lovely spot. Under a noble oak whose limbs, rounded into a leafy dome, shed a palpitating shadow around a sweet little fountain, guarded by a marble naiad, gathered the merry company upon the green velvet ottoman, daisy-spangled, that ran around this splendid natural saloon, bower and drawing-room combined. The day had fulfilled the golden promise of the early morning; the air, impregnated with a sparkling, effervescing sunshine, was as bewitching as the breath of champagne foam, and our adventurers were in the liveliest and gayest spirits.

Noon was culminating, and the less excitable and more worldly portion of the company began to be thinking seriously of the bountiful refection which had been provided for the grand occasion. Hortensia, it was observed by Squire Deerdale and his wife, and the others who were in the secret, had seemed absent and thoughtful, all the morning, and little Emma had teased her sufficiently for not playing with her as usual. At this moment a young man was seen coming down the broad sloping glade at the foot of which the party were seated. The squire immediately rose and welcomed the stranger, introducing him to his bride and sister-in-law, and expressing his pleasure that he had come. "We almost began to fear," he added, "that you had forgotten our humble festival."

"A *fête* thus embellished," replied the stranger, bowing with peculiar grace to the ladies, and glancing admiringly at Hortensia, "is not an affair to be so easily forgotten by a wanderer who comes, after years of exile, to revive beneath the blue skies and bluer eyes of his native land."

"But your mandolin, Signor Foreigner; I hope you have not forgotten that?"

"Oh no indeed," returned the stranger with a musical laugh, "I never forget my little friend, whose harmonies have often been my only company. Here it comes," pointing to a lad who just then came up, bearing a handsome though outlandish-looking guitar gingerly across his arm.

Another of the party had also brought his guitar, and the two were soon tinkling away at different parts of the grounds—the latter surrounded by half a dozen young men and women, and several beautiful children; while the stranger, throwing himself on the grass at the feet of Hortensia, upon whose lap nestled the little Emma, began a simple ballad of the olden time—while the squire and his bride stood against the old oak behind Hortensia. At length the strain of the young musician changed, subsiding into low and plaintive undulations.

"It is time for us to go," whispered Alice to her husband; "we are evidently *de trop* here"—and the wedded pair glided noiselessly off, casting mischievous glances at the haughty Hortensia, who sat absorbed in the music, and tears of sympathy and rapture ready to fall from her eyes. It was a clear case of love at first sight.

From this pleasant reverie both musician and listener were suddenly roused by little Emma, who, raising her head and shaking back the long ringlets from her face, exclaimed,

"Oh, sister, hear that! There goes the champagne, and I am so hungry. Come, let us go to dinner."

"Excuse me, madam," exclaimed the stranger, ceasing to play and springing to his feet, "your beautiful little monitor is right. I was already forgetting myself and venturing to dream as of old;" and he offered his arm to Hortensia, with that polite freedom not only permitted, but enjoined, by the etiquette of the pic-nic.

"And do you call it forgetfulness to dream?" inquired Hortensia.

"With so fair a reality before me, yes; but at other times to dream is to live."

"Oh, yes, it *is* nice to dream!" broke in the little Emma. Almost as nice as a wedding. Now last night I dreamt that you were married, Haughty, like sister Alice."

A lambent rosy flame seemed to envelop for an instant the beautiful Hortensia, disappearing instantly, yet leaving its scarlet traces on cheek and brow.

"What say you, my pretty one," said the stranger, patting the lovely child upon the head, "what say you to a sandwich and a glass of wine with me, here on the greensward? (They had now approached the *table*—if a snow-white damask spread upon the velvet grass, and loaded with tempting viands could be called so.) Is not that better than dreams?"

"I love wine, sir, but mamma and sister say I shouldn't drink it, because it makes my eyes red. Now *your* eyes are as bright as stars. Do you drink wine?"

It was the stranger's turn to blush. And this little childish prattle seemed to have removed the barrier of strangership from between the two young people, who exchanged glances of a sort of merry vexation, and seemed to understand each other as if they were old friends.

That was a merry meal, "all under the greenwood tree," and on the margin of that sweet little fountain, whose waters came up to the very lip of the turf, which it refreshed with a sparkling coolness that ever renewed the brightness of the flowers upon its bosom. After the dinner was over, a dance was proposed, and the services of the handsome stranger, as musician, were cheerfully offered and promptly accepted. It was observed, however, that Hortensia, usually crazy for dancing, strolled pensively about with little Emma at her side, and at length seated herself on a little grassy bank, remote from the dancers, yet where she could overlook the scene.

There was a little pause in the dance, and Squire Deerdale approached the stranger and whispered,

"Do you like her?"

"She's as beautiful as Juno, but I dare not hope that she would ever love a poor vagabond like me. She deserves a prince of the blood, at the very least."

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"Never mind!—*Vedremo*, as we say in Italy;" and with a laugh the young man bounded again into the dance, while the stranger redoubled his attention to his guitar.

The day began to wane, and the shadows of a neighboring mountain to creep slowly across the lea; and yet, so absorbed was that gay company in the merry pleasures of the day, that hours glided by unnoticed; and it was not until the round, yellow moon rose over the eastern hills, as if peeping out to see the sun set, that they thought of breaking up a scene of little less than enchantment.

The stranger scarcely left the side of Hortensia, who seemed completely subdued and fascinated by the serious eloquence, the inexhaustible brilliancy of his conversation, as well as enthralled by the classic beauty of his face, and the respectful yet tender glances which he from time to time cast upon her face. It may also be supposed that the hints casually dropped by the squire the night before, respecting his distinguished acquaintance, the young Duke of St. James, had not been without their effect. Sooth to say, however, that the hitherto cold and impassive Hortensia was really in love, and that she had too much self-respect to make any conditions in the bestowal of her admiration. She was haughty, proud and ambitious—yet at the same time high-minded and generous where her feelings were really interested.

Much may be accomplished in an afternoon between two congenial hearts that meet for the first time; and it is not at all surprising that on their way home the stranger and Hortensia should have lingered a little behind the rest of the party, engaged in deep and earnest talk.

"Beautiful being," whispered the stranger, "I have at length found my heart's idol, whom in dreams I have ever worshiped. What need of long acquaintanceship between hearts made for each other? Lady, I love you!"

"Sir, sir, I beg you to pause. You know not what you are saying—you cannot mean that—"

"But I tell you he does mean it, though," exclaimed a merry voice close at the lady's elbow; and turning round, she saw her mischievous brother-in-law, who had been demurely following their tardy footsteps.

"Brother! you here! I—really—am quite astonished!"

"And," interrupted the stranger, while a dark flush came over his face, "allow me to say, Squire Deerdale, that I also am astonished at this violation of the rights of a friendship even so old and sincere as ours."

"Well, well, I beg your pardon, fair lady; and as for you, sir, after you have heard my explanation, I shall be prepared to give you any satisfaction you may require. You must know, then, my dear old friend, that from a few careless words I dropped last evening, by way of joke, this young lady has imbibed the idea that you are the young Duke of St. James in disguise; and for the purpose of preventing any misunderstandings for the future, it is requisite that my sister and my friend Walter Willie, the artist, should comprehend one another's position fully."

"Good heavens! madam, you cannot believe that I was accessory to this mad prank of your brother's? Do not believe it for the world."

"No, no, I acquit you and every body but myself. I am sure I intended no harm by my thoughtless joke. Come, come, make up the matter at once, so that I may hasten back to Alice, who will begin to grow jealous, directly."

"Madam, dear madam, (Hortensia turned away her head with an imperious gesture,) I have only to beg your pardon for having too long intruded upon your attention, and to take my leave. The poor artist must still worship his ideal at a distance. For him there is but the world of imagination. No such bright reality as being beloved rests in his gloomy future. Farewell!" and the young man, bowing for a moment over the hand of Hortensia, withdrew.

"Brother, brother, what have you done!" passionately exclaimed the beauty, in a voice choked by sobs. "For a foolish joke you have driven away the only being who has ever interested my lonely heart. And now I can never, never be happy again."

"But, dear Hortensia, would you stoop to love a mere artist?"

"Stoop, sir,—stoop! I know not what you mean. Think you so meanly of me as to believe I would sell myself for wealth and a title? Proud I may be—but not, I thank God, mercenary nor mean. And what a lofty, noble spirit is that of your friend! What lord or duke could match the height of his intellect or the gorgeousness of his imagination. Oh, too soon my beautiful dream is broken!" and the young lady, all power of her usual self-restraint being lost, wept like a child upon the shoulder of her brother.

"Nay, nay, sister dear, weep not," at length said the squire, tenderly raising her head and leading her homeward. "All is not lost that is in danger. And so that you really *have* lost your hard little heart to my noble, glorious friend, I'll take care that it is soon recovered—or at any rate another one quite as good. Come, come, cheer up! All will go well."

The squire, although not usually rated as a prophet, predicted rightly for once; for the very next day saw young Walter Willie at Sweetbriar Lodge, with a face as handsome and happy as the morning. Hortensia was ill, and must not be disturbed; and at this information his features suddenly became overcast, as you may have seen a spring sky by a thick cloud, springing up from nobody knows where. However, the squire entered directly after, and whispered a few words to his guest, which seemed to restore in a measure the brightness of his look.

"And you really think, then, that I may hope?"

"Nay, my friend, you may do as you like about that. All men may hope, you know Shakspeare says. But I tell you that Hortensia has fallen in love with your foolish face—it's just like her!—and that's all about it. Come in and take some breakfast. Oh, I forgot—you've no appetite. Of course not. Well, you'll find some nice fresh dew

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in those morning-glories yonder, and I will rejoin you in a minute. We'll make a day of it."

That evening the moon shone a million times brighter, the sky was a million times bluer, and the nightingale sung a million times sweeter than ever before. At least so thought the beautiful Hortensia and her artist-lover, as they strolled, arm-in-arm, through the woody lawn that skirted the garden of Sweetbriar Lodge, and held sweet converse of immortal things by gazing into each other's eyes. And so ends our veracious history of the Pic-Nic in Olden Time.

TO THE VIOLET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Sweet trophy of life's morning, fresh and calm,
Dropped from the gleanings of relentless time,
How from thy dainty chalice steals the balm
That hung like incense o'er its dewy prime!

The lily's stateliness thou dost not own,
Nor glow voluptuous of the damask rose,
Thou canst not emulate the laurel's crown,
Nor, like the Cereus, watch while all repose.

And these gay rivals of parterre and field
May freely drink the sunshine and the dew,
But only unto thee does heaven yield
The pure reflection of her cloudless blue.

Thy tint will sometimes darken till it wear
A purple such as decked the eastern kings,
And yet, like innocence, all unaware
Its tribute to the wind thy blossom flings.

Symbol of what is cherished and untold,
Thy fragrance oft reveals thee to the sight,
Peering in beauty from the common mould,
As casual blessings the forlorn requite.

Thy image upon Laura's robe was wrought,
O'er which her poet with devotion mused,
And gentle souls, I ween, have ever caught
From thee a solace that the world refused.

The Tuscan flower-girls delight to cheer
Each pensive exile with thy scented leaves,
Fit largess of a clime so fancy dear,
Which a new blandishment from thee receives.

Grief's frenzy, when it melts, of thee will rave,
As of a thing too winsome to decay,
And thus Laertes at his sister's grave
Bids violets spring from her unsullied clay.

Lowly incentive to celestial thought!
We ne'er with listless step can pass thee by,
For thou with tender embassies art fraught,
Like the fond beaming of a northern eye.

Hence thou art sacred to our human needs;
Laid on the maiden's white and throbbing breast
Thy delicate odor for the absent pleads,
And mourners strew thee where their idols rest.

In those wild hours when feeling chafed its bound,
And deepened more that utterance was denied,
In thee persuasive messengers I found
That reached the haven of love's wayward tide.

And I have borne thee to the couch of death
When naught remained to do but wait and pray,
And marked the sudden flush and quickened breath
That proved thee dear though all had passed away!

THEY MAY TELL OF A CLIME.

TO ——— ———.

BY CHARLES B. TRAIL.

They may tell of a clime more delightful than this,
The land of the orange, the myrtle and vine;
Where the roses blush red beneath Zephyr's warm kiss,
And the bright beams of summer unceasingly shine.
But I know a sweet valley, a beautiful spot,
Where the turf is so green, and the breezes are bland;
And methinks, if you 'll share there my ivy-crowned cot,
There 'll be no place on earth like my own native land.

A palace 'neath Italy's star-covered sky,
Unblest by thy presence would desolate be;
But cheered by the light of thy soft beaming eye,
Ah! sweet were a tent in the desert with thee.

For 't is love—O! 't is love which thus hallows the ground,
And brightens the gloom of the anchorite's cell;
And the Eden of earth—wheresoe'er it be found—
Is the spot where the heart's cherished idol doth dwell!

Then come to my cottage—though cool be the shade,
And verdant the sod 'neath the wide-spreading bough—
Where the wood-dove its nest 'mid the foliage hath made,
Yet lone is that cottage, and desolate now.
For as the green forest, bereft of the dove,
No more with sweet echoes would musical be—
Even so is the rose-mantled bower of love,
Unblest and uncheered, if not gladdened by thee.

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A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

BY C. A. WASHBURN.

I DREAMED that for a long time I courted Charlotte —what need of dreaming? It was true. Nevertheless I dreamed that for a long time I courted Charlotte, and at last, which was not true, married her. And I thought that Charlotte and I lived very happily together.

She loved me better than she ever thought she could before we were married, for I loved her exceedingly, and was very kind to her.

I remember how long it was that I wooed her, always hoping, though sometimes fearing that she would never love me so as to marry me; how, when at last we were married, and I carried her home to my pretty cottage, I could hardly contain myself for joy; and when I saw her seated in our own parlor on the wedding eve, I could not keep a tear from trickling down my cheek; and how she kissed away the tear, and when she knew the cause, how she burst into a flood of tears, and said she would love me the better for my having loved her so; and how that we were from that time wholly united in heart and sympathy.

Then, in the course of time, we had two darling children, which we both loved—and I thought my cup of happiness completed. I had been an ambitious man in my youth, and had experienced much of the disappointment incident to a life for fame. But when God had given us two such lovely children, I thought it was abusing his mercy to neglect them for the applause of the world—and so devoted myself entirely to their welfare. If I worked hard and was inclined to feel peevish and cross, I thought how that I was laboring to make happy, and good, and great, the dear boys, and I forgot every thing else. If I became tired of the turmoil of life, I was the more happy when I got home, for the children were always waiting and glad to see me, and their presence immediately banished all anxiety and care. They seemed so happy when I came—for Charlotte used to teach them to prize my presence by dating their pleasures by my arrival; that I thought it joy enough for one mortal to have looked upon the impersonation of innocence and joy in his own children.

Then, when the boys were asleep, how we used to talk about them; how anxious we were when either of them was restless or unquiet! How we used to reckon on the joy they would give us in age, and how in the happiness of our lot we shed tears of happines and joy! With what fervor did we unite in prayer for their health and preservation, and wish all the world as happy as we were. We became selfish in our joy, and felt to care little for any thing but home, and in our enjoyment of the gift we had like to have forgotten the Giver.

But at length Charlie, the younger boy, was sick, and we feared he would die. We then remembered in whose hands his life was, and, I believe, ever after regarded our treasures as trusts committed to our keeping. Charlie suffered great pain, but he complained not. His very submission smote our hearts, and though we could not think he was to die, yet we thought he was too good to live. Benny could no longer smile upon us, but watched by his brother's bed without speaking or moving, unless to do him some service. We felt anxious about Charles, yet forbore to speak of our anxiety, though when he was asleep we could no longer conceal our sorrow and fears. And when one day the physician imprudently said in his hearing that he feared Charles would die, he looked at him in surprise, as if he had not thought of that; and kissing the fevered brow of his sick brother, he came and stood by his mother's side, and looking in her face as much as to say you wont let brother die, he saw a tear in the clear blue eye of his mother, and he sobbed aloud; and Charlotte could contain herself no longer, but dropped hot tears on his face faster than she could kiss them away. Then I feared if Charlie should die lest Benny should die too; and then I knew that Charlotte could not bear all this, and I prayed in my heart to God for Charles. And the next day, when the good physician said the danger was past, we felt to thank God that he had so chastened our affections, and ever loved him the more.

So we lived in love and happiness for many years, and all that time not a shade of discord passed between us; and I often thought what a dreary world this had been to me if Charlotte had never been mine. I used to pity my bachelor neighbor, and, as I thought, I could see the tear of disappointment in his eye when he witnessed my happy lot. I saw it was a vision, and only the figure of Margaret, my once loved and pretty sister, who existed then but in the land of spirits, was before me.

And I told Margaret of the vision, and could not repress a sigh that it was not reality; and musing long on what I was, and what I might have been had nature dealt with me more kindly, until the vision returned. Again I lived the life of youth's fancy.

But the boys now began to mingle a little with the world, and we feared we were not equal to the task of educating them. We trembled when we thought of the dangers before them, though we could not believe it possible that they should ever do wrong. Alas! what trouble was before us!

I had carried home a box of strawberries, and set them in the pantry, and setting myself down in the library, waited for Charlotte to come home from shopping. I saw Charlie come from the pantry, but thought nothing at the time, and when Benny came in, bade him bring them to me that I might divide them between them—they were gone; Charles must

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have taken them, for no one else had been in the pantry. I called him to me, and asked if he had taken them. I asked without concern, for I knew if he had, he did it supposing it to be right. He said, "No, sir." "Ah," said I, "you did." He then inquired what ones I meant, and I told him, and told him he must confess it, or I must punish him. But when I talked so seriously of punishment, he seemed confounded. He turned pale, and only said, "I did not do it." That was a trying moment; and when Charlotte came in, we considered long and anxiously what we ought to do. Should we let the theft go unpunished, and the falsehood to be repeated. Again we urged him to confess. The answer was still the same. There was no alternative but a resort to what I had prayed Heaven might spare me. I punished him severely, but he confessed not. I wished I had not begun, but now I must go on. I still increased the castigation, and it was only when I told him that I would stop when he owned the theft, and not before, that he confessed he had taken the berries.

After this cruel punishment he went out and found Benny, who had been crying piteously all the time, and then my two boys went and hid themselves. I would have suffered the rack to have recalled that hour. It was too late. On going into the kitchen shortly after, I found a poor woman of the neighborhood with the box, which she said her thievish son had confessed he stole from the pantry. Perhaps some parents imagine the feelings of Charlotte and myself when we made this discovery. But they are few. The boys both shunned us, and we dreaded to see them. But at last we sent for them to come in, and they dared not refuse to obey. I took Charles in my arms. I asked him to forgive me; I told him who took the berries; I shed tears without measure; I begged him to forgive me—to kiss me as he was wont. He could not do it. It was cold and mechanical. His little heart seemed broke. Had he died I thought I could have borne it, but I could not endure this. When he slept he was fitful and troubled; ah! his troubles could not be greater than mine. I slept not that night; no, nor for many nights after that; but I watched him in his sleep, and many a hot tear did I drop on his cheek, which he wiped off as poison; and for many weeks I would rise several times every night, and go and gaze on his yet pretty face, on which was stamped the curse for my own cruel haste.

In the midst of these sore trials, the lovely face of Margaret again appeared before me, and again the vision vanished into nothing. And I told her the part of the dream, and even then could not suppress a tear that it was a dream, and that the children of W—— could never have an existence or a name.

Then the kind Margaret spoke words of comfort to me, and made me repress the half-formed feeling of discontent.

"Have you not," said she, "said you would be satisfied for only one hour of the love of Charlotte?"

"True," I replied, "and that dream was worth more than all my life before."

"Have you not known in that the joys of a parent, and have you not seen what sorrows and trials might have been yours, from which you have now escaped? And do you now complain of your lot, W——? You know not the designs of Providence. Will not Charlotte be yours in the world to come?"

"God grant it!" said I; "but where will be Benny and Charles? They can never be, and I shall die, and the flame of parental love will burn in me, and never can it have an object."

"Hush you!" said Margaret, "cannot God give you in the other world those spirits of fancy? Did you not enjoy them in the dream, and cannot the same power make you enjoy them in Elysium? Is it nothing that God has done for you in showing you what might have been, and what can be *there*? Are you still ungrateful, and do you still distrust his goodness? Is it nothing that he has kept you from temptation, and that you have so clear a conscience? Will you not be worthy of Charlotte in heaven; and have you no gratitude for all this? Have you not dear friends still; and will not Margaret be a guardian-angel to you so long as you sojourn in this valley of tears?"

"Ah!" said I, "I am blest beyond my deserts, and I will no more complain, but thank my heavenly Father for the dream-children he hath given me."

I felt reproved by the words of Margaret, for I felt I had often indulged in useless repinings; and I determined I would do so no more, but patiently await my time to enjoy the loved ones, both real and ideal, in heaven. I again turned to speak to Margaret—but Margaret had vanished to the land of spirits, and I was alone, the solitary man I had long been. It was but a dream within a dream.

PASSED AWAY.

BY W. WALLACE SHAW.

With wearied step, and heavy heart,
O'erburdened with life's woes—
My soul bowed down with grief and care
The orphan only knows—
I strayed along old ocean's shore,
Where I had wandered oft before,
My grief to hide from men;
I listened—something seemed to say—
The joys that once did fill thy breast
Where, oh! where are they?
A voice that mingled with the roar
Of dashing waves against the shore,
In hollow tone, replied—
"They *bloomed*, and *died*!"

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AN EVENING SONG.

BY PROFESSOR WM. CAMPBELL.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Lyre of my soul, awake—thy chords are few,
Feeble their tones and low,
Wet with the morning and the evening dew
Of ceaseless wo.
The time hath been to me and thee, my lyre,
When soul of fire
Was ours, and notes and aspirations bold
Of higher hopes and prouder promise told—
Those days have flown—
Now we are old,
Old and alone!

Old in our youth—for sorrow maketh old,
And disappointment withereth the frame,
And hateh neglect will smother up the flame,
That else had proudly burned—and the cold
Offcasting of affection will repel
The warm life-current back upon the heart,
And choke it nigh to bursting—yet 'tis well,
And wise-intended, that the venomed dart
Shall bear its sure and speedy remedy.
Why should the wretched wish to live? to be
One in this cold wide world—ever to feel
That others feel not—wounds that will not heal—
A bruised, though yet unbroken spirit's strife—
A waning and a wasting out of life—
A longing after loving—and the curse
To know
One's self unknown—
In secrecy a hopeless hope to nurse—
Down to the grave to go
Unloved—alone!

Yet not alone! Pardon, thou gentle breeze,
That comest o'er the waters with the treud
Of beauty stealing to the sufferer's bed,
To cool the burning brow, and whisper peace.
Pardon, ye sweet wild flow'rets, that each morn
Woo us to brush the dew-drop from the lid
Of tearful innocence, and meekly warn
Of worth in garb of lowliest texture hid.
Beings of gentlest life, ye murmuring streams,
Lull of our waking, music of our dreams,
Ye things of artless merriment, that throw
Around you gladness, wheresoe'er ye flow—
And ye dark mountains, down whose changeful sides
The mystic guardian, giant shadow strides,
Whose kindly frown, howe'er the storms prevail,
Peace and repose ensureth to the vale—
Ye tall proud forests, that forever sway
In kingly fury, or in graceful play—
Ye bright blue waters whose untiring drip
Against this inland shore doth lightly break,
Gentle and noiseless as the parting lip
Of dreaming infant on its mother's cheek,
Pardon my rash averment—pardon, ye
Flow'rets and streamlets, mountains, woods and waves,
That pour into the soul a melody,
Like to the far down music of the caves
Of ocean, heard not, felt not, save within,
Seeking to joy the darker depths to win—
Oh! while your sweet and sacred voices steal
Into my spirit, as the joyous fall
Of the warm sunbeam on the frozen rill,
To wake the voice that slumbereth, and call
To bear you company
In your glad hymnings, let the wretched own
He cannot be
Alone!

Never alone!—awake, my soul—on high
The glorious sun his thousand rays has flung
Athwart the vaulted sky—
Lo! there the heavens their mighty harp have strung,
The gold, the silver and the crimson chord,
To hymn their evening hymn unto the Lord.
Hark! heard ye not that glorious burst of song,
Which, touched by hands unseen, those chords sent forth,
Bidding the attuned spheres the notes prolong
Deeper and louder, till the trembling earth
Catcheth the thrilling strain—
Echoeth back again—
From the bosom of ocean a voice
Pealeth forth, and the mountains rejoice—
And the plains and the woods and the valleys rebound,
And the Universe all is a creature of sound,
That runneth his race
Through the infinite regions of infinite space,
Till arrived at the throne
Of Him who alone
Is worthy of honor and glory and praise.

And it is ever thus—morn, noon and eve,
And in the still midnight, undying
Choirs of creation's minstrels weave
Sweet symphony of incense, vying
In wrapt intricacy of endless songs.
Ever, oh ever thus they sing,
But to our soul's dull ear belongs
Seldom the trancing sense
To list the universal worshiping,
Thrill with the glorious theme, and drink its eloquence.

Mocking all our soul's desiring,
Distant now the notes are stealing,
And the minstrels high retiring,
Drapery blue their forms concealing.
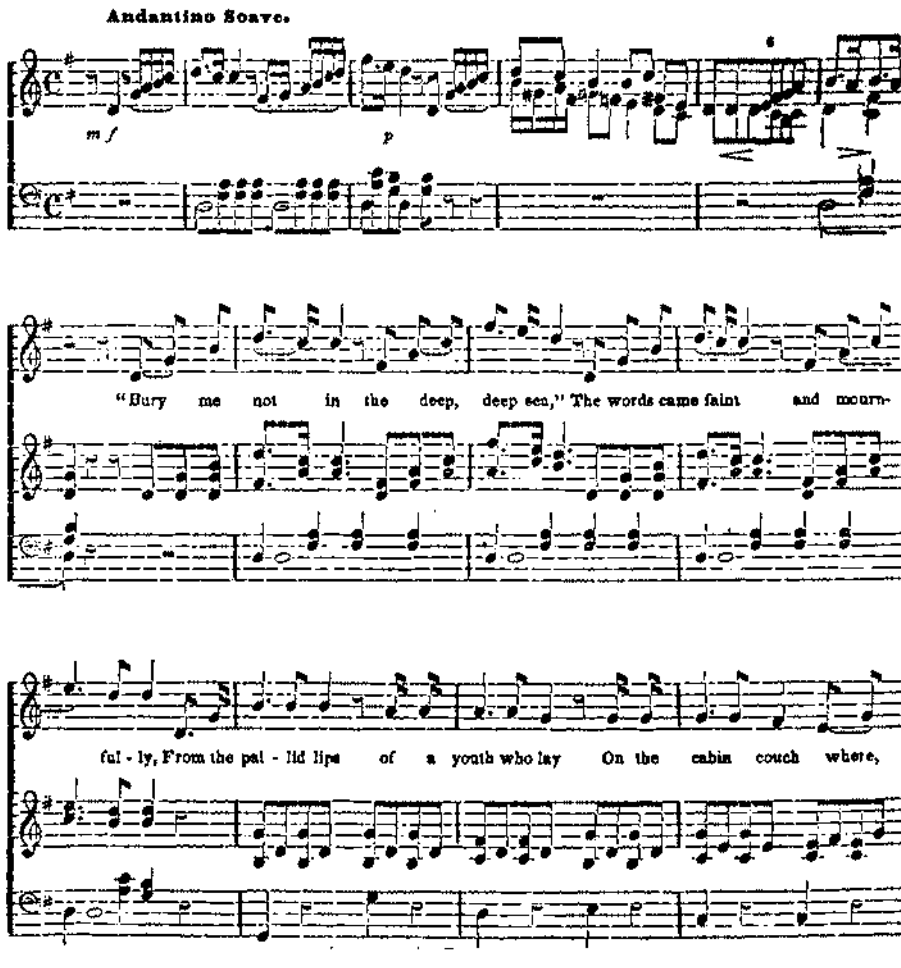
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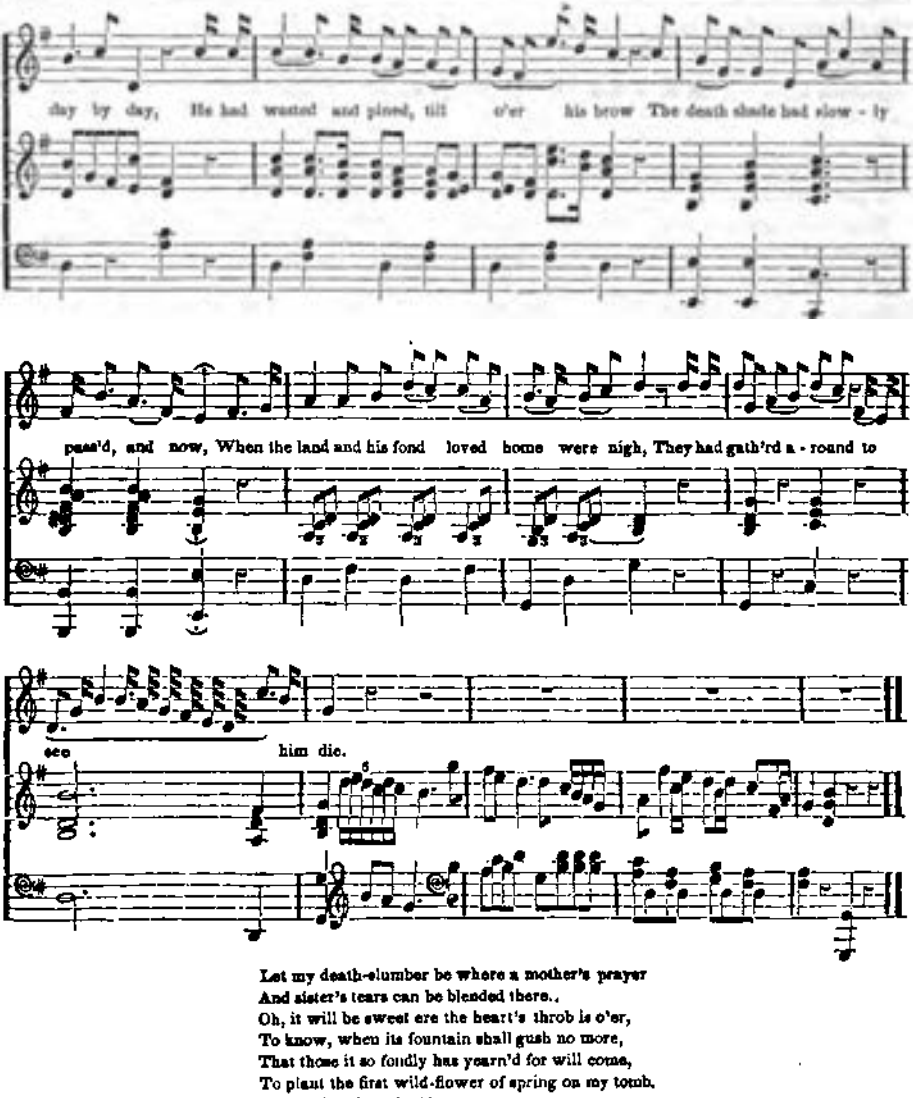
COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO MISSES HARRIET AND MARY HALSEY,

Of Blooming Grove, O. C., N. Y.,

BY MISS AGNES H. JONES.



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Let my death-slumber be where a mother's prayer
And sister's tears can be blended there.
Oh, it will be sweet ere the heart's throb is o'er,
To know, when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly has yearn'd for will come,
To plant the first wild-flower of spring on my tomb.
Let me lie where lov'd ones can weep over me—
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

And there is another, her tears would be shed
For him who lays far in an ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She has twin'd these locks and kiss'd this brow—
In this hair she has wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss?
The brow she has press'd shall the cold wave kiss?
For the sake of that bright one that waits for me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed short,
They gave no heed to his dying prayer.—
They have lowered him o'er the vessel's side—
Above him hath closed the solemn tide.
Where to dip her wing the wild fowl rests—
Where the blue waves dance with their foamy crests—
Where the billows bound and the winds sport free,
They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Calaynos: A Tragedy. By George H. Boker. E. H. Butler & Co. Philadelphia. pp. 216.

The spirit of English poetry has been for years eminently lyric; the few attempts at the epic or dramatic having been laid aside, if not permanently, at least for a time. The age has been too busy in working out, with machinery and steam, its own great epic thought, to find leisure to listen to any thing longer than a single bugle-blast encouraging its advancement. We cannot but believe, however, if we may be allowed an analogical inference, that the age is fast approaching the climax of its utilitarian inventions, and that man, instead of chasing through unknown regions every will-o-wisp of his brain, in the hope of bringing it a captive to the Patent-office, will sit modestly down to apply to their various uses the discoveries already made. Then will the healthy feast of literature once more begin, and the public cease to be surfeited by the watery hash which has been daily set steaming before them. In the volume under consideration we think we can discern the promise of the return of the good old spirit of English poetry—of solid honest thought expressed in straight forward Saxon. The story, which is one of the chivalrous days of Spain, while it is devoid of trick is full of thrilling interest, and its style, while it is eminently poetical, neither swells into bombast nor descends to the foppery so common among the verse-makers of our day. There is a stately, old-fashioned tread in the diction, as of a man in armor, who, should he attempt to gather flowers of mere prettiness, would crush them at the first touch of his iron gauntlet, and who, if he seems to move ungracefully at times, owes his motion to his weight of mail. Calaynos, the hero, is in every respect a nobleman, not only in blood, but what is better, in mind. He is a scholar, one who, in the words of Dona Alda his wife,

> —uses time as usurers do their gold,
> Making each moment pay him double interest.

He is a philosopher—

> Things nigh impossible are plain to him;
> His trenchant will, like a fine-tempered blade,
> With unturned edge, cleaves through the baser iron.

He is generous and has

> —a predetermined trust in man;

and holds that

> He who hates man must scorn the Source of man,
> And challenge as unwise his awful Maker.

The character of Dona Alda is noble and womanly—her chief trait being her great pride and jealous care of her honor. She conceives that no one will brave the

> —peril, such as he must brook,
> Who dares to love the wife of great Calaynos.

Her maid, Martina, tells her that

> —Queens of Spain
> Have had their paramours—

and she replies,

> —So might it be,
> *Yet never hap to bride of a Calaynos!*

Don Luis, the villain of the plot, thus paints his own picture:

> —I was not formed for good:
> To what Fate orders I must needs submit:
> The sin not mine, but His who made me thus—
> Not in my will but in my nature lodged.
>
> I will grasp the stable goods of life,
> Nor care how foul the hand that does the deed.

Martina is admirably drawn; her wit is excellent, and as exhaustless as it is keen. She says of Calaynos—

> He looks on pleasure as a kind of sin,
> Calls pastime waste-time——
>
> I heard a man, who spent a mortal life
> In hoarding up all kinds of stones and ores,
> Call one, who spitted flies upon a pin,
> A fool to pass his precious lifetime thus.

She says of Oliver, Calayno's secretary,

> Yes, there he goes—
> Backward and forward, like a weaver's shuttle,
> Spinning some web of wisdom most divine.

She addresses him thus—

> Our clay, the preachers say, was warmed to life;
> But yours, your dull, cold mud, was froze to being.
> *I would not be the oyster that you are*
> *For all the pearls of wisdom in your shell!*

All the persons of the play are vivid and life-like. With the beginning of the third act the interest becomes intense, and nothing could be more vigorous and touching than the action and depth of pathos toward the close of the piece. Every page teems with fine thoughts and images, which lead us to believe that the mine from which this book is a specimen, contains a golden vein of poetry which will go far to enrich our native literature.

Literary Sketches and Letters: Being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, Never before Published. By Thomas Noon Talfourd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The present work is important in more respects than one. It was needed to clear up the obscurity which rested on several points of Lamb's life, and it was needed to account for some of the peculiarities of his character. The volume proves that this most genial and kindly of humorists was tried by as severe a calamity as ever broke down the energies of a great spirit, and the frailties commonly associated with his name seem almost as nothing compared with the stern duties he performed from his early manhood to his death. The present volume is calculated to increase that personal sympathy and love for him, which has ever distinguished the readers of Lamb from the readers of other authors, and also to add a sentiment of profound respect for his virtues and his fortitude. The truth is that Lamb's intellect was one of the largest and strongest, as well as one of the finest, among the great contemporary authors of his time, and it was altogether owing to circumstances, and those of a peculiarly calamitous character, that this ample mind left but inadequate testimonials of its power and fertility. He is, and probably will be, chiefly known as an original and somewhat whimsical essayist, but his essays, inimitable of their kind, were but the playthings of his intellect.

Talfourd has performed his editorial duties with his usual taste and judgment, and with all that sweetness and grace of expression which ever distinguishes the author of Ion. His sketches of Lamb's companions are additions to the literary history of the present century. Lamb's own letters, which constitute the peculiar charm of the book, are

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admirable—the serious ones being vivid transcripts of his moods of mind, and some of them almost painful in their direct expression of agony, and the semi-serious rioting in mirth, mischief and whim, full of wit and meaning, and full also of character and kindliness. One of his early letters he closes, as being from his correspondent's "afflicted, headachey, sore-throatey, humble servant." In another he calls Hoole's translation of Tasso "more vapid than smallest small beer, 'sun-vinegared.'" In speaking of Hazlitt's intention to print a political pamphlet at his own expense, he comes out with a general maxim, which has found many disciples: "The first duty of an author, I take it, is never to pay any thing." When Hannah More's Coelebs in Search of a Wife appeared, it was lent to him by a precise lady to read. He thought it among the poorest of common novels, and returned it with this stanza written in the beginning:

If ever I marry a wife
I'd marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy-and-water.

In speaking of his troubles toward the close of his life, he has a strange, humorous imagination, in every way worthy of his peculiar genius: "My bedfellows are cough and cramp; *we sleep three in a bed.*"

The present volume is elegantly printed, and will doubtless have a run. It is full of matter, and that of the most interesting kind. No reader of Lamb, especially, will be without it.

Modern French Literature. By L. Raymond de Vericour. Edited by W. S. Chase, A. M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This work is the English production of a native Frenchman, and was written for one of Chambers's series of books for the people. It is edited, with notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in the late French Revolution, by a young American scholar, who has recently resided in France. The book, though deficient and sometimes incorrect in details, deserves much praise for its general correctness and accuracy. The author, though by no means a critic of the first class, is altogether above the herd of Grub street hacks who commonly undertake the popularizing of literary history. He is no Winstonsley and no Cibber. The range of his reading appears to be extensive. His judgments are somewhat those of a schoolmaster, but one of the highest grade. There are several amusing errors relating to the position of English authors, to some of which we cannot help alluding, as they seem to have escaped the vigilant eye of the editor. Speaking of Guizot and Sismondi as the leaders of the school of French philosophical historians, he remarks that "the English language possesses some good specimens of this class of history; the most remarkable are Gibbon's Decline and Fall and the works of Mr. Millar." This is as if the author had said that England possessed some good specimens of the Romantic Drama, the most remarkable being Shakspeare's Macbeth and the works of Mr. Colman.

Again, in speaking of the novels of Paul de Kock, and protesting against those English critics who call him the first writer of his time and country, he says that it is as ridiculous as it would be in Frenchmen to exalt the novels of Charles Dickens above Ivanhoe, *Philip Augustus* and Eugene Aram. The idea of a Frenchman thinking it a paradox to rank Dickens above James, or even Bulwer, shows how difficult it is for a foreigner, especially a Frenchman, to pass beyond the external form of English literature.

The author deserves the praise of being a sensible man, in the English meaning of the phrase. There is one sentence in his introductory which proves that his mind has escaped one besetting sin of the French intellect, which has prevented its successful cultivation of politics as a practical science. In speaking of the histories of Thiers and Mignet, he says that they "have hatched a swarm of *Jeunes Frances*, vociferating in their wild aberrations, emphatic eulogies on Marat, Couthon and Robespierre, and breathing a love of blood and destruction, which they call the progressive march of events."

Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe, Ex-King of the French, Giving a History of the French Revolution from its Commencement in 1789. *By Benj. Perley Poore. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.* 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Of all the publications we have seen relating to Louis Philippe this is the most complete and the most agreeable. The author, from his long residence in Paris, and from his position as Historical Agent of the State of Massachusetts, was enabled to collect a large mass of matter relating to French history, and also to learn a great deal respecting the Orleans dynasty, which would not naturally find its way into print. The present volume, though it has little in relation to the first French Revolution not generally known by students, embodies a large number of important facts respecting Louis Philippe, which we believe are now published for the first time. The biography itself has the interest of a romance, for few heroes of novels ever were, in imagination, subjected to the changes of fortune which Louis encountered in reality. Mr. Poore's view of his character is not more flattering than that which commonly obtains—on both sides of the Atlantic. To sustain this disparaging opinion of his subject, however, he is compelled to suppose policy and hypocrisy as the springs of many actions which a reasonable charity would pronounce virtuous and humane. It must be conceded that the conduct of the king during the last few days of his reign was feeble, if not cowardly, but his uniform character in other periods of his life was that of a man possessing singular readiness and coolness in times of peril, and encountering obstacles with a courage as serene as it was adventurous.

The Tenant of Wildfield Hall. By Acton Bell, Author of Wurthuring Heights.. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The appearance of this novel, so soon after the publication of Wurthuring Heights, is an indication of Mr. Bell's intention to be a frequent visiter, or visitation, of the public. We are afraid that the personages he introduces to his readers will consist chiefly of one class of mankind, and this class not the most pleasing. He is a monomaniac on the subject of man's rascality and brutality, and crowds his page with forcible delineations of offensive characters and disgusting events. The power he displays is of a high but limited order, and is exercised chiefly to make his readers uncomfortable. To be sure the present novel is not so bad as Wurthuring Heights in the matter of animal ferocity and impish diabolism; but still most of the characters, to use a quaint illustration of an eccentric divine, "are engaged in laying up for themselves considerable grants of land in the bottomless pit," and brutality, blasphemy and cruelty constitute their stock in trade. The author is not so much a delineator of human life as of inhuman life. There are doubtless many scenes in The Tenant of Wildfield Hall drawn with great force and pictorial truth, and which freeze the blood and "shiver along the arteries;" but we think that the author's process in conceiving character is rather logical than imaginative, and consequently that he deals too much in unmixed ma-

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lignity and selfishness. The present novel, with all its peculiar merits, lacks all those elements of interest which come from the generous and gentle affections. His champagne enlivens, but there is arsenic in it.

Brothers and Sisters. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is by no means one of Miss Bremer's best productions, but it is not on that account a commonplace production. The pathos, the cheerfulness, the elevation, the sweet humane home-feeling of the Swedish novelist, are here in much of their old power, with the addition of universal philanthropy and the rights of labor. But we fear that the original vein of our authoress is exhausted, and that she is now repeating herself. It is a great mistake to suppose that a new story, new names of characters, additional sentiments nicely packed in new sentences, make a new novel, when the whole tone and spirit of the production continually reminds the reader of the authors previous efforts. It is no depreciation of Miss Bremer's really fine powers to assert, that she lacks the creative energy of Scott, or the ever active fancy and various observation of Dickens.

Grantley Manor. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is altogether one of the finest novels which have appeared for many years. It is written with much beauty of style; evinces a creative as well as cultivated mind, and contains a variety of characters which are not only interesting in themselves, but have a necessary connection with the plot and purpose. The mind of the author has that combination of shrewdness and romantic fervor, of sense and passion, so necessary to every novelist who desires to idealize without contradicting the experience of common life.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

To the Readers of "Graham."—A series of misfortunes having bereft me of any proprietory interest in this Magazine, the present publishers have made a liberal arrangement with me, and for the future, the editorial and pictorial departments of Graham's Magazine will be under the charge of Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., J. Bayard Taylor, Esq., and myself.

It is due to the subscribers to "Graham" from me, to state, that from the first hour I took charge of it, the warmest support and encouragement were given me, and from two not very profitable magazines "Graham" sprung at once into boundless popularity and circulation. Money, as every subscriber knows, was freely expended upon it, and an energy untiring and sleepless was devoted to its business management, and had I not, in an evil hour, forgotten my own true interests, and devoted that capital and industry to another business which should have been confined exclusively to the magazine, I should to-day have been under no necessity—not even of writing this notice.

I come back to my first love with an ardor undiminished, and an energy not enervated, with high hopes and very bold purposes. What can be done in the next three years, time, that great solver of doubts, must tell. What a daring enterprize in business can do, I have already shown in Graham's Magazine and the North American—and, alas! I have also shown what folly can do, when business is forgotten—but I can yet show the world that he who started life a poor boy, with but eight dollars in his pocket, and has run such a career as mine, is hard to be put down by the calumnies or ingratitude of any. Feeling, therefore, that having lost one battle, "there is time enough to win another," I enter upon the work of the "redemption of Graham," with the very confident purposes of a man who never doubted his ability to succeed, and who asks no odds in a fair encounter. Geo. R. Graham.

An Acquisition.—Our readers will share in the pleasure with which it is announced, that Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., the accomplished writer, and former editor of "*The United States Gazette*," will hereafter be "*one of us*" in the editorial management of Graham's Magazine. There are few writers in the language who equal, and none excel Mr. Chandler in graceful and pathetic composition. His sketches live in the hearts of readers, while they are heart-histories recognized by thousands in every part of the land. An article from Mr. Chandler's pen may be looked for in every number, and this will cause each number to be looked for anxiously.

Editors Looking Up.—It is expected that a early number of "Graham" will be graced with a por of our distinguished rival of the "Lady's Book," that . ntleman having "in the handsomest manner," as they say in theatricals, sat for a picture of his goodly countenance and proportions. At our command this has been transferred to steel, to be handed over to the readers of "Graham," by Armstrong, an artist whose ability is a fair warrant for a fine picture. Now if any of our fair readers fall in love with Godey, we shall take it as a formal slight, and shall insist upon having our face run through an e ion of a magazine, to be gazed at and loved by thousands of as fine looking people as can be crowded upon a subscription book.

W. E. Tucker, Esq.—We are very much gratified to be able to state, that an arrangement has been made by the proprietors of "Graham" with Mr. W. E. Tucker, whose exquisite title-pages and other gems in the way of engraving are familiar to our readers, and that *for the year 1849, he engraves exclusively for Graham's Magazine.*

This is but the beginning of arrangements proposed to revive the original splendor of the pictorial department of this magazine, while the literary arrangements are in the same style of liberality which has ever distinguished "Graham." "There is a good time a-coming boys" in 1849.

Sketches from Europe.—In the present absorbing state of affairs abroad, it will please our readers to know, that we have engaged an accomplished writer to furnish sketches of European manners, events and society, such as escape the daily journals, for the pages of the magazine. These sketches will occasionally be illustrated with engravings of scenery and persons taken on the spot, and cannot fail to add to the value of "Graham."

Gems from Late Readings.—We shall introduce into the next number of Graham a department which we think cannot fail to be of interest, by selections from authors which it is not possible for all the readers of Graham to have seen. Culling such passages as may strike us in our reading as worthy of wide circulation and preservation.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE BRIDE OF FATE.

A TALE: FOUNDED UPON EVENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

IT was a glad day in Venice. The eve of the feast of the Purification had arrived, and all those maidens of the Republic, whose names had been written in the "Book of Gold," were assembled with their parents, their friends and lovers—a beautiful and joyous crowd—repairing, in the gondolas provided by the Republic, to the church of San Pietro de Castella, at Olivolo, which was the residence of the Patriarch. This place was on the extreme verge of the city, a beautiful and isolated spot, its precincts almost without inhabitants, a ghostly and small priesthood excepted, whose grave habits and taciturn seclusion seemed to lend an additional aspect of solitude to the neighborhood. It was, indeed, a solitary and sad-seeming region, which, to the thoughtless and unmeditative, might be absolutely gloomy. But it was not the less lovely as a place suited equally for the picturesque and the thoughtful; and, just now, it was very far from gloomy or solitary. The event which was in hand was decreed to enliven it in especial degree, and, in its consequences, to impress its characteristics on the memory for long generations after. It was the day of St. Mary's Eve—a day set aside from immemorial time for a great and peculiar festival. All, accordingly, was life and joy in the sea republic. The marriages of a goodly company of the high-born, the young and the beautiful, were to be celebrated on this occasion, and in public, according to the custom. Headed by the Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, the city sent forth its thousands. The ornamented gondolas plied busily from an early hour in the morning, from the city to Olivolo; and there, amidst music and merry gratulations of friends and kindred, the lovers disembarked. They were all clad in their richest array. Silks, which caught their colors from the rainbow, and jewels that had inherited, even in their caverns, their beauties from the sun and stars, met the eye in all directions. Wealth had put on all its riches, and beauty, always modest, was not satisfied with her intrinsic loveliness. All that could delight the eye, in personal decorations and nuptial ornaments, was displayed to the eager gaze of curiosity, and, for a moment, the treasures of the city were transplanted to the solitude and waste.

But gorgeous and grand as was the spectacle, and joyous as was the crowd, there were some at the festival, some young, throbbing hearts, who, though deeply interested in its proceedings, felt any thing but gladness. While most of the betrothed thrilled only with rapturous anticipations that might have been counted in the strong pulsations that made the bosom heave rapidly beneath the close pressure of the virgin zone, there were yet others, who felt only that sad sinking of the heart which declares nothing but its hopelessness and desolation. There were victims to be sacrificed as well as virgins to be made happy, and girdled in by thousands of the brave and goodly—by golden images and flaunting banners, and speaking symbols—by music and by smiles—there were more hearts than one that longed to escape from all, to fly away to some far solitude, where the voices of such a joy as was now present could vex the defrauded soul no more. As the fair procession moved onward and up through the gorgeous avenues of the cathedral to the altar-place, where stood the venerable Patriarch in waiting for their coming, in order to begin the solemn but grateful rites, you might have marked, in the crowding column, the face of one meek damsel, which declared a heart very far removed from hope or joyful expectation. Is that tearful eye—is that pallid cheek—that lip, now so tremulously convulsed—are these proper to one going to a bridal, and that her own? Where is her anticipated joy? It is not in that despairing vacancy of face—not in that feeble, faltering, almost fainting footstep—not, certainly, in any thing that we behold about the maiden, unless we seek it in the rich and flaming jewels with which she is decorated and almost laden down; and these no more declare for

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her emotions than the roses which encircle the neck of the white lamb, as it is led to the altar and the priest. The fate of the two is not unlike, and so also is their character. Francesca Ziani is decreed for a sacrifice. She was one of those sweet and winning, but feeble spirits, which know how to submit only. She has no powers of resistance. She knows that she is a victim; she feels that her heart has been wronged even to the death, by the duty to which it is now commanded; she feels that it is thus made the cruel but unwilling instrument for doing a mortal wrong to the heart of another; but she lacks the courage to refuse, to resist, to die rather than submit. Her nature only teaches her submission; and this is the language of the wo-begone, despairing glance—but one—which she bestows, in passing up the aisle, upon one who stands beside a column, close to her progress, in whose countenance she perceives a fearful struggle, marking equally his indignation and his grief.

Giovanni Gradenigo was one of the noblest cavaliers of Venice—but nobleness, as we know, is not always, perhaps not often, the credential in behalf of him who seeks a maiden from her parents. He certainly was not the choice of Francesca's sire. The poor girl was doomed to the embraces of one Ulric Barberigo, a man totally destitute of all nobility, that alone excepted which belonged to wealth. This shone in the eyes of Francesca's parents, but failed utterly to attract her own. She saw, through the heart's simple, unsophisticated medium, the person of Giovanni Gradenigo only. Her sighs were given to him, her loathings to the other. Though meek and finally submissive, she did not yield without a remonstrance, without mingled tears and entreaties, which were found unavailing. The ally of a young damsel is naturally her mother, and when she fails her, her best human hope is lost. Alas! for the poor Francesca! It was her mother's weakness, blinded by the wealth of Ulric Barberigo, that rendered the father's will so stubborn. It was the erring mother that wilfully beheld her daughter led to the sacrifice, giving no heed to the heart which was breaking, even beneath its heavy weight of jewels. How completely that mournful and desponding, that entreating and appealing glance to her indignant lover, told her wretched history. There he stood, stern as well as sad, leaning, as if for support, upon the arm of his kinsman, Nicolo Malapieri. Hopeless, helpless, and in utter despair, he thus lingered, as if under a strange and fearful fascination, watching the progress of the proceedings which were striking fatally, with every movement, upon the sources of his own hope and happiness. His resolution rose with his desperation, and he suddenly shook himself free from his friend.

"I will not bear this, Nicolo," he exclaimed, "I must not suffer it without another effort, though it be the last."

"What would you do, Giovanni," demanded his kinsman, grasping him by the wrist as he spoke, and arresting his movement.

"Shall I see her thus sacrificed—delivered to misery and the grave! Never! they shall not so lord it over true affections to their loss and mine. Francesca was mine—is mine—even now, in the very sight of Heaven. How often hath she vowed it! Her glance avows it now. My lips shall as boldly declare it again; and as Heaven has heard our vows, the church shall hear them. The Patriarch shall hear. Hearts must not be wronged—Heaven must not thus be defrauded. That selfish, vain woman, her mother—that mercenary monster, miscalled her father, have no better rights than mine—none half so good. They shall hear me. Stand by me, Nicolo, while I speak!"

This was the language of a passion, which, however true, was equally unmeasured and imprudent. The friend of the unhappy lover would have held him back.

"It is all in vain, Giovanni! Think! my friend, you can do nothing now. It is too late; nor is there any power to prevent this consummation. Their names have been long since written in the 'Book of Gold,' and the Doge himself may not alter the destiny!"

"The Book of Gold!" exclaimed the other. "Ay, the 'Bride of Gold!' but we shall see!" And he again started forward. His kinsman clung to him.

"Better that we leave this place, Giovanni. It was wrong that you should come. Let us go. You will only commit some folly to remain."

"Ay! it is folly to be wronged, and to submit to it, I know! folly to have felt and still to feel! folly, surely, to discover, and to live after the discovery, that the very crown that made life precious is lost to you forever! What matter if I should commit this folly! Well, indeed, if they who laugh at the fool, taste none of the wrath that they provoke."

"This is sheer madness, Giovanni."

"Release me, Nicolo."

The kinsman urged in vain. The dialogue, which was carried on in under tones, now enforced by animated action, began to attract attention. The procession was moving forward. The high anthem began to swell, and Giovanni, wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy by the progress of events, and by the opposition of Nicolo, now broke away from all restraint, and hurried through the crowd. The circle, dense and deep, had already gathered closely about the altar-place, to behold the ceremony. The desperate youth made his way through it. The crowd gave way at his approach, and under the decisive pressure of his person. They knew his mournful history—for when does the history of love's denial and defeat fail to find its way to the world's curious hearing. Giovanni was beloved in Venice. Such a history as his and Francesca's was sure to beget sympathy, particularly with all those who could find no rich lovers for themselves or daughters, such as Ulric Barberigo. The fate of the youthful lovers drew all eyes upon the two. A tearful interest in the event began to pervade the assembly, and Giovanni really found no such difficulty as would have attended the efforts of any other person to approach the sacred centre of the bridal circle. He made his way directly for the spot where Francesca stood. She felt his approach and presence by the most natural instincts, though without ever daring to lift her eye to his

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person. A more deadly paleness than ever came over her, and as she heard the first sounds of his voice, she faltered and grasped a column for support. The Patriarch, startled by the sounds of confusion, rose from the sacred cushions, and spread his hands over the assembly for silence; but as yet he failed to conceive the occasion for commotion. Meanwhile, the parents and relatives of Francesca had gathered around her person, as if to guard her from an enemy. Ulric Barberigo, the millionaire, put on the aspect of a man whose word was law on 'change. He, too, had his retainers, all looking daggers at the intruder. Fortunately for Giovanni, they were permitted to wear none at these peaceful ceremonials. Their looks of wrath did not discourage the approach of our lover. He did not seem, indeed, to see them, but gently putting them by, he drew near to the scarcely conscious maiden. He lifted the almost lifeless hand from her side, and pressing it within both his own, a proceeding which her mother vainly endeavored to prevent, he addressed the maiden with all that impressiveness of tone which declares a stifled but still present and passionate emotion in the heart. His words were of a touching sorrow.

"And is it thus, my Francesca, that I must look upon thee for the last time? Henceforth are we to be dead to one another? Is it thus that I am to hear that, forgetful of thy virgin vows to Gradenigo, thou art here calling Heaven to witness that thou givest thyself and affections to another?"

"Not willingly, O! not willingly, Giovanni, as I live! I have not forgotten—alas! I cannot forget that I have once vowed myself to thee. But I pray thee to forget, Giovanni. Forget me and forgive—forgive!"

Oh! how mournfully was this response delivered. There was a dead silence through the assembly; a silence which imposed a similar restraint even upon the parents of the maiden, who had showed a desire to arrest the speaker. They had appealed to the Patriarch, but the venerable man was wise enough to perceive that this was the last open expression of a passion which must have its utterance in some form, and if not this, must result in greater mischief. His decision tacitly sanctioned the interview as we have witnessed. It was with increased faltering, which to the bystanders seemed almost fainting, that the unhappy Francesca thus responded to her lover. Her words were little more than whispers, and his tones, though deep, were very low and subdued, as if spoken while the teeth were shut. There was that in the scene which brought forward the crowd in breathless anxiety to hear, and the proud heart of the damsel's mother revolted at an exhibition in which her position was by no means a grateful one. She would have wrested, even by violence, the hand of her daughter from the grasp of Giovanni; but he retained it firmly, the maiden herself being scarcely conscious that he did so. His eye was sternly fixed upon the mother, as he drew Francesca toward himself. His words followed his looks:

"Have you not enough triumphed, lady, in thus bringing about your cruel purpose, to the sacrifice of two hearts—your child's no less than mine. Mine was nothing to you—but hers! what had she done that you should trample upon hers? This hast thou done! Thou hast triumphed! What would'st thou more? Must she be denied the mournful privilege of saying her last parting with him to whom she vowed herself, ere she vows herself to another! For shame, lady; this is a twofold and a needless tyranny!"

As he spoke, the more gentle and sympathizing spirits around looked upon the stern mother with faces of the keenest rebuke and indignation. Giovanni once more addressed himself to the maiden.

"And if you do not love this man, my Francesca, why is it that you so weakly yield to his solicitings? Why submit to this sacrifice at any instance? Have they strength to subdue thee?—has he the art to ensnare thee?—canst thou not declare thy affections with a will? What magic is it that they employ which is thus superior to that of love?—and what is thy right—if heedless of the affections of *thy* heart—to demand the sacrifice of *mine?* Thou hadst it in thy keeping, Francesca, as I fondly fancied I had thine!"

"Thou hadst—thou hast!—"

"Francesca, my child!" was the expostulating exclamation of the mother; but it failed, except for a single instant, to arrest the passionate answer of the maiden.

"Hear me and pity, Giovanni, if you may not forgive! Blame me for my infirmity—for the wretched weakness which has brought me to this defeat of thy heart—this desolation of mine—but do not doubt that I have loved thee—that I shall ever—"

"Stay!" commanded the imperious father.

"What is it thou wouldst say, Francesca? Beware!" was the stern language of the mother.

The poor girl shrunk back in trembling. The brief impulse of courage which the address of her lover, and the evident sympathy of the crowd, had imparted, was gone as suddenly as it came. She had no more strength for the struggle; and as she sunk back nerveless, and closed her eyes as if fainting under the terrible glances of both her parents, Giovanni dropped her hand from his grasp. It now lay lifeless at her side, and she was sustained from falling by some of her sympathizing companions. The eyes of the youth were bent upon her with a last look.

"It is all over then," he exclaimed. "Thy hope, unhappy maiden, like mine, must perish because of thy weakness. Yet there will be bitter memories for this," he exclaimed, and his eye now sought the mother—"bitter, bitter memories! Francesca, farewell! Be happy if thou canst!"

She rushed toward him as he moved away, recovering all her strength for this one effort. A single and broken sentence—"Forgive me, O forgive!"—escaped her lips, as she sunk senseless upon the floor. He would have raised her, but they did not suffer him.

"Is this not enough, Giovanni?" said his friend reproachfully. "Seest thou not that thy presence but distracts her?"

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"Thou art right, Nicolo; let us go. I am myself choking—undo me this collar!—There! Let us depart."

The organ rolled its anthem—a thousand voices joined in the hymn to the Virgin, and as the sweet but painful sounds rushed to the senses of the youth he darted through the crowd, closely followed by his friend. The music seemed to pursue him with mockery. He rushed headlong from the temple, as if seeking escape from some suffocating atmosphere in the pure breezes of heaven, and hurried forward with confused and purposeless footsteps. The moment of his disappearance was marked by the partial recovery of Francesca. She unclosed her eyes, raised her head and looked wildly around her. Her lips once more murmured his name.

"Giovanni!"

"He is gone," was the sympathizing answer from more than one lip in the assembly; and once more she relapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

Giovanni Gradenigo was scarcely more conscious than the maiden when he left. He needed all the guidance of his friend.

"Whither?" asked Nicolo Malapiero.

"What matter! where thou will," was the reply.

"For the city then;" and his friend conducted him to the gondola which was appointed to await them. In the profoundest silence they glided toward the city. The gondola stopped before the dwelling of Nicolo, and he, taking the arm of the sullen and absent Giovanni within his own, ascended the marble steps, and was about to enter, when a shrill voice challenged their attention by naming Giovanni.

"How now, signor," said the stranger. "Is it thou? Wherefore hast thou left Olivolo? Why didst thou not wait the bridal."

The speaker was a strange, dark-looking woman, in coarse woollen garments. She hobbled as she walked, assisted by a heavy staff, and seeming to suffer equally from lameness and from age. Her thin depressed lips, that ever sunk as she spoke into the cavity of the mouth, which, in the process of time, had been denuded of nearly all its teeth; her yellow wrinkled visage, and thin gray hairs, that escaped from the close black cap which covered her head, declared the presence of very great age. But her eye shone still with something even more lively and impressive than a youthful fire. It had a sort of spiritual intensity. Nothing, indeed, could have been more brilliant, or, seemingly, more unnatural. But hers was a nature of which we may not judge by common laws. She was no common woman, and her whole life was characterized by mystery. She was known in Venice as the "Spanish Gipsy;" was supposed to be secretly a Jewess, and had only escaped from being punished as a sorceress by her profound and most exemplary public devotions. But she was known, nevertheless, as an enchantress, a magician, a prophetess; and her palmistry, her magic, her symbols, signs and talismans, were all held in great repute by the superstitious and the youthful of the ocean city. Giovanni Gradenigo himself, obeying the popular custom, had consulted her; and now, as he heard her voice, he raised his eyes, and started forward with the impulse of one who suddenly darts from under the gliding knife of the assassin. Before Nicolo could interfere, he had leapt down the steps, and darted to the quay from which the old woman was about to step into a gondola. She awaited his coming with a smile of peculiar meaning, as she repeated her inquiry:

"Why are not you at Olivolo?"

He answered the question by another, grasping her wrist violently as he spoke.

"Did you not promise that she should wed with me—that she should be mine—mine only?"

"Well!" she answered calmly, without struggling or seeking to extricate her arm from the strong hold which he had taken upon it.

"Well! and even now the rites are in progress which bind her to Ulric Barberigo!"

"She will never wed Ulric Barberigo," was the quiet answer. "Why left you Olivolo?" she continued.

"Could I remain and look upon these hated nuptials—could I be patient and see her driven like a sheep to the sacrifice? I fled from the spectacle, as if the knife of the butcher were already in my own heart."

"You were wrong; but the fates have spoken, and their decrees are unchangeable. I tell you I have seen your bridal with Francesca Zinni. No Ulric weds that maiden. She is reserved for you alone. You alone will interchange with her the final vows before the man of God. But hasten, that this may find early consummation. I have seen other things! Hasten—but hasten not alone, nor without your armor! A sudden and terrible danger hangs over San Pietro di Castella, and all within its walls. Gather your friends, gather your retainers. Put on the weapons of war and fly thither with all your speed. I see a terrible vision, even now, of blood and struggle! I behold terrors that frighten even me! Your friend is a man of arms. Let your war-galleys be put forth, and bid them steer for the Lagune of Cnorlo. There will you win Francesca, and thenceforth shall you wear her—you only—so long as it may be allowed you to wear any human joy!"

Her voice, look, manner, sudden energy, and the wild fire of her eyes, awakened Giovanni to his fullest consciousness. His friend drew nigh—they would have conferred together, but the woman interrupted them.

"You would deliberate," said she, "but you have no time! What is to be done must be done quickly. It seems wild to you, and strange, and idle, what I tell you, but it is nevertheless true; and if you heed me not now bitter will be your repentance hereafter. You, Giovanni, will depart at least. Heed not your friend—he is too cold to be successful. He will always be safe, and do well, but he will do nothing further. Away! if you can but gather a dozen friends and man a single galley, you will be in season. But

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the time is short. I hear a fearful cry—the cry of women—and the feeble shriek of Francesca Ziani is among the voices of those who wail with a new terror! I see their struggling forms, and floating garments, and dishevelled hair! Fly, young men, lest the names of those whom Venice has written in her Book of Gold, shall henceforth be written in a Book of Blood!"

The reputation of the sybil was too great in Venice to allow her wild predictions to be laughed at. Besides, our young Venetians—Nicolo no less than Giovanni, in spite of what the woman had spoken touching his lack of enthusiasm—were both aroused and eagerly excited by her speech. Her person dilated as she spoke—her voice seemed to come up from a fearful depth, and went thrillingly deep into the souls of the hearers. They were carried from their feet by her predictions. They prepared to obey her counsels. Soon had they gathered their friends together, enough to man three of the fastest galleys of the city. Their prows were turned at once toward the Lagune of Caorlo, whither the woman had directed them. She, meanwhile, had disappeared, but the course of her gondola lay for Olivolo.

CHAPTER III.

It will be necessary that we should go back in our narrative but a single week before the occurrence of these events. Let us penetrate the dim and lonesome abode on the confines of the "Jewish Quarter," but not within it, where the "Spanish Gipsy" delivered her predictions. It is midnight, and still she sits over her incantations. There are vessels of uncouth shape and unknown character before her. Huge braziers lie convenient, on one of which, amidst a few coals, a feeble flame may be seen to struggle. The atmosphere is impregnated with a strong but not ungrateful perfume, and through its vapors objects appear with some indistinctness. A circular plate of brass or copper—it could not well be any more precious metal—rests beneath the eye and finger of the woman. It is covered with strange and mystic characters, which she seems busily to explore, as if they had a real significance in her mind. She evidently united the highest departments of her art with its humblest offices; and possessed those nobler aspirations of the soul, which, during the middle ages, elevated in considerable degree the professors of necromancy. But our purpose is not now to determine her pretensions. We have but to exhibit and to ascertain a small specimen of her skill in the vulgar business of fortune-telling—an art which will continue to be received among men, to a greater or less extent, so long as they shall possess a hope which they cannot gratify, and feel a superstition which they cannot explain. Our gipsy expects a visiter. She hears his footstep. The door opens at her bidding and a stranger makes his appearance. He is a tall and well made man, of stern and gloomy countenance, which is half concealed beneath the raised foldings of his cloak. His beard, of enormous length, is seen to stream down upon his breast; but his cheek is youthful, and his eye is eagerly and anxiously bright. But for a certain repelling something in his glance, he might be considered a very handsome man—perhaps by many persons he was thought so. He advanced with an air of dignity and power. His deportment and manner—and when he spoke, his voice—all seemed to denote a person accustomed to command. The woman did not look up as he approached—on the contrary she seemed more intent than ever in the examination of the strange characters before her. But a curious spectator might have seen that a corner of her eye, bright with an intelligence that looked more like cunning than wisdom, was suffered to take in all of the face and person of the visiter that his muffling costume permitted to be seen.

"Mother," said the stranger, "I am here."

"You say not who you are," answered the woman.

"Nor shall say," was the abrupt reply of the stranger. "That, you said, was unnecessary to your art—to the solution of the questions that I asked you."

"Surely," was the answer. "My art, that promises to tell thee of the future, would be a sorry fraud could it not declare the present—could it not say who thou art, as well as what thou seekest."

"Ha! and thou knowest!" exclaimed the other, his hand suddenly feeling within the folds of his cloak, as he spoke, as if for a weapon, while his eye glared quickly around the apartment, as if seeking for a secret enemy.

"Nay, fear nothing," said the woman calmly. "I care not to know who thou art. It is not an object of my quest, otherwise it would not long remain a secret to me."

"It is well! mine is a name that must not be spoken among the homes of Venice. It would make thee thyself to quail couldst thou hear it spoken."

"Perhaps! but mine is not the heart to quail at many things, unless it be the absolute wrath of Heaven. What the violence or the hate of man could do to this feeble frame, short of death, it has already suffered. Thou knowest but little of human cruelty, young man, though thy own deeds be cruel!"

"How knowest thou that my deeds are cruel?" was the quick and passionate demand, while the form of the stranger suddenly and threateningly advanced. The woman was unmoved.

"Saidst thou not that there was a name that might not be spoken in the homes of Venice? Why should thy very name make the hearts of Venice to quail unless for thy deeds of cruelty and crime? But I see further. I see it in thine eyes that thou art cruel. I hear it in thy voice that thou art criminal. I know, even now, that thy soul is bent on deeds of violence and blood, and the very quest that brings thee to me now is less the quest of love than of that wild and selfish passion which so frequently puts on his habit."

"Ha! speak to me of that! This damsel, Francesca Ziani! 'Tis of her that I would have thee speak. Thou saidst that she should be mine, yet lo! her name is written in the "Book of Gold," and she is allotted to this man of wealth, this Ulric Barberigo."

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"She will never be the wife of Ulric Barberigo."

"Thou saidst she should be mine."

"Nay; I said not that."

"Ha!—but thou liest!"

"No! Anger me not, young man! I am slower, much slower to anger than thyself—slower than most of those who still chafe within this mortal covering—yet am I mortal like thyself, and not wholly free from such foolish passions as vex mortality. Chafe me, and I will repulse thee with scorn. Annoy me, and I close upon thee the book of fate, leaving thee to the blind paths which thy passions have ever moved thee to take."

The stranger muttered something apologetically.

"Make me no excuses. I only ask thee to forbear and submit. I said not that Francesca Ziani should be *thine!* I said only that I beheld her in thy arms."

"And what more do I ask!" was the exulting speech of the stranger, his voice rising into a sort of outburst, which fully declared the ruffian, and the sort of passions by which he was governed.

"If that contents thee, well!" said the woman, coldly, her eye perusing with a seeming calmness the brazen plate upon which the strange characters were inscribed.

"That, then, thou promisest still?" demanded the stranger.

"Thou shalt see for thyself," was the reply. Thus speaking the woman slowly arose and brought forth a small chafing-dish, also of brass or copper, not much larger than a common plate. This she placed over the brazier, the flame of which she quickened by a few smart puffs from a little bellows which lay beside her. As the flame kindled, and the sharp, red jets rose like tongues on either side of the plate, she poured into it something like a gill of a thick tenacious liquid, that looked like, and might have been, honey. Above this she brooded for awhile with her eyes immediately over the vessel; and the keen ear of the stranger, quickened by excited curiosity, could detect the muttering of her lips, though the foreign syllables which she employed were entirely beyond his comprehension. Suddenly, a thick vapor went up from the dish. She withdrew it from the brazier and laid it before her on the table. A few moments sufficed to clear the surface of the vessel, the vapor arising and hanging languidly above her head.

"Look now for thyself and see!" was her command to the visiter; she herself not deigning a glance upon the vessel, seeming thus to be quite sure of what it would present, or quite indifferent to the result. The stranger needed no second summons. He bent instantly over the vessel, and started back with undisguised delight.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "She droops! whose arm is it that supports her—upon whose breast is it that she lies—who bears her away in triumph?"

"Is it not thyself?" asked the woman, coldly.

"By Hercules, it is! She is mine! She is in my arms! She is on my bosom! I have her in my galley! She speeds with me to my home! I see it all, even as thou hast promised me!"

"I promise thee nothing. I but show thee only what is written."

"And when and how shall this be effected?"

"How, I know not," answered the woman, "this is withheld from me. Fate shows what her work is only as it appears when done, but not the manner of the doing."

"But when will this be?" was the question.

"It must be ere she marries with Ulric Barberigo, for him she will never marry."

"And it is appointed that he weds with her on the day of St. Mary's Eve. That is but a week from hence, and the ceremony takes place—"

"At Olivolo."

"Ha! at Olivolo!" and a bright gleam of intelligence passed over the features of the stranger, from which his cloak had by this time entirely fallen. The woman beheld the look, and a slight smile, that seemed to denote scorn rather than any other emotion, played for a moment over her shriveled and sunken lips.

"Mother," said the stranger, "must all these matters be left to fate?"

"That is as thou will."

"But the eye of a young woman may be won—her heart may be touched—so that it shall be easy for fate to accomplish her designs. I am young; am indifferently well fashioned in person, and have but little reason to be ashamed of the face which God has given me. Beside, I have much skill in music, and can sing to the guitar as fairly as most of the young men of Venice. What if I were to find my way to the damsel—what if I play and sing beneath her father's palace? I have disguises, and am wont to practice in various garments; I can—"

The woman interrupted him.

"Thou mayest do as thou wilt. It is doubtless as indifferent to the fates what thou doest, as it will be to me. Thou hast seen what I have shown—I can no more. I am not permitted to counsel thee. I am but a voice; thou hast all that I can give thee."

The stranger lingered still, but the woman ceased to speak, and betrayed by her manner that she desired his departure. Thus seeing, he took a purse from his bosom and laid it before her. She did not seem to notice the action, nor did she again look up until he was gone. With the sound of his retreating footsteps, she put aside the brazen volume of strange characters which seemed her favorite study, and her lips slowly parted in soliloquy,

"Ay! thou exultest, fierce ruffian that thou art, in the assurance that fate yields herself to thy will! Thou shalt, indeed, have the maiden in thy arms, but it shall profit thee nothing; and that single triumph shall exact from thee the last penalties which are sure to follow on the footsteps of a trade like thine. Thou thinkest that I know thee not, as if thy shallow masking could baffle eyes and art like mine; but I had not shown thee thus much, were I not in possession of yet further knowledge—did I not see that this lure was essential to embolden thee to thy own final overthrow. Alas! that in serving the cause of innocence, in saving the innocent from

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harm, we cannot make it safe in happiness. Poor Francesca, beloved of three, yet blest with neither! Thou shalt be wedded, yet be no bride; shall gain all that thy fond young heart craveth, yet gain nothing! Be spared the embraces of him thou loathest, yet rest in his arms whom thou hast most need to fear, and shalt be denied, even when most assured, the only embrace which might bring thee blessings! Happy at least that thy sorrows shall not last thee long—their very keenness and intensity being thy security from the misery which holds through years like mine!"

Let us leave the woman of mystery—let us once more change the scene. Now pass we to the pirate's domain at Istria, a region over which, at the period of our narrative, the control of Venice was feeble, exceedingly capricious, and subject to frequent vicissitudes. At this particular time, it was maintained by the fiercest band of pirates that ever swept the Mediterranean with their bloody prows.

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight when the galley of the chief glided into the harbor of Istria. The challenge of the sentinel was answered from the vessel, and she took her place beside the shore, where two other galleys were at anchor. Suddenly her sails descended with a rattle; a voice hailed throughout the ship, was answered from stem to stern, and a deep silence followed. The fierce chief of the pirates, Pietro Barbaro, the fiercest, strongest, wisest, yet youngest of seven brothers, all devoted to the same fearful employment, strode in silence to his cabin. Here, throwing himself upon a couch, he prepared rather to rest his limbs than to sleep. He had thoughts to keep him wakeful. Wild hopes, and tenderer joys than his usual occupations offered, were gleaming before his fancy. The light burned dimly in his floating chamber, but the shapes of his imagination rose up before his mind's eye not the less vividly because of the obscurity in which he lay. Thus musing over expectations of most agreeable and exciting aspect, he finally lapsed away in sleep.

He was suddenly aroused from slumber by a rude hand that lay heavily on his shoulder.

"Who is it?" he asked of the intruder.

"Gamba," was the answer.

"Thou, brother!"

"Ay," continued the intruder; "and here are all of us."

"Indeed! and wherefore come you? I would sleep—I am weary. I must have rest."

"Thou hast too much rest, Pietro," said another of the brothers. "It is that of which we complain—that of which we would speak to thee now."

"Ha! this is new language, brethren! Answer me—perhaps I am not well awake; am I your captain, or not?"

"Thou art—the fact seems to be forgotten by no one but thyself. Though the youngest of our mother's children, we made thee our leader."

"For what did ye this, my brothers, unless that I might command ye?"

"For this, in truth, and this only, did we confer upon thee this authority. Thou hadst shown thyself worthy to command—"

"Well!"

"Thy skill—thy courage—thy fortitude—"

"In brief, ye thought me best fitted to command ye?"

"Yes."

"Then I command ye hence! Leave me, and let me rest!"

"Nay, brother, but this cannot be;" was the reply of another of the intruders. "We must speak with thee while the night serves us, lest thou hear worse things with the morrow. Thou art, indeed, our captain; chosen because of thy qualities of service, to conduct and counsel us; but we chose thee not that thou shouldst sleep! Thou wert chosen that our enterprises might be active and might lead to frequent profit."

"Has it not been so?" demanded the chief.

"For a season it was so, and there was no complaint of thee."

"Who now complains?

"Thy people—all!"

"And can ye not answer them?"

"No! for we ourselves need an answer! We, too, complain."

"Of what complain ye?"

"That our enterprises profit us nothing."

"Do ye not go forth in the galleys? Lead ye not, each of you, an armed galley? Why is it that your enterprises profit ye nothing?"

"Because of the lack of our captain."

"And ye can do nothing without me; and because ye are incapable, I must have no leisure for myself."

"Nay, something more than this, Pietro. Our enterprises avail us nothing, since you command that we no longer trouble the argosies of Venice. Venice has become thy favorite. Thou shieldest her only, when it is her merchants only who should give us spoil. This, brother, is thy true offence. For this we complain of thee; for this thy people complain of thee. They are impoverished by thy newborn love for Venice, and they are angry with thee. Brother, their purpose is to depose thee?"

"Ha! and ye—"

"We are men as well as brethren. We cherish no such attachment for Venice as that which seems to fill thy bosom. When the question shall be taken in regard to thy office, our voices shall be against thee, unless—"

There was a pause. It was broken by the chief.

"Well, speak out. What are your conditions?"

"Unless thou shalt consent to lead us on a great enterprise against the Venetians. Hearken to us, brother Pietro. Thou knowest of the annual festival at Olivolo, when the marriage takes place of all those maidens, whose families are favorites of the Signiory, and whose names are written in the "Book of Gold" of the Republic."

The eyes of the pirate chief involuntarily closed at the suggestion, but his head nodded affirmatively. The speaker continued.

"It is now but a week when this festival takes

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place. On this occasion assemble the great, the noble and the wealthy of the sea city. Thither they bring all that is gorgeous in their apparel, all that is precious among their ornaments and decorations. Nobility and wealth here strive together which shall most gloriously display itself. Here, too, is the beauty of the city—the virgins of Venice—the very choice among her flocks. Could there be prize more fortunate? Could there be prize more easy of attainment? The church of San Pietro di Castella permits no armed men within its holy sanctuaries. There are no apprehensions of peril; the people who gather to the rites are wholly weaponless. They can offer no defense against our assault; nor can this be foreseen? What place more lonely than Olivolo? Thither shall we repair the day before the festival, and shelter ourselves from scrutiny. At the moment when the crowd is greatest, we will dart upon our prey. We lack women; we desire wealth. Shall we fail in either, when we have in remembrance the bold deeds of our ancient fathers, when they looked with yearning on the fresh beauties of the Sabine virgins? These Venetian beauties are our Sabines. Thou, too, if the bruit of thy followers do thee no injustice, thou, too, hast been overcome by one of these. She will doubtless be present at this festival. Make her thine, and fear not that each of thy brethren will do justice to his tastes and thine own. Here, now, thou hast all. Either thou agreest to that which thy people demand, or the power departs from thy keeping. Fabio becomes our leader!"

There was a pause. At length the pirate-chief addressed his brethren.

"Ye have spoken! ye threaten, too! This power, of which ye speak, is precious in your eyes. I value it not a zecchino; and were thou to depose me tomorrow, I should be the master of ye in another month, did it please me to command a people so capricious. But think not, though I speak to ye in this fashion, that I deny your demand. I but speak thus to show ye that I fear you not. I will do as ye desire; but did not your own wishes square evenly with mine own, I should bide the issue of this struggle, though it were with knife to knife."

"It matters not how thou feelest, or what movest thee, Pietro, so that thou dost as we demand. Thou wilt lead us to this spoil?"

"I will."

"It is enough. It will prove to thy people that they are still the masters of the Lagune—that they are not sold to Venice."

"Leave me now."

The brethren took their departure. When they had gone, the chief spoke in brief soliloquy, thus:

"Verily, there is the hand of fate in this. Methinks I see the history once more, even as I beheld it in the magic liquor of the Spanish Gipsy. Why thought I not of this before, dreaming vainly like an idiot boy, as much in love with his music as himself, who hopes by the tinkle of his guitar to win his beauty from the palace of her noble sire, to the obscure retreats of his gondola. These brethren shall not vex me. They are but the creatures of a fate!"

CHAPTER V.

Let us now return to Olivolo, to the altar-place of the church of San Pietro di Castella, and resume the progress of that strangely mingled ceremonial—mixed sunshine and sadness—which was broken by the passionate conduct of Giovanni Gradenigo. We left the poor, crushed Francesca, in a state of unconsciousness, in the arms of her sympathizing kindred. For a brief space the impression was a painful one upon the hearts of the vast assembly; but as the deep organ rolled its ascending anthems, the emotion subsided. The people had assembled for pleasure and an agreeable spectacle; and though sympathizing, for a moment, with the pathetic fortunes of the sundered lovers, quite as earnestly as it is possible for mere lookers-on to do, they were not to be disappointed in the objects for which they came. The various shows of the assemblage—the dresses, the jewels, the dignitaries, and the beauties—were quite enough to divert the feelings of a populace, at all times notorious for its levities, from a scene which, however impressive at first, was becoming a little tedious. Sympathies are very good and proper things; but the world seldom suffers them to occupy too much of its time. Our Venetians did not pretend to be any more humane than the rest of the great family; and the moment that Francesca had fainted, and Giovanni had disappeared, the multitude began to express their impatience of any further delay by all the means in their possession. There was no longer a motive to resist their desires, and simply reserving the fate of the poor Francesca to the last, or until she should sufficiently recover to be fully conscious of the sacrifice which she was about to make, the ceremonies were begun. There was a political part to be played by the Doge, in which the people took particular interest; and to behold which, indeed, was the strongest reason of their impatience. The government of Venice, as was remarked by quaint and witty James Howell, was a compound thing, mixed of all kinds of governments, and might be said to be composed of "a *grain* of monarchy, a *dose* of democracy, and a *dram*, if not an *ounce* of optimacy." It was in regard to this *dose* of democracy, that the government annually assigned marriage portions to twelve young maidens, selected from the great body of the people, of those not sufficiently opulent to secure husbands, or find the adequate means for marriage, without this help. To bestow these maidens upon their lovers, and with them the portions allotted by the state, constituted the first, and in the eyes of the masses, the most agreeable part of the spectacle. The Doge, on this occasion, who was the thrice renowned Pietro Candiano, "did his spiriting gently," and in a highly edifying manner. The bishop bestowed his blessings, and confirmed by the religious, the civil rites, which allied the chosen couples. To these succeeded the *voluntary* parties, if we may thus presume upon a distinction between the two classes, which we are yet not sure that we have a right to make. The high-born and the wealthy, couple after couple, now approached the altar, to receive

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the final benediction which committed them to hopes of happiness which it is not in the power of any priesthood to compel. No doubt there was a great deal of hope among the parties, and we have certainly no reason to suppose that happiness did not follow in every instance.

But there is poor Francesca Ziani. It is now her turn. Her cruel parents remain unsubdued and unsoftened by her deep and touching sorrows. She is made to rise, to totter forward to the altar, scarcely conscious of any thing, except, perhaps, that the worthless, but wealthy, Ulric Barberigo is at her side. Once more the mournful spectacle restores to the spectators all their better feelings. They perceive, they feel the cruelty of that sacrifice to which her kindred are insensible. In vain do they murmur "shame!" In vain does she turn her vacant, wild, but still expressive eyes, expressive because of their very soulless vacancy, to that stern, ambitious mother, whose bosom no longer responds to her child with the true maternal feeling. Hopeless of help from that quarter, she lifts her eyes to Heaven, and, no longer listening to the words of the holy man, she surrenders herself only to despair.

Is it Heaven that hearkens to her prayer? Is it the benevolent office of an angel that bursts the doors of the church at the very moment when she is called upon to yield that response which dooms her to misery forever? To her ears, the thunders which now shook the church were the fruits of Heaven's benignant interposition. The shrieks of women on every hand—the oaths and shouts of fierce and insolent authority—the clamors of men—the struggles and cries of those who seek safety in flight or entreat for mercy—suggest no other idea to the wretched Francesca, than that she is saved from the embraces of Ulric Barberigo. She is only conscious that, heedless of her, and of the entreaties of her mother, he is the first to endeavor selfishly to save himself by flight. But her escape from Barberigo is only the prelude to other embraces. She knows not, unhappy child! that she is an object of desire to another, until she finds herself lifted in the grasp of Pietro Barbaro, the terrible chief of the Istrute pirates. He and his brothers have kept their pledges to one another, and they have been successful in their prey. Their fierce followers have subdued to submission the struggles of a weaponless multitude, who, with horror and consternation, behold the loveliest of their virgins, the just wedded among them, borne away upon the shoulders of the pirates to their warlike galleys. Those who resist them perish. Resistance was hopeless. The fainting and shrieking women, like the Sabine damsels, are hurried from the sight of their kinsmen and their lovers, and the Istrute galleys are about to depart with their precious freight. Pietro Barbaro, the chief, stands with one foot upon his vessel's side and the other on the shore. Still insensible, the lovely Francesca lies upon his breast. At this moment the skirt of his cloak is plucked by a bold hand. He turns to meet the glance of the Spanish Gypsy. The old woman leered on him with eyes that seemed to mock his triumph, even while she appealed to it.

"Is it not even as I told thee—as I showed thee?" was her demand.

"It is!" exclaimed the pirate-chief, as he flung her a purse of gold. "Thou art a true prophetess. Fate has done her work!"

He was gone; his galley was already on the deep, and he himself might now be seen kneeling upon the deck of the vessel, bending over his precious conquest, and striving to bring back the life into her cheeks.

"Ay, indeed!" muttered the Spanish Gipsy, "thou hast had her in thy arms, but think not, reckless robber that thou art, that fate has *done* its work. The work is but *begun*. Fate has kept its word to thee; it is thy weak sense that fancied she had nothing more to say or do!"

Even as she spoke these words, the galleys of Giovanni Gradenigo were standing for the Lagune of Caorlo. He had succeeded in collecting a gallant band of cavaliers who tacitly yielded him the command. The excitement of action had served, in some measure, to relieve the distress under which he suffered. He was no longer the lover, but the man; nor the man merely, but the leader of men. Giovanni was endowed for this by nature. His valor was known. It had been tried upon the Turk. Now that he was persuaded by the Spanish Gipsy, whom all believed and feared, that a nameless and terrible danger overhung his beloved, which was to be met and baffled only by the course he was pursuing, his whole person seemed to be informed by a new spirit. The youth, his companions, wondered to behold the change. There was no longer a dreaminess and doubt about his words and movements, but all was prompt, energetic, and directly to the purpose. Giovanni was now the confident and strong man. Enough for him that there *was* danger. Of this he no longer entertained a fear. Whether the danger that was supposed to threaten Francesca, was still suggestive of a hope—as the prediction of the Spanish Gipsy might well warrant—may very well be questioned. It was in the very desperation of his hope, perhaps, that his energies became at once equally well-ordered and intense. He prompted to their utmost the energies of others. He impelled all his agencies to their best exertions. Oar and sail were busy without intermission, and soon the efforts of the pursuers were rewarded. A gondola, bearing a single man, drifted along their path. He was a fugitive from Olivolo, who gave them the first definite idea of the foray of the pirates. His tidings, rendered imperfect by his terrors, were still enough to goad the pursuers to new exertions. Fortune favored the pursuit. In their haste the pirate galleys had become entangled in the lagune. The keen eye of Giovanni was the first to discover them. First one bark, and then another, hove in sight, and soon the whole piratical fleet were made out, as they urged their embarrassed progress through the intricacies of the shallow waters.

"Courage, bold hearts!" cried Giovanni to his people; "they are ours! We shall soon be upon them. They cannot now escape us!"

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The eye of the youthful leader brightened with the expectation of the struggle. His exulting, eager voice declared the strength and confidence of his soul, and cheered the souls of all around him. The sturdy oarsmen "gave way" with renewed efforts. The knights prepared their weapons for the conflict. Giovanni *signaled* the other galleys by which his own was followed.

"I am for the red flag of Pietro Barbaro himself. I know his banner. Let your galleys grapple with the rest. Cross their path—prevent their flight, and bear down upon the strongest. Do your parts, and fear not but we shall do ours."

With these brief instructions, our captain led the way with the Venetian galleys. The conflict was at hand. It came. They drew nigh and hailed the enemy. The parley was a brief one. The pirates could hope no mercy, and they asked none. But few words, accordingly, were exchanged between the parties, and these were not words of peace.

"Yield thee to the mercy of St. Mark!" was the stern summons of Giovanni, to the pirate-chief.

"St. Mark's mercy has too many teeth!" was the scornful reply of the pirate. "The worthy saint must strike well before Barbaro of Istria sues to him for mercy.

With the answer the galleys grappled. The Venetians leapt on board of the pirates, with a fury that was little short of madness. Their wrath was terrible. Under the guidance of the fierce Giovanni, they smote with an unforgiving vengeance. It was in vain that the Istrutes fought as they had been long accustomed. It needed something more than customary valor to meet the fury of their assailants. All of them perished. Mercy now was neither asked nor given. Nor, as it seemed, did the pirates care to live, when they beheld the fall of their fearful leader. He had crossed weapons with Giovanni Gradenigo, in whom he found his fate. Twice, thrice, the sword of the latter drove through the breast of the pirate. Little did his conqueror conjecture the import of the few words which the dying chief gasped forth at his feet, his glazed eyes striving to pierce the deck, as if seeking some one within.

"I have, indeed, had thee in my arms, but—"

There was no more—death finished the sentence! The victory was complete, but Giovanni was wounded. Pietro Barbaro was a fearful enemy. He was conquered, it is true, but he had made his mark upon his conqueror. He had bitten deep before he fell.

The victors returned with their spoil. They brought back the captured brides in triumph. That same evening preparations were made to conclude the bridal ceremonies which the morning had seen so fearfully arrested. With a single exception, the original distribution of the "brides" was persevered in. That exception, as we may well suppose, was Francesca Ziani. It was no longer possible for her unnatural parents to withstand the popular sentiment. The Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, was particularly active in persuading the reluctant mother to submit to what was so evidently the will of destiny. But for the discreditable baseness and cowardice of Ulric Barberigo, it is probable she never would have yielded. But his imbecility and unmanly terror in the moment of danger, had been too conspicuous. Even his enormous wealth could not save him from the shame that followed; and however unwillingly, the parents of Francesca consented that she should become the bride of Giovanni, as the only proper reward for the gallantry which had saved her, and so many more, from shame.

But where was Giovanni? His friends have been dispatched for him; why comes he not? The maid, now happy beyond her hope, awaits him at the altar. And still he comes not. Let us go back for a moment to the moment of his victory over the pirate-chief. Barbaro lies before him in the agonies of death. His sword it is which has sent the much dreaded outlaw to his last account. But he himself is wounded—wounded severely, but not mortally by the man whom he has slain. At this moment he received a blow from the axe of one of the brothers of Barbaro. He had strength left barely to behold and to shout his victory, when he sunk fainting upon the deck of the pirate vessel. His further care devolved upon his friend, Nicolo, who had followed his footsteps closely through all the paths of danger. In a state of stupor he lies upon the couch of Nicolo, when the aged prophetess, the "Spanish Gipsy," appeared beside his bed.

"He is called," she said. "The Doge demands his presence. They will bestow upon him his bride, Francesca Ziani. You must bear him thither."

The surgeon shook his head.

"It may arouse him," said Nicolo. "We can bear him thither on a litter, so that he shall feel no pain."

"It were something to wake him from this apathy," mused the surgeon. "Be it as thou wilt."

Thus, grievously wounded, was the noble Giovanni borne into the midst of the assembly for each member of which he had suffered and done so much. The soft music which played around, awakened him. His eyes unclosed to discover the lovely Francesca, tearful, but hopeful, bending fondly over him. She declared herself his. The voice of the Doge confirmed the assurance; and the eye of the dying man brightened into the life of a new and delightful consciousness. Eagerly he spoke; his voice was but a whisper.

"Make it so, I pray thee, that I may live!"

The priest drew nigh with the sacred unction. The marriage service was performed, and the hands of the two were clasped in one.

"Said I not?" demanded an aged woman, who approached the moment after the ceremonial, and whose face was beheld by none but him whom she addressed. "She is thine!"

The youth smiled, but made no answer. His hand drew that of Francesca closer. She stooped to his kiss, and whispered him, but he heard her not. With the consciousness of the sweet treasure that he had won after such sad denial, the sense grew conscious no longer—the lips of the youth were sealed

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for ever. The young Giovanni, the bravest of the Venetian youth, lay lifeless in the embrace of the scarcely more living Francesca. It was a sad day, after all, in Venice, since its triumph was followed by so great a loss; but the damsels of the ocean city still declare that the lovers were much more blest in this fortune, than had they survived for the embrace of others less beloved.

[The touching and romantic incident upon which this little tale is founded, has been made use of by Mr. Rogers, in his poem of "Italy." It is one of those events which enrich and enliven, for romance, the early histories of most states and nations that ever arrive at character and civilization. It occurs in the first periods of Venetian story, about 932, under the Doge Candiano II. I have divided my sketch into *five* parts, having originally designed a dramatic piece with the same divisions. That I have since thought proper to write the tale in the narrative and not the dramatic form, is not because of any insusceptibility of the material to such uses. I still think that the story, as above given, might easily and successfully be dramatized, giving it a mixed character —that of the melo-dramatic opera, and only softening the close to a less tragical denouement.]

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

I.

Myriads have sung thy praise,
Fair Dian, virgin-goddess of the skies!
And myriads will raise
Their songs, as time yet onward flies,
To *thee*, chaste prompter of the lover's sighs,
And of the minstrel's lays!
Yet still exhaustless as a theme
Shall be thy name—
While lives immortal Fame—
As when to people the first poet's dream
Thy inspiration came.

II.

None ever lived, or loved,
Who both not thine oblivious influence felt—
As if a silver veil hid outward things,
While some bright spirit's wings
Mysteriously moved
The world of fancies that within him dwelt—
Regent of Night! whence is this charm in thee,
That sways the human soul with potent witchery?

III.

When first the infant learns to look on high,
While twilight's drapery his heart appals,
Thy full-orbed presence captivates his eye;
Or when, 'mid shadows grim upon the walls,
Are sent thy pallid rays,
'T is awe his bosom fills,
And trembling joy that thrills
His tiny frame, and fastens his young gaze:
Thy spell is on that heart,
And childhood may depart,
But it shall gather strength with youthful days;
For oft as thou, capricious soon!
Shalt wax and wane,
He, now perchance a love-sick swain,
Will watch thee at night's stilly noon,
Pouring his passion in an amorous strain:
Or, with the mistress of his soul—
Lighted by thy love-whispering beams—
In some secluded garden stroll,
Bewildered in ambrosial dreams;
Nor once suspect, while his full pulses move,
That thou, whom tides obey, may'st turn the tide of love!

IV.

The watcher on the deep—
Though weary be his eye—
Forgets even drowsy sleep,
When thou art in the sky!
For with thine image on the silvery sea
A thousand forms of memory
Whirl in a mazy dance;
And when he upward looks to thee,
In thy far-reaching glance
There is a sacred bond of sympathy
'Twixt sea and land;
For on his native strand
That glance awakens kindred souls
To kindred thought,
And though the deep between them rolls,
Hearts are together brought;
While tears that fall from eyes at home,
And those that wet the sailor's cheek,
From the same sacred fountains come—
The same emotion speak.

V.

The watcher on the land—
Who holds the burning hand
Of one whom scorching fever wastes—
Beholds thee, orient moon!
With reddened face, expanded in the east,
Till Superstition chills his breast,
While tremulous he hastes
To draw the curtains as thou journeyest on:
But when the far-spent night
Is streaked with dawning light,
Again, to look on thee,
He lifts the drapery,
And hope divine now triumphs over fear,
As in the zenith far
A pale, small orb thou dost appear,
While eastward rises morn's resplendent star!
And Fancy sees the passing soul ascend
Where thy mild glories with the azure blend.

VI.

Even on the face of Death thou lookest calm,
Fair Dian! as when watchful thou didst keep
Love's holy vigils o'er Endymion's sleep,
Drinking the breath of youth's perpetual balm.

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Thy beams are kissing now
The icy brow
Of many a youth in slumber deep,
Who cannot yield to thee
The incense of Love's perfumed breath,
For no response gives Death!
Ah, 't is a fearful sight to see
Thy lustre on a human face
Where the Promethean spark has left no trace,
As if it shone upon
The marble cold,
Of that famed ruin old—
The grand, but empty Parthenon!

VII.

Dian, enchantress of all hearts!
While mine in song now worships thee,
From thy far-shooting bow the silver darts
Fall thick and fast on me:
Oh, beautiful in light and shade,
By thee is this fair landscape made!
Gems sparkle on the river's breast—
Now covered by an icy vest—
Upon the frozen hills
A regal glory shines!
And all the scene, as Fancy wills,
Shifts into new designs.
Yet night is still as Death's unbroken realms,
And solemnly thy light, wan orb, is cast
Through the arched branches of these reverend elms,
As though it through the Gothic windows passed
Of some old abbey or cathedral vast.

VIII.

In awe my spirit kneels—
And seems before a hallowed shrine;
Yet not the majesty of Art it feels,
But Nature's law divine—
The presence of her mighty Architect!
Who piled these pyramidal hills sublime,
That still, pure moon, thy radiance will reflect,
And still defy the crumbling touch of Time:
Who built this temple of gigantic trees,
Where Nature's worshipers repair
To pray the heart's unuttered prayer,
Whose veiled thought the great Omniscient sees.

IX.

Oh, I could wonder, and adore
Religious Night! and thee, her queen!
Till golden Phœbus should restore
His splendor to the scene!
But the same natural laws control
Thy motions and the poet's will;
So, that while tireless roves the soul,
This actual life must weary still.
And oh, inspirer of my song!
While clowe these eyes upon thy beams,
Watching, amid thy starry throng,
Be thou the goddess of my dreams.

MY BIRD.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

Ring out, ring out, thy clear sweet note!
Art longing to be free—
To break thy bars and heavenward float?
My bird, this may not be.

Thou ne'er hast known another home
Than in that cage of thine,
And shouldst thou from its shelter roam,
Where meet a love like mine?

When the gay wealth of leaves and flowers
Wreathes every fragrant bough,
And hides thee all the summer hours
From noontide's sultry glow—

And when the limpid grass-fringed brook
Reflects thy yellow wing,
And thou may'st seek each quiet nook
Where sweets are blossoming—

And warble there the cheerful song
That oft has charmed mine ear,
Thou might'st, those leafy shades among,
Be happier far than here.

But when sad Autumn sheds abroad
The stillness of decay,
And leaves beneath the feet are trod
Where young winds love to play—

When icy chains the streams have bound,
Gems hang from every tree,
And but the snow-bird skims the ground,
Where would my trembler flee?

Ah, fold thy wing and rest thee there,
Nor trust deceitful skies,
Though balmy now the gentle air,
Dark tempests will arise.

And Freedom! 't is a glorious word!
But should the rude winds come,
Then wouldst thou wish, my warbling bird,
For thine own quiet home.

My bird! I too would take my flight,
I long to soar away
To those far realms where all is bright,
Where beams an endless day.

I may not tread a holier sphere,
I may not upward move,
But bound like thee, I linger here
And trust a Father's love.

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THE KNIGHTS OF THE RINGLET.

BY GIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

If to be seated, on a bright winter's day, before a glowing fire of anthracite, with one's feet on the fender, and one's form half-buried in the depths of a cushioned easy-chair, holding the uncut pages of the last novel, be indeed the practical definition of happiness, then Emma Leslie was to be envied as she sat thus cosily, one afternoon, listening to an animated discussion going on between an elderly lady and gentleman on the opposite side of the fire-place. The discussion ran on a grave subject—a very grave subject—one which has puzzled the heads of wise men, and turned the wits of weak ones. But though the argument grew every moment more close and earnest, the fair listener had the audacity to laugh, in clear, silvery tones, that told there was not one serious thought in her mind, as she said,

"Nay, good uncle, a truce to these generalities. If, as I imagine, all this talk upon woman's rights and woman's duties has been for my special edification, pray be more explicit and tell me what part I am to play in the general reform you propose?"

The gentleman thus addressed looked up at this interruption, and replied in a tone slightly acidified,

"For your benefit also has been your Aunt Mary's clear exposition of what woman may and should be. Perhaps you will profit as much by her suggestions as you seem to do by mine."

"Do not give me up as incorrigible just as I am coming to be taught how to be good," said Emma, with mock gravity. "With regard to this subject of temperance, of which you were just speaking, and upon which you say woman has so much influence, what shall I do? How can I reclaim the drunkard while I move in a circle where the degraded creatures are not admitted. They will not be influenced by a person who has no feelings or sympathies in common with them, even were it proper for me to descend to their level in order to help them."

"That may be. The tide of gay and fashionable life sweeps over and buries in oblivion the ruin its forms and ceremonies help to make. Yet there are some you might reach. Some who are just beginning to sink, and whom men cannot influence because they are too proud to own their danger."

"How less likely, then, would a woman be to influence them," replied Emma. "You know how men try to conceal their vices and foibles from us."

"True, but yet men do not suspect the weaker sex of doubting their power to reform themselves, and are therefore more willing to be advised and persuaded by them to abandon their bad habits, which have not yet become fixed vices. Woman's intuitive perception of what should be said, and the right moment to say it, men rarely possess; and this gives your sex a superiority over ours in the work of reform. Yet, alas! how often is this influence employed to lure the wandering feet further and further from the path of virtue."

"Beware, uncle, I'll have no slander," replied Emma, half vexed.

"It is not slander. How often have I seen you, Emma, with smiles and gay words, sipping that which, however harmless to you, is poison to some of your thoughtless companions. Were you pure in word and deed from all contamination in that behalf, how different would be your influence. Yet you refused to join the Temperance Society I am endeavoring to establish in our neighborhood."

"But you know," said Emma, with a proud curl of her ruby lip, "that I am in no danger. Why should my name be mixed with the common herd?"

"That is false pride, unworthy a true-hearted woman. To refuse to aid a reforming movement that will assist thousands, simply because it will not benefit you, because you do not need its help. I did not think you so selfish."

"I am not selfish. You shall not call me such ugly names," replied the niece, striving to turn the conversation from the serious turn it had taken. "You know very well it is only my humility that speaks. I don't think women have any right to form societies and make laws. All that honor and glory I am willing to leave to men, and only ask for my sex the liberty of doing as they please in the humble station assigned to them by the 'lords of creation.' You may rule the world, and give orders, and we will—break them."

"Yes," said her uncle, rising to go, "you will break them, indeed—break all laws of justice, honor and humanity in your giddy course."

"Nay," said Emma, rising and holding his hands in hers as he was about to leave the room,

> 'Put down your hat, don't take your stick,
> Now, prithee, uncle, stay.'

I will not let you go thinking me so naughty and saucy. Don't look so sober, or I shall certainly cry, and you know you hate scenes. I am really half convinced by your arguments, but were I to sign the pledge, what good would it do. I have no desire to go about with a sermon on my lips, and a frown on my brow, to bestow on all the luckless wights who 'touch, taste or handle.' It is not genteel to scold, and I fancy they might think me impertinent were I to advise. Who is there among my acquaintance who would not resent my interference with their habits in this respect?"

"There is your cousin, Edward," replied her uncle, seating himself again. "You know well how to lead him in your train through all kinds of fun and

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folly, perhaps you might induce him to sign the temperance pledge."

"But Edward is strictly temperate. He rarely takes even wine."

"True, and I don't think him in danger of becoming less so. But his position in society gives him great influence over the young men with whom he associates; and some who follow his example in refusing to sign the pledge, are unable to follow him in controlling their appetites."

"There is young Saville, too," said Aunt Mary. "It is whispered among his friends, that unless something arrests his course, he will ere long be ruined."

A flush passed over Emma's beautiful face as, in a tone of surprise and horror, she exclaimed, "What, George Saville! with his genius and eloquence—is he a slave to that vice?"

"They say," replied her aunt, "that much of his fiery eloquence arises from the fumes of brandy, and the sparkling wit that makes him so delightful is caught from the bubbles that dance on the wine-cup. When the excitement, thus produced, passes away, he is dull and spiritless."

"And will no one warn him—no one save him?" said Emma, thoughtfully.

"Who can do it so well as yourself?" said her uncle. "Is he not one of the worshipers at your shrine? Of what avail is it to be young and beautiful and wealthy, if the influence such accidents give be not employed in the cause of truth and virtue?"

Emma did not reply, and her uncle left the room, where she remained a long time in deep thought, roused and startled by the new ideas presented to her mind, for giddy and thoughtless as she seemed, she possessed a mind and heart capable of deep feeling and energetic action.

The same evening she was seated by the piano, drawing thence a flood of melody, while her Cousin Edward and George Saville stood beside her. But the attention of the latter seemed more absorbed by the fair musician than by the sweet sounds produced by her flying fingers; and directing his companion's attention to the soft brown hair that fell in long, shining ringlets around her pure brow, and over her snowy neck, he said, in a tone intended to reach his ear alone,

"What would you give to possess one of those curls?"

Low as were the words, Emma heard them, and pausing suddenly, said, "What would *you* give?"

"Any thing—every thing," said the young man, eagerly.

"Would you give your liberty—would you bind yourself to do my bidding?" asked the maiden, in a tone in which playful gayety strove to hide a deeper feeling.

"The liberty to disobey your will, lady, has long been lost," replied Saville, with a glance that well-nigh destroyed Emma's self-possession. "It were a small matter to acknowledge it by my vow."

"On that condition it is yours," said Emma, while the rich blush that mantled cheek and brow, made her more beautiful than ever as she severed from her queenly head one of the longest of the luxuriant tresses with which nature had adorned it.

"Ma belle Emma," interposed Edward as she did this, "I cannot allow of such partiality. Let me take the oath of allegiance and gain a equal prize."

"Will you dare?" replied Emma, gayly. "Will you bow your haughty spirit to do my bidding? Beware, for when you have vowed, you are completely in my power."

"And a very tyrant you will be, no doubt, fair queen, yet I accept the vow. Royalty needs new disciples when there are so many deserters."

"Kneel, then, Cousin Edward, and you also, Mr. Saville, and rise Knights of the Ringlet, bound to serve in all things the will of your sovereign lady." So saying, she placed half the ringlet on the shoulder of each gentleman, as they knelt in mock humility before her. Some unutterable feeling seemed to compel Saville to *look* the thanks he would have spoken, but Edward, with a conscious privilege, seized her hand, and kissing it, exclaimed, as he threw himself into "an attitude,"

"Thy will, and thine alone,
For ever and a day,
By sea and land, through fire and flood,
We promise to obey."

CHAPTER II.

About a month after, Edward and his cousin found themselves listening to the eloquent appeals of a well known temperance lecturer. He dwelt upon the woes and ruins of intemperance, and the responsibility of every one who did not do all in his power to remedy the evil. At the close of the lecture the pledge was passed among the audience. When it came to where they were sitting, Emma took it, and offering Edward her pencil, whispered, "Let the Knight of the Ringlet perform his vow." He looked at her inquiringly. She traced her own name beneath those written there, and bade him do the same. For an instant he hesitated, and was half offended with her for the stratagem, but good sense and politeness both forbade a refusal, and he complied.

It was a more delicate task to exert the same influence over the proud and sensitive George Saville, but at length the opportunity occurred.

One evening, as he mingled with the gay groups that filled the splendid drawing-rooms of the fashionable Mrs. B——, one of his acquaintance came up, and filling two glasses with wine that stood on the marble side-table, offered one to him. As he was raising it to his lips, a rose-bud fell over his shoulder into the glass, and a voice near him said, in low, musical tones, "Touch it not, Knight of the Ringlet, I command you by this token;" and turning, he saw Emma standing beside him. As she met his gaze, she passed her delicate hand thr[illegible] the dark curls that shaded her lovely face, and [illegible]ung her finger at him impressively, was lost in the crowd. Saville stood looking after her with a bewildered air, as if lost in thought, until the laugh of his companion recalled him to himself. "Excuse me," he said,

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putting down the glass. "You saw the spell flung over me, I am under oath to obey the behests of beauty."

Emma watched him through the evening, but he seemed to avoid her, and appeared thoughtful and sad. They did not meet again until at a late hour; she was stepping into her carriage to return home, when suddenly he appeared at her side and assisting her into it, entreated, "Fair queen, permit the humblest of your most loyal subjects the honor of escorting you to the palace." She assented, and the carriage had no sooner started than in a voice, trembling with earnestness, he added, "and permit me to ask if your command this evening was merely an exercise of power, or did a deeper meaning lie therein?"

"I did mean to warn you," said Emma, gently, "that there was poison in the glass—slow, perchance, but sure."

"And do you think *me* in danger, Miss Leslie?"

"I think all in danger who do not adopt the rule of total abstinance; and, pardon me, if I say that with your excitable temperament, I imagine you to be in more than ordinary peril."

There was a long pause. When he spoke again his tones were calmer.

"I did not imagine I could ever become a slave to appetite. Often, while suffering from the fatigue induced by writing, I have taken brandy, and been revived by it. Sometimes before going to speak in public I have felt the need of artificial stimulus to invigorate my shattered nerves. Do you think that improper indulgence?"

"Do you not find," said Emma, "that this lassitude returns more frequently, and requires more stimulus to overcome it than formerly?"

"It is true," said he, thoughtfully; "yet I often speak with more fluency when under such excitement than I can possibly do at other times."

"Once it was not so," said Emma, kindly.

"Very true, but this kind of life wears on my system. I cannot get though with my public duties without help of this kind."

"Does not this show," replied Emma, that you have already somewhat impaired those noble powers with which you are endowed. Would it not be far nobler as well as safer to trust solely to yourself than to depend on the wild excitement thus induced?"

"It does, indeed; fool that I have been to think myself secure. But, thank heaven! I am yet master. I *can* control myself if I choose."

By this time they had arrived at the door of Miss Leslie's mansion.

"Let me detain you one moment," said Saville, as they stood upon the steps, "to ask you if you have heard others speak of this. Tell me truly," he added, as she hesitated. "Do the public know that I am not always master of myself?"

"I have heard it intimated you were injuring yourself in this way," replied Emma, in a low voice, doubtful how the intelligence would be received.

"And you," said the young man, fervently, "you were the kind angel who interposed to save me from the precipice over which I have well-nigh fallen. Be assured the warning shall not be in vain. A thousand thanks for this well-timed caution," he added, more cheerfully, as they parted, "the Knight of the Ringlet will not forget his vow."

For a few moments the joyous excitement of his spirit continued, as he thought of the interest in him which her conversation and actions had that evening evinced. But when the door closed and shut her fairy form from his sight, a shadow fell over his heart. Other feelings arose and whispered that after all it was but pity that actuated her. Love—would she not rather despise his weakness that had need of such a caution? Then came a sense of wounded pride, an idea that his confession had humbled him before her, and ere he reached his home he had become so deeply desponding that he was meditating taking passage for England, and doing a thousand other desperate things, so that he never again might see the gentle monitress who, he had persuaded himself, regarded him with pity that was more akin to disgust than love.

A letter received the next morning calling him into the country for a week, prevented his executing his rash designs; but a feeling, unaccountable even to himself, made him shun the places where he was accustomed to meet Emma, and made him miserable, till three or four weeks afterward, merely by accident, he found himself seated opposite to her at a concert. Was it fancy, or did she look sad and thoughtful; and why did her eye roam over the crowd, as if seeking some one it found not. So he thought to himself, till suddenly, in their gazing, his eyes met hers. Instantly she turned away, and then in a moment after, gave him an earnest, inquiring glance, full of troubled thought. At that look the demon which tormented him vanished, and a flood of inexpressible love filled his soul. He could not go to her, hemmed in as he was by the audience; but he did not cease looking at her through the evening. In vain; she gave no second look or sign of consciousness of his presence.

"She is offended with me," he soliloquized, as he went homeward; "and no wonder. How like a fool I have acted. I will go to her to-morrow and tell her all."

In the morning he called, but others had been before him, and the drawing-room was well supplied with loungers. He staid as long as decency would permit; but Miss Leslie was not at all cordial in her manner toward him, and the "dear five hundred friends" kept coming and going, so that no opportunity offered for the explanation. "I will go again this evening," said he to himself; and so he did. Emma stood at the window, beside a stand of magnificent plants, whose blossoms filled the room with fragrance. The lamps had not been lighted, and the moonlight fell like a halo of glory around her, as she stood in sad reverie that cast a pensive shade over her face, usually so brilliant in its beauty. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the door open, and was unconscious of Saville's presence till he was at her side.

"You received me coldly, fair lady, this morning,

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so that I came back to see if you are offended with me," said he, as she turned to receive him.

"And I, in my turn, ask you the same question, or else why have you absented yourself so long?"

"I was not offended—ah, no!" said Saville, dropping the tone of forced gayety in which he had at first spoken, "but can you not understand why I have thus exiled myself? Did you not know it was that I feared you might despise me—you from whom more than from any one else I desired esteem, admiration—*love*." The last word was spoken in a lower tone, and he looked at her appealingly, as if to ask forgiveness for having uttered it. For one instant he met the gaze of Emma's dark blue eyes, and he must have read something there he did not expect to find, for the expression of his own changed into one so hopeful and earnest that Emma's sunk beneath its light. And when he drew Emma into a seat beside him, and in a few rapid words told her what in fact she knew before, how long and how well he had loved her. I don't know what she said, for, reader, I came away then.

But I do know that one morning, six months after, some carriages went from Mr. Leslie's mansion to the church, and came back filled with a party looking most auspiciously happy, and that some hours after, as Edward was conducting his Cousin Emma to a traveling carriage, which stood at the door, he said, "So you and Saville have changed positions, and you are henceforth to obey. What a tyrant I would be, were I in his place. Pray does this morning's act cancel former obligations?"

"The contract is unbroken," said Saville, answering for his bride, and producing a locket containing *the* ringlet—"here is the token that renders the vow perpetual."

A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Speed swifter, Night!—wild Northern Night,
Whose feet the Artic islands know,
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
Gird the complaining shores of snow!
Send all thy winds to sweep the wold
And howl in mountain-passes far,
And hang thy banners, red and cold,
Against the shield of every star!

For what have I to do with morn,
Or Summer's glory in the vales—
With the blithe ring of forest-horn,
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails?
Art *thou* not gone, in whose blue eye
The fleeting Summer dawned to me?—
Gone, like the echo of a sigh
Beside the loud, resounding sea!

Oh, brief that time of song and flowers,
Which blessed, through thee, the Northern Land!
I pine amid its leafless bowers,
And on the black and lonely strand.
The forest wails the starry bloom,
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,
But down my spirits aisles of gloom
Thy love shall blossom nevermore!

And nevermore shall battled pines
Their solemn triumph sound for me,
Nor morning fringe the mountain-lines,
Nor sunset flush the hoary sea;
But Night and Winter fill the sky,
And load with frost the shivering air,
Till every gust that hurries by
Chimes wilder with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long,
Is slowly settling o'er the wave;
No wandering blast awakes a song
In naked boughs above thy grave.
The frozen air is still and dark;
The numb earth lies in icy rest;
And all is dead, save this one spark
Of burning grief, within my breast.

Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more
To Love's rejoicing summer back:
My spirit walks a wintry shore,
With not a star to light its track.
Speed swifter, Night! thy gloom and frost
Are free to spoil and ravage here;
This last wild requiem for the lost
I pour in thy unheeding ear!

DEATH.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Why mourn the perished glories of the past?
Why wrong with murmurs Death's paternal care?
Sire of immortal Beauty, from his vast
Embrace with Infinite Life, spring all things fair
And good and wonderful: Ye are not cast,
Like wailing orphans, on the desert bare,
To cry and perish. Life comes everywhere
With Mother-love, and strong Death garners fast
His bounty for her board; for all which live
His tireless hands the harvest sow and reap,
He feeds alone those lily breasts which give
New strength to all on Life's white arms that leap;
Fear not, sweet babes, in his thick mantle furled,
Now lulled asleep, to wake in a new splendor-world.

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THE CRUISE OF THE RAKER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812–15.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

(*Concluded from page* 196.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Raker in a Calm.

A LONG calm, usually so tiresome to sailors, but considered most fortunate by Lieutenant Morris, succeeded the events just narrated. He was constantly in the society of the beautiful Julia Williams, and the impression first made upon him by her surpassing beauty rapidly deepened into a devoted love. Wholly absorbed in his passion, he cared not how long his little brig lay with flapping sails upon the water waiting for the wind. Julia was by no means indifferent to his addresses, so ardent and yet so respectful. She already loved the gallant young sailor, though she hardly even suspected it herself, yet why did she so love the long evening walk with him upon the deck of the brig? Why did her eye grow brighter, and her heart beat faster, whenever he entered the little cabin? Such feelings she had for him as she had never felt before, though one of her beauty could hardly have been without lovers in her native land. She loved to hear him talk of his own home in the far west—of the clear blue skies of America. She even began to think that her country was wrong in the quarrel then existing between the two nations, though the young officer touched but lightly upon the subject, not deeming it matter of interest to a lady's ears. Yes, Lieutenant Morris had a strange influence over Julia, and she wondered why it was, but she could not be in love with him, O, no!

The disastrous events which had so effectually prevented Mr. Williams from prosecuting his voyage to the Indies were matters of deep regret to the worthy merchant, and his brow was continually clouded with care. Julia was not so much engrossed with her passion for the young lieutenant that she did not perceive this, but as she saw no way to console her father, she only strove by her own cheerfulness to impart a greater degree of contentment to him. As for John, he seemed both happy and proud. He was once more in safety, and he bore honorable wounds to show in proof of his valor. His stories of his own achievements when he so gallantly made his escape from the pirate each day grew more and more marvelous. He was especially fond of narrating this exploit to his friend Dick Halyard, to whom he endeavored to convey the impression that he had fought his way overboard from the deck of the pirate, and for want of a boat had boldly set sail upon a plank over the dangerous deep.

"Crikey! Dick, if ever I get back to old Lonnon agin, how the women will love me when I tell 'em how I fought them bloody pirates."

John had never read Shakspeare, or he might have said with Othello, that they would love him,

"For the dangers I have passed."

Dick, who as the reader already knows was somewhat of a wag in his way, was not at all disposed to allow John to retain this self-conceited idea of his own valor, and determined to convince him before the belief got too strongly settled in his mind, that he was as much a coward as ever.

With this praiseworthy intention he waited till the middle watch of the night, when John was comfortably snoozing in his hammock, to which he had become somewhat accustomed. Dick suddenly awoke him.

"John, roll out, the pirates are on us again."

John jumped from his hammock, thoroughly awakened by the dreadful word.

"O lud! Dick, where can I hide myself?"

"Why, we must fight them off, John. You have now a chance to get another wound to show the girls in Lonnon. Come, be lively.

"O! Dick, here 's a box, let me get in here."

"Nonsense, man! take this cutlas, and here 's a pair of pistols; come, we shall be too late for them."

"O! Dick, I can't fight.

"Can't fight! What was that yarn you told me this morning, how you killed two pirates on their own deck, and jumped overboard followed by a shower of balls."

"Dick, that was all a lie."

"Ha! he! ha!"

"I never fought in my life; I always run when any body tried to lick me, ever since I was a little boy."

"Well, I thought so, John. You can turn in again, and snooze till daylight."

"What, aint there no pirates on board us?"

"Not a one, ha! ha! ha! I only wanted to see how brave a fellow you were, so turn in."

"Thunder and lightning! Dick," said John, picking up the cutlas and brandishing it heroically, "you don't think I 'm afraid of pirates do you?"

"O! no, not a bit of it."

"Of course I aint."

"I don't think you are—I only know you are."

"Well now, you see, Dick, taint our business to

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fight 'em if they was here; this ship belongs to the 'Mericans, and we haint got to fight for them, it's their own look out."

"Turn in, John."

"Thunder! if this 'ere was an English ship you 'd a seen me going into 'em."

"John, I say, do n't you tell me any thing more about your fighting the pirates, 'cause if you do, I 'll tell the whole crew how I frightened you."

"Say nothing, Dick, and I wont lie to you any more."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Dick left John to his repose, and returned to the deck much pleased with the success of his stratagem.

"Confounded mean, that 'are, in Dick Halyard," thought John, as he tumbled into his hammock again. "Now I never would a served him so—there aint nothing like true friendship in this world—at any rate there aint none out to sea—but never mind, I can tell the story to the girls in London, if I ever get there, and there wont be nobody to make a fool of me then—pirates, crikey! who cares, I aint afraid of 'em."

And John went to sleep, dreaming that he was sailing on a plank again, with any quantity of sharks following in his wake.

After several days a fine breeze filled the sails of the Raker; it did not come in consequence of the vast amount of grumbling, and perhaps of swearing, which the uneasy tars had given vent to, but from whatever cause it filled them with joy, and every countenance among them was lighted with pleasure. Captain Greene had so far recovered as to be able to reach the deck of his brig, and as his smart little craft walked off before the wind, he sat on the quarter-deck with a pleasant smile upon his weather-beaten countenance, conversing with Captain Horton and Mr. Williams. Each of the three old gentlemen held a short pipe in his mouth, and all seemed to be decidedly enjoying themselves.

"I say, Captain Greene," exclaimed the commander of the lost merchantman, "nobody would think our two countries were at war to see us now," and the worthy tar blew a long column of smoke from his mouth and laughed merrily.

"Truly not, and it do n't seem more than half natural that we should be."

"Why, we English all think that the Americans cherish feelings of hatred toward us."

"Not a bit of it sir—there is, on the contrary, a strong feeling of attachment among us all for our mother country."

"Well, what are you fighting us for now then?"

"Because we think we have been wronged; your naval officers have time and again impressed our free-born American citizens, on board their own craft, though it was clearly shown that they owed no allegiance to the king."

"Well, if that is so, it looks wrong to be sure; I do n't know much about the war, but as an Englishman, I am bound to believe my country is in the right, some way or other, even if it looks otherwise."

"Of course, captain—at any rate, I do n't believe we shall quarrel about it. Fill up again, captain, I see your pipe is out."

"Thank you, I believe I will. Mr. Williams, you do n't seem to feel as well as usual, you look a little gloomy."

"My thoughts just then were running upon my great disappointment, in being so unfortunately prevented from proceeding to the Indies."

"The fortune of war, Mr. Williams," said Capt. Horton, as he lit his pipe from the American commander's. "It 's bad, I know, and I 've lost as nice a little brig as ever sailed out of London, and do n't know as I shall ever get another, even if I ever get home to old England again. Speaking of that, Captain Greene, do you hold us prisoners of war, or how?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the captain. "If I 'd overhauled your brig before that pirate fell a-foul of you, why, then, it would have been a different thing; but, shiver my timbers, if I ever make war against a ship's crew in distress. No, no—I picked you up at sea, and I do n't consider you at all in the light of enemies. I will set you adrift again the first chance I have."

"Not on a raft, I hope, Captain Greene, ha! ha! ha!"

"No, but I shall lay the Raker alongside of the first craft I see that sports a British flag; and after I have taken it, why I 'll put you and your crew aboard, and you may make the best of your way back to England."

"Suppose you should run a-foul of one of our frigates."

"Never fear that—the little Raker will take care of herself. She can outsail any thing that floats, now that we have sunk that bloody pirate. I do think that he could sail away from her. I always run up to a vessel or run off from her, just as my spy-glass tells me I 'd better do. You may depend on seeing old England again before a great while, Captain Horton, or I 'm much mistaken."

"I shant be sorry to come within hail of her white cliffs again, though I did not expect, two weeks ago, that I should see them for many a long month."

Julia and Florette were seated in the little cabin below; the French girl was weeping bitterly. She had done little else since she had been removed to the privateer. Julia had in vain endeavored to console her; and rightly judging that it would be better to allow her grief to have full vent, she had for several days done little but to see to all her wants, and whisper an occasional word of cheerfulness and encouragement. She determined, however, on this morning to make another attempt to console the unfortunate girl.

"My dear Florette," said she, "why do you so continually mourn; all that has happened cannot now be remedied."

"I know it, lady."

"Then do not weep, Florette, you shall once more see your native France; and you will be happy again."

"O, never, never! I have lost all that could make me happy!"

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"You have been unfortunate, Florette, but you have not been guilty."

"Alas! I have been guilty; it is that which grieves me now more than aught else. No, I should have died rather than have suffered myself to become the pirate's mistress."

"Yet you were compelled, Florette."

"Ah! lady, *you* would not have been compelled; you would have sooner died—would you not?"

The flashing eye of Julia, and the warm flush that covered her cheek and neck, answered the poor girl. She would not trust herself to answer in words.

"I see you would, dear lady—and so should I have done. No, I am guilty. I could have saved my honor in the arms of death; the pirate's dirk lay on the table in my cabin—that would have saved me; the deep, deep sea was all around me—there, too, I might have found an honorable safety."

"My dear Florette, do not think of these things now. You are sorry for the past, whether you have done a great wrong, or a small, it is certainly not one which the good God cannot forgive."

"But the world will not; and, lady, I loved the pirate-captain; harsh as he was to all else, to me he was kind—and now he is dead. O! William, William!"

"Do not weep for him, Florette."

"I will try not to any more; but, lady, I shall never be happy again. I shall never again see the hills of sunny France. I feel that I shall not—but I will weep no more. I never close my eyes but the form of William appears to me. Last night I saw him. Oh! 't was a fearful dream; he seemed to me to rise from the ocean, close beside this brig, and standing on the blue water, he spoke to me, as I gazed from this cabin-window.

"'Come, Florette,' said he, 'come with me to our home in the deep; beautiful are its coral chambers, and its floors are strewn with pearls. Soft is the radiance that lights its gorgeous halls, where the riches of a thousand wrecks are stored; the dolphins sport like living rainbows in the watery sky above it, and the huge leviathans guard its golden portals. Come, Florette, I wait for you, in our home in the deep.'"

Julia wept as she heard the plaintive tones of the poor girl.

"Florette, it was but a vision, do not think of it."

"Well, lady; yet I shall soon join my William—so my heart tells me. You will think of me when I am gone?"

"Often, very often, Florette; but you will soon be better."

Florette shook her head mournfully, and Julia, who saw she would not be comforted, left her to herself, and ascended to the deck. Lieutenant Morris was in a moment at her side, and in his conversation she soon forgot the unfortunate girl, who as soon as Julia had gone, threw herself upon a couch, and gave way to her cheerless thoughts; her eyes were closed, but ever and anon a large tear burst through the closed lids and rolled down the wasted cheeks, which already the hectic flush, so fatally significant, had dyed with its lovely hue.

While the trio of old gentlemen kept up their smoking and conversation on one side of the companion-way, Lieutenant Morris and Julia took possession of the other. The young officer had not dared as yet to speak of his love to her, but he had not failed to evince it by every thing but words; and he felt assured that it was known to her, and not treated with indifference.

"Julia," said he, as they gazed out upon the beautiful waters flashing in the clear beams of the morning sun, "do you know that we must soon part?"

"I do not see how we can, Lieutenant Morris, unless you are going to take a cruise in the jolly boat."

"We shall soon, doubtless, fall in with some merchant vessel from your native country, as we are directly in their course, and then you and your father, with all the crew of the Betsy Allen, will be allowed to go on board of it, and return to England."

"Dear England, shall I so soon see it again."

"And will you have no regret at leaving the Raker?"

"Why, is it not an enemy's vessel?"

"Not your enemy's."

"No, it is not; you have all been kind to us, and we shall feel as if we were parting with friends."

"Dear Julia," said the young officer, taking her hand in his, "you will not forget us? You will not forget *me?*" and he ventured to press the little hand he held in his own. It was not withdrawn. Encouraged in his advances, the young lieutenant was emboldened to proceed, and bending his head until he could gaze into the blushing countenance which was half averted from him, he made his first declaration of love, and his heart beat painfully as he awaited her answer.

"Julia, I love you."

He heard no answer from her lips, but he felt a pressure from the hand he still held in his own, and was happy.

"Will you be mine, Julia?"

Julia had no affectation in her character, and she frankly avowed that she loved the young lieutenant, but could not give him an answer until she had seen her father.

"I will be yours or no ones," said she; and releasing her hand, she glided below into the cabin.

Lieutenant Morris paced the deck in very pleasant companionship with his thoughts. He did not believe that Julia's father would strenuously oppose their marriage, if he saw that his daughter's happiness was concerned, though he might very naturally prefer that she should marry one of her own countrymen.

He was disturbed in his meditations by the cry of "sail ho!" from the foretop-crosstrees. He ordered the man at the helm to bear away for the strange craft. As the two vessels rapidly approached each other, she was soon hull above the water, and Morris perceived through his glass, that the stars and stripes floated at her mast-head. A thrill of pleasure, like that which one feels at meeting an old friend in a

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distant land, shot through his veins. Signal-flags were shown and answered from each vessel, and the approaching sail proved to be the Hornet, of the American navy. Each of the two vessels were laid in stays as they drew near each other, and a boat from the privateer was soon alongside the Hornet, and after a while returned with several of the officers of the latter, who were desirous to pay their respects to the lady on board the privateer. They were all highly accomplished gentlemen, as well as gallant officers; and in after years, when Julia heard of the fate of the Hornet and her noble crew, she wept none the less bitterly that words of courtesy had passed between her and the officers of the devoted vessel, on the broad ocean, where such kindly greetings seldom were met or returned.

From the Hornet Lieutenant Morris heard that a convoy of merchantmen were not far to windward of him, protected by an English frigate.

"If you keep a bright eye open," said a gay young mid-shipman, as he stepped into the boat which was to reconvey him to his vessel, "you may cut out one or two of them, for they sail wide apart, and the frigate keeps heaving ahead, and laying-to for the lubberly sailers."

And with a touch of his hat, and a wave of his hand to the fair Julia, on whom his eye lingered as if she had reminded him of another as bright and fair as she, whom he had left behind him, the gallant boy sprung into the boat, and was soon upon his own deck, which he left only for the deep bosom of the ocean, when, not long afterward, the Hornet went down with all sail standing, and the stars and stripes at her mast-head, in the midst of a terrible storm, against which she could not stand. There were eyes that long looked anxiously for the return of the loved and lost—hearts that sighed, and spirits that sunk with the sickness of hope deferred; but there was no return for those who slept

"Full many a fathom deep,"
"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!"

CHAPTER VIII.

FLORETTE.

In consequence of the information obtained from the Hornet, the head of the Raker was turned more to windward, in order to intercept the convoy of merchantmen; but, owing to miscalculations of their bearings, she lost them entirely, and after keeping her course several days, hauled up again, and bore off on her former track.

Florette had wasted away like a flower in mid-summer. Each succeeding hour seemed to bear off upon its wings some portion of her beauty and bloom, as the winds steal away the fragrance from the rose, and leave it at length withered and dying. Her mind seemed also to waste with her body—her brain was fevered, and the form of the pirate seemed to be always before her gaze.

The night had set in calm and beautiful, though the wind blew strong, and the waves were high, yet the heavens were cloudless, and the bright stars glided along the upper deep, like bubbles bathed in silver light.

Julia sat by the side of Florette, in the cabin, gazing with anxious melancholy upon her wan yet beautiful countenance, and striving to direct her wandering thoughts by her own counsel.

"Florette, you seem happier to-night?"

"O, yes! I am happier—do you not see how he smiles upon me; his face is not dark to me. See! he beckons me to follow him!"

And rising, she began to ascend the steps that led from the cabin.

"Florette, where are you going?"

"With William."

Julia seized her hand and led her gently back to her seat.

"Come, you are not well enough to go upon deck—let us talk of something else. Do you not long to see France again?"

"France, la belle France?" murmured the poor girl.

"Yes, your own France."

"I see the home of my childhood; O, is it not beautiful! How full the vine-tree hangs with the clustering grape, and the village girls are dancing on the green. I see myself among them—and I look smiling and happy; but, O! there is William! how dark he looks as he gazes through the vines upon me; he beckons me away. I will come! I will come!"

Julia wept as she looked sorrowfully upon this wreck of happiness and beauty.

"My dear Florette, I hope you will yet again dance with your village girls beneath the bower of vines you seem to see."

"O, never, never! Did I not tell you I should never see France again? No, no! I am going to William, he is impatient. See! he frowns!" and again she strove to break from Julia, but suffered herself to be restrained by the gentle violence of her companion.

"Come, Florette, will you not sleep?"

A gleam of intelligence seemed to pass across her countenance, and her eyes lighted as if with a sudden resolve. She was too weak to escape from Julia, and with the cunning which so often characterizes the fevered mind, she determined to attain by deception, what she saw could not be done otherwise.

"Yes, lady, I will sleep."

And with a smile upon her lips she closed her eyes, and wrapping her long scarf about her, fell back upon the couch.

Julia watched her long. In the dim light of the cabin-lamp she did not perceive that occasionally those bright eyes were half opened, and fastened upon her impatiently.

Satisfied at length that she was asleep, Julia gently left the cabin, and stole upon the deck, where Lieutenant Morris anxiously awaited her.

The moment her light form vanished, the invalid rose from her couch, and, with a triumphant smile, gazed round the vacant cabin.

"There is no one here now, William, but you and I. Now I will go with you to your beautiful home in the sea. Stay a moment, let me arrange my

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toilette. I do not look as well as I did, William, or this glass deceives me; but it matters not, you look kindly on me still, and I am happy now—happier than I have been for a long time. There, William, I am ready!" and following the shadow of her imagination, she glided with a stealthy step to the deck.

Lieutenant Morris and Julia were slowly pacing the deck, with their heads bent forward, forgetful of every thing but themselves; a light step was heard close behind them, and the low rustling of garments. They turned to look, but too late; Florette sprung past them, her foot rested on the gunwale, and with the cry, "I follow you, William!" the form of the girl disappeared over the side of the brig.

Lieutenant Morris sprung forward, and the cry of "man overboard!" was heard from the look-out; the sails were immediately thrown a-back, and the boat lowered—but the body of Florette was not found. Her long scarf was picked up, stained with blood; the worthy tar shuddered as he gazed upon it.

"Jack, I told you that shark was not following us for nothing; he 's been in our wake now these ten days. I knew somebody on board had got to go to Davy Jones's locker."

"Poor girl! but heave ahead, Bill, it 's no use after this, you know."

Julia was terribly shocked at the dreadful fate of Florette, and retiring to the cabin, she wept sadly, and long, for the poor girl—this last victim of the *scourge of the ocean*, murdered no less by him than were the hundreds his bloody hand had struck dead with the sword. Even the rude seamen shed tears for the lost and ill-fated girl; and a silence like that of the death-chamber reigned on board the little brig, as it swept noiselessly over the waters. No class of people are more proverbially light-hearted and thoughtless than seamen. The sad event of the preceding night seemed to have passed from the memories of all on board the Raker with the morning's dawn—from all save Julia. She, indeed, often thought of the unfortunate Florette, and her eyes were red, as if from much weeping, long after the pirate's mistress had been forgotten by all others.

To Lieutenant Morris it was but an event in an eventful life, and if not wholly forgotten by him, yet slumbered in his memory with other deeds he had witnessed, as melancholy and appalling as the death of the poor girl—for his thoughts were too entirely occupied by his love for Julia, and the necessary duties of his station, to find room for other and sadder recollections.

Mr. Williams, who had just finished his morning glass, and with a pipe in his mouth, was reclining in the stern-sheets, a little melancholy, to be sure, but apparently wholly occupied in watching the long curls of smoke, which the wind bore off to leeward, to mingle with the purer air of ocean, was a little surprised when the young officer approaching him, requested a moment's conversation on business of importance.

"Certainly, certainly, sir."

"Mr. Williams, I am anxious to know if you approve of my attentions to your daughter?"

The old gentleman, who had been blind to the progress of the attachment between his daughter and Morris, seemed not to comprehend him, which his inquiring gaze evinced.

"Would you be willing to accept of me as a son-in-law, sir?"

The worthy merchant had just drawn in a mouthful of smoke as this question made the matter clear to him; the pipe fell from his lips, and no small quantity of the smoke seemed to have gone down his throat, as, instead of giving any intelligible answer to the proposition, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

The anxious lover folded his arms with a half smile upon his countenance, and waited till his desired information could be obtained.

"Whew! exclaimed the merchant; "excuse me, sir. Confound the smoke! I understand you, sir; but it took me by surprise. Have you said any thing to Julia about this?"

"She has herself referred me to you, if your answer is favorable, I shall have no reason to despair."

"Ah! has it gone so far as this?"

"I trust you do not regret it, sir."

"You are not an Englishman, Lieutenant Morris, I believe."

"Well, sir—that is one objection."

"You are an enemy of England, are you not?"

"I can't deny it, sir."

"Well, there 's two objections—and I suppose I might find more; but it seems to me that 's enough."

As the old gentleman said this with a very decided air, he picked up his pipe, and began filling it again.

"I do not think those are strong objections, sir; if I am not myself an Englishman, my forefathers were, and of good old English blood; and if I am an enemy of England, I am neither your enemy nor your daughter's."

"Well, that 's all true, but it do n't look natural, somehow, that my daughter should marry an American."

"Such things have happened, however."

"I suppose likely; but, young man, I am not rich. What little I had was taken away by the pirate, and I hav n't seen it since."

"I care nothing for that, sir."

"But I do."

"I mean, Mr. Williams, that my love for your daughter will not be influenced one way or the other by the riches or poverty of her father."

"You seem to be a whole-souled man, anyway, Lieutenant Morris; and if you were only an Englishman, you should have my daughter for that speech, if for nothing else, you should, by St. George! I recollect when I was rich, the young men were round Julia as thick as bees; and when I failed, Lord! how they scattered!"

"My dear sir, I am rich enough for us all; beside a large amount of prize-money, my family estate is not small."

This last remark seemed to produce a deeper effect upon the old gentleman than any thing that had been said.

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"Well, well, boy, I will think of it."

Lieutenant Morris was wise enough to say no more at that time; he saw that he had nearly, if not quite, secured the old gentleman's assent; and leaving him, he went forward.

Mr. Williams followed his manly form with his eyes, as he stepped lightly over the deck.

"Pity he 's not an Englishman—confounded pity. He 's a fine-looking fellow—never saw a better; rich, too. Well, I 'll go and talk with Julia. After all, it will be pretty much as she says about it, I suppose."

That same evening Julia told her lover that her father would not oppose their marriage after the war had closed, but that he was strongly opposed to its taking place any sooner."

"But it may last forever, Julia."

"Well, I hope not."

"If it does?"

"Why then I 'll make father change his mind, I think."

Morris laughed, and clasped her to his bosom, the broad main-sail hid them from observation, and he impressed upon her lips a kiss, warm as his devoted love—not the first kiss of love, for he had been a poor suitor, indeed, if that had been the first. He then tried to persuade Julia that she and her father should remain with the Raker, and go with him to the States; but he did not expect compliance with this request, and soon desisted from it, devoting the remainder of the evening to such converse as was most delightful to him and Julia, but which, doubtless, would be uninteresting to all others.

He had been afraid each morning that he should hear the cry of "Sail in sight!" for he had lost his ambition in his love; and he knew that the first vessel they captured would be given to the crew of the Betsy Allen, and that with them Julia and her father would depart. It was with a feeling, then, that partook more of sadness than any other emotion, that he heard the long-expected cry.

The sail in sight proved to be an English merchantman, which, as she was a lazy sailer, was speedily overhauled. A gun brought her to. As if determined, however, not to surrender without a shot, she replied with as powerful a broadside as she could command, immediately striking her flag. The only effect of her fire was to frighten poor John, who had rashly remained upon deck. That courageous personage fell upon his face, so suddenly, that his friend, Dick Halyard ran to him, really supposing he was hit; there was, however, no other expression than that of fear in the upturned countenance of John.

"O, lud, Dick! you are safe—how many are killed?"

"You are the only one, I believe, John."

"Me? I aint hit, be I?"

"Pshaw, John, get up," said Mr. Williams, approaching him angrily; "don't you see every body is laughing at you?"

John rose slowly, anxiously eyeing the merchantman, as if ready to dodge the first flash.

"A fortunate escape, Dick."

"Yes, another adventure to tell the girls in London."

"Don't now, Dick."

The merchantman was richly laden, and the honest captain, who doubtless had his own interest in her cargo, actually shed tears as he saw the greater portion of it removed to the privateer. The crew of the latter could not but pity his distress, but they thought, and none could dispute the truth, that an English cruiser would have hardly been moved by the sorrow and complaints of one of their own captains, if he should fall into his hands. It was, moreover, in accordance with the law and usage of nations at war, and the English captain felt that he was kindly dealt with, when informed that he would be allowed to depart with his vessel, on condition of conveying a number of his own countrymen to their native shore. He contented himself, therefore, with cursing the war, and all who caused it. As the peaceful mariner, he neither knew why the two nations were at war, nor could he feel the justice of any laws which involved him in ruin while quietly following his avocation, content to let others alone if the same privilege could be extended to him.

Strong arguments have indeed been urged against the *right* of the system of privateering! It is no part of our task either to defend or to condemn it, yet it would seem evident that, looking at it as a means of crippling an enemy more efficacious than any other that can be devised, thereby hastening a return to peace, it cannot in its broadest sense be deemed unjust or cruel. Private individuals must suffer in every war, and fortune had ordained that the poor merchantman should be one of them. It would doubtless have been difficult to have persuaded him that he was suffering for the good of his country. He certainly did not look nor feel remarkably like a patriot, and would have much preferred not to have been used as a means to accomplish the end of war, and the restoration of peace between the two great contending powers.

He received Captain Horton, his crew and passengers, however, with much affability, and when his ship had parted from the Raker, after cursing the Yankees awhile in good old Saxon, his countenance was restored in great measure to its wonted expression of good humor.

Julia and Lieutenant Morris had parted sorrowfully, yet full of hope for the future. A heavy box was also conveyed to the merchantman by orders of Lieutenant Morris, who told Mr. Williams it contained an equivalent for his loss by the pirate. It did indeed contain a sum in gold, which Mr. Williams would never have accepted had he had an opportunity to refuse. It produced on his mind precisely the effect which, without doubt, the young lieutenant intended that it should, awakening a feeling of obligation, which would prevent his opposing very strenuously the suit of the young American, which there was some reason to fear might be the case after he had been separated from him and returned to his own land.

In a short time the two vessels were out of sight

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of each other. The merchantman reached England in safety, and Mr. Williams determined to remain there, inasmuch as he as heartily sick of adventures on the ocean; and the sum of money left in his hands by Lieut. Morris enabled him to form a good business connection in London. With this arrangement Julia also was pleased, as she felt sure that as soon as the war closed her lover would be at her feet, and that the end of hostilities would be peace and happiness to them, as well as to the contending nations.

CHAPTER IX.

The Arrow and the Raker.

The immense injury done to the English service by American privateers, no less than the splendid victories obtained by our egular navy, had at length awakened in the mind of our adversaries a proper respect for American prowess. They had learned that the stars and stripes shone upon a banner that was seldom conquered, and never disgraced. At this period of the war their attention was more particularly directed to the privateers, who seemed to be covering the sea. Almost every merchantman that sailed from an English port became a prize to the daring and active foe. The commerce of England was severely crippled, and anxious to punish an enemy who had so seriously injured the service, several frigates were fitted out to cruise especially against the American privateers; these were chosen with particular reference to their speed, and one which was the admiration of every sailor in the service, called the Arrow, had spoken the merchantman, just as it was entering the channel, a few days after its capture by the Raker. No definite information as to the present position of the privateer could be obtained from the merchantman, but having learned her bearings at the time she was lost sight of, the Arrow bent her course in the same direction, confident that if he could once come in sight of her he would find little difficulty in overhauling her.

It was a black, murky, windy day, with frequent gusts of rain, and a thick fog circumscribed the horizon, narrowing the view to a few miles in each direction. Toward evening the fog rose like a gathered cloud to westward, leaving that part of the horizon cloudless, and shedding down a bright light upon the waters. Had the look-out on the Arrow been on the alert he might have seen, directly under this clear sky, the topsails of the American privateer, but the honest sailor had just spliced the main-brace, and having deposited a huge quid of tobacco in his cheek, was lying over the crosstrees, in a state as completely *abandon* as a fop upon a couch in his dressing-room.

All on the Raker, however, were on the broad look out, they knew they were nearing the shores of England, and liable at any time to come within sight of an enemy's cruiser as well as merchantman.

Lieut. Morris had for some time been anxiously scanning the horizon with his glass, and had caught sight of the frigate's topsails almost as soon as the fog lifted. As Captain Greene's wounds still in a great measure disabled him, the lieutenant still kept the command of the privateer. Unable to determine whether he had been seen by the frigate or not, he at once gave orders to bear off before the wind, hoping that even if such were the case, his little brig would prove superior in speed to the frigate.

As his brig wore off, with her white sails glittering in the flood of light, the worthy look-out on the Arrow had just raised his head to eject a quantity of the juice of the weed. His eyes caught sight of the sails as they rose and fell like the glancing wings of a bird; rubbing his eyes, he took another careful look, and then cried "sail in sight." The officer of the deck, a soon as he had got the bearings from the sailor, could plainly see her himself, and after swearing slightly at the look-out for not seeing her sooner, gave orders that all sail should be set in pursuit. As the fog rapidly lifted from the ocean, each vessel was able to determine the character of the other, and when the sun went down, leaving a cloudless sky, it was evident that the Arrow had gained on the privateer. Lieutenant Morris felt that his brig must be overhauled unless the wind should slacken. The breeze was now so powerful that, while it bore the frigate onward at its best speed, it prevented the privateer from making its usual way. Before a light breeze, Lieutenant Morris felt quite confident that he could sail away from any frigate in his majesty's service. He therefore calmly ordered every rag to be set that he thought the little brig would bear, and kept steadily on, trusting the wind would die away to a light breeze after the middle watch. It did indeed die away almost to a calm, and when the day broke, although the Raker had put a considerable distance between herself and the frigate, yet she lay in plain sight of her, the sails of both vessels flapping idly in the still air.

Morris knew that he must prepare for an attack from the frigate's boats, and consequently every gun on board was loaded with grape and canister, and carefully pointed; the captain of each gun receiving orders to be sure his first fire should not be lost, for that is always the most effective, and indeed often wins the battle, as many sea-fights will attest. Every sail was kept set, as this was a conflict in which it would be no disgrace for the privateer to run if favored by the wind.

The frigate had by this time lowered three boats, which were speedily filled by her brave seamen, and impelled by vigorous oarsmen toward the privateer. As it would occupy them nearly two hours to make the passage between the two vessels, the crew of the Raker paid no immediate attention to their progress, but quietly partook of their breakfast, and then girded themselves with their boarding cutlasses, and made ready to defend to the death the little bark they all loved so well.

Lieutenant Morris watched with some anxiety for the moment to give orders to fire. If he could cripple and sink two of the boats, he felt confident that he could beat off all who would then attempt to board, as that would reduce the number of his foe nearly

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to his own number. The boats had now approached within half a mile of the privateer, evidently making vigorous efforts each to take the lead. All was silent on board the Raker, not the silence of fear, but of suspense. They looked with a feeling somewhat akin to pity upon the gallant seamen, many of whom were hurrying to death. Lieutenant Morris himself stood by the long gun, holding the match in his hand, and frequently taking aim over its long breech—another moment and the fatal volley would be sped, but even as he was about to apply the match, his quick eye saw the sails filling with the breeze, and with the true magnanimity of a generous heart he stayed his hand.

The light bark fell off gracefully before the wind, and in the hearing of the volley of curses, accompanied by a few musket-shots, from the boats, the graceful brig shot away from them, leaving them far in the wake. It was but a cap-full of wind, however, and again the privateer was motionless upon the calm waters. Alas for many a brave English heart! With a loud cheer from their crews the boats again came sweeping on.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted Morris, "'bout ship or I'll blow you out of water."

He was answered by a musket-shot, which struck his right arm lifeless to his side, compelling him to drop the match. Another moment and the foremost boat would be inside the range of the gun, but with a cool courage which belongs only to the truly brave, Lieutenant Morris picked up the match with his left hand, and though his wounded arm pained him excessively, without hurry or confusion he waited the dreadful instant when the gun would cover the boat—then the heavy gun sent forth its smoke and deadly missiles—as the dense cloud lifted from around the brig, he saw how terrible had been its effect; the foremost boat was cut in pieces, and of its gallant crew only here and there was one able to struggle with the waves; most had sunk under the deadly volley. A few were picked up by the hindmost boat, the second having pressed on with the valor characteristic of English seamen; they were met, however, by a heavy fire from the starboard guns, which had been depressed so as to cover a particular range, and the second boat like the first was shattered to pieces. The third busied itself in picking up the crew, and then lay on its oars, as if aware of the folly of attempting to board under such a terrible fire. It is seldom indeed that a boat attack is successful against a well armed and expecting vessel, and the attempt on the part of the Arrow may justly be considered rash, and doubtless arose from a hope that fortune would favor the assault, rather than from a confidence in its success.

Lieutenant Morris had no desire to shed more blood, and he therefore, after giving orders to load the long gun, kept his position by it, with his match ready, but forbore to hail the boat, well aware that any thing like a taunt from him would bring the gallant crew forward even to certain death, and confident that a few moments reflection would convince the officer of the boat that, if he should make the assault, he would more likely be a candidate for immortality than for promotion.

To such a conclusion did that worthy officer arrive, and having picked up all his wounded companions, his boat returned to the Arrow, the slow, heavy strokes of the oars showing how different were the feelings of those that held them, from the excited valor with which they pulled toward the privateer but a short hour before.

For the remainder of the day the two vessels held their relative positions, but the heavy clouds gathering over the western sky portended a storm of wind during the night, and the crew of the Raker felt no little anxiety, as they were well aware that the frigate being much the heaviest, would have every advantage over them in the chase. But there was but one way, and that was to run for it, not yielding till the last moment—for a sailor never yet sailed under the stripes and stars, that would not rather see his flag shot down by an enemy's ball, than strike it with his own hands.

The wind increased by the hour of sunset to so strong a blow, that it seemed impossible that the little privateer should escape the frigate—and it was not to be doubted that the two vessels would be alongside each other before morning; yet the Raker was saved, and by American hands.

On board the Arrow were several native-born American seamen, who had been pressed into the English service, and compelled to serve even against their own country. Three of these sailors were among the middle watch on board the frigate. They had watched the whole conduct of the Raker with a patriotic pride, and were in no slight degree vexed and disappointed when they saw that the frigate must in all probability overtake the little brig.

These three sailors were together in the bow of the frigate, the rest of the watch being on the look-out, or pacing up and down between decks.

"I say, Bill," says one, "is n't it too d—d bad that the little craft has got to be overhauled after all. She 's given this cursed frigate a good run for it, anyhow."

"Yes she has; the old man has looked black all day, and sworn a little I guess; here he 's kept all ready for a fight for the last two days—arm-chests on deck—cutlas-racks at the capstan and for'ard—decks sanded down—and haint got within a long shot yet. God bless the little brig, and the flag she sails under—the stars and stripes forever!"

"Yes, the stars and stripes—'t is just the handsomest flag that floats."

"By Heaven, and that 's the truth! but avast now, Bill, can't we do any thing for the little craft ahead?"

"D—d if I see how, Hal; we can't shorten sail, for we should be seen; and we can't fire bow-chasers, for we should be heard—and those are all the ways I know on to deaden a vessel's speed."

"Bill, I've got my grapples hold on an idea. I recollect once, when I was a fishing in Lake Winnepisoge, in the old Granite State, where we used to anchor with a heavy stone, made fast to a rope, and

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sometimes we used to row with the stone hanging over the side, not hauled up."

"Well, Hal, what 's all this long yarn about? If you call it an idear, it strikes me it 's a d—d simple one."

"Why the yarn aint much, I think myself; and I should n't tell it on the forecastle in a quiet night, no how; but it 's the principle of the thing, Bill—that 's what 's the idear."

"Well, shove ahead—they allers told me on shore, before I came to sea, that I had n't got no principle—but that 's no sign you haint."

"Now, boys, if we can only get some dead weight over the frigate's side, it will lessen her way you see, and the wind may lull enough before morning to give the little craft a chance to haul off."

"That 's a fact, Hal; blast my eyes but they spoiled a good lawyer sending you to sea. But what can we make a hold-back of? And there 's them cursed Britishers abaft, sitting on all the rope on deck."

"That 's a poser!—no, I have it. Can't we drop these anchors?—that would do it."

"They 'll make a confounded noise running through the hawse-holes; but let 's try it, it 's hard work for three men. Belay it round that pin, Hal! Better take two turns, 'cause if any body comes toward us, one more will hold it tight. I believe we shall do it."

"Do it—of course we will! aint we working for our country?"

The whistling of the wind through the shrouds, and the rushing of the waters over the deck, aided the seamen much in their noble achievement, and in a short time both anchors were run out to their full length. Fortunately for them, the watch was changed before it became apparent that the frigate was losing ground, and upon the after investigation of the matter, no suspicion fell upon their watch, and the perpetrators of the deed were never detected.

As any seaman knows, so heavy a dead weight on the bow of a vessel would materially lessen its speed; and by the morning's sun the privateer's top-sails were but barely visible in the distance.

The commander of the Arrow was furious in his anger, and threatened to flog the whole of the last watch, as before they took charge of the deck, the frigate had neared the privateer so much as to give assurance of taking her; but, after a rigid examination, no one was punished, and all the captain could do was to keep a close eye on all his crew, trusting to discover the traitors at some future time.

As for the gallant Americans, they had the proud consciousness that though chained to an enemy's service, they had been able to serve their own country, perhaps more effectually than if fighting under her banner.

The wind slackened, and long before night the Raker was out of sight. She was not, however, to be frightened off her cruising ground by a narrow escape, and did not set sail for the States until she had a full cargo; and, being favored by fortune, reached her port in Chesapeake Bay, with wealth aboard for all hands, followed by three English merchantmen—the English ensign at their peaks, with the stars and stripes streaming over them.

The Raker had nearly prepared for another cruise, when she was stayed by rumors of peace being declared between the two nations; the report was soon confirmed, and the gallant crew of the Raker shook hands together over the news. They were glad, for the sake of their country, that the war was over, yet all had acquired a love for their wild and exciting life as privateersmen; and there was much that partook of a mournful nature in their feelings, as they thought that their number must be divided forever. Some of the crew entered the regular American Navy, some entered the merchant service; and a few, having sufficient wealth to purchase farms, made the attempt to be happy ashore, but after a short time declared it a lubberly sort of a life, and returned once more to "do business upon the waters."

Lieutenant Morris purchased the Raker, and made one more cruise in her—not for war, nor for gold, but for his lady-love. She who had risen like a Naiad from the wave to be his bride. A year had passed since he had seen her, and though he doubted not her truth, it was with an anxious heart that he drew near the shores of England. He feared lest some hand might yet dash the cup of happiness from his lips—perhaps the unseen hand of death.

Mr. Williams's name was once more good on 'change; and his fair daughter had once more seen crowds of suitors thronging their doors, among them were the titled and the proud, who gladly laid at her feet their titles and their pride—but still her heart beat true to the young sailor, though her father now and then ventured to hint that she had better accept the hand of Lord Augustus this, or Sir George Frederick that, remarking that likely enough her lover had got killed before the close of the war; and that if she did not be careful, she might never get a husband of any kind. At these remarks, half expostulatory and half petulant, from her worthy father, Julia would smile very quietly, telling him she was sure her young sailor was alive, and would soon be at her feet.

She was right in her prescience. The gallant sailor before another week had passed, after her father's expostulations, had cast anchor in the Thames—and without difficulty found the residence of Mr. Williams. Julia presented him to her visiters with pride, for, in the fashionable dress of the day, his appearance was more brilliant and graceful than any one of her titled suitors. These soon discovered how matters stood between the young American and the fair Julia. Some were wise enough to retreat from the field with good grace; but vigorous attempts were made to drive the lieutenant from the course by two or three others, who could illy bear their disappointment; but the firm and haughty bearing of Morris had its due effect upon them, and one by one they dropped away, until the old merchant, who had not at first received the lieutenant with much satisfaction, acknowledged to his daughter that she had better marry him if she wanted any body, as he was the only one left. To this Julia assented readily, and

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their hands were joined as their hearts had long been; and the blessing of the old merchant pronounced upon them, as he saw the happiness which beamed from his daughter's eyes, as she gazed up from the altar that had heard her willing vows.

Long years have since then joined the irrevocable past. Mr. Williams lived several years, to witness the happiness of his child, but could never be persuaded to visit America. He had no doubt, he said, but that it was a very fine country, and he would go and see it, if it was'n't for crossing the sea, and that he would'n't do for nobody. After he had been gathered to the dead, his children resided entirely on the family estate of the Morris's, in New Jersey, where, at this day, they still reside, surrounded by children with the lofty port of their father, and the flashing eye of their mother. The tale of the pirate's death, and the fate of poor Florette, is a tale that never wearies their fire-side circle, and there, tears are still shed for the dark scourge of the ocean, and his devoted mistress; and very often is an old and gray-headed man, in whom the reader would hardly recognize our old friend, John, asked to recount his perilous achievements on the pirate's deck, and his wonderful escape, obtained by his own right arm.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THERE are countless fields, the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain—
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand:—
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow,
And he bears his part in that conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.
What though he fall? At the battle's close,
In the flush of the victory won, he goes
With martial music—and waving plume—
From a field of fame—to a laureled tomb!
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or coward, to meet the foe:
He may not fly; on that fated field
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior—who com'st to this battle now,
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the day were already won—
Pause, and gird all thy armor on!
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will—
An ardent soul that no fear can chill—
Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain "be thou moved"—
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright—
Is thy banner inscribed—"For God and the Right"—
In the night of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead?
Never had warrior greater need!

Unseen foes in thy pathway hide,
Thou art encompassed on every side.
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poisen flowers and her hidden chain;
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles,
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave;
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there,
Sin is spreading her gilded snare,
Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee her withering blight.
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy;
And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

In war with these phantoms that gird thee round
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul.
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek,
The brow is furrowed, but not with years,
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
And streaked with white is the raven hair;
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended; the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day, he conquered doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.
For the victor's glory, no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no meed.
But the guardian angels are hovering near,
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
And they bear him now on their wings away,
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

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SUPPLICATION.—TWO SONNETS.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

I.

Hearts will sigh. The burdens of distress
Weigh on us all. E'en from the natal hour
The purest soul some hidden cares oppress,
O'ertasking far our vain and feeble power.
Clouds o'er each mountain summit ever lower,
And gloom enwraps each hushed and quiet vale:
Bright eyes grow dim, each rosy cheek grows pale,
For change is earth's inevitable dower.
Then the crushed soul, forgetful of its pride,
Turns from itself to what it may not see
But knows exists, for safety and for aid.
And well it is that we may lay aside
Our burdens thus, and in humility
Pray at a shrine where prayer was ne'er denied.

II.

And in that hour of weariness of soul,
Not 'mid a marble aisle, 'neath vaulted domes,
The stricken heart for aid and refuge comes;
But where from lonely hills bright torrents roll,
And placid lakes reflect the moon's bright ray,
Striving with clouds that ever seem to sway
Like ocean waves. When heaven's great scroll
Is spread before us does the heart unfold
Its agony to God's all-searching eye,
And pray to him to shield it from distress.
Then o'er the heart comes hopefulness again,
As moonbeams rush from out the clouded sky:
The brow grows bright, the spirit dares to bless
The unseen hand that loosed its heavy chain.

A VISION.

BY N. CURTISS MINE, U. S. N.

[This piece was composed during a tremendous storm off Cape Horn, on board the frigate "United States" in 1844.]

Night from her gloomy dungeon freed,
Had chased the lingering light away,
The landscape, clad in widow's weed,
Mourned o'er the couch of dying day;
Bright-shielded Mars, who leads the host
That watch around God's burning throne,
Placed sentinels on every post,
Whose beaming eyes upon me shone!

The tears of eve were falling fast,
With diamonds spangling every flower,
Whose gentle fragrance round was cast,
Like incense in some Eastern bower.
The wearied hind had left his plough
To rest within its furrowed bed,
And on full many a waving bough
Was heard the night-bird's lightest tread.

All else was still, save Nature's voice,
That whispered 'mid the waving trees,
And bade my lonely heart rejoice;
While oft the playful evening breeze,
Came o'er the moonlit Hudson's tide,
And brushed it with its playful wing,
As swift it hurried by my side,
Perchance in angel's bower to sing.

Afar the Highlands reared a wall,
To keep the clouds from passing by,
There, in a mass were gathered all,
Impatient gazing on the sky;
Where sister-cloud escaped was free,
Sailing the heaven's blue ocean o'er,
Like lonely frigate on the sea,
That seeks some fair and distant shore.

Where Summer's busy hand had wove
A shady roof above my head,
I sat me down and eager strove,
To spy the rebel cloud that fled.
I saw it soon, with wondering eye,
Take to itself a female form,
And hover toward me from on high,
As fall the leaves in Autumn storm.

Her dress was like the mantle fair
Which Autumn to Columbia brings,
And bids the moaning forest wear,
With rainbow hues of angel's wings;
Her voice was like the witching strain
Which laughing streamlets gayly sing
When Summer o'er the ripening grain
Spreads wide her warm and golden wing.

The rustling of her snowy wing
Was like the music of the breeze,
That seraphs mimic when they sing:
'T was sweet as when an organ's keys
Are touched by angel's hand at night,
When all the earth in slumber share,
And glimmering grave-yard meteors light
The church while spirits worship there.

Softly she spoke—"Awake! arise!
Thy doom is sealed, thou long must roam
Where ocean surges wet the skies,
And where the condor makes his home!
Thou 'lt gaze on many a cloudless sky,
Where deathless Summer sweetly smiles,
Like restless swallow thou shalt fly
Where ocean's breast is gem'd with isles,

"Thy feet shall track the forests wide,
Like vast eternity unshorn,
Where great Missouri's arrowy tide
On pebbled couch is borne.
But when the World's imperial brow
Shall frown like wintry sky,
Then seek my cloud-winged bark, and thou
Shalt soar with me on high!"

She paused and vanished—but her form
In Heaven's blue lake I hail,
When oft before the raging storm
The clouds in squadron sail;
And when the fleet can live no more,
But in a mass are thrown,
On the horizon's circling shore
She skims the air alone!

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MARY DUNBAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE CALLS."

CHAPTER I.

Once more the Stanwoods sat of a morning in their pleasant parlor. Once more the sun streamed lazily and warmly through the heavy silk curtains, and once more sat the cherished and beloved invalid in the easiest nook, with her spectacles beside her, and the book on the little table before her.

Something of change might be felt rather than seen in the blooming faces near her. A thoughtful shadow on the clear brows of youth, the impression of mind and feeling that ever shows itself in the deeps of the eye and about the mouth, where smiles alone no longer play, but the experience of life is showing itself in slight but unmistakeable and uneffaceable lines.

The bell rung, and presently a portly, calm-looking old gentleman came in, and after chatting a few minutes on ordinary topics took his leave. It was a Mr. Gardner of Connecticut; somewhere about the south part, Louisa thought, and Alice thought him a very dull person, and they were both rather relieved when he left them.

"Do you like him, grandmother?" asked Alice.

"No, not exactly: at least he is not a person I should like of myself; but he is connected with much that has interested me, and he is himself a more interesting man than you would think him."

"Now, grandmother, dear," said the young girls, with an earnestness that brought a smile to Mrs. Stanwood's face, "now do give us one of your *real* stories: they are better, after all, than the latest and newest novel, for they are true ones."

"This Mr. Gardner's story is rather an eventful one, certainly; he is a phlegmatic sort of man, as you see, and yet he has not lived without having the depths of his being stirred. I happened to know him and about his affairs a good deal at one time, and afterward I continued my interest in him, though I saw nothing of him for years—but it is rather a long story."

"Never mind the length—no fear of its seeming long, because it will be true, you know."

"Yes, it will be true, but it is liker a fiction than any of the true stories I have told you: but if you are patient with an old woman's stories, and are willing to begin with the beginning, I will try to be as sketchy as possible."

"That will we be," said Alice; "when did you know us otherwise?" and both the girls hurried to take their seats on a low divan before Madam Stanwood's arm-chair, and to look attentively up in her kind face.

"Now then, to begin with the beginning, Mary Dunbar and myself were visiting at a town somewhere in the western part of Massachusetts. I could tell you where, but you may as well have some mystery about it—well, there we were visiting, and enjoying all the hospitalities of a small town where city people were rather rare articles, and prized accordingly. The beauty of Mary, and her gentle winning manners, made a great impression on every body, and a succession of pleasant rides, walks, pic-nics, little sociables, and every thing which could bring young people together, kept us quite delighted with every thing and every body about us; and as attentions and admiration are apt to have a pleasant effect on the disposition as well as the countenance, I, too, came in for a share, and we were quite the belles of the time. Every body regretted, however, and that continually, "that *Mr. Gardner* was not at home—oh! if *he* could see Miss Dunbar! and oh! if Miss Dunbar could see him!" and at last he did come from Burlington, where he had been gone a good while, at last he did see Miss Dunbar, and as in duty bound admired her very much. He was a common-looking young man, as he is now an old one—only then he had a fair youthful complexion and light curling hair, that united strangely with a premature gravity, and methodical way of saying every thing. He was not a *taking* person as you say, Louisa, but he was the nabob of the place. His father had died young, and the "Gardner place" was a very small part of the large property which this young man had inherited. He kept house, and managed his large domestic establishment with the greatest propriety and hospitality. All these things are looked into thoroughly in such a town as K——, and young Gardner's character was pronounced unexceptionable, and the match every way most desirable for any girl for twenty miles round.

"Mary did not seem to fancy him much, and when at length her brother came for us, and Mr. Gardner quietly proposed himself to Mr. Dunbar as Mary's suitor, and he had told him the connection would give *him* great pleasure, they neither of them seemed to think much more was necessary, for absolutely nothing was said to Mary till we got home. Mr. Dunbar lived at Cambridge then, near Boston. He was a widower, and Mary lived with him, and kept his house in some sort, and played with his little boy occasionally. You may suppose she was not a very staid personage, for she was at this time only seventeen years old, and as I was more than twenty-seven, I occasionally checked her wildness, while I could not help laughing at her graceful follies. She should have been born of a French mother and a Spanish father, for she was gay and volatile as the summer insect, and yet she had much depth of feeling, and was full of romantic tenderness, with sometimes a haughty expression that seemed altogether

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foreign to her usual character of face, and looked only the index of what might be expected of her if she should ever be exasperated to fight against her destiny. But so far destiny seemed to wait humbly on her pleasure; she was beloved by all, and though left early an orphan, had found in the indulgent tenderness of her brother and his wife a delightful home.

"A little while after our return, Mr. Dunbar took an opportunity when business did not press, for he went daily into Boston and left Mary and me to ourselves through the day, just to mention the little matter of Mr. Gardner's proposal to Mary; and to say he had accepted it so far as he was concerned.

"Now, girls, you must not ask me about characters, I shall tell you the facts, and you must guess at the characters of persons by them, the *whys* you can ascertain as well as I could tell you. When Mr. Dunbar had told Mary, who received the intelligence in silence, he dismissed the topic and no further allusion was made to it.

"I asked Mary soon after if she considered herself engaged to Mr. Gardner.

"'Certainly not.'

"I asked her if she liked him, and she gave me the same laconic answer. So I, too, dismissed the topic. There was a little mystery in Mary's manner about this time. If she did not like Mr. Gardner she did like young Randolph, a Southerner, and a student, who walked with her, and sent her flowers, and notes, and all sorts of pretty and poetical things to read—poems marked for her eye, and the sweetest and newest music for her piano. Then of a moonlight night we had serenades without number, and soft strains sung in a deep, rich voice, so that what with flowers, music, notes and very expressive looking and sighing, the prospect was all but shut out for poor Mr. Gardner, and opening an interminable vista for Randolph.

"Weeks went on—oh, I forgot; in the meantime Mr. Gardner wrote two letters, one to Mr. Dunbar about Mary, and one to Mary herself, but not much about her. It was mostly a business letter, written in a calm, friendly style, and asking her opinion about some alterations he proposed making in the house, adding a wing, I think. He seemed to consider her a person who had a right to be consulted in his arrangements, and I remember he finished his letter with 'Yours, &c.' Mary handed the letter to me with a look of extreme vexation, which at length subsided into a hearty laugh. I laughed too, but Mr. Dunbar did not, and looked rather surprised at us.

"In the course of four weeks from the time of our return, this ardent lover appeared in person. He drove up to the door in a very handsome carriage, and with his servant, all looking very stylish. I saw Mary color extremely, but she sat quite still, and when Mr. Gardner entered and went toward her holding out his hand, she remained in her place, and did not move her hand at all. He shook hands with the rest of us. Mary made ten, and one or two persons coming in, Mr. Gardner became rather animated, and appeared as he was, a very gentlemanly, intelligent person. At last Mary could bear it no longer. She ran out of the room and went up to her chamber. She shared hers with me, and Mr. Gardner's was adjoining ours. It was rather late, between ten and eleven o'clock, and presently Mr. Gardner, who was somewhat fatigued, bade us good-night and ascended to his own apartment. I then went to Mary's room: I found her in a state of great excitement and indignation, and yet though I sympathized fully with her, there was something so comical in the business-like way of doing the thing, which Mr. Gardner had adopted, and his entire unconsciousness of the sort of person he was to deal with, that I began to laugh heartily.

"'Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake! he can hear every word! Oh, my heart!—do you believe, he has come up stairs and gone straight to bed, and is this minute fast asleep! there—hear him! don't laugh! he 'll wake as sure as you do!'

"But laugh I did, for I could not help it, albeit Mary's pallid face and earnest eyes checked me in the midst.

"'Now I am going down stairs this minute to put a stop to all this at once. I could not have believed stupidity could have gone so far. I shall see my brother and have an end put to his journeys here: good heavens! to think of it.'

"This I could not object to, of course. Indeed, from the first of this very peculiar 'arrangement' I had not been consulted by either Mary or her brother, and I had a dreamy sort of feeling that by and by we should all wake up and find Mr. Gardner was only an incubus, instead of the unpleasant reality he was getting to be.

"I sat still for nearly or quite half an hour, when Mary returned to her chamber on tiptoe and looking very pale.

"'Now, what is it?' said I earnestly, for I saw it was no joke to poor Mary: her very lips were pallid and trembling, and her hand was pressed to her side as if to still the convulsive springing of her heart.

"'I—I have been talking it over to William,' she said, in a thick, hasty voice; 'I told him I could go no further with this man—this no man—who is willing to take me, without so much as inquiring if I have a heart to bestow—but oh! oh, Susan—Randolph has gone!' she sobbed out in a complete passion of grief, that could not brook further concealment or restraint.

"'But how do you know this?' I asked, after, as you may suppose, I had soothed and hushed her as far as I was able.

"'William told me so himself. I told him I could not, would not marry Mr. Gardner—and he would not believe me—called me a foolish, nonsensical child, who did n't know my own mind—and at last, when nothing else would have any effect on his mind, I said—I said—ah! Susan, how hard it was and is to say it! I loved another!'

"'And how then, my poor child?'

"'Then—he just in his quiet, calm way, that kills one, you know—for it seems the death-blow to all sentiment—he said, 'Mary, if you mean young Randolph, whom I have sometimes met here, playing the

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lover, all I can say is, he is too discreet to contest the field, witness this note of farewell which was sent to my office this afternoon. He desires his very respectful compliments to you, Mary.' Would you believe it, Susan? I took that note—and read every word of it; yes, and I smiled, too, as I gave it back to him, as if it were the most indifferent thing in the world—though I felt then, as I do now, every line of it chilling my heart like ice.'

"'Dear Mary,' I said, still very quietly, for she grew almost wild with excitement, 'how is this? Why has Randolph gone? have you had any quarrel?'

"'Quarrel! God help you—no!—how should that be? don't I love the very dust he treads on!' she screamed out violently at last, and went into a hysteric fit. The sound of her maniacal voice brought her brother to the door with anxious inquiry, but as I told him Mary was a little over excited, and quiet would soon restore her, at my earnest request he retired. In a short time I was able, with bathing her head in cold water, and constantly soothing her with low murmuring tones of endearment, to see her sobbing herself into a troubled sleep, and as I looked on her beautiful face, pale as marble, and the black hair wetted and matted back from her fine brow, I felt that I saw a double victim to the cruel indifference of others, and the violent emotions of her own untutored nature."

Alice and Louisa Stanwood had gazed steadily into the face of their grandmother, while in the relation of this true story, it lighted up with remembered emotion.

"Poor, poor girl!" said they; "but where, then, was Mr. Gardener all this while? Surely he must have relented."

"Truth compels me to say, my romantic girls, that this quiet-loving lover, to all human appearance, was not in the least disturbed. Indeed, as I listened to the painful breathings of Mary, every now and then catching, as if for life, at a breath, and then hushed into all but dead silence, I was distinctly aware of certain audible demonstrations of profound composure on the part of Mr. Gardner. In sooth, he was not a lover for a romance writer at all; but such as he was—and you must remember our agreement was that I should only relate facts, not account for them—such as he was, he rose with the lark and took his usual walk, to promote his appetite and prolong his life.

"When he returned, as Mary was too unwell to go down stairs, I descended to the breakfast-room where I found Mr. Dunbar uneasily walking the room.

"'How is Mary?' said he, the moment he saw me? 'No better? Tell her to be comforted—be quiet. God forbid I should do any thing to make her unhappy. I will speak to Mr. Gardner about the matter myself, and tell him it can't be.'

"His earnest manner quite convinced me that however he might seem, his sister was really very near his heart, and 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' I felt my eyes fill with tears, as I turned and ran up to Mary's room to comfort her poor heart. She was comforted and quieted, though she declined leaving her room till after Mr. Gardner's departure; and I left her, at her own request, to silent reflection.

"And now you will think all the trouble was over. But did ever faint heart win fair ladie? Never. And Mr. Gardner's heart did not sink when he was told the true story of Mary's indifference and aversion. Both brother and lover had deceived themselves, or rather they had not thought about it. But now that he did think about it, Mr. Gardner was not inclined to relinquish the pursuit. He knew that women were fickle and strange beings, and oft-times refused the very happiness they were dying to possess. Whether Mary were of this species he knew not, but at all events the prize was worth trying for. So he told Mr. Dunbar he would not trouble Mary more at present, but leave it to time. Time did a great many things. Time might make him acceptable to the very heart that now tossed him as a scorned thing away.

"Now Alice, my dear child, don't give up my Mary, nor think her a heartless being, when I tell you that in six months from that time she became Mrs. Gardner. A very lovely bride she was, too—pale as a snow-drop, and graceful as the lake-lily. She smiled, too, with a sort of contented smile, not radiant, not heartfelt, not joyous; there were no deeps of her being stirred as she stood calm and passionless by the altar, and promised to love and honor Mr. Gardner, but a very quiet and pensive sort of pleasure. A part of her soul seemed to have been buried with the past, and to have been forcibly crushed down with all its young ardor and bloom forever; but above it was an everyday being, full of determination to do her duty, to make her husband happy, and be as happy herself as she could. So she was married; and so she stepped into a handsome carriage with Mr. Gardner, and the bridemaids and groomsmen followed in another; and never was there a gayer and merrier cavalcade than at Mary Dunbar's marriage.

CHAPTER II.

"Now, my dear girls, you must skip over a few years, during which I neither saw nor heard of Mary Dunbar. I returned from a journey which I had been taking, and was glad to feel that Mr. Gardner's house lay in my nearest route home. I longed to see Mary in her new character, now that she had had time to feel and perform her duties, and proposed to be with her for a few days, that I might form my own opinion touching this 'mariage de convenance.'

"Mr. Gardner's house was one of some pretension originally; that is to say, it had been built in the style of country gentlemen in New England forty years ago. A row of white-pine pillars surrounded the house from roof to basement, and formed a piazza-walk very convenient in a dull day. Six chimneys crowned the roof, and the whole arrangement was tasteful and imposing. There was a terrace of green turf all round the house, and the offices and outbuildings were at a short distance from the main building. As the stage-coach wound up the avenue,

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I noticed in the disposition of the grounds and shrubbery the evident hand of female taste. Fantastic arbors, almost hid behind clematis and honeysuckle; little white arches supporting twining roses of twenty sorts, and trees arranged in picturesque groups, gave a character of beautiful wildness to the scenery.

"I fancied Mary the presiding genius of the place as I last had seen her, white and bright, with a little rose-tint on her cheek, caught from nature and the happy quiet of her life—for I had heard that she rejoiced in an infant, whose beauty and promise I knew must renew all the affectionate sympathies of her woman's heart.

"The stage-coach stopped. A servant opened the door, and to my inquiry for Mrs. Gardner, answered hesitatingly, that 'he believed she did not wish to see company.' How much of apprehension was compressed into that brief moment. What could have happened to her? Much might have happened, and I not know it, for I had been living in great seclusion, and had had no correspondence with Mary. However, I gave my card to the man, and bade him take it to Mrs. Gardner, meanwhile sitting with a throbbing heart in the carriage.

"The man returned in a short time with a message requesting me to stop, and to have my trunks taken off. Not a welcoming voice or face met me—and in silence I followed the servant to the parlor. Mary was sitting there; some fire was in the grate, though it was in July; and she hovered over it as if she sought to warm her heart enough to show proper feeling at the sight of an old friend

"'Mary Dunbar!' I cried out, with my arms outspread, for the figure before me of hopelessness and gloom gave me a feeling almost heart-breaking.

"The sound of her own maiden name acted like magic on Mary. She sprung to my arms like a frightened bird, and clung to me with such intensity of sad earnestness in her face, that it brought back to me all the old sorrow of that night of suffering at her brother's. Once more I soothed her, smoothed back the dark plumage of her hair, and with soft words and gentle caresses, brought her to quietness.

"'You are ill, my poor Mary,' I said, as I looked at her sunken cheek, and the deep gloom about her eyes. 'Where is Mr. Gardner?'

"'Oh, he is gone most of the time,' said she hastily; and then, for the first time, seeming to recollect her duty as hostess, she added, 'but you are tired and travel-soiled, and hungry, too, I dare say; let me make you comfortable.' She laughed a little as she spoke, but not like her old laugh, it was affected, and died in its birth.

"She rang the bell, gave orders for lunch to be brought in, and a room prepared for me, with something of her old activity, and saying cordially, 'Now you must stay with me; now I have got you here, I cannot spare you again.' She relapsed into thoughtfulness and absence. This strange manner puzzled me not a little.

"I went up stairs. The white dreariness of my room chilled me. Mary did not accompany me as she would once have done, to see that all was comfortable for me. The muslin window-curtains hid the view outside, and the stately high-post bedstead, with its gilded tester, looked as if sleep would be afraid to 'come anear' it. My trunks were brought up, and then a silence like death was in the house. No child was in the house, that was clear—and nobody else it would seem. Well, I must wait. I should know all in good time. I dressed and went down to the parlor. Mary still hovered over the fire, looking, in her white wrapper and whiter face, more like a ghost than any living thing. I had intended to be calmly cheerful, to talk to Mary about old times, and by degrees to lead her to speak of so much of her present life as would give me an insight into the mysterious sorrow that reigned like a presence over the dwelling.

"But as poor Ophelia says, 'we know what we are, but not what we shall be.' So no more did I know how to look at that crouching figure and be cheerful and calm. I lost all presence of mind, and could only sit down and cry heartily. Mary rose at the sound of my weeping and came to me.

"'Do you know I cannot weep, Susan? These fountains are drained dry. See, there are no tears in my eyes, though God knows my heart is drowned all day and night. It is dreadful to have such a burning head as mine, and no tears to wet it withal.'

"I wiped my eyes and grew calmer when I saw the wild brightness of her eye; and dreading another nervous attack, I did my best to quiet both her and myself. The day passed on without further reference to any present griefs; she showed me her little conservatory, with a few rare flowers in it, which she had reared with much care, and led me over the pleasantest paths in the grounds and groves attached to the house. In one of these groves, at some distance from the house itself, was a little cleared space, and in the centre of that a small, a very small mound.

"I knew at once what it was. There slept the child I had heard of. So had been broken the dearest tie Mary had felt binding her to life. She stood with me a moment, looking at the mound with a steadfast look, and then putting back her hair from her forehead, as if she tried to remember something, she smiled sadly, and said in a broken voice,

"'You see I cannot shed one tear, even on my child's grave.' I led her gently away among the old trees and quiet paths, and we sat in the warm July shadows till the sun went down.

"You may guess how thankful I was to see at last, as we turned homeward, the tears slowly falling over her face and dropping on her dress, as she walked on, evidently unconscious of the blessed relief. 'Like music on my heart' sunk these tears, for I knew that with them would come the coolness, 'like a welcoming' over her burning pulse, and I carefully abstained from saying a word that would interrupt the feelings rather than thoughts which now agitated her. We returned to the house; tea was served silently, for even the domestics hardly spoke above a whisper; and then we sat in the soft moonlight and looked on the sleeping scene before us. The summer sounds of rural life had long died away, and nothing

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but the untiring chirp of the tree-toad was to be heard. The melancholy monotony of the scene hushed Mary's spirit to a quiet she had not for a long time known, and at last she became conscious of having wept freely.

"'I have wept, thank God! that shows I am human. Now ask me all about what you want to know. I think I can talk about it. Mr. Gardner? Oh, he is gone—he is gone a great deal, you know; his business leads him continually away from home, and that leaves me, of course, very dull—very. Should n't you think it ought to, Susan dear?'

"Thus incoherently she began; but the first step taken, and secure of sympathy in her hearer, she went on, and you will believe me when I tell you we talked till midnight, and that then Mary sunk, like a weary child, into my arms in a sound sleep.

"I cannot give you her precise words, but the import of her relation I shall never forget. A few words will suffice to tell you what it took her hours of emotion and tears to reveal.

"You remember I told you she looked determined to do her duty, and be as happy a wife as she could. Did ever a wife succeed in being happy with duty for the material? Perhaps if Mr. Gardner had been an ardent lover, somewhat impulsive, and eager to commend himself to her grateful affection, he would have succeeded in doing so; indeed, I am sure of it, in time it must have been so; but, alas! Mr. Gardner was a calm, gentlemanly, sensible, phlegmatic person, who thought his wife's impulsive and hasty nature should be occasionally checked, and who had no toleration for, nor sympathy with, her excitable spirit. Consequently, she soon learned to have a calm exterior when he was at home, which his frequent absences made it easy to assume. They had been married something like three years, and Mary was the delighted mother of a healthy and lovely daughter. Her heart, which had almost closed in the chilly atmosphere of her husband's manners, expanded and flowered luxuriantly in the warmth of maternity. In her happiness she reflected a part of its exuberance on her husband, and smiled with much of her old gayety. 'I felt my young days coming back to me,' she said.

"One day the post brought a letter for her, which she opened, and then left the room to read. The letter was from young Randolph. The writer apologized for his year's silence to her, by an account of a long illness, &c. He knew of her happiness, of her child; in short, he seemed to be informed of every thing about her. He asked to be permitted to correspond with her. The letter expressed the strongest and deepest interest, but couched in such respectful and friendly terms as were difficult to resist. Mary struggled long with her sense of what was due to herself and her husband; but right at last conquered, and she re-entered the room with the letter in her hand. Tremblingly she gave it to her husband, who read a part of it, and then said, with much kindness of manner,

"'Correspond with any of your friends, male or female, my dear. I have not the slightest objection.'

"Mary's good spirit was still at her ear, and she said with some difficulty,

"'Mr. Gardner, the writer of this letter was once much interested in me.'

"'And you in him, eh? Well, my love, those things are all gone by; I can fully trust you. So again, I say, correspond with any body you like, provided you don't ask me to read the letters.'

The generous confidence of her husband deeply affected Mary; but, unhappily, it did not induce her to the safe course of declining the correspondence with this fascinating and dangerous friend. The correspondence went on for years, nay, it was continued up to the time of my visit. And now, my dears, I must stop the current of my story for a minute, to utter my protest against this most dangerous and wretched of all theories—*Platonic friendships between a married woman and her male friends.* But for the false notions of safety in such a friendship, Mary Dunbar might now be a loved and loving woman. This you will not believe could have been with Mr. Gardner; but remember, Mary was getting to love Mr. Gardner a good deal, and habit and duty and maternal happiness would have done much; so that *in a sort*, she would have been both loved and loving. The letters from Randolph, which she showed me, were very interesting, and full of fine sensible remarks on education, all so interspersed with gentle and deep interest for herself, that you saw she was never out of his mind and heart for an instant. Just such letters as a happy married woman would never read, and what any woman's instinct protects her from if she listens to it.

"Things had gone on in this way for two years, or thereabouts, when the child, who had been the subject of so many theories, and in whom were garnered all the *conscious* hopes of Mary, was taken suddenly ill. Her anxiety induced her immediately to summon medical assistance; and she could hardly believe her physician when he said there were no grounds for apprehension. The child had a sore throat; there was a considerable degree of inflammation about the system, and when he left, he directed Mary to have some leeches applied to the neck of the little girl, at the same time pointing to the spot where he wished them to take the blood.

Mary was particular to place them there, but to her great alarm, the blood issued from the punctures in such a quantity as to drench the bed-linen almost immediately. In vain she tried to stop it—it flowed in torrents, and before the horror-struck servants could summon the physician, the life had ebbed from the child—nothing but a blood-stained form remained. The physician said the jugular vein had been pierced, and that it was something like half an inch nearer the ear than he ever saw it before. I believe he was not to blame—far less was the wretched instrument, whose agony I will not attempt to describe.

"But from that hour the nervous spasms and depression of spirits supervened, which I found had become the habit of her mind. I should have premised that through all the distressing circumstances of the child's death Mr. Gardner was absent. Un-

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doubtedly, could he have been at home, his fortitude and calmness would have been of the greatest service to her; but he did not return until long after her maternal agonies had sunk into a sort of stupor of wretchedness, which looked like a resigned grief outwardly. Far enough was her spirit from the enforced composure of her manner. By degrees she came to look upon herself as born only to make others unhappy. That she had caused the death of her own child was too horrible a thought to dwell on voluntarily, yet it obtruded itself always—and she shuddered at the grave of the being dearest to her heart.

"I remained with Mary until her husband's return, and then left her, promising to visit her again in the course of a few weeks. I was pleased to see the manly kindness of Mr. Gardner's manner to his wife. He evidently did not understand her, but he was gentle and quiet in his words to her, and so far as was in his nature to do, sympathized with her. He was frequently called away from home for weeks together, and had no idea of the effect solitude was having on the mind of his wife.

"As soon as I could so arrange my affairs at home as to leave them, I went to my sick-souled friend. I found her in her chamber and lying on her bed. She looked paler than ever, and her eyes were dry and tearless as when I first saw her before. All over the bed, and pressed in her hands, were letters strewn, half open, and which she had evidently been reading. She looked up at me when I entered, but immediately began gathering up the letters with a strange carefulness, placing them one above the other according to their dates, taking no further notice of me. I saw something agitating had occurred, and seated myself without speaking till she should be more composed. I knew they were Randolph's letters; I had seen them before.

"Presently she spoke in a low voice and seemingly exhausted manner.

"'Susan!' I was by her instantly. She gave me a folded manuscript. 'Between you and me there is no need of words. Take this and read it. It is the last death I shall cause. Leave me now, dear Susan; perhaps I may sleep, who knows!"

"She put her hands over her eyes—they were burning as coals—and tried to smile, but the lips refused the mockery. I begged her to lie down and try to sleep, closed the curtains, and left the room, not a little anxious to see the contents of the manuscript which I hoped would explain this new grief.

"The first letter was from a clergyman at the South, containing the intelligence of Randolph's death, after a long illness, and transmitting, at his request, the sealed packet to Mrs. Gardner.

"And saddening enough was the recital of the young man's sorrows. He began with saying that he had scrupulously abstained from ever mentioning his attachment to Mary while he had lived, but he could not refrain from asking her pity for him when he could never more disturb or injure her. He inclosed to her his journal, kept from the first day he saw her, when he loved her with all the fervor of his southern nature, and all the confidence of youth. Then followed the shock of hearing from Mr. Dunbar's own lips of his sister's engagement and approaching marriage. Then the farewell note of wounded affection that assumed indifference. Then a long delirious fever; then the news of Mary's marriage; and then the vain attempt to conquer his ill-fated love. His delight in his correspondence with her; it had been the life of his life, all that soothed the downward passage to the grave. To that grave he had gladly come, feeling that happiness was forever denied him, and only begged her to believe in his never-varying love from the moment he met her to this dying hour, when he signed his name to the last words he should address to mortal.

"All that she had lost—all she might have been, and might have enjoyed in a union with this young man, so brilliant, so amiable, so devoted, rushed on my heart, and contrasting with the reality a few paces off, made me weep bitterly. Oh! had they never loved so kindly!

"I sat long with the manuscript, looking at the writing, some of it years old, and written with a firm, flowing hand, then varying through all the vicissitudes of health and feeling, till it trembled and died away in its last farewell. The peculiar tenderness with which we look on the handwriting of the dead, however personally unknown, affected me. This young man I had seen, though seldom; and I easily connected the memoir before me with the memory of his dark, curling hair, his olive complexion, and the graceful dignity of his manner. I saw his bright eye dim, the dew of suffering on his brow, his cheek pale with anguish of heart and body, and the last flicker of his glorious light going out in darkness.

"From these thoughts I was roused by a sudden and deep groan; it seemed near me, and I sprung to my feet. Bells rang; there was a rush on the staircase—a shriek—another rush—the opening of doors wildly; all this was in a moment—in the moment I ran out of my room toward Mary's where an undefined and terrible fear taught me to look.

"You will guess what met my appalled gaze. Mr. Gardner, who had returned from a journey while I was reading in my own room, hastened up stairs to see Mary. At the moment he entered, she had completed the act which terminated her life. He received in his arms the lifeless body. The suffering soul still hovered unconsciously. We believe that God who made us, alone can try us, and He who knew all the wo that 'wrought like madness in her brain,' can both pity and forgive."

A deep silence followed Madame Stanwood's relation. Alice and Louise were thinking how little such an experience could have been guessed from Mr. Gardner's exterior.

"I wonder," said Louisa at last, "if he ever knew the cause of Mary's death—did you give him the manuscript, grandmother?"

"Well—what *should* I have done?"

"Oh! I would have given it to him! I would have rejoiced to see him one hour feeling all the agony which poor Mary had felt so long!"

"That is very natural, my child, for you to say;

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and, I confess, when I saw him first—his clothes covered with his wife's life-blood, and her marble face on his shoulder; when I saw *his* calmness, his complete self-possession, the directions he gave for the physician, all the time keeping his hand so pressed on the wound, that no more blood should flow; when I saw him hold her till the surgeon closed the wound, and then place his hand on the heart, and watch its beating, if happily life might yet linger there; when I saw this, I longed to say, 'thou cold hearted being! she is beyond the chill of thine icy love—care not for her! the grave is softer and warmer than thou art!'

"But life had gone out. Not, however, till the loss of blood had so relieved the agonizing pressure on the brain, that reason had evidently returned—for she opened her eyes, with a sweet, sad smile, looked at us all—saw every thing—knew every thing that had passed. She raised her hand to her neck, and then pointed upward, and breathing more and more softly, like the dead child who had gone before her, in its baptism of blood, she slept in peace.

"I thought of all that had passed in the hearts of the two young persons for whom life had so early closed. They had suffered much, but I did not see how any good could occur to the dead or the living by further communication. If Mary had desired it, there had been opportunity enough. She might have left the letters for her husband to read. On the contrary, she had burned them immediately after I had left the room. Her woman had brought her a lamp, and she saw her setting fire to letters—and, in fact, the relics of them were still in the chimney.

"I therefore said no more to Mr. Gardner. He had been much shocked with the events of the day, and for some time was depressed. But he recovered the tone of his mind, and to this day, I suppose, has very little comprehension of what was about him and around him for years—of the broken-heart that was so long breaking."

THE PROPHET'S REBUKE.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

In a cedar-ceiled palace, the proud arches rolled,
O'erlaid with vermilion, and blazoned with gold,
While their graceful supporters in colonnade stood,
Like the children of giants, a grand brotherhood:
Around them the lily and pomegranate wreath,
In delicate tracery, while far beneath
The siren-voiced fountains beguile the long day,
And the tessalate pavement is gemmed with their spray.

The East from her treasury joyeth to bring
Her magnificent gifts to a world-renowned king;
Her birds, like to meteors, as brilliant and fleet,
And her rainbow-hued flowers are laid at his feet,
While he, in regality's power and pride,
Sits enthroned with the symbol of pomp by his side.
The beauty is glorious that beams in his face,
His mien is majestic, his movement is grace!
Before him a prophet, with hair long and white
Falling down o'er a mantle as sable as night,
With a glance of stern loftiness, cheek cold and pale,
And a gesture of earnestness, thus told his tale.

"Two men in this city there dwelleth, my lord—
One is blessed in the battle, and blessed by the board:
He hath numberless flocks in the field and the fold,
And the wealth of his coffers remaineth untold.
The other hath naught save one lamb, which he fed
Like a child of his household; it ate of his bread,
It partook of his portion of food and of rest,
It followed his footsteps, it lay on his breast,
It lightened his sorrows with innocent art,
And e'en, as a daughter, was dear to his heart.
A traveler came to the rich man's abode,
And he welcomed the guest in the name of his God;
Bade him tarry awhile, 'mid the fierce noontide heat,
'Neath the vine-tree's broad shadow, to rest him and eat.

Then straightway he hasted, with tenderest care,
To spread forth the board and the banquet prepare,
While he spared of his *own* to take youngling or dam
But dressed for the stranger his *neighbor's own lamb*.

As a breath from the meadow, on wings of the wind,
To the sense that had breathed but the perfume of Ind,
Seemed this tale of simplicity, told to the heart
That had dwelt 'mid the spells of magnificent art.
Spake the king, while fierce anger flashed hot from his eye,
"Now, as the Lord liveth! this robber shall die!
To the victim of wrong let his cattle be told,
Till full restitution be rendered fourfold,
And *cursed* be forever, with sword and with brand,
The wretch who hath done such foul wrong in our land!"

Then with stern condemnation the prophet replied
To the monarch, who sat in his purple-clad pride,
And his bold voice resounded throughout the broad span
Of the arches above them, "*Thou, thou art the man!*
Saith the Lord, I have raised thee from humble estate,
To rule o'er a nation most favored and great—
I have given thee Judah thy portion to be,
And the honor of Israel centres in thee!
Thy children, like olive boughs, circle thy board,
And the wives of thy master await at thy word,
But inanimate still, thou hast entered the dome
Of thy neighbor, and stolen the wife from her home;
Thou hast slaughtered the husband with treacherous wile,
And the vengeance of Heaven rewardeth thy guile!
The child of thy love from thy arms shall be torn—
And in sackcloth and ashes thy proud head shall mourn—
The wives of thy household thy rivals shall be—
As thou didst unto others, so be it to thee!
And the *sword* thou hast taken, with murderous art,
From thy heaven-doomed lineage *ne'er shall depart*."

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A SCENE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

HARRISBURG.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE incidents of life around us—of common life—of everyday events, and the common scenes which Nature has prepared on every side, are full of interest, full of means of gratifying a taste formed or cultivated to rational enjoyment. The Hymmalayen mountains may overtop the Andes, and the Amazon bear more water to the sea than the Susquehanna, but it follows not thence that the combination of scenery—points of beauty to be associated with the eye—are less attractive in the latter than in the former; and though thousands may tread, may ride, or may murder on the unfrequented path of the elder world, and give tragic effect to narrative, yet on all sides of us, in our home experience, and our limited wandering, events are every day occurring of as much interest to the participators as are those which constitute the theme of the foreign tourist; and scenes are presenting themselves almost daily within our own observation, that need only the pen of a Radcliffe to describe, or the pencil of a Claude to depict, to fix them on the imperishable canvas of the artist or the immortal page of the gifted poet.

How often have we been struck with the clustering beauties of a seashore by Birch, or some landscape by Russell Smith, and while we gazed in admiration at the production so rich in artistic skill, and felt astonishment at the fidelity of the representation, have shrunk away from the picture, ashamed that objects so constantly before our eyes should have remained unadmired till the pencil of the artist had transferred them to canvas—had selected the moment when sunshine had brought out the clustering beauties of some gentle promontory, or shade had deepened the darkness of the dell, and all which to our eyes had been daily spread out in constantly changing hues, had been fixed in beauty to challenge our admiration and create new love for the original.

Events which strike us with astonishment in their record, whether they are real or imaginary, acquire much of their importance from our knowledge of the antecedent circumstances and present condition of the actors. We connect the present with the past, and our sympathies becoming enlisted with the joys or sorrows of others, all that relates to them acquires the exaggerated importance to us which it has with those who are really connected with the occurrences. Every group of immigrants we meet, every wedding party we attend, every funeral train we join, contains in itself a story of deep and thrilling interest; the power of genius only is necessary to collect and combine the incidents, to bring in the feelings and hopes of the parties, and to present to the reader what the unobtrusive actor does, feels, hopes, fears and suffers.

Ungifted to catch the beauties of the landscape and transfer them to canvas, unpracticed in the simplest movement of the artist's duties, I can only stand and admire what Providence has spread around with a profusion of bounty, and as colors deepen or fade, and beauties augment or diminish, I bow with admiration at the object, and increased love to Him whose hand garnished the heavens, and whose goodness is as manifest "in these his lower works" as in the constellated glories of the firmament, whose systems combine to enrich with heatless light worlds of space—and the infinite seems exhausted to gem with starry lustre earth's evening canopy.

Equally unsupplied am I with that genius which seizes on passing incidents, and moulds them to important events, building the interesting and the sublime on the simple and the ordinary. I have not these gifts, but I have the love for the gifts, the sense of their existence in others, and a sort of conception of the time and the place in which they should be employed; and often, as I pass along, I select groups and note incidents that with the child of genius would be seed for a golden harvest. And scenes, too, that escape the general eye, or only excite the exclamation "how beautiful," press upon me till I wish that I had the genius and skill to fix the picture which Nature has drawn, and show that our own land and own vicinity are full of those beauties which true taste admires, which, transferred to canvas, become in turn the stimulant to taste. Yet the scenes which I see, and the occurrences which I note, may be of use to those who know better how to combine and present the materials; and what I saw and heard, others may present in an attractive form.

During the close of August and the first of September last I was, in obedience to an imperative call, engaged in some business in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The little borough was crowded with delegates to two conventions then being held, for the purpose of nominating candidates by the opposing parties for the office of Governor of the Commonwealth; a part of the machinery to which our institutions give rise, and those who affect to sneer at these preliminary movements, do not understand the true theory and practice of republicanism, where action, to be effective, must begin in the *will* of the people, and to be beneficially operative it must continue in concurrence with that will. Notwithstanding the presence of two antagonistic parties there

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were peace and much social intercourse between the delegates of opposite creeds; nor was this marvelous, the contest had not yet been delivered to the parties; the rivalry and antagonism were between the members of the same party, who should be the candidate—that settled on each side, then the divided fronts of the main divisions would unite, and the hostility be transferred from sections of the same party to the parties themselves. The general field of contest was of course not taken there, so that the elements of political warfare were held in abeyance, and the thronged streets wore a holyday appearance of pleasure and hope.

Standing early one morning at the door of the hotel, before the customary hour of rising, I was struck with a little procession from the canal toward the centre of the place. A stern woman led the company, in which were four men, two of whom, and the youngest, each carried a child; and in the rear was a very tall man, bearing also a younger child, wrapped about with parts of a ragged female dress. The man by his height and measured tread drew attention particularly to himself. The appearance of the whole was that of poor immigrants; Germans probably; though the stateliness of the march of its principal man was that of some one who had a spirit of independence, and felt that whatever might be his appearance, he was, for a time at least, above the influence of outward circumstances. The company passed me, and for some time I lost sight of them, and indeed nothing but the peculiar look of the woman and the remarkable tread of the man would have kept them in my memory. It was not long, however, before I saw a gathering in front of a public building, and loving to hear the remarks of those who speak out unrestrainedly, I joined the little company. Its centre was the band of immigrants. It was evident that some movements toward effective sympathy had been suggested. What they were or by what suggested I could not tell. The strangers could speak little or no English, and for a time their appearance only appealed to the kindly feelings of the multitude. I had pressed in close to the strong man, who was still bearing the little child in the same position in which it rested when he passed me at the door of the hotel. The same fixed look of independence was in his face and his position. There was much of sternness on the face of the woman, but it was marked by pain, referable perhaps to her situation, and to the marks of recent grief. Something was to be done, but what I could not yet determine. As I pressed nearer to the man the company crowded closer.

"You need help," said I to the strange man.

He intimated plainly that he could not understand me.

"You want *bread*," said I.

"*Das brod*," exclaimed he, shaking his head. "*Nein—das grab!*"

And he threw the clothes from the face of the child on his arm, and the pale, quiet features of the little one were cold in death.

One low, agonizing cry went up from the depth of the woman's heart. One proud look around was given by the father, but that look was exchanged for one of anguish as he turned his eye downward toward the burthen which his arm sustained.

The company had come up, not to solicit charity, that they might eat and drink before they shou'd die—but that they might obtain a burying-place for the little one of their flock, whom death had released from its parents' troubles.

It was a pretty child; the blue eyes were visible beneath the half divided lids, and the long lashes hung over them like gentle palls, defending them from the rudeness of earth's winds. The fine light hair lay smoothly over the marble forehead, and a few white teeth shone out from between the lips that were shrinking away from each other in the coldness of death.

It was a *grave* the parents needed.

The contributions were liberal, and a grave was provided. It would seem that in the wilderness of unreclaimed lands which lie along the public works of Pennsylvania, there might be found a resting-place for an infant stranger, without the eleemosynary aid which had been sought—but, alas! who does not desire when they "bury their dead out of their sight," that it may be in a place which memory may cherish.

We cannot comprehend the unconsciousness of the grave. We hedge it about, we make the last house as if comforts were to be enjoyed therein, and we love to place our dead side by side with others, as if there were fellowship with the mouldering clay. It is of no use to argue against this—it is better perhaps to encourage the feelings, and assist in their gratification. They refine the mind, they elevate views, they meliorate passions and keep alive affections. Let the resting-place of the dead be sanctified to all, it is the home of the temple of God. It is the Moriah of the Christian dispensation.

I cannot leave Harrisburg at any season of the year, but especially in the early part of Autumn, without seeking the shore of the Susquehanna at sunset. All day long the river is beautiful, the quiet stream as it goes shining down to the ocean is full of loveliness, and all upon it or near it, partakes of its character. But it is exquisitely rich and attractive near the close of the day. I went alone to enjoy the scene. And placing myself upon the bold bank between the town and the river I looked westward for the sight that had so often been enjoyed. It was there; no change comes over such beauties; they are immortal, they are without mutation. In the bosom of the broad river—glowing with the golden beams of the retiring sun—sat the islands that break the unity of the stream and augment its beauties. So rich, so full was the sunlight upon the river, that these islands seemed to be floating in the gorgeous light. Some shot out prominent angles into the water, and presented salient points to break the uniformity, while others sat swan-like down, their rounded edge touching the stream, as if they had been dressed by art to present the perfection of symmetry; the dark green of the shrubbery that sprung up in the moisture of the

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islands was mingled with the golden hues of the sun, and here and there the gentle current, by passing over some obstructing object, broke into a ripple, that danced like liquid gold in the sunlight.

It was a rich and lovely sight, one to which frequency of enjoyment can bring no satiety, and he who sits down to such a scene finds the impressions of unfriendly association passing away—the resolutions of revenge, which unprovoked rudeness excited, melting into the better determinations of the heart—and all of bitterness and animosity which unchastened pride encourages, are neutralized and lost in the deep emotions of love which such a view of God's works and such a sense of man's enjoyment necessarily promote.

I sat absorbed in the scene until the sun began to drop below the hills, and the warmth of the coloring upon the water was yielding to the neutral and colder tints of evening, but upward along the sides of the hills the gorgeousness of the sunlight was in its fullness. Casting my eyes away to the right, I noticed a gathering on the upland: and on looking closer I could discover the forms of those who had composed the morning procession. They had made a grave for the little one of their flock, and had gathered around it to do the last offices to the inanimate form. They all bowed together, as if taking a last look, and when they raised their heads, I thought I caught a little of the wild cry of the anguished mother—but I must have been deceived, the distance was too great, but the signs of grief were *visible*, and I saw the father sustaining with his arm the afflicted wife, and the other members of the group cast their eyes toward their afflicted female companion. The air was full of dust, the consequence of a long drought, and as the floating particles reflected the sunbeams, the funeral gathering seemed for a moment, bathed in the glorious light of the setting sun, transfigured on their mount of sorrow—transfigured from the poor mendicant wanderers they had appeared in the morning, to children of light.

That glorious sunset on the islands and waters of the Susquehanna cannot soon fade from my memory—nor shall I easily forget the blaze of glory shed around the infant's grave. Strange that the richness of sunlight should spring from the impure particles by which it is reflected—but in this world of ours what but errors and impurities of the human kind make visible and beautiful the grace of Him in whose light and heat "we live and move and have our being?"

PEDRO AND INEZ.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

[It is a well known fact that the hapless Inez de Castro, the young and beautiful bride of Pedro of Portugal, was murdered, while he was absent on a hunting excursion.]

SOFTLY broke the light of morning, through a pictured window's gloom,
Blandly strayed the zephyr's winglet 'mid rich plants of Eastern bloom,
Shedding a strong spicy fragrance round that gorgeous room,
Lightly on her couch of purple slumbered Pedro's newmade bride,
In her young unshadowed beauty, with no other thought beside
That which his deep love had poured o'er her spirit's tide.

Softly had Prince Pedro risen from his nuptial couch that morn,
Lightly donned his hunting vesture, at the call of hound and horn:
Yet he bends enamored o'er that face of Beauty born.
One more love-glance, yet another, on the sleeping face he cast;
Soft he stoops to meet that red lip—one light kiss—the last!
"God and our Lady bless thee, love!"—and so Prince Pedro passed.

Softly faded into twilight gorgeous gleams of gold and red,
Valley, stream, and purple mountain lay in mellow glory spread.
And the lemon's snowy blossom dewy odors shed.
Homeward through eve's tender shadows speeds Prince Pedro with his band,
While with love almost paternal his fond eye drinks in the land,
Over which he soon may govern with a kingly hand.

Now the mellow horn he soundeth through the leafy olive groves,
Far and wide the clear notes echo, but they bring not her he loves—
"Inez? is it thou, sweet Inez, where yon shadow moves?"
Never more shall Inez answer to that fond familiar call—
Of the lovely bride left sleeping, bleeding clay is all—
Of a fiendish hate the victim lies she, wrapt in gory pall.

Never more from that dread hour was Prince Pedro seen to smile!
Never more did chase or revel his still agony beguile—
But he walked in the shadow of dark thoughts the while!
With her martyred form forever graven on his memory,
He became a scourge and terror from whom all men sought to flee,
Tortured were his victims, but he smiled in mockery!

Such the change, and such the monarch whose reft hand made discord ring
Like a clarion through the country that had gladly hailed him king.
Darkly, like the tempest, rode he on the avenger's wing!
And when midnight drew her curtain round the land, that hour
In her blood-stained chamber did he stand with fearful power,
And renew the fatal vow to avenge his martyred flower!

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A LEGEND OF CLARE.

THE TRICKS UPON TRICKS, AND THE TWISTS UPON TWISTS;

OR KHUR ENEIN KHUR, AGUS KHAOUN ENEIN KHAOUN.

BY J. GERARTY M'TEAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUBBAUN SEARE.

One of my own dear countrymen, casting his eye on the above title, may possibly recognize something in it familiar to him, especially should he ever have resided on the classic shores of Galway or of Clare, our own "Far West;" but to others who may chance to honor our legend with a perusal, some few words of introduction are necessary to transport them, "in their mind's eye," from the city of "brotherly love," to the far distant and far different land of the O'Malleys, the Macnamaras,* and the Blakes.

An Irishman is, in my humble opinion, rather unlike a prophet, for this reason, he is in one sense only, to be honored in his own country—transplant him; and though he may be unimpaired, perhaps, in vigor of body; though he may make an excellent fabricator of rail-roads and canals, yet it has always appeared to me he loses his native *rariness*, except under very peculiar circumstances; he grows *different*; in a word, he gradually becomes—*like the rest of the world!*

Is it the absence of the unique fragrancy of his native turf smoke, which at home he so freely inhaled, or is it the substitution of beef and pudding for his former scanty meals of the never-failing root of plenty? Let us leave these *vexata questiones* to those whom they may concern, but on one point let us give our decided opinion. Our readers may say, "O, now you all are changed! since your Father Mathew has made five millions of you *teetotallers*, your country is not worth the living in! No more doth the invigorating, all-inspiring, thrice concentrated juice of the 'barley grain' push you forward to glorious deeds of heroic daring—of skull-breaking, dancing, or of story-telling; so that for all intents and purposes you have nothing left worth chronicling—*you are getting like the rest of the world!*" "Aisy a bit," say I, "the fiddle and the bagpipes have just the same charms to 'put the capers in our heels' as in whisky's balmiest days; and as for story-telling, *that* we can do equally well over a good cup of fine hot coffee. No, no; while the same fresh and *free* breezes shall continue to be wafted across the Atlantic to us; while we have our own green fields and wild, lofty mountains to behold, Irishmen we shall be in all our better qualities; and though Father Mathew may have been influential enough in cooling our heads, (we admit,) yet our *hearts* are as warm as ever!

Irish cabins, which you all have heard of, would not be such bad concerns after all, and we should get on very well indeed, if we were only a *leetle* better treated. On all hands it is admitted that we are pretty nearly able (and take my word for it we are willing enough) to eat and to drink all that a bounteous Providence causes to be brought forth from the most fruitful of soils; in truth, a superficial observer might even be tempted to utter an exclamation of surprise on being told that with a territory one thousand square miles less than that of the state of Maine, and six thousand less than that of Pennsylvania, ten millions of human beings should be supported; but then consider, kind reader, when our beef, and our butter, and our eggs, and even the little cabbages from our gardens, must fly on the wings of steam to pay the rent, and that rent flies away again, you know, to pay *whom;* (a slight glance at a certain map will tell you that;) consider, I say, that we cannot always be light-hearted, that a little sadness will sometimes creep over us. Think how our poor countrymen must sometimes suffer, and let ever our warmest sympathies be exerted when we hear of their distresses.

But, "stop!" you say, "these are twists you're getting into, indeed. What has this to do with your legend?" Well, then, reader, jump over with me into a snug cabin, which is not so very unlike a log-cabin, only built of stone or mud, (excuse me,) and sit down with me and a collection of choice spirits, round a blazing turf fire, keeping it warm, as we say, with the pipe and the "darlin' tibacky" taking their accustomed rounds. I may as well introduce Jimmy Carmody to you—my "Micky Free"—Tom Dillon, and a few others. So, now we are all settled.

"What's this your're all discussing so learnedly, boys?"

"O, nothing very partic'lar, your honor, only we're just saying what mighty quare owld ruins them is—them round towers. Did your honor never see any of them? Sure there's one on Scattery Island, in the Shannon, and one at Kilmacduagh, I believe, in this county."

"O, yes, Tom, I've seen those you mention, and a great many more, too; and if any of you have ever been to Dublin by the canal, I'm sure you must have seen the one at Clondalkin. There's one, too, you know, in the county Wicklow, at the lake that Tommy Moore made the beautiful song about:

'By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er.'"

"Why, now, yer honor's perfectinlly right!" said Jimmy, who just then remembered some incidents in his former travels to Dublin about his "little spot of a pratee garden, that was near being sowld at the Four Courts for *non paymeut*. Quite right your honor

* Let me assure my readers that this word is pronounced Macnamohra.

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is. Sure I wint down to see where the blessed Saint Kevin done all his miracles—where he turned the loaves into stones, and where he med the owld king's goose, that he was so fond of, young again, and all that; but sure your honor knows all about it; but after a while, the man that was there showed me a little hole up over the lake in the *clift* above, and 'look!' says he, 'that's St. Kevin's bed,' says he. 'Why, then, now!' says I, 'up in *that* little pigeon-hole!' says I. 'O! and did his blessed reverince go up *there* to bed?' says I. 'No! you fool!' says he, 'but to avoid the darlin' young lady,' says he. 'And it's *there* he threw her down into the deep, cowld, dark lake,' says he. 'Would you like to go up and lie down in his bed?' says he. 'Is it *me*,' says I, 'to do it? Why my brain is like a spider's web wid lookin' at it,' says I. But a young man that was used to crawling in them unchristian places—them mines—went up; and I thought I could jump through a key-hole, I felt so, to see him do it; and says I, when he came down, 'Young man, I pray, when you settle in life, you may have a handier way of gettin' into bed than that, particularly if you're—'"

Here a burst of laughter, which it is not hard to elicit from such an auditory, interrupted Jimmy, who is requested to tell "whether he ever heard who built these round towers, or why they were built at all?"

"Why," remarks Jimmy, "*why* they were built, no one can tell—they don't look like any thing Christian; but the man that undoubtedly built some of them was the Gubbaun Seare."

"Who was he, Jimmy?" asked all.

"Why, then, your honor, myself doesn't know much about the Gubbaun Seare, only as the owld people tell us."

"Well, Jimmy, that don't make what the old people tell us of no account; for with all our new improvements, (I had been explaining a rail-road to them the evening before,) we are obliged to retain nearly all their inventions also; so you may as well tell us what you know about the Gubbaun Seare, for you may depend there must be some truth and value in it."

"Why, then, that's true for your honor," said another; a sentence, by the bye, which always greets you when you utter an opinion, correct or incorrect.

"Well, then," said Jimmy, "in them owld times, I believe, when the round towers was building, there was a mason—and if there was, he was as fine a mason as ever lived, or ever will again—and, indeed, your honor, you know the round towers would prove that, if he built them—for where is the masonwork that's equal to what's on them? That one at Glendulough is a fine one, to be sure—and there's many finer than that. Well, he lived in a fine cottage, somewhere in Munster, and I don't know exactly where.

"He had been married, and had an only son—and proud was he of him, you may depend. Well, it was given up to the Gubbaun, that he was not only the best mason in all the world, but along with that, sir, he was the cutest man known, and the greatest hand at all kinds of plans and contrivances. He was able for every one, and any one; and nobody ever had to boast that they had gained the least advantage over *him*."

"I suppose, Tom, that with all this wisdom of the father, the son must have been as wise as he was himself, or may be wiser?"

"Why, to be sure, so one would imagine; but it was far from him to be as *good* a boy as the father—and that the father knew right well, for he was always trying to make him sensible of the scaming; but the son was always too honest, and that vext the father.

"However, he said nothing until the son grew up a dashin' fine young man; and if he was'n't the best av scamers, he was nearly as good a mason as the father himself, and was quiet and *honest*, only a terrible simpleton, and what the English gentleman that used to come to see your honor called *spooney;* though what a man had to do with a spoon, myself does'n't see. But the father racked his brains constantly to find out some way to make him knowin'; and at last he came to be determined in his mind that nothing would do the son so much good, or put sinse so well into his head as a fine, clever, smart young woman av a wife, if he could meet one to his mind; and, your honor, though I never tried it myself, I have no doubt an excellent plan it is. Well, sir, after he once hit on a plan, sorra long he was in puttin' it into execution. One morning he got up very early, and called his son into the field. 'Now, Boofun,' (that was the young man's name,) 'now, Boofun,' says he, 'run an' catch the sheep beyant there—that big white one, with the fine fleece, and bring her to me quick!' So Boofun did; an' if he did, the Gubbaun pulled out his big knife, and kill'd her; an' by the same token the summer was comin' on, and the fleece was fine, and long, and silky."

"What did he do that for, Jimmy?"

"Wait a bit, your honor. When the Gubbaun had her skinned, he embraced his son, (that's *hugged* him, boys, d' ye mind,) an' spoke to him as this:

"'Now, Boofun, avick, (my son,) and it's you *was* ever the good boy of a son to me, only I never could make you understand the coorse of the world's doin's as well as I could wish; but never heed! you'll improve yet—so take courage and do as I desire you; but mind, if you don't, never call the Gubbaun Seare your father more, the longest day you have to live! Do you see that skin?' 'I do, father—I see it,' says he, innocent as a child. 'Well, Boofun, you must take to the road now at once, and you must walk on, and never stop till you get some one that will buy this skin, and pay you for it, and then give you your skin back again into the bargain.'

"'O! O! father!' says the other, 'I'm a fool myself, I know, and yet I'm sure I would n't do sich a simple thing as *that*,' says he, 'and I think, indeed, father, you must be a fool *yourself* to think so,' says he. 'Howld your tongue, an' be off, you natral!' says the father; 'what do *you* know about it! Be off at wanst; and here, take this! here's cost enough for the road,' says he, 'and be sure an' remember what I towld you,' says he.

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"So poor Boofun, sir, wint off; and sorrowful he was to lave his father, and his business, and his comfortable home, and to go away on what he thought sich a wild-goose chase. It happened that it was market-day at the next town, an' many a one overtook him, an' he cryin'.

"'Well, Boofun,' they 'd say, for they knew him, 'are you going to sell that fine sheep's skin?' 'I am,' he 'd say; 'but I know *you* wont buy it, for by the way I 'm selling it, it would be a dear article for you.' 'Why so, man? I 'm in want of wool, an' very little would make me buy the same *skin*, for it 's fine *wool*.' 'Yes, but,' Boofun would say, 'you must pay me for it, and then give it me back if you buy it!' So he would be always laughed at, an' he was nearly dying av dishpair.

"However, on he traveled and walked; and many miles from home he came to a beautiful lake, all surrounded with trees, very like that lake where your honor and the captain, and the ladies used to go and fish, and make peckthers, (pictures,) Inchiquin lake, sir; an' if he did, there was as darlin' a young lady as could be seen, an' she standing on the shore of the lake, and after finishing washin' some of the finest fleeces of iligant wool. 'O!' said he to himself, 'if I could only get this darlin' to buy *my* fleece! But no one will ever do so foolish a thing as that, an' I shall never sell it, nor get back again!'

"However, Boofun took courage, and wint up to her. 'God bless your work, alanna! 'tis yourself 's not idle this morning! And what beautiful wool! I've a fleece here myself, an' I thought it good, but yours bates it intirely! I would sell mine, too, but neither you nor any one else will ever buy it! A voh! voh!'

"'Why, that *must* be a curious fleece, if no one 'll buy it. Sir,' says she, 'what may be the price?'

"'O, for that,' says he, 'it 's for little or nothing I 'd sell it; but what good would that do you, agrah, when I 'm never to enter my father's house again, nor call myself his son, until I bring him back the skin and the price of it as well! However, it 's no use talking to you, at any rate, for *you 'll* have nothing to do with me.'

"'Why, how can you say so till I tell you?" says she.

"'O, my thousand blessings for that word,' says he, 'it makes my heart rise like a cork to hear you!'

"'Well, what will you take for the skin?'

"'O, very little, then—only so much, (mentioning a small sum.)

"'Very good,' says she, 'I 'll give you that much, and welcome;' and whisper, 'are you the son of the Gubbaun Seare?'

"'I am; but how could you guess that?'

"'Because,' says she, 'no one could think of such a plan but his own four bones, *and I think I see the meanin' of it, too*,' says, she. 'Hand me the skin.' So Boofun did, sir; and she fell to work, and in a very short time she had the wool stripped off. 'And here, now,' says she, 'here is your *skin* back for you, and *here* is the price of it,' says she, handing him the money; and tell the Gubbaun a very good *buraun* the skin 'll make,' says she.

"'O, my million thanks to you,' says he; 'though I never should have thought of this in thousands of years, yet you 've settled it with one word!'

"So, sir, after much more talk, away he ran, and never stopped till he came home; and the Gubbaun had just returned from his work, and findin' the house so lonesome, was almost repentin' he 'd ever sent Boofun away. Glad he was, though, when Boofun came in, and gave him a great account of all he had done; but what was his joy when Boofun drew forth the sheep's skin, and counted out the money. Well, after some of the joy was over, the Gubbaun put on a very long, serious face, 'And now, Boofun,' says he, 'do n't as you love me,' says he, 'deny any thing I ask,' says he, 'but tell me the truth. I know, you need n't tell me, it was a woman that thought of the plan of skinning the fleece, for no *man* in Ireland would think of it but myself.'

"'Fuix, then, so she said herself,' says Boofun.

"'Hah! well, I knew it was a *she*; but was she young or owld? for, by my trowel and hammer!' says he, 'the owld ones are *sometimes* as cute as any!'

"O, then, she was young, and handsome, too, and rich beside,' says he.

"'O, never mind the riches,' says the Gubbaun, 'for half a grain of sinse is worth a ton of it; but you 're my darlin' son at last, and be off at the first light of morning,' says he, 'and take the best horse I have, and put on the best clothes you have, and bring her home—and I 'll engage she comes.'

"Long before the Gubbaun was up, Boofun started; and not many hours was he on the road, when he met the very same young lady, an' she goin' to market all by herself. Well, sir, they had a great salutation, an' he coaxed her to take a seat on the horse. She wanted to get off at the market, but it would n't do, sir; and he came to his father's house airly in the evening.

"Well, you 'd think, sir, the Gubbaun knew it all. Some said surely that he could foretell. There was the house, all beautiful and nate, and a most splendid intertainment on the table; there was a large party of the Gubbaun's friends, and plenty of all that was good.

"And the Gubbaun was the boy that *could* intertain them all. And, sir, when all were in high good-humor, and herself laughing and jokin' with Boofun, then he brought forward *the match*. To be sure, she was very shy, and ashamed, the crayther, (all by herself, you may say,) but you know, sir, even now, as we see every day, a match is n't long comin' round, when the parties are willin' an' the *spaylers* are good. So it was now; she agreed to lave all for Boofun—and she did well. To make my long story short, in a few days they were married; and in the meantime they had got *her* friends' cousint. And a great weddin' they had."

"Well, Tom, now we 've got them well married, jump up for some turf! do n't you see the fire 's a'most out?"

"O, then, that your honor may never want for a good fire, I pray."

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"Yes, Jimmy, nor a *good warrant*, like yourself, to tell a good story."

"To be sure, sir, it shortens the night, as we say, an' if Jimmy wont be offended, for taking the story out av his mouth, I'll tell your honor some more of the Gubbaun's doin's."

CHAPTER II.

"That 's a good boy, Tom," said Jimmy, myself does n't remember any more about him."

"Well, then, sir, they were not very many weeks married, when the Gubbaun wished to *try* the wife still more, to see whether she was knowin' enough for him, in order that she might be depended on completely, if any thing should happen. So one day he towld the son to get ready, and to come with him, for that he had heard of a fine job of work. So they started; and when they had got about three miles on the road, the Gubbaun turned sharp round, and asked Boofun the distance to the next place.

"'Twenty miles, no less,' says Boofun.

"'Well,' says the Gubbaun, 'every inch of the road we have to go,' says he, 'but it 's too long by ten miles.'

"'Sure I can't help that,' says Boofun.

"'You *can*, sir!' says the Gubbaun, 'you can make it *ten* miles, if you like; and if you can't, go back, sir, and stay at home with your wife, for you 're not fit to travel with me,' says he.

"Boofun said 'he could n't do it;' so he had to go back. And when he came home, his wife ran out.

"'Well, what 's brought you back? Any thing the matter?'

"'Every thing!' says poor Boofun. 'We had n't got three miles before the Gubbaun towld me to shorten the road one half; and sure, you know, *all I could say* would n't shorten it!'

"'I don't know that,' says she, 'may be not; but take my advice, run back, and begin to tell him some story,' says she, 'no matter whether it is true or not, but amuse him as well as you can; and if he is n't satisfied, cut my head off when you come back,' says she. So, sir, he never stopped until he overtook the Gubbaun; and the very minute he began the story, he had confidence in Boofun's wife.

"Now, Tom, tell us—what reason could he have had for that? Could n't they and she both have taken care of themselves?"

"Howld on a while, and maybe you 'll see, sir."

"They traveled on and on, a hundred miles, or maybe more, and at last they came to a most splendid, iligant, noble palace, that the King of Munster was building. Thousands of masons, and carpenters, and all kinds of workmen, were in full operation at it—and the finest of work they were doing. It was just dinner-time, as it happened, when the Gubbaun and Boofun came, but they made no delay, but asked the steward of the works, sir, for employment, an' they did n't let on they were *any thing in particlar*, only just masons.

"'O!' says the steward, says he, 'there 's plenty av employment for men in your line,' says he, 'but wait till after dinner, and then I 'll talk to you,' says he.

"'Why, for that matter,' says the Gubbaun, 'it 's a while ago we eat our dinner,' says he, 'and if it 's all the same to you, we 'll be glad if you 'll set us some piece of work that we can be at till you come back.' And just then, sir, the dinner-bell began to ring. 'Well, gentleman,' says the steward, laughin' out loud, an' turnin' up his nose, an' winkin' round to the rest of the men, since you are so impatient, an' sich wonderful men, just sit down here, and take that block of marble,' says he, 'and have a cat an' two two tails made out of it when I come back,' says he, runnin' into dinner.

"Well, sir, it was a fine block of stone, sure enough, and likely, rale Kilkenny marble; but it was any thing like a Kilkenny cat they med, for they never stopped until they had a splendid cat, wid two noble tails carved out, and all this before the lazy steward and his men came back from their dinner; and what was the most astonishin' to all, the surprisin' fierce pair of whiskers that the Gubbaun was puttin' out from the cat's nose when the steward came out! But who should be along with him but the King of Munster himself; and when he saw the cat, and the two tails, and the warlike pair of whiskers, he was all but ready to split with the laughin', and when he got words at last, he never stopped praisin' the Gubbaun.

"'But,' says the King of Munster, turning round to the unfortunate steward, (that had n't one word to say,) 'you scoundrel! your intention was to make game of this honest man, and now he has done in one hour, what you would n't do if you were to live as long as that cat would last; and it 's *he*, and not *you*, that has the best right to be steward here,' says he. So the Gubbaun was appointed steward over all the palace; and it was he that made all the ornaments, and all the images and statues that was in the place intirely, he and Boofun; and the King of Munster grew fonder and fonder of him every day.

"But, sir, in the course of time the king got curious notions into his head, and the worst was, that at last he determined that his palace should not only be the finest and grandest in all Ireland, but what was worse for the Gubbaun, he resolved that as soon as all was finished, he would put an end to the poor fellow's life, and particularly because he had lately found out that the King of Leinster had heard of his beautiful palace, and that he intended to send for the Gubbaun and construct one still finer.

"But, sir, though the King of Munster was certainly determined to kill the Gubbaun Seare, he found it very difficult to lay a plan to do it—for he well knew who he had to deal with, and how hard it would be to catch him. However, the king increased his weges, and made him very well off, so that he might n't suspect any thing; but, for fear he should, he sent for the man who owned the house where the Gubbaun and Boofun lived, privately, and made him great presents to keep the saycret, and to lay hands on the Gubbaun if he suspected that he was about to start away in any hurry. But, sir, as luck would have it, this very man's daughter, who loved the Gubbaun and Boofun dearly, happened to be behind

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the door, or in a closet, while the king was giving these horrible directions to her father, and determined at once to let them know the danger they were in."

"I wonder, Tom, the Gubbaun didn't suspect something?"

"O, then, most likely he did, and was well prepared, I dare say, (for we all know, sir, how hard it is to trust these kings and great people,) still the girl found it very hard to make the Gubbaun sensible of his danger; and she knew there was always a strict guard over him, and spies out, for fear he'd make his escape; though, the palace not being finished yet, the king did not like to do the action for a while.

"One day the Gubbaun and Boofun had been hard at work at some grand temple, and they came back at night, mighty hungry. This very girl was the cook, and she had a very fine lookin' pot of pratees on the fire for dinner."

"Potatoes, Tom! No! Why they came from America, a thousand or more years after this!"

"Why, then, now, did they, your honor? Well, I suppose it was something as good; any how, we'll call them pratees."

"'Good eveuin'!' says the Gubbaun; 'is supper ready?'

"'O, quite ready,' says she; 'but it's a poor one we have to-day, only pratees and eggs,' says she; for you know, your honor, they did n't live *then* as we do *now*—they knew better than that.

"'Well, them same 's good,' says he. 'Did you never hear the old saying, When all *fruits* fail, welkim *haws!*' for he'd always a pleasant joke or saying in his mouth. 'But what 's this?' says he; 'Why, how came so many raw ones among them?'

"'O,' says she, looking hard at him, 'if you *will* stop *here*, you must take things as they come, agreeable and disagreeable, for that 's the way they 're going!'

"'By my trowel and hammer!' says the Gubbaun, to himself, 'if that 's the case, its full time to be goin' ourselves likewise;' and when they were going to work, he told Boofun every word, for *he* never suspected. 'But never fear,' says he, 'we 'll get out of this scrape, if they did their worst and their best, and if they were seventeen times wiser than they are, and if they had all the guards in his kingdom to watch me; but howld *your* tongue, and do n't let on a word of what I've said.'

"Next morning, when the king was up, and in his room, where he transacted all his affairs, the Gubbaun came and sint up word that he would be glad to see his majesty about something that was wanted for the palace. Now the Gubbaun, sir, was always welcome; and it was only because the king had *too good* an opinion of him, that he was going to kill him. When he was admitted, 'Well,' says the king, (mighty grand,) 'is my palace finished, *or* what do you want with *me*?' says he.

"'Why, plaze your majesty's reverence,' says the Gubbaun, (for he was a fine spoken man,) 'your majesty's palace is *not* quite completely turned out of my hands yet,' says he, 'nor I can't exactly call it finished, nor let the people that 's to come after me speak of the name of the Gubbaun Seare along with it, unless one thing is done, that *should* be done, if your majesty raylly wishes it to be *perfect*.'

"'Well, spake your wishes, *and then, if I plaze*, they shall be attinded to,' says the king.

"'Well, then, plaze your majesty, there is an instrument, and without it, your statues, and your images and pillars can't be polished nor complayted unless I get it, and that instrument is at home with me,' says he.

"'What may be the name of it?' says the king.

"'Why, we call it,' said the Gubbaun, (of course they spoke in Irish,) '*Khur eneiu khur, agus khaoun eneiu khaoun?*' (and that, your honor, manes, the tricks upon tricks, and the twists upon twists;) 'no one in Ireland owns such an instrument but myself, or at any rate not half such a good one; and if your majesty plazes, I'll go home and get it.'

"'No,' says the king, '*you must never laive me*; when I've this palace built, I'll build another, and I'll want you; if I let you go now, may be you 'd meet something better, though *that* you could hardly do, I believe; but may be you 'd die on the road, and I'd never see you again. *No*,' says he, 'you must *never* laive me!'

"'Do you think so?' says the Gubbaun to himself. 'By my trowel and hammer, though, I think you 're considerably wrong! Why, indeed, your majesty,' answered the Gubbaun, 'is yourself that was ever and always the good friend to me and my son; and, indeed, so happy am I here, long life and good luck to your majesty!' says he, 'and may you increase, and long reign,' says he, 'that I would certainly never wish to part from you, and I 'd be satisfied to build palaces for you all my life; may be, then, in that case, your majesty would be graciously plazed to allow my son, Boofun, to set out and get the khur eneiu khur, agus khaoun eneiu khaoun?'

"'*No!*' says the king, says he, 'I'm nearly as fond and as proud of Boofun as yourself; and it 's my orders to double his wages, and to double your own from this minute.'

"'Well, very well, your majesty, let it be so, then. I would tell no common fellow here where it is, he 'd just break it on the road; and if I 'm not, nor Boofun, to go for this instrument, things must stop as they are, and the palace will remain unfinished to the end of the world.'

"The king considered for some time; at last, 'Gubbaun Seare,' says he, '*I must* have my palace finished, and yet I *must* have your instrument; now my son, the prince, has nothing on earth to do—and will you be satisfied if I send him? I will be your security that he takes the greatest care of it.'

"'Well, your majesty, your will must be law. O! O! my poor instrument, if any thing should happen you!'

"So, sir, the prince was ordered up, and the Gubbaun gave him all kinds of directions how to carry it, and towld him where he 'd get it, 'in the big chest, over the chimney-piece.'

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"The next day the prince set out, and took but one companion with him; and who should that be but his younger brother, a young lad that wished for some divarsion—and the two only thought it a pleasant ride.

"In a few days they reached the Gubbaun's cottage, and when Boofun's wife saw them coming, she was sure something was wrong. Some of her people were in the house, but she bundled them out; 'Be ready, though,' says she, 'for fear I'd want you, but leave those lads to me.' So they came in, and the prince saluted her most kindly, towld her who he was, and begged lave to put up his horse. Then she asked him 'how her husband and the Gubbaun were?' But he gave her a full account of all I've told you, as far as he knew. 'But, ma'am,' says the prince, very gracious intirely, 'there is an instrument that the Gubbaun can't do without, that he wants to polish the stones,' says he, 'and my father's so fond of them both,' says he, 'that he would n't let him or Boofun home,' says he, 'and the Gubbaun would n't let any common fellow come, for fear he'd break it, and so I'm sent to ask you for it.'

"'And plaze your highness,' says she, 'what may be the name of this instrument? for he left so many afther him here, in that terrible big chest over the chimney-piece, that raylly I don't know which it could be.'

"'Ah! sure enough,' he said, 'it was in the big chest,' says the prince, 'and the name of it is—let me see, I dare say you know it ma'am—the khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun.'

"'O, yes, your highness!' says she, 'I know the twists upon twists, and tricks upon tricks very well, and a very fine, useful kind of instrument it is, as you 'll soon see. I do n't know whether I 'll be able to get it out av the chist or not, but if I'm not able, you can do it aisy, for you 're a fine, tall young man, and may you live long!' says she. So she got up on a chair and tried, and all she could reach was the lid av the chest. Then she put another chair on that one, and tried again, but she could only get her hand a little way in, and, says she, 'O, the lid's mighty heavy! but do you try, and I'm sure you 'll bring it, for I can just reach it; I can almost feel it.' So the prince fell to laughin', and mounted on the chairs in no time, and opened the big lid av the chest, and looked in, while she gave the sly wink to one of her brothers.

"'O!' says the prince, 'but it 's very deep! I can't see the bottom av it yet, it 's so dark,' says he; 'get a candle.'

"'O, no!' says she, 'creep down, your highness; the instrument is quite at the bottom, I 'm sure,' says she. 'Now,' says she to her brother, 'when I say *you're very near it*, catch a howlt av his legs, and bundle him into the chest.' Now the prince's brother all this time was ayten some bread and milk, and never suspected a ha'porth.

"'O, ma'am,' says the prince, 'I *can't* reach it,' says he, bendin' over, and balancin' his body on the edge av the chist, 'is it here at all?' says he.

"'O, you're very near it now!' says she. And, sir, in a minute they had him doubled up an' pitched into the chest, and caught a howlt of the young brother and tied him neck and heels.

"'Ha! ha! what your highness asked for, you got,' says she. 'In all your life now, did you ever see a finer trick or a nicer twist? Faix! I think it was a rale trick upon trick, and a twist upon twist! Your brother may go back now, as quick as he likes, and tell his father that as soon as the Gubbaun is done polishin' the statues, we 'll be very glad to see him back, and Boofun too, and we 'll take iligant care of yourself until he comes; it was a good messenger he found to go for the khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun. That 's a fine fellow,' says she, (to the young chap,) 'pelt away home, and when we see the Gubbaun and Boofun in view of this house, we 'll release your brother; but mind me! if they are not in this house within one week from this day, your father will never see the prince again!'

"So he rode home, tearin' over the roads like mad, and as soon as he was gone, sir, she had the prince taken out av the chest, (for he was a'most smothered,) and took him up the mountains in hide, and fed him well, and took care av him.

"But O! your honor, how can I tell you how mad the king was, when he saw the *hare* that the Gubbaun had made av him, and how he would n't spake a word all day, but cursin'. However, next mornin' he considered that after all it was useless to fret, and that no time must be lost, or he'd lose the prince.

"So he put a good face on the business, and called the Gubbaun and Boofun to him, but took great care to explain to the Gubbaun how he did n't mean to harm him, and all that, and they say that kings and sich like people were always tolerable good hands at the *blarney*. And he paid them all their full amount of wages, and made them presents, and sent to the stables, and had two of the most splindid hunters that could be found saddled and bridled, and gave them to them.

"Well! they set out, and were n't long till they got home, and glad and thankful they were for their great escape; and to be sure Boofun's wife was proud indeed to see them, and she went and had the prince brought down, and the Gubbaun invited all his friends, and a great intertainment was prepared in honor of his return, and in honor of the prince.

"In the evening, or rather the morning of the next day, the prince asked leave to take his departure, but the Gubbaun would n't let him go till he had written a letter to the king, and I think this was the letter:—

"'*May it plaze your majesty*—I returned here quite safe, but I can't let his highness the prince off without returnin' you many thousand thanks for all you have done for me. You have made a family comfortable and happy for life, and, by my trowel and hammer, I will forever pray for your majesty's reverence! However, plaze your majesty, *the instrument I have safe here*, which the prince was n't able to *make out*; and in all my expayrience I never yet met with one that answered my purpose better than the Khur eneln khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun.

THE GUBBAUN SEARE.'"

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EDITH MAURICE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

How many beautiful, lovely-minded women do we meet in society, who are united, by marriage contract, with men whose tastes, habits and characters, cannot but be in every way uncongenial. And on the other hand, how often do we see the finest specimens of men unequally joined to women who seem to have no true appreciation of what is really excellent in morals or social life. The reason for such inequality is very apparent to all who observe with any intelligence. The affinities which govern among those who enter life's dazzling arena, are, in most cases, external instead of internal. Accomplishment, personal appearance, and family connections, are more considered than qualities of the heart. Beauty, wit, station and wealth, are the standards of value, while real merit is not thought of or fondly believed to exist as a natural internal correspondent of the external attractions so pleasant to behold. In this false and superficial mode of estimating character lies the bane of domestic happiness. Deceived by the merest externals, young persons come together and enter into the holiest relation of life, to discover, alas! in a few years, that there exists no congeniality of taste, no mutual appreciation of what is excellent and desirable in life, and, worse than all, no mutual affection, based upon clearly seen qualities of the mind. Unhappiness always follows this sad discovery, and were it not for the love of children, which has come in to save them, hundreds and thousands, who, in the eyes of the world, appear to live happily together, would be driven angrily asunder.

Aunt Esther, whose own experience in life, confirmed by much observation, made the evil here indicated as clear as noonday to her perceptions, saw the error of her beautiful niece, Edith, in courting rather than shunning observation while in society.

"You wrong yourself, dear," she would often say, "by this over carefulness about external appearance. You attract those who see but little below the surface, while the really excellent and truly intelligent avoid instead of seeking your society."

"Would you have me careless about my appearance, aunt?" Edith would sometimes say, in reply to these suggestions.

"By no means." Aunt Esther would reply. "A just regard to what is appropriate in externals marks the woman of true taste and right feelings. But you go beyond this."

"Then I violate the principles of taste in dressing."

"I will not say that you do very broadly. Most persons would affirm that you display a fine taste, and in using the word display would express my objection. I think a woman infringes good taste when she so arrays herself as to attract attention to her dress."

"As I do?"

"Yes, Edith, as you do. If you disguise from yourself the fact that you both love and seek admiration for personal appearance, you do not do so from others—at least not from me."

Aunt Esther did not wrong her neice by this judgment. It was Edith's weakness to love admiration; and what we love we naturally seek. Without actually infringing the laws of taste and harmony, she yet managed to dress in a style that always attracted the eye, and set off her really fine person in the most imposing manner. The consequence was that she had many admirers, some of whom were elegant and attractive young men. But none of these were drawn to the side of Edith from a love of her moral beauty. It was the beauty of her person, the fascination of her manners, and the sparkle of her wit, that made her an object of admiration.

Edith had a friend whom she dearly loved; a sweet, gentle, true-hearted girl, named Mary Graham. Those who were dazzled by an imposing appearance, passed Mary with indifference; but the few who could perceive the violet's odor by the wayside, as they moved along through life, sought her company, and found, in the heart of a loving woman, more of beauty and delight than she ever gives as a creature of show and admiration.

Different as they were, in many respects, Edith and Mary were alike in the possession of deep affections. Both loved what was pure and good; but, while one had an instinctive power of looking beneath the glittering surface, the other was easily deceived by appearances. While one shrunk from observation, the other courted attentions. The consequence was, that Edith had hosts of admirers, while only the discriminating few lingered near the retiring Mary. The one was admired for what she appeared to be, the other was loved for what she was.

Two young men, entirely dissimilar in character, yet thrown together as friends, by circumstances, met one evening, when one of them, whose name was Ashton, said to the other,

"Erskine! I met a glorious creature last night—a perfect Hebe!"

"Ah! Who is she?"

"Her name is Edith Maurice."

"She's a showy girl, certainly."

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"Showy! She's a magnificent woman, Erskine. And so you've met her?"

"A few times."

"Were you not enchanted?"

"No. Your glorious creatures never turn my brain."

"You're an anchorite."

"Far from it. I delight in all things lovely; and, above all, in the presence of a lovely woman."

"A lovelier woman than Edith Maurice *I* have not seen for a twelvemonth."

"Though I have."

"You have, indeed!"

"I think so. She has a friend, named Mary Graham, whom *I* think far more interesting."

"Pray introduce me."

"I will, when opportunity offers."

Not long afterward an introduction took place, and Ashton spent a short time in the company of Mary Graham.

"That's your lovely woman," said the young man to his friend, in a tone of contempt, when they next met.

"To me she is exceedingly interesting," returned Erskine.

"Interesting! A duller piece of human ware it has not been my fortune to meet for these dozen years. I should say she has no soul."

"There you are mistaken. She is all soul."

"All soul! If you want to see a woman all soul, look at Edith Maurice."

"All body, you mean," replied Erskine, smiling.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Ashton.

"All external. It is rather the beauty of person than the beauty of soul that you see in Edith; but, in Mary, every tone and motion but expresses some modification of the true beauty that lies within. Edith bursts upon you like a meteor; but Mary comes forth as Hesperus, scarcely seen at first, but shining with a purer and brighter light the more intently you gaze upon her."

"Not a meteor, my dear fellow," replied Ashton. "I repudiate that comparison. Edith is another Sirius, flashing on the eyes with an ever-varying, yet strong and beautiful light. As for your evening stars, with their unimpassioned way of shining—their steady, planet-like, orderly fashion of sending forth their rays—I never had any fancy for them."

"Every one to his taste," said Erskine. "As for me, I like true beauty—the beauty of the mind and heart."

"Oh, as for that," returned Ashton, lightly, "let people go in for hearts who understand such matters. I don't profess to know much about them. But I can appreciate, ay, and love a magnificent woman like Edith Maurice. You can have Mary Graham, and welcome; *I* will never cross your path."

From this time Ashton became the undisguised admirer of Edith. The young man was handsome, well educated, and had a winning address; yet, for all this, there was something about him from which the pure-minded girl at first shrunk. Erskine she sometimes met; and whenever she happened to be thrown into his company, she was charmed with his manners, and interested in his conversation. Unobtrusive as he was, she admired him more than any man she had yet seen. But the showy exterior of Edith had from the eyes of Erskine her real worth. He looked upon her as vain, fond of admiration, and of course, as possessing little heart—and turned from her to find a congenial spirit in her friend Mary. Had Erskine sought to win the favor of Edith, a man like Ashton would have proved no rival. But Erskine evinced no disposition to show her any thing more than ordinary polite attentions, and with an inward sigh, she suffered the heart which shrunk at first with instinctive repugnance, to turn with its affections toward Ashton.

Vain with the thought of having so imposing and beautiful a woman as Edith for a wife, Ashton did not stop to inquire whether there was a relative fitness for mutual happiness, but pressed his suit with ardor, and won her consent before the half-bewildered girl had time for reflection. Friends, who understood the character of the young man, interposed their influence to save Edith from a connection that promised little for the future; but their interposition came too late. She was betrothed, and neither could nor would listen to a word against the man with whom she had chosen to cast her lot in life.

A brilliant and beautiful girl, Edith was led to the altar by one, who, as a man, was her equal in external attractions; but he was far from possessing her pure, true, loving heart. It did not take many months to lift the veil that had fallen before the eyes of Edith. Gradually the quality of her husband's mind began to manifest itself—and sad, indeed, was her spirit, at times, when these manifestations were more distinct than usual.

The experience of a single year was painful in the extreme. The young wife not only found herself neglected, but treated with what she felt to be direct unkindness. She had discovered that her husband was selfish; and though, to the world, he showed a polished exterior, she had found him wanting in the finer feelings she had fondly believed him to possess. Moreover, he was a mere sensualist, than which nothing is more revolting to a pure-minded woman. External attractions had brought them together, but these had failed to unite them as one.

No wonder that, in such a marriage, a few years robbed the cheeks of Edith of their roundness and bloom, and her eyes of their beautiful light. Those who met her, no longer remarked upon her loveliness, but rather spoke of the great change so short a period had wrought. A certain respect for himself caused Ashton to assume the appearance of kindness toward his wife, when any one was present; but at other times he manifested the utmost indifference. They had three children, and love for these held them in a state of mutual toleration and forbearance.

Ill health was the understood reason for the change in Edith's manner and appearance. Few, if any,

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knew the real cause. Few imagined that the fountain of her affections had become sealed, or only poured forth its waters to sink in an arid soil. In society she made an effort to be companionable and cheerful for the sake of others; and at home, with her children, she strove to be the same. But, oh! what a weary, hopeless life she led; and but for the love of her little ones, she would have died.

Mary Graham was united to Mr. Erskine, shortly after the union of Edith with Mr. Ashton—and it was a true marriage. A just appreciation of internal qualities had drawn them together, and these proved, as they ever do, permanent bonds.

Mary and Edith had retained a tender regard for each other, and met frequently. But in all their intercourse, with true womanly delicacy, Edith avoided all allusion to her own unhappy state, although there were times when her heart longed to unburden itself to one so truly a sympathizing friend.

One evening—it was ten years from the time of Edith's marriage—her husband came home in his usual cold and indifferent way; and while they sat at the tea-table, something that she said excited his anger, and he replied in most harsh and cutting words. This was no unusual thing. But it so happened that Edith's feelings were less under her control than usual, and she answered the unkindness with a gush of tears. This only tended to irritate her unfeeling husband, who said, in a sneering tone,

"A woman's tears don't lie very deep. But it's lost time to use them on me. I'll go where I can meet cheerful faces."

And then rising from the table, he put on his hat and left the house to spend his evening, as usual, in more congenial society.

Edith dried her tears as best she could, and going to her chamber, sought, by an effort of reason, to calm her agitated feelings. But such an effort for a woman, under such circumstances, must, as in this case, ever be fruitless. Calmness of spirit only comes after a more passionate overflow of grief. When this had subsided, Edith remembered that she had promised Mrs. Erskine, who lived only two or three doors away, to come in and spend the evening. Had she consulted her feelings now, she would have remained at home, but as she would be expected, she rallied her spirits as much as was in her power, and then went in to join her friend.

How different was the home of Mary to that of Edith. Mutual love reigned there. The very atmosphere was redolent of domestic bliss. Mr. Erskine was away when Edith joined Mary, and they sat and talked together for an hour before he returned. A short time before Edith intended going home, he came in, with his ever cheerful face, and after greeting her cordially, turned to his wife, and spoke in a voice so full of tenderness and affection, that Edith felt her heart flutter and the tears steal unbidden to her eyes. It was so different from the way her husband spoke. The contrast caused her to feel more deeply, if possible, than ever, her own sad, heart-wrung lot.

Rising suddenly, for she felt that she was losing the control of her feelings, Edith excused herself, and hastily retired. Mary saw that something had affected her friend, and, with a look, made her husband comprehend the fact also. He remained in the drawing-room, while Mary passed with Edith into the hall, where they paused for a moment, looking into each other's faces. Neither said a word, but Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her friend, and sobbed passionately.

"What is it that pains you, Edith?" Mary asked, in a low, tender voice, as soon as her friend had wept herself into calmness.

Edith raised her face, now pale and composed, and pushing back with her hand a stray ringlet that had fallen over her cheek, said, with a forced but sad smile,

"Forgive my weakness, dear—I could not help it. A full heart will at times run over. But, good-night—good-night!"

And Edith hurried away.

A few years more and the history of a hopeless, weary life was closed. Is the moral of this history hard to read? No; all may comprehend it.

STANZAS.

Vain our hopes with pleasure glowing,
  False the light ambition burns,
Swift the tide of time is flowing,
  And the dial quickly turns.

Mark the flowers how they wither,
  As the north winds pass them by,
And the sparrow passing thither
  At the falcon's luring cry:

So our movements straight are bearing
  Courses to the silent grave,
All alike its terrors sharing,
  E'en the monarch and the slave.

From its verge there's no retreating,
  Wayward, helpless masses throng;
Nature's wheels are still repeating
  Revolutions swift and strong.

Onward with the current rushing
  Atoms and their kindred blend;
Worlds to dust in fragments crushing,
  As they proximate the end.

Thus all things, in perfect keeping,
  Point direct to that dread day
When the trump shall wake the sleeping,
  And this orb shall fade away:

When the planets wildly rolling,
  As by Heaven's fierce lightnings hurled,
Thunders deep, like curfew's tolling
  Requiems of the dying world:

Then shall join, in quick succession,
  Stars, celestial bodies, all,
Form the trembling, vast procession
  At their Maker's final call.

S. S. HONSON.

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A DAY OR TWO IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[It is related of Justin Martyr that, while a young man, walking upon a certain occasion on the seashore near Alexandria, and meditating doubtfully on the immortality of the soul, he met a stranger of venerable appearance, who accosted him, and discovering the subject of his thoughts, revealed to him the doctrines of the Gospel on that subject. Justin shortly after embraced Christianity—became one of the brightest ornaments of the church—and suffered martyrdom at Rome, at a very advanced age. From this text the following sketch was produced, which may be considered rather as a fanciful outline of what might have befallen any Christian in the days of Rome's fierce domination, than as faithfully following the history of any real personage.]

CHAPTER I.

The sun was setting over the wide waste of sand which surrounded the ancient city of the great Alexander. The sultry heat of a summer day was beginning to give place to a refreshing coolness. All was calm and still—the bustle of the mighty city, faintly heard in the distance, seemed to enhance the quiet of the solitary shore upon which walked one alone and in deep thought. He was a man in his youthful prime, but clad in the grave robes of one devoted to the study of philosophy, and his face was marked with the lines of much thought and study. Sometimes he moved slowly on, his eyes fixed on the sand which the retiring tide had left a firm and even footing. Anon he paused to look at the play of the little waves, as they came murmuring in, and curled their light foam over the last traces of his footsteps. Far as the eye could reach, the blue waters of the Mediterranean spread themselves, scarcely agitated by the faint breeze, and reflecting, in a long line of undulating light, the glory of the setting sun. As the bright luminary sunk, the eye of the wanderer rested on it, and a shade of deep melancholy gathered over his face.

"Another day thou hast fulfilled thy task, O sun! and done thy Maker's bidding—again thou hidest thyself in the ocean's bosom, to arise to-morrow with renewed splendor. Thou art no enigma, to give the lie to all the conclusions of philosophy. Clear as thy light is the purpose for which thou wast hung on high; steady as thy Maker's will is thy bright obedience. *Thou* fulfillest thy destiny—but man, man—I and such as I—alas! we but resemble these useless waves which foam out their little moment and vanish on the barren sand. Alas! shall it never be that we shall find a solution of the mystery of our being? How aimless, how useless, appears our existence. Confined to this narrow stage, how vain are our mighty energies, our inexhaustible wishes, our infinite hopes. Where now," he exclaimed, as turning to retrace his steps, his eye was caught by the towers and temples of the distant city, lit by the sun with transitory splendor, "where now is the mighty hero who founded yonder city? He is gone forever from the stage of being, as little regarded or remembered as the dust which the hurrying crowd tramples in its streets. O for some certainty, some assurance that this life is not *all;* that hereafter permitted to awake from the sleep of death, man shall yet fill a part worthy of his mighty spirit, shall yet find in infinite perfection an object on which to expend those treasures of thought and feeling which corrode hidden here in his heart, or are wasted on idols as vain as yonder vapor which rises from the sea."

Absorbed in meditation, he had not perceived until now that another was approaching, walking at a slow pace along the margin of the sea. As the stranger came nearer, the young philosopher could not avoid observing him with interest. He was apparently very aged. Long locks of white hair streamed on his shoulders and mingled with the hair of a beard equally as white. His robe was arranged with careful soberness, and in his hand he carried a staff, though his erect and firm figure did not seem to need its support. In his clear, bright eye, his ruddy cheek and benign expression, appeared intelligence, health and goodness, all the beauty of a green old age, all the charm of the fully ripened autumn of life. As they drew nearer each other, the stranger looked earnestly on the young philosopher, who regarded him with increasing interest.

"Dost thou know me, my son," said the old man, at length, "that thou lookest on me so earnestly?"

The young man bowed reverently as he answered.

"No, father; but I wondered to see one like thee here at such an hour."

"I am here," replied the stranger, "to meet one who promised to be with me at this place. But what, my son, brings thee to this lonely spot, when yonder busy city is thronged with whatsoever can minister to pleasure or the thirst of knowledge?"

"It is therefore I am here; for it is when alone with the great Author of Nature, among his works, that we can best seek that highest wisdom which is learned only by meditating on His nature and the end of our being. The fountains of divine philosophy may be found even here in the cold sea-sand."

"Alas! my son, and if they be, of what avail shalt thou find them? The sand upon which the showers descend vainly for centuries, is not more barren nor more unstable than that philosophy of which thou makest thy boast."

"I boast not—I am but a seeker after Truth."

"Ay, so say all you philosophers; but what profit shalt thou have of that truth which cannot be practiced in life, nor console thee at death?"

"My father, it was but now that I lamented to myself my own useless and aimless existence, and

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the vanity of those speculations wherewith we strive in vain to pierce the mystery of our being. There are moments when that foundation of reason on which I build my hopes of eternal life seems to shift beneath my feet, as unstable as this sand; when life and its purposes, death and its consequences, seem to me a mystery more unfathomable than yonder sea. What assurance have I that my existence will not terminate like that of the beasts which perish? What certainty that, with my mortal frame, this spirit which I feel within me shall not also die and disappear forever? It is true, there are many probabilities that the soul is immortal, nature and reason seem alike to teach that it is so, but still I have no assurance, still that mighty hope at times seems vain, often it is eclipsed entirely, and my soul is shrouded in darkness."

"My son, what wouldst thou give to one who could give thee an assurance, a positive certainty, that thy hopes of immortality are not vain?"

"Did there exist one able to give me that assurance I would deem the devotion of my whole life a poor return for so vast a blessing. But thou mockest me with so vain a hope. No created being is able to give me such assurance, or is worthy of belief did he promise it. No—the great Maker of my spirit alone can reveal to me if it be immortal; but where shall I seek him to ask for that revelation? He is to be found only in his own works, and I can but go back to that school, and strive by meditation on Him to strengthen my spirit in the only faith which gives any value to life."

The stranger regarded the young man with a long and wistful gaze.

"Wouldst thou believe me, my son, were I to tell thee that I possess that assurance? that I am as firmly convinced of my existence after death, as I am that I am now a living, breathing man? that I feel an absolute certainty that you and I will meet, immortal spirits, before the throne of God, who is the Judge of all men?"

The young philosopher smiled mournfully, regarding the aged man with a look of affectionate pity.

"Thou thinkest now that this is delusion, but it is a truth, a hope full of immortality. Listen, my son; has God left himself without a witness of his own existence? Is it not written on the heavens and on the earth in characters as clear as the light that he is, and that his hand hath made all these things? Behold the sun which performs his daily task so perfectly, the stars which write all over the heavens the story of God's glory. Go forth into the field and behold his work. See him preparing the bright cloud, which the winds gently upheave, from whose bosom drops the softening shower—how richly the grass springs in the valley—how the golden grain steals splendor from the sunbeam which has smiled on it so long—how his hand is ever at work providing for the wants of his creatures, and ever reminding men by this silent ministry that he is the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift. If God hath so clearly revealed the great truth of his own existence, is it not reasonable to suppose that he hath in like manner revealed to man that truth concerning his own destiny which it is most important for him to know?"

"That it is, indeed," replied the young philosopher, "on which we build our hopes. It is reasonable, and it may be hoped that God will yet make such a revelation—but, alas! it is only a hope."

"My son, my son, it is no longer a faint, uncertain hope, it is a matter of perfect certainty, and if thou wilt abide by my words thou wilt find it so, and it shall give thee, after a season, a peace past all understanding. If thou wilt but submit thyself to God's teaching thou shalt no longer grope as the blind at noonday, but a light above the brightness of the heavens shall shine into thy soul."

The young man bowed his head, and crossed his arms upon his breast, as he sadly replied, "God's teaching—but where, O, my father, may it be found, save where I have vainly sought—among his works?"

The old man, without reply, drew a manuscript from his bosom, and laying his hand on the arm of the other they walked forward together over the smooth sand, while he read aloud high and burning words, which the ear of his companion drank eagerly in. Upon that silent shore, in the still evening air, arose that clear voice, uttering to the astonished sense of the young heathen philosopher the argument of Paul the Apostle, in which he persuades the Corinthians of the resurrection of the dead. He read on and the other listened as one in a dream, and the sun had gone down over the wide sea and outspread sands where they walked alone, and one silver star came forth in the west, the lovely Vesper, and looked at its image in the quiet wave, as the old man read, with tears which would not be restrained, the mighty conclusion, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

CHAPTER II.

Behold another scene in the shifting panorama of a life. In a poor and humble chamber, on a mean couch, lay one dying. It is evening, and he is alone. Fearfully sounds the gasping breath and the low moan, terrible is the look cast upward in anguish. The hurrying tread of the busy multitude is heard without, the sound of music and merry voices, and trampling of steeds and rattling of wheels, and still he lies there alone. He is aged and poor, and his kindred have forsaken him, for the heathen creed taught nothing better than the leaving such as he to struggle alone with the last enemy. The light of evening waxes fainter and fainter, and now a step is heard on the threshold, and a form enters, dimly seen in the fading twilight. It is the same we beheld on the seashore hearkening to the words of eternal life. The seed there sown germinated soon under the culture of that faithful teacher. In that heart it found a good soil, and it sprung up, and bore fruits manifold of faith and temperance and heavenly wisdom. That divine word taught him to seek his suffering fellow mortals and minister to their necessities. This was not his first visit to this poor dying man,

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and he was welcomed even now with joy and gratitude. How gently did he smooth the pillow, how tenderly support the sinking frame, how kindly bathe the brow and wet the parched lips. Philosophy had not taught him this. O, no! occupied in high meditation, she swept past the couch of suffering humanity; "commercing with the skies," she forgot that man's mission is to his fellow man, and that his life's business is to do, not altogether to think. Christ had taught this young disciple a new, a different and a better lesson; and he sat there now, patient and humble beside the dying man, regarding him, not as an atom, soon to be swept from an aimless existence, but as an immortal spirit shaking off encumbering clay and preparing for a new and glorious state of being. With his own hands the young Christian lighted the little rude lamp which hung from the ceiling, and sat down on a low stool by the bed-side, and drawing a manuscript from the folds of his robe, read aloud the same hallowed words he had first heard on the sea-shore in the still twilight of a summer evening long past away. Sometimes he paused to add a word of comment or explanation, and when he had finished reading, he kneeled down to pray. He was famed even then in the schools of philosophy. He had been the envy of his fellow-disciples in the academic grove for his profound wisdom and various learning. But had one of those fellow-students stood there and beheld him, he would have scorned him. He kneeled on the stone-floor. The dim light of the lamp fell on his bowed head and long, dark robe, and lit faintly the couch of the dying beggar. The only sounds to be heard were the voice of earnest, heart-felt prayer, and the quick breathing which told that life was ebbing fast with him for whom that prayer was offered with trembling accents and tears fast falling. But, ah! there was a presence there better than philosophy, greater than Plato, holier than Socrates, "higher than the kings of the earth," even of Him "that sitteth on the circle of the heavens," and saith "To this man will I look—even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

The whole night through the young Christian was a patient watcher by the bed of death. Once he had wasted the midnight oil in the study of vain wisdom and false philosophy, utterly forgetful that thousands lay all about him perishing in ignorance and misery. Now how rich was his reward when the glazing eye opened with a gleam of intelligence, and the pale lips murmured the sweet hope of pardon, or strove to frame the language of some remembered promise from the word of God. The noise of the great city had long ago subsided. Solemn, indeed, was the stillness; and the spirit of that faithful watcher almost quailed when the King of Terrors laid hold of his victim with the last, inexorable grasp. Long did he struggle in that savage hold with agony not to be described. At last it was over, and he lay calm and scarcely breathing. The beams of the cold, pale dawn stole in and dimmed "the ineffectual fire," of the lamp, as the young man bent over that form to ascertain if life yet lingered in it. As he did so the dying eyes opened. How full of consolation was that look! He pressed the hand that still held his; a faint, sweet smile stole over his face, and he whispered in a tone so low that the eager ear of the listener could scarcely catch it. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!" They were the last words. As the golden sun rose once more to light the towers and temples of the city, he sent one rich beam into that humble chamber. The Christian was alone with the dead now. He had composed the body in decent order with his own hands, and reverently covered it over. The face was still visible, but no distortion was there; the lips were gently closed, and the eyes, as if in slumber; the white locks fell quietly down over the hollow temples and wasted cheeks, and over all was written the fulfillment of the promise, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." Awful is the presence of Death always; and when he has set his seal on the aged servant of God, there is a holiness there which every human spirit must bow down before. No matter how rude the form, how coarse the features—with his plastic hand he moulds them into lines of superhuman grandeur. He robs the face of the hues of life, and it becomes as pure as marble. He touches the white hair, and it falls into beautiful repose. He breathes on the distorted brow and smoothes every wrinkle. We know that the messenger who has wrought this wondrous change is none other than the servant of God, that he is the last commissioned of the ministering spirits to the earthly tabernacle, that he hath no more that he can do, and he compels us to look on his handiwork and stand in awe.

Long did the young Christian gaze on the face of the dead with solemn thoughts and unuttered prayers—not, indeed, for the departed spirit, for he knew that with that his business was accomplished and over for ever—but for himself, that his latter end might be such. His thoughts, not unnaturally, went forward into the distant future, and speculated on his own dying hour, and he wondered what might be its accompaniments. He prayed that it might be as peaceful as this he had just witnessed, that he might descend into the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe; that he might lie down with the sweet consciousness that his work was done, and his reward sure. With no unhallowed curiosity did he strive to pierce the future, but had some evil genius been permitted at that moment to lift the veil which hid his own death-scene, how would he have shrunk and shuddered, and his yet young faith fainted in the contemplation.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright, busy day in Imperial Rome. Never had her resplendent sun shone more brightly on her marble palaces, her gorgeous temples, her lovely groves and gardens. The scented air stole in through open windows, where sat secluded lovely damsels and noble matrons; and it wantoned, too, over humbler homes, where little children played and sung and shouted joyously. It fanned the cheek of the

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pale student, as he paced the lonely grove in silent meditation, and lightly touched the troubled brow of the orator as he took his way to the forum. It wooed the captive, in his cell, to dream of freedom and long-remembered home. In the streets were heard quick footsteps, and loud, merry voices. Traffic went on in the crowded mart, and pleasure was pursued in the luxurious halls of the noble. Here, flower-crowned guests reclined at the banquet, listening to sweet music, while yonder the squalid miser counted his gold, and there a fair young mother smiled upon her children. Just the same passions crowded into human hearts that day, just the same delusions were followed, the same pleasures felt, and the same griefs deplored on that bright day in Imperial Rome, as now agitate, or delight, or torture us who have beheld that great city a living tomb.

While all this went on in the fresh air and sunshine of a summer-day, far down, beneath the earth which upheld the city, were other and sadder sights. In those terrible caverns, which run in veins of darkness under its foundations, which travelers now fearfully explore by torch-light, human beings, guilty of no crime but that of bearing the name of Christians, were shut up, expecting, hoping no release until summoned to a frightful death. In a solitary cell, small, damp and noisome, lighted by a dim lamp, an aged man sat alone. It is easy to picture to ourselves the hideous gloom, the walls sweating unwholesome vapors, the oppressive thickness of the air, never stirred by a fresh breath from heaven, the jar of water and mouldy crust, the miserable garments, the pallid face and emaciated form of a prisoner in such a place. It is less easy to guess what might be the thoughts of one sitting there in expectation of an instant summons to execution. More than seventy years had laid their weight upon him. His hair was quite white, but his eye was bright and beaming, his whole countenance informed with a noble, thoughtful expression, and beautified, despite of man's cruelty, with benevolence. It was plainly to be seen that only the outer tabernacle of the spirit was suffering and declining, while that within was burning brighter and higher as the mortal part drew toward extinction. He knows that his days are numbered, but he meditates peacefully on the change which awaits him. He knows that his death will be painful and ignominious, but he knows not yet the exact manner of it—at least, it will be the end of his long course, and then remain only the reward and rest. He has now nearly arrived at a long-desired period, and he finds all the sweetness of that immortal hope which first dawned upon his soul on the sea-shore beside far-distant Alexandria. It seems as if that glorious faith could only be known in its perfection of consolation in such a dungeon, and awaiting such a doom; and promise after promise from the word of God comes upon his memory, making that living grave "all glorious within." Yea, it will be a blessed change. To-day he will be done forever with sin and sorrow, and to-morrow he will be "where the wicked cease from troubling." To-day he will take farewell of a world lying in wickedness, and to-morrow will behold him a companion of "just men made perfect." To-day he will quit his dungeon and miserable garments, and wear to-morrow a crown of glory and robes of righteousness.

As these promises and hopes crowded upon his mind, his meditation was disturbed by a long, low, sullen roar, which seemed to shake the ground he rested on. He started up with anguish and terror in his face. He listened. Again it came, distincter than before, with a sharper, deeper cadence. He shuddered visibly, and his face grew paler in the dim light, and large drops of sweat broke out upon his forehead. The third time it was repeated, and then all was silent. He listened long, with strained ear and eye, which seemed to pierce his dungeon walls; but he heard no more. He sunk back, and covering his face prayed in an agony. Now, too well he knew what was to be his doom. He had heard the voice of his executioner. It was the desert lion roaring for his prey. Now he remembered that in these caverns were confined the Christians reserved for martyrdom, and, in still lower cells, the wild beasts to which they were to be surrendered in the bloody amphitheatre. It is no wonder that mortal terror, for a season, took possession of the soul of the aged Christian. He shrunk with unutterable horror when he thought of the savage beast, rendered fiercer by protracted hunger; of the crowded amphitheatre, the gazing eyes, the exulting shouts, the unpitying human hearts. It was long before he could bring himself to look beyond these and upward to Him who sat enthroned on high and watched tenderly the falling sparrow. He was a Christian hero, but he was also a man. His sensitive human frame, his natural human will shuddered and revolted at the execution of this frightful doom, and it was not until hours had passed, and he had wrestled mightily in prayer, that he learned to contemplate it calmly. Then great consolations were vouchsafed him; his crown glittered bright before him; the passage to death was shown him as short, though terrible, the hereafter, long, long and glorious, even glory forever and ever. Above all he was shown the cross; and, O, how inexpressibly dear was the Lord who hung there; and how sweet was that most beautiful of all the promises, "God himself shall wipe away all tears."

It needs not to tell how his furious jailors burst in upon his solitude. How they dragged him to the arena. How, when the blindness from the intolerable sunlight had passed, he beheld the crowded rank on rank of eager spectators, and heard the shout which greeted a fresh victim. He looked upward to the clear, blue sky, where soft, lovely clouds floated here and there, and he inhaled the sweet, elastic air. There was the usual offer of reprieve, pardon, life, at the cost of a single act of idolatry. There was heard at the same instant, the savage roar of the hungry lion, now kept near in waiting for his prey. There was the shout of triumph when that last offer was refused, calmly, contemptuously. Then he quickly found himself alone in the vast arena. Other victims had been there before

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him. He saw the blood, hastily and slightly covered —he looked round once more: alas! there was no human eye to pity, and no hand to spare. With a bound the mighty beast was in the arena, and close upon him.

It was soon over. This was the conclusion of the day's spectacle, and plebeian and patrician Romans were on their way homeward, talking of this and that, merrily, carelessly; and the so lately crowded Amphitheatre was solitary and deserted. But the sun, with his mighty eye, looked down upon the guilty spot, and his hot beam drank up a portion of the fresh blood, and the winds of heaven sighed round it, and the clouds came and cast their shadows over it; and centuries have passed since then, and still the sun and winds and clouds have gone about it, day after day, and still the eye of God beholds, and its dumb walls and crumbling arches cry aloud for vengeance.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. X.

THE RAIL. (*Rallus.* LINNÆUS.)

TAKEN altogether, the generic characters of the several kinds of Rail may be stated to be as follows: the bill longer than the head, straight or slightly curved, compressed at the base, and cylindrical toward the tips, the upper mandible channeled, the nostrils opening longitudinally at the base of the bill in the grooves, open through and through, but in part closed with membrane; legs very stout, bare of feathers to some distance above the tarsal joints, with three long toes to the front and one to the rear, articulated on the tarsus, the front toes free or divided to their bases; the wings of mean length and rounded, the first quill being shorter than the second, and the third and fourth the longest in the wing.

The Clapper Rail, or Mud Hen, is one of the most remarkable, and like its relative, the Cornerake of England, makes its note heard all the night long. It is fourteen inches in length and eighteen in the stretch of the wings; the bill is two inches and a quarter long, slightly bent, and of a reddish-brown color; the upper part is black, and streaked with dull brown; the chin and streak over the eye are brownish-white; the fore neck and breast are reddish-brown; the flanks and vent black, with white tips to the feathers; the coverts of the wings are dark chestnut-brown, and the tail-feathers and quills dusky, without any margins; the legs are dull brown, and the irides dark red. This species is very common, during the summer, through all the latitudes of the United States, keeping near the sea-coast, as it prefers the salt marshes to the waters of the interior. It is a very noisy bird, especially during the night and before rain, which are, of course, the times when the *mollusca crustacea*, and other small animals, upon which it feeds in the marshes, are in the greatest activity, and most easy to be obtained.

Wilson's account of the casualties to which it is exposed in the breeding season, is so graphic, that we shall in part quote it. "About the twentieth of May," he says, "they usually begin building and laying at the same time; the first egg being usually dropped in a slight cavity lined with a little dry grass pressed for the purpose, which, as the eggs increase to their usual complement, is gradually added to till it rises to the height of twelve inches or more, doubtless to secure it from the rising of the tides. Over this the long, salt grass is artfully arched, to conceal it from the view above; but this very circumstance enables the experienced egg-hunter to distinguish the spot at the distance of thirty or forty yards, though imperceptible to a common eye. The eggs are of a pale clay color, sprinkled with small spots of dark red, and measure somewhat more than an inch and a half in length by an inch in breadth, being rather obtuse at the small end. These eggs are delicious eating, far surpassing those of the domestic hen. The height of laying is about the first of June, when the people of the neighborhood go to the marshes *an egging*, as it is so called. So abundant are the nests of this species, and so dexterous some persons at finding them, that one hundred dozen of eggs have been collected by one man in a day. At this time the crows, the mink, and the foxes, come in for their share, but, not content with the eggs, these last often seize and devour the parents also. The bones, feathers, wings, &c., of the poor mud hen lie in heaps by the hole of the mink, by which circumstance, however, he himself is often detected and destroyed." It seems as if the very elements were in conspiracy against these birds; they "are subject to another calamity of a more extensive kind; after the greater part of the eggs are laid there sometimes happen violent northeast tempests that drive a great sea into the bay, covering the whole marshes; so that at such times the Rail may be seen in hundreds floating over the marsh in great distress; many escape to the main land, and vast numbers perish. On an occasion of this kind I have seen, at one view, thousands in a single meadow, walking about exposed and bewildered, while the dead bodies of the females, who perished on or near their nests, were strewed along the shore. The last circumstance shows how strong the tie of maternal affection is in these birds, for, of the great number which I picked up and opened, not one male was to be found among them, all were females; such as had not yet begun to sit probably escaped. These disasters do not prevent the survivors from recommencing the work of laying and building anew; and instances have occurred in which their eggs have been twice destroyed by the sea, and yet in two weeks the nests and eggs seemed as numerous as ever. If all is well, the young are soon able to run about, which they do with great swiftness, and tread the grass and other marsh plants

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with wonderful dexterity. They can swim in smooth water, though they are, of course, ill able to contend with an inbreak of the sea. Swimming is a much more severe action in them, however, than in birds which have the feet webbed or lobed; though they strike powerfully, their stroke tells but little upon the water; and the rapidity of their stroke proves their distrust of that element—their feet are for the land, not for the water, and on the level ground and the leaves of floating plants, they run with astonishing rapidity."

The Virginian or Lesser Clapper Rail is scarcely distinguishable from the true Clapper, except by its reduced size; and in every part of America it appears to be a somewhat rare species. It confines itself to the fresh-water marshes, and thereby escapes many of the mishaps which befall its relative. This circumstance also has caused the people of New Jewsey to bestow upon it the name of the Fresh Water Mud Hen, and renders it not unknown on the bogs and swampy grounds near the Ohio and Mississippi. Their flesh is not inferior to that of the Soree, but their diminutive size renders them little sought after as game. The Soree or Common Rail of America, than which, perhaps, none affords a more delicious repast, or more agreeable amusement, is now before us.



CAROLINA RAIL. (*Crex Carolinus.* BONAPARTE.)

The natural history of the Rail, or Soree, or Coot, as it is called in the Carolinas, is involved in much mystery, the process of incubation being still more unknown than the exact places where it is effected. The general character of the Sorees is the same as that of the two other species of Rail already mentioned. They run swiftly, fly slowly, and usually with the legs hanging down, become extremely fat, prefer running to flying, and are extremely fond of concealment. In Virginia, along the shores of the James River, the inhabitants take advantage of the effect produced upon the Rail by fright much in the following fashion. A mast is erected in a light canoe, surmounted by a grate, in which is a quantity of fire. The person who manages the canoe is provided with a light paddle, and at night, about an hour before high tide, proceeds through and among the reeds. The birds stare with astonishment at the light, and as they appear, are knocked on the head with the paddle and thrown into the boat. Three negroes have been known to kill from twenty to eighty dozen in the space of three hours. The reeds attain their full growth along the shores of the Delaware in August, when the Rail resort to them in great numbers to feed upon the seeds, of which they, as well as the Rice Birds, are excessively fond. The eloquent Wilson, than whom no one could more enjoy the pleasures of Rail-shooting, thus speaks of the sport: "As you walk along the bank of the river at this period, you hear them squeaking in every direction like young puppies. If a stone be thrown among the reeds, there is a general outcry and reiterated kuk, kuk, kuk, something like that of a Guinea-fowl. Any sudden noise, or the discharge of a gun, produces the same effect. In the meantime none are to be seen, unless it be at or near high water; for, when the tide is low, they universally secrete themselves among the interstices of the reeds, and you may walk past, and even over them, where there are hundreds, without seeing a single individual. On their first arrival they are generally lean, and unfit for the table, but as the reeds ripen they rapidly fatten, and from the twentieth of September to the middle of October, are excellent, and eagerly sought after. The usual method of shooting them in this quarter of the country is as follows: The sportsman furnishes himself with a light batteau, and a stout, experienced boatman, with a pole of twelve or fifteen feet long, thickened at the lower end to prevent it from sinking too deep into the mud. About two hours or so before high-water they enter the reeds, and each takes his post, the sportsman standing in the bow ready for action, the boatman on the stern-seat pushing her steadily through the reeds. The Rail generally spring singly, as the boat advances, and at a short distance ahead, are instantly

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shot down, while the boatman, keeping his eye on the spot where the bird fell, directs the boat forward and picks it up as the gunner is loading. It is also the boatman's business to keep a sharp look-out, and give the word 'Mark!' when a Rail springs on either side without being observed by the sportsman, and to note the exact spot where it falls until he has picked it up; for this, once lost sight of, owing to the sameness in the appearance of the reeds, is seldom found again. In this manner the boat moves steadily through and over the reeds, the birds flushing and falling, the gunner loading and firing, while the boatman is pushing and picking up. The sport continues till an hour or two after high-water, when the shallowness of the water, and the strength and weight of the floating reeds, and also the backwardness of the game to spring as the tide decreases, oblige them to return. Several boats are sometimes within a short distance of each other, and perpetual cracking of musketry prevails along the whole reedy shores of the river. In these excursions it is not uncommon for an active and expert marksman to kill ten or twelve dozen in a tide. They are usually shot singly, though I have known five killed at one discharge of a double-barreled piece. These instances are rare. The flight of these birds among the reeds is usually low; and shelter being abundant, is rarely extended to more than fifty or one hundred yards. When winged and uninjured in their legs, they swim and dive with great rapidity, and are seldom seen to rise again. I have several times on such occasions discovered them clinging with their feet to the reeds under the water; and at other times skulking under the floating reeds with their bill just above the surface. Sometimes, when wounded, they dive, and rising under the gunwale of the boat, secrete themselves there, moving round as the boat moves until they have an opportunity of escaping unnoticed. They are feeble and delicate in every thing but the legs, which seem to possess great vigor and energy, and their bodies being so remarkably thin or compressed as to be less than an inch and a quarter through transversely, they are enabled to pass between the reeds like rats. Yet though their flight among the reeds seems feeble and fluttering, every sportsman who is acquainted with them here must have seen them occasionally rising to a considerable height, stretching out their legs behind them, and flying rapidly across the river where it is more than a mile in width."



PURPLE GALLINULE. (*Gallinula Porphyrio.* WILSON.)

Before concluding this article, we would say a few words in behalf of the Gallinule, called, from its resemblance to the domestic fowl, the Water Hen. In respect to manners, it is, according to Latham, a very docile bird, being easily tamed and feeding with the common poultry, scratching the ground with the foot like the latter. It will feed on many things, such as roots of plants, fruits, and grain, but will eat fish with avidity, dipping them in the water before it swallows them; will frequently stand on one leg and lift the food to its mouth with the other, like a parrot. Its flesh is exquisite in taste. This bird was famous among the ancients under the name Porphyrion, indicating the red or purple tint of its bill and feet—a far more appropriate appellation than that now vulgarly applied to it. It is known to breed in Georgia, whose thick swamps favor the concealment to which it is partial. It is extremely vigilant and shy, and cannot be shot without great difficulty. They move with grace upon the water, and run with equal facility on the ground or on the leaves of water plants.

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MY LOVE.

BY J. IVES PEASE.

I LOVE! and ah, 'tis bliss to feel
My breast no longer lone and cold;
To know, though Time all else should steal,
The *heart* can never all grow old!
I love! and now I *live* again!
The world looks brighter to my eyes;
There is a gladness on the plain—
A newer glory in the skies.

I love! Her smile is o'er my path
Like sunlight in sweet April hours:
Her voice steals o'er me like the breath
Of morning to half-withered flowers.
I love! Ah *she* may never know
How wild my love! I have no sigh—
I have no word—nor look to show
How much I 'm blessed when she is nigh.

And it is well!—my hapless love
May never dare to ask return—
Enough that her glad smiles may move
My heart—I ask not hers to burn!
Ah no. 'T is better thus to meet
With equal pulse and tranquil brow—
Drink, through her eyes, delirium sweet.
Can madness from such fountains flow?

I know not! Dearest, still, oh still,
"Look love upon me," sweet and kind!—
Let thy glad thought, in music, thrill
Bright witchcraft through my longing mind.
I clasp thee to my breast—in dreams!
Thy lips rain kisses warm and fast—
And I half hate the morning beams
That scare thee to thy home at last.

Thy "home!"—oh, would it ne'er had been—
Thy home and mine are wide apart—
The world's grim shadow glooms between—
And my life lives but where thou art.
Ah, dearest, we 're not happy! Life
Yields not the bliss 't was meant to do:
Discord *might* come of wrong and strife—
Should sorrow spring from duty, too?

Thou art not happy, dearest, thou!—
A shade has fallen on thy young years;
Thou art not happy: even now
Thine eyes are full of unshed tears.
And this our fate! My Life!—my "world!"—
Too late beloved—too rarely seen—
And we, as o'er Time's tide we 're hurled,
Can only say "WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

LIFE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

In every life there is a stream
Whose waters flow,
Dark as the current of a dream,
And seem to throw
On cup and hail and summer beam
A sign of wo!

In every life there is a ray
That shineth still,
From noon to night and night to day,
Through every ill;
And serves to light our solemn way
Go where we will.

Oh, traveler! of that stream beware
Which cannot glow;
It floweth only where a snare
Is lying low,
To deal upon thee unaware
A fatal blow.

Oh, traveler! seek that gentle ray
Which constant gleams,
So beautiful that none can say
Like what it seems;
The star predestined on thy way
To throw its beams.

For in that stream of leafless shade
A fiend is hid;
And on thy fall his heart is laid,
Thy fall amid
The sinner's shriek and shroud and spade
And coffin-lid.

And in that ray so pure and bright
A buoyant form,
Will bear thee through the darkest night
Away from harm;
Swift as the rainbow's graceful flight
Out of the storm.

Let fate be stern—let fortune fly—
Their chastening rod
Strikes not the soul whose strength is high
Above its clod;
Thy heart may bleed to breaking nigh—
But trust in God!

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GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

"An humble appreciation of your powers might save you pain; but I doubt if your humility exceeds your knowledge. Fascinated by harmony of tone and grace of manner, you perceive not a deficiency in energy—a want of moral courage. You close your eyes against every token of an over-sensitiveness to ridicule, veiled beneath the more graceful cloak of fastidious taste. You will not understand that pride and weakness fashion a character which, however seemingly amiable in many other points, is not such as to repay the devotion of a woman's love. A strong mind will make itself known; and where all is perfect harmony, no unmodulated tone, no sudden and impulsive movement, no springing into action, there is art, and that may not be trusted—or there is over-refinement, wasted powers, a trivial mind, without a noble aim—or there is weakness, which fears ridicule—a moral cowardice: or there is mediocrity, that cannot rise above the common herd—that dares not dare—that may pass unnoted in prosperity, but whose powers rise not in adversity. Such should not be throned in woman's heart! He is not worthy woman's tender, self-denying love, whom a sneer will change—a laugh will part—he will be found wanting—he will stand aloof when the faint heart turns to him for consolation. Wo to you! wo to you, especially if you trust such. You cannot always tread on flowers; choose one who can and will smooth down a rugged path. The gilded vessel, the child's plaything, rides gayly on a glassy sea—but life is not a glassy sea; the storm must come. If you would reach the peaceful port, embark not in a summer yacht; select a ship that can abide the storm—a mind that can maintain its course—that struggles—and will conquer. Look there," he continued, for she made no reply, taking up a highly finished drawing from the table, the performance showing more pains than genius, and contrasting it with a bold, free sketch which lay beside it, "there they are exactly, the one all harmony, or insipidity as I should call it; a model of weakness—highly finished—not a stroke wanting—complete as a whole—but how poor a whole! Without the possibility of amendment, too: deficient in energy—not a bold line: and were such put in it would be out of place—it would spoil the keeping. Now look on this! A bold and vigorous outline—the work of mind, seizing the attention: soul, not manner; thought, not mechanism; it may be filled up ill, but it may also be filled up well: there is the capability of greatness: there may be faults in the petty details, but the whole will compel admiration, and not weary in the survey. This other makes me yawn. Better choose the bold, the frank, the generous, with all his faults; he may be rash, unthinking, wasting the powers whose force he knows not; but the capabilities of amendment are within him. What say you to my exordium?"

—

It is great injustice to assert that delicacy of feeling is confined to the higher ranks, and is the offspring of refinement and education; these may nourish and increase, but they cannot give it. It is innate; the child of the untutored heart; the very essence of the beautiful: chained to no climate, bounded to no rank.

We have seen the wealthy, those who thought themselves the great ones of the earth, take leave of those of fallen fortunes with undimmed eye and steady voice, as though they knew not that there was cause for sorrow, guessed not that the heart was well nigh broken, and only stayed the expression of its grief that the cold gaze might not mock it. We have seen the lowly ones of earth, lowly in station, but how high in worth! part from the same; and the lip could not speak for the heart's feeling; and the tears of the mourner, repressed before lest the cold should mock, mingled with theirs. The first passed on with stately step, and a cold offer of future service; the last plucked the only rose from the favorite tree, and placed it by the traveler's cloak with a trembling hand and quivering lip. They thought that the traveler would prize it as a memorial of a once happy home. That single rose, and its kind and delicate giver, can they ever be forgotten? If all the memories of misfortune were like that who would not be unfortunate? What feeling so endearing, so ennobling as gratitude! Even love, though it may have more of beauty and brightness, is not so generous and so pure.

—

What a glorious day! Not a heavy cloud in all the sky, only a few fleecy forms floating across the rich blue vault, and the sun shining out in all its summer splendor, as though it had never shone before, looking down for the first time on the gladsome earth, instead of having run its course unnumbered years—undimmed in lustre—unimpaired in power.

Where are the works of man? his labors of the past? The eye looks on ruin; or time hath swept away even that poor trace; and a fable or tradition alone remains. But time hath no power over the Eternal or the works of His hands—itself His slave.

Out! out! treading the green turf—lying on some flowery bank—dreaming beneath the leafy shade. Who would be pent up within four stone walls on such a day, when he could forth with the blue above and the green below, and a thousand gleesome things around? What though the walls are gilded, and the lofty ceiling fretted; the Persian carpet soft as the woodland moss; whilst the luxuries of art, the beauties of genius, lend their splendors with a gorgeous profusion? Still it is only a magnificent prison. We see but little of the blue heaven; scarcely more of the varied tints of earth. The air we breathe is close; and the heart flutters to be free, as the imprisoned butterfly on the first day of spring. Who would not rather go forth into the fresh, free air, than be a prisoner even in a gilded cage? And Nature, is she not more beautiful than Art? Doth not that beauty make the step more buoyant, and the heart more light?

How one loves a summer day with all its gentle glories its murmured music—its delicious fragrance—its warmth, gladdening, not oppressing, its soft and soothing air—its dreamy feel, its shadows and its lights—its brilliant visions and its stirring thoughts—and more, far more, its loving memories!

—

SONG.

My dwelling is no lordly hall,
I rule no wide domain;
No bending servants wait my call,
No flatterers swell my train;
But roses twine around my home,
Bright smiles my presence greet;
The woodland wild is mine to roam,
Mine Summer's odors sweet.

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No costly diamonds deck my hair,
No cloth of gold have I;
But gorgeous robes and jewels rare
Stay not the sad heart's sigh.
Those gems might bind an aching brow,
There is no pain in mine;
Red gold might win a faithless vow,
And I be left to pine.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

It may seem perhaps a paradox to say that expectation is enjoyment. Nevertheless it is so on this earth. Fruition is for heaven. With the accomplishment of every desire there is so much of disappointment mingled that it cannot be really called enjoyment, for fancy always exercises itself upon the future; and when we obtain the hard reality for which we wished, the charms with which imagination decorated it are gone. Did we but state the case to ourselves as it truly is, whenever we conceive any of the manifold desires which lead us on from step to step through life, the proposition would be totally different from that which man forever puts before his own mind, and we should take one step toward undeceiving ourselves. We continually say, "if I could attain such an object, I should be *quite contented*." But what man ought to say to himself is, "I believe this or that acquisition would give me happiness." He would soon find that it did not do so; and the never-ceasing recurrence of the lesson might, in the end, teach him to ask what was the source of his disappointment? Was it that other circumstances in his own fate were so altered, even while he pursued the path of endeavor, as to render attainment no longer satisfactory? —was it that the object sought was intrinsically different when attained, from that which he had reasonably believed it to be while pursuing it?—or was it that his fancy had gilded it with charms not its own, and that he had voluntarily and blindly persuaded himself that it was brighter and more excellent than it was? Perhaps the answer, yes, might be returned to all these questions; but yet I fear the chief burden of deceit would rest with imagination, and that man would ever find he had judged of the future without sufficient grounds, and had suffered desire to stimulate hope, and hope to cheat expectation. Yet, perhaps, if he would but turn back and look behind, when disappointment and success had been obtained together, he would find that the pleasures tasted in the pursuit, especially at the time when fruition was drawing nearer and nearer, would, in the sum, make up the amount of enjoyment which he had anticipated in possession.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Blind as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play;
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer day.
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in the winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept, from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear,
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And low beneath the winter's snow
Lie gems of summer flowers.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANTLEY MANOR."

SILENCE.

What a strange power there is in *silence!* How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the Spirit of Evil, or their Guardian Angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty for good or for evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls, to wax strong against temptation; or to the powers of wrath, to stamp upon them their withering passage.

BY CURRER BELL.

TIME.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our *best* away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is one of the most striking novels of the season. It bears little resemblance in tone, spirit and object, to the other popular romances of the day. The author follows in the track of Fielding rather than Bulwer, and aims at representing the world as it is. Though his mind is not creative, it is eminently delineative, and he has succeeded in crumming into one volume a large variety of characters, each expressing one of the different forms of worldliness, and all belonging strictly to the world we live in. Though the novel thus relates exclusively to the world, and indicates a most remarkable knowledge of the selfish element in human nature, in the multitudinous modifications which that element receives from individual peculiarities, the general tone of the author himself is so far from being worldly, that it is distinguished by singular manliness, cheerfulness and generosity. There is nothing morbid, nothing of the hater or the sentimentalist in his representations. He trusts himself resolutely to the genuine emotions of the heart, but he guards himself against all superfine feelings and manufactured sentiment. His characters are so true that at first we are inclined to consider them commonplace. In their development, however, we soon find that the author is a master in his art, that without pretension and without exaggeration, he touches profound springs of thought and sentiment, and represents with a graceful decision, and in clear light, those evanescent and unconscious transpirations of character, in which a novelist's capacity is most truly exhibited.

The animating spirit of the novel is that master-piece of address and cunning, little Becky Sharp. Tact and talent never had a worthier representative than this character. She indicates the extreme point of worldly success to which these qualities will carry a person, and also the impossibility of their proving against all contingencies in life. Becky steadily rises in the world, reaches a certain height, makes one inevitable mistake, and then as steadily falls, while many of her simple companions, whom she despises as weaklings, succeed from the very simplicity with which they follow the instinctive sagacity of pure and honest feeling. Colonel Rawdon Crawley, a brainless sensualist, whom Becky marries, and in some degree reforms, but who, by having an occasional twinkle of genuine sentiment in his heart, always was her superior, is drawn both with a breadth and a nicety of touch which is rare in such delineations. The exact amount of humanity which coexists with his rascality and stupidity, is given with perfect accuracy. Sir Pitt Crawley, coarse, uneducated, sordid, quarrelsome, his small, sharp mind an epitome of vulgar shrewdness, is a personation to force laughter from the lungs of a misanthrope. Old Mr. Sedley is a most truthful representation of a broken-down merchant, conceived in the spirit of that humane humor which blends the ludicrous and the pathetic in one. Joe Sedley, the East Indian, slightly suggests Major Bagstock. He has the major's physical circumference, apoplectic turn and swell of manner, with the addition of Cockney vulgarity and cowardice. His retreat from Brussels, just before the battle of Waterloo, is described with the art of a comic Xenophon.

In the characters of George Osborne, Dobbin and Amelia, the author has succeeded admirably. They are wonderfully true to nature, and indicate even a finer power of characterization than is exhibited in the more strongly marked personages of the work.

The test of the excellence of a novel is the clearness with which its events and characters are remembered after it has been read. We think that Vanity Fair will bear this criterion. All its characters are recognized in memory as living beings, and we would refer to and quote them with as much confidence as to any of the acquaintances we hold in remembrance.

Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This book, the long promised, has at last appeared, and we must confess that, from the time expended in its preparation, we expected a more satisfactory result. The biography, though written in a style of elaborate elegance, and pleasing enough as regards cadence of period and felicity of phrase, tells little about Keats which is new, and leaves many obscure passages of his life in the same darkness in which it found them. Nothing to the purpose is told of the lady who was the object of Keats's passionate love, and who shares with consumption in being the dismal cause of his early death. Mr. Milnes points triumphantly to the new facts and private letters he has included in the volume, in proof that the common impression that Keats lacked manliness of character, is an error; but instead of proving that Keats was a strong man, he has very nearly proved that he himself is a sentimentalist. The characteristic of Keats is sensitiveness to external impressions, the characteristic of Milnes is sensitiveness to self; the page of one throngs with delicious sensations, but leaves no strong impression of character; that of the other is pervaded by a thoughtful ennui, and leaves an impression of egotistic weakness of character. Of course, Keats is the stronger man of the two, and a stronger man even than Milnes's musical sentences indicate, but still not a strong man in the strict meaning of the phrase.

The letters of Keats are exceedingly interesting, and some of them fine specimens of brilliant epistolary composition, but we think there is a general tone of languid jauntiness observable in them, which shows a certain feebleness at the heart of his being. He seems a man whom every one would desire to see placed in happy circumstances, but not one who would bear bravely up under bad circumstances. The state of his finances occupies a good portion of his letters, and it is often very pleasantly stated. As early as 1817, he speaks of receiving a note for £20, and avows his intention of destroying with it "some of the minor heads of that hydra, the duns;" to conquer which he says, the knight need have no sword or shield, but only the "Bank-note of Faith and Cash of Salvation, and set out against the monster invoking the aid of no Archimago or Urganda, but finger me the paper, light as the Sybil's leaves in Virgil, whereat the fiend skulks off with his tail between his legs. . . I think," he adds, "I could make a nice little allegorical poem, called "The Dun," where we would have the Castle of Carelessness, the Drawbridge of Credit, Sir Novelty Fashion's expedition against the City of Tailors, &c., &c." There is a good deal of this coquetry with indigence in the volume.

There is one curious letter to Reynolds, referring to Wordsworth's calling the exquisite Hymn to Pan, in "Endymion," "a pretty piece of Paganism." Keats took the words in a contemptuous sense, and wrote a letter from the feelings it excited, reminding us in its style of an essay by Emerson. We extract it as almost the best thing in the book.

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Hampstead, February 3, 1818.

My Dear Reynolds,—I thank you for your dish of filberts. Would I could get a basket of them by way of dessert every day for the sum of two pence, (two sonnets on Robin Hood, sent by the two penny post.) Would we were a sort of ethereal pigs, and turned loose to feed upon spiritual mast and acorns! which would be merely a squirrel and feeding upon filberts; for what is a squirrel but an airy pig, or a filbert but a sort of archangelical acorn? About the nuts being worth cracking, all I can say is, that where there are a throng of delightful images ready drawn, simplicity is the only thing. It may be said that we ought to read our contemporaries, that Wordsworth, &c., should have their due from us. But, for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing. Sancho will invent a journey heavenward as well as any body. We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive; a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty, were they to throng into the highway, crying out "Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!" Modern poets differ from the Elizabethans in this; each of the moderns, like an Elector of Hanover, governs his petty state, and knows how many straws are swept daily from the causeways in all his dominions, and has a continual feeling that all the housewives should have their coppers well scoured. The ancients were emperors of vast provinces; they had only heard of the remote ones, and scarcely cared to visit them. I will cut all this. I will have no more of Wordsworth or Hunt in particular. Why should we be of the tribe of Manasseh, when we can wander with Esau? Why should we kick against the pricks when we can walk on roses? Why should we be owls when we can be eagles? Why be teazed with "nice-eyed wagtails," when we have in sight "the cherub Contemplation?" Why, with Wordsworth's "Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand," when we can have Jacques "under an oak," &c.? The secret of the "bough of wilding" will run through your head faster than I can write it. Old Matthew spoke to him some years ago on some nothing, and because he happens in an evening walk to imagine the figure of the old man, he must stamp it down in black and white, and it is henceforth sacred. I don't mean to deny Wordsworth's grandeur and Hunt's merit, but I mean to say we need not be teazed with grandeur and merit when we can have them uncontaminated and unobtrusive. Let us have the old Poets and Robin Hood. Your letter and its sonnets gave me more pleasure than will the Fourth Book of "Childe Harold," and the whole of any body's life and opinions.

In return for your dish of filberts, I have gathered a few catkins.* I hope they'll look pretty.

"No, those days are gone away," &c.

I hope you will like them—they are at least written in the spirit of outlawry. Here are the Mermaid lines;—

"Souls of Poets dead and gone," &c.

In the hope that these scribblings will be some amusement for you this evening, I remain, copying on the hill,

Your sincere friend and co-scribbler,

John Keats.

* Mr. Reynolds had enclosed Keats some Sonnets on Robin Hood, to which these fine lines are an answer.

The reader rises from the biography of Keats with the impression that it tells one of the most melancholy stories in the history of literature. The account of his last days is beyond measure painful. The poems now published for the first time, though good enough to make a reputation, will hardly add to the fame of Keats.

The Women of the Revolution. By Elizabeth F. Ellet. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

We are under obligations to Mrs. Ellet for the two volumes now before us. They are the first fruits of a large harvest. And we doubt not that the authoress will pursue the subject, and give "continuations," until something like justice shall be done to the women, the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of the great and good men of our Revolution. We wish that some just appreciation of what all society owes woman could be had. We wish that some one would sit down and show how all great efforts have their origin in woman's devotion to her duty, and all great men owe their position to their mother's faithful service, and how society owes the advantages which it may possess to the plastic mind of women. In this spirit Mrs. Ellet has prepared the two volumes before us, and has by her labors added one other name to the long list that claims the gratitude of Americans. Of course when notices of one hundred and twenty-four women are crowded into two duodecimo volumes, no great extent can be allowed to the biography of any one. Yet by a judicious disposition of material, and selection of prominent places for really prominent persons, Mrs. Ellet has given enough to make her readers comprehend the character, services and position of all her heroines. It happens to us to have known something of the private life of several mentioned in the volumes, and while we recollect much that is not recorded, we are bound to confess that the character of each so far as we know is well brought out, and additional materials might serve only to sustain the opinion formed by what is offered. We regard Mrs. Ellet's work only as a prelude—a rich, delightful, prelude—but it must be followed by other performances. The work is enriched with the likenesses of several ladies whose biographies are given—one or two of these we know are correct. The others resemble what we recollect to have heard denominated good likenesses.

Orators of the American Revolution. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr Magoon is a writer of great fluency and sensibility, who "wreaks" his thoughts upon expression. He has given us a very exciting volume, glowing with revolutionary fervor, and eloquent of revolutionary heroes. The great difficulty is that each of his orators is described in terms which a cool person might hesitate in applying to Demosthenes and Cicero. Mr. Magoon writes too much on the high-pressure principle. As we move down the Mississippi stream of his rhetoric, we are pleased with the rapidity of the motion, and the chivalrous feeling of the captain of the boat, but we look occasionally at the boiler and the engine with some fear of an explosion.

Seriously, the volume will doubtless serve its purpose of impressing a great idea of our revolutionary orators on the popular mind—to reach which mind a certain extravagance of statement and description is now considered necessary. The glowing mode of writing history and biography is, doubtless, better than the dry and dead mode, but a medium between the two, combining life and movement with accuracy and discrimination, is better still. However, we know of no book on the subject so good as the present. It can be read at one sitting, and it leaves a strong impression

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on the mind of the power of our great orators. Every production which forcibly conveys an idea of our historical men as living souls, as well as living names, deserves to succeed.

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By Richard Mangnall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This has been one of the most successful educational books ever published. The present edition is from the *eighty-fourth* London edition. The sale in England has reached a hundred thousand copies. A mere glance at the book will explain its popularity. It embraces the elements of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry, as well as Ancient and Modern History, and gives exactly that kind of information which every body needs. The first principles and foundations of knowledge are often imperfectly understood by persons moderately learned. Few have any system in reading or study, but cram their minds with miscellaneous matter of various kinds, without regard to arrangement, and with no clear perception of the principles of any thing. Such a book as the present is needed not only by youth, but by many men and women who would be offended at the charge of ignorance. No person can read it without some addition to his knowledge. It is got up with remarkable skill, and covers a very wide extent of erudition.

Thrilling Incidents of the Wars of the United States: Comprising the most Striking and Remarkable Events of the Revolution, the French War, the Second War with Great Britain, and the Mexican War. With Three Hundred Engravings. By the Author of the Army and Navy of the United States. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 8vo.

This is a large octavo volume, filled with deeply interesting historical anecdotes, illustrated with engravings—a volume which will create a taste for the whole series of American history, while it gratifies in part a useful appetite. The work is beautifully printed and admirably got out.

Amelia. This is one of Miss Leslie's novels, and it is worthy of that lady's fame, founded on liberal efforts to improve the heart, and make men and women better, by setting before them instances of folly and examples of virtue.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—In the month of September—the night of the 12th and 13th—there was a total eclipse of the moon. Those who would know all about it—exactly what was done when the adumbration commenced, when and how long total obscuration was observable, and when exactly the satellite passed out of the shadow of her principal planet—have nothing to do but read in the almanacs the predictions and calculations of the event—for exactly to a second the whole was performed as set down by the astronomers. It was a beautiful sight for those who love to watch the phenomena of the heavens, and there was not a cloud, not a passing scud, to prevent a complete view of the whole movement, from the first stain upon the eastern limb of the moon until the whole passed off from her western side.

This eclipse of the moon is caused by that planet's passing through the shadow of the earth, projected far into space; and in proportion to the proximity of the moon is the duration of the eclipse—so that we who occupied the side of the earth to which the eclipse was visible, really saw the moon darkened by the intervention of our own shadow. How like life is this! How many thousands are daily condemned for some apparent fault, which they have indeed acquired from those who condemn. How many live and suffer in the shadow of those who sneer—and persecute while they impart the cause. How many parents, by their errors, keep the sunlight of Truth and Religion from their children, and yet condemn them for the shadow which rests upon their mind, and makes them objects of undesirable notoriety—profitless members of the social circle.

Go and inquire of that heart-broken, condemned female, why she ceased to be the light of the circle in which she was placed—and she will answer that the very beings whom she was to bless, and from whom she was to derive blessings, darkened her pathway by the interference of injudicious kindness or ill-timed severity, and she became totally eclipsed. Ask the youth who has just made shipwreck of his wealth and his fame, and he will tell you that in passing through the shadow which relatives and associates had thrown across his path, his eclipse was so long that society had no patience to await his return to light—no mercy for the obscuration which their ill-timed levity to others had made him suffer.

But the moon on the morning of the 13th September passed out of the obscuration, and went on her course diffusing light to all, and maintaining her supremacy, in apparent size and real lustre, above all the stellar orbs. And thus it is with man. The shadow of misfortune or error, of indiscretion, is always projected across his path—he is liable with every change to suffer some obscuration, some diminution of his brightness, some eclipse of that portion bestowed on man. Let society wait—let him toil onward—let there be a little faith, a little confidence, a little hope, and he will recover all he has lost, he will emerge from the shadow that is upon him and be bright and profitable as before. In the deepest obscuration of the full, or the earthward face of the moon, when all but its bare existence seemed blotted out, the upper, heavenward surface was undimmed, and reflected all the stellar glories of the higher planets. And thus is it with man. Sorrows, disappointments, errors, wrongs, darken his way, and all that is visible to those around him seems sullied and obscure, and he is left to toil onward through the deep shadow of misery and shame—the earthward side of his heart in a total eclipse—but the heavenward portion, the cherished and the blessed, though beyond the gaze, and often beyond the comprehension of the worldly—is bathed in the holy light of heavenly influences—it knows no diminution of brightness, no darkness from earthly shadows, no dimness from wordly cares or worldly sorrow, but, turned away from the observation and uses of mankind, its phaze is one of unalterable quiet, of undimmed and shadowless lustre. Earth is not permitted to project one shadow upon its plane, while heaven and heavenly light lie beautiful and beautifying upon its surface.

THE WOMEN OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Our booksellers are making judicious preparations for the approaching holydays, and it may be anticipated that the next "Christmas times" will afford a most varied and elegant assortment of gift

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books for the choice of purchasers. Among those that we have been favored with a sight of, one of the most beautiful, both in design and execution, is a volume entitled "*The Women of the Scriptures*," which Messrs. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON have gotten up to correspond with those favorite works "Scenes in the Life of the Saviour" and "Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles," heretofore issued by them. The new publication has been edited by the Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, who has been well sustained by the artists, printers and binders in their several departments. The purchaser will find in this volume articles from many of the most able and popular writers in the country, and we are sure that it cannot fail to commend itself, in an eminent degree, to the favor of the public.

Messrs. Carey & Hart are about to publish an edition of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry, to be illustrated by some of the best productions of the American burin, samples of which we have seen and admired. It is fitting that the writings of Mrs. Sigourney should be thus set out.

The same publishers have caused to be prepared for the festive season a handsome volume, of the Souvenir family, called the Ruby. A portion, indeed most of its pictorial embellishments are of the first class of engraving, and the letter-press contains poetry and prose worthy of perusal. The work is a beautiful addition to the centre-table, and will of course find favor.

"IT IS NOT ALWAYS NIGHT."—The heart chilled by adversity or languishing in sorrow, may find consolation and peace in the thought which forms the caption of this article, and which we find so beautifully woven into the harmony of numbers by our contemporary, WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, Esq. Editor of the "Southern Literary Gazette."

It is not always night! Though darkness reign
In gloomy silence o'er the slumbering earth,
The hastening dawn will bring the light again,
And call the glories of the day to birth!
The sun withdraws awhile his blessed light,
To shine again—it is not always night!

The voices of the storm may fill the sky,
And Tempest sweep the earth with angry wing;
But the fierce winds in gentle murmurings die,
And freshened beauty to the world they bring:
The after-calm is sweeter and more bright;
Though storms arise, it is not always night!

The night of Nature, and the night of Storm,
Are emblems both of shadows on the heart;
Which fall and chill its currents quick and warm,
And bid the light of peace and joy depart:
A thousand shapes hath Sorrow to affright
The soul of man, and shroud his hopes in night.

Yet, when the darkest, saddest hour is come,
And grim Despair would seize his shrinking heart,
The Dawn of Hope breaks on the heavy gloom,
And one by one the shadows will depart:
As storm and darkness yields to calm and light,
So will the heart—it is not always night!

THE FUTURE.—By the time another number of the "Magazine" is laid before its numerous readers, the bustle and din of the presidential election will have subsided, and the people will set themselves to thinking seriously of the selection of useful and entertaining publications, to render perfect the enjoyment of the long, calm, quiet winter evenings at home. Of course, none who take "Graham's Magazine" now, will consent to deprive themselves of it for the future, especially as the new volume, commencing in January, will be rendered as attractive as means, energy, industry and application can make it. We shall soon lay before our hundred thousand readers our new Prospectus, in which will be given a bird's-eye view of the plan of our prospective operations. Nothing will be promised that we will not fully and faithfully perform; and, unrivaled as this "Magazine" has heretofore been, we intend so to improve upon it, that the new volume shall bear away the palm, and command the universal admission that it is more excellent than ever!

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—In these days of cheap publications, the means of gratifying a love for reading are within the reach of all. There is an abundant supply to feed the mental appetite, and our neighbor, T. B. PETERSON, caters for the public taste with great energy and success. To the lovers of light literature it may not be amiss for us to state, that Mr. P. has published uniform editions of the works of those popular and approved writers, MRS. GREY and MISS PICKERING—ladies whose writings are always worth reading, and always convey a good moral. A late publication, "The Orphan Niece," by Miss Pickering, appears now, for the first time in this country, and is as excellent and interesting as those from the same pen with which the public are more familiar.

☞ Were we inclined to copy one-half of the very handsome compliments bestowed upon our Magazine by our friends of the press, we could not find room to do so. We feel, however, rejoiced at and grateful for these evidences of their favor, and will strive to render ourselves yet more worthy of their commendations. The motto of "Graham's Magazine" is EXCELSIOR; and as it has hitherto stood immeasurably above all competitors in the public estimation, so shall it maintain its enviable position, and merit the success it has enjoyed.

☞ Our engraver, WM. E. TUCKER, Esq., has in hand and will have ready for the next volume, some brilliant specimens of his art. We promise our patrons—and we do so without a single fear that our promise will not be fully redeemed—more magnificent embellishments than any literary work in the country has ever presented. This of course, will involve an immense expenditure of money, but we never place cost in competition with the duty we owe our patrons, and our desire to merit their favor.

☞ We expect to give, in our next number, a life-like portrait of our late correspondent and now co-editor, J. BAYARD TAYLOR. He is a modest gentleman, and may not be pleased with the idea of so public an introduction to the readers of this Magazine, but we know that he is a favorite with them, and the admirers of his articles will be gratified to see "what manner of man he is."

WINTER FASHIONS.—Our friend *Oakford* knows how to cap the climax of human perfection, if we may judge from the various styles and fashions of Hats, Caps, &c., presented in his card on the cover of our "Magazine." His establishment is a favorite place of resort for all who desire to be well fitted; and they must, indeed, be hard to please, who cannot find something there to suit their fancy.

☞ If we were inclined to be boastful, we think we might raise a high note of exultation upon the character of the present number of the "American Monthly Magazine." But, as "good wine needs no bush," we lay our offering before the public, confident that its manifest excellence will be discovered without the necessity of a word from us to point out its varied beauties. While, however, we believe, and feel assured that the public will concur in the belief, that this number is one of surpassing beauty and merit, it may not be improper to hint that the arrangements we have consummated for the future, will enable us to improve even upon our present high standard of excellence, and keep us, as ever, far, very far in advance of the most labored efforts of all contemporaries. Our course is onward, and he must bestir himself actively who would excel us.

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Yours ever,
J. Bayard Taylor.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1848. No. 6.

MILDRED WARD.

OR THE DEBUT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

ARCHIBALD DUNDASS was a rich Jamaica planter, whose estates were situated in one of the most delightful regions in that garden of the West India isles. His wife, an English lady, of great personal attractions and highly connected, died when Helen, their only child, had just entered her thirteenth year, an age when, perhaps, a mother's counsel and tender guidance is most required. When the news of Mrs. Dundass's death reached her friends, they immediately wrote, beseeching the bereaved husband to come at once to England with his child, or if not expedient for himself to leave Jamaica, that he would at least suffer the little Helen to come to them; and especially did they urge the plea that thereby he would enable her to receive a more finished education than could possibly be acquired upon the island.

This plea, to be sure, offered a strong inducement to Mr. Dundass; but how could he school his heart to this second bereavement. Helen possessed all her mother's traits—her dark blue eyes—her golden hair and skin of dazzling purity—the smile that played around her dimpled mouth—her light airy step, were all her mother's. Looking upon her thus in her budding loveliness the Helen of his youth once more moved before him. To yield her up he could not—and therefore Mr. Dundass rejected the oft-repeated entreaties of his English friends. Helen remained in Jamaica. A governess was provided, and whatever money could secure in the way of learning was most freely expended.

Mr. Dundass possessed many noble traits of character, yet pride was a very strong ingredient in his composition leading him not unfrequently into errors which his sober judgment condemned. Still he was generally beloved, especially by his slaves, to whom he was a kind, indulgent master. Knowing himself to be one of the richest, if not *the* richest proprietor upon the island, it was natural he should mark out an alliance for his daughter commensurate with the fortune her hand would bestow. When, therefore, Helen, beaming and beautiful as the star of evening, burst from the confinement of the school-room to dazzle all eyes and move all hearts, what wonder that pride and ambition swelled the heart of Mr. Dundass. But

"Love will venture in where it daur nae weel be seen;"

and, unfortunately for the realization of those ambitious dreams, a mutual love had already sprung up between Helen and a young man without friends or fortune, whom her father had received into favor, and employed for some years in his counting-room.

To appeal to Mr. Dundass for his sanction to their union Ward knew would be vain, and he therefore prevailed upon the imprudent Helen to elope with him, assuring her that her father's anger would be but momentary, and that his great affection triumphing over resentment, would compel him to forgive her error, and open his arms to welcome her return. But, unhappily, it was not so. There was no moving the heart of Mr. Dundass to forgiveness. His anger and resentment were as boundless as had been his love. He refused to see his child, spurned her from his door, and to all the numerous and penitent letters she addressed him, gave no reply. The blow was, indeed, a heavy one, coming from one so idolized; his affections, as well as his long-cherished pride, were crushed, and his resentment rose in proportion.

In the meantime Ward had removed to a distant part of the island with his young and beautiful bride, where he had obtained a situation which promised to be lucrative. That he loved his young wife who for his sake had renounced wealth, station, and a father's love, cannot be doubted; but that he also held a corner of his heart for the possessions she might inherit, is also certain. His disappointment, therefore, at the inflexibility of Mr. Dundass was

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extreme, and mingled with it a bitterness which, in a short time, displayed itself toward his unoffending wife, and in an irritability which, ere the end of a twelvemonth, caused his employer to dismiss him from his service. From that time the life of poor Helen was most wretched, bitterly reaping in tears and poverty the fruits of disobedience. From place to place she followed her husband wherever he could obtain employ, but of which his idle, dissolute habits soon deprived him. A constitution naturally feeble sunk under the inroads of dissipation. Ere three years a wife Helen became a widow. Her situation was now truly deplorable. Without money, without friends, and thrown upon the cold charity of the world ere yet she had reached her twentieth year. For the sake of her innocent babe she resolved to make one more appeal to the mercy of her father.

Over mountain ridges, through deep valleys—crossing dense forests and treacherous rivulets—sometimes on foot, sometimes indebted to the kindness of some chance traveler for a few miles ride, Helen at length drew near the home of her childhood, and stole, unannounced, into the presence of her father. The moment was propitious. Mr. Dundass had already learned the death of his son-in-law, and the probable destitution of his daughter. In those three years alienation from his only child he had suffered much, and untimely old age had silvered his temples and worn deep furrows o'er his brow. Not all his wealth, not all the goadings of disappointed ambition, nor even the sting her ingratitude had left, could drive her image from his heart, or check the still small voice of conscience, which whispered that not even her errors could excuse the harshness with which she had been repulsed. The death of Ward seemed to unite Helen once more to him. Over her misfortunes he shed bitter tears; and although pride still rebelled against the yearnings of his heart, and made him resolve he would never more admit her to his presence, yet even at the moment when she fell fainting and exhausted at his feet, he was meditating some measures by which he could place her and her little one above want. Ah! pride, anger, enduring obstinacy, where are ye now? There was a well of love in that old man's heart whose depths ye had not yet probed. One look at the sad, care-worn face of Helen; one glance at the innocent babe pillowed upon her breast, and that fount of love was unsealed. The father took them to his breast and blessed them.

CHAPTER II.

A few years and Helen, more beautiful than ever, again made her appearance in society, and again Mr. Dundass cherished his darling dream of her forming some high connection. Little Mildred, in the meanwhile, having been sent to England under the charge of a faithful nurse, to receive her education.

A second time, however, was Mr. Dundass doomed to disappointment. The charming and attractive young widow gave her hand to Mr. Donaldson, a Scotch gentleman, whose only recommendation in the eyes of Mr. Dundass was a showy exterior and a superb set of teeth. He had known him for many years, and had always regarded him as more shrewd than honest, and one who, where his own interests were concerned, would let no scruples of conscience stand in the way of his advancement. He thought him rich, but he had much rather he had been poor, if able to boast a titled descent. The idea, therefore, of this second marriage of his daughter gave him in reality as little satisfaction as the first. His reluctant consent was, however, at length obtained, and Helen borne off a second time a bride from her father's house.

The plantation of Mr. Donaldson was delightfully located in a most lovely region of hill and dale, sparkling with delicious rivulets, and sprinkled with charming groves of the deep-tinted pimento, the graceful palm, and magnificent cotton-trees, and the air rife with the fragrance of the orange and citron blossoms, through which, like winged jewels, glanced birds of the most brilliant plumage. Whatever may have been the errors which Mr. Dundass detected in the moral character of Mr. Donaldson, he was a most tender and devoted husband; and in this paradise to which he had brought her, the happiness of Helen seemed perfect. The Cascade, as Mr. Donaldson had named his station, from the numerous little rills and waterfalls in the neighborhood, was distant fifty miles from Mount Dundass, yet the intercourse between father and daughter continued uninterrupted until the infirmities of age pressing upon Mr. Dundass, rendered his visits to the Cascade less frequent, and the cares of a growing family confining Mrs. Donaldson more closely at home.

Helen was now the mother of several children, charming, bright little girls, yet it was strange that Mr. Dundass never seemed to regard them in the same tender light he did Mildred Ward. Mr. Donaldson had never seen Mildred, but already in his heart he hated her. The partiality of the grandfather rankled his inmost soul, for he saw plainly it would interfere with the prospects of his own children. Indeed, Mr. Dundass had already settled fifty thousand dollars upon his granddaughter Mildred, asserting also that at his death that sum should be doubled. Mr. Donaldson possessed great influence over his wife—his words to her were oracles—his wishes laws. By degrees, therefore, he instilled into her mind a jealousy against her absent child, mingled with feelings of resentment toward her father, that, to the exclusion of her little Grace and Anna, he should have made her the object of his love and munificence. This feeling once engendered Mr. Donaldson took good care to keep alive. The poison worked slowly but so secretly, that no doubt Helen herself would have been shocked could she have read her own heart and found that, instigated by jealousy, a mother's tenderness for her first-born was fast turning to bitterness.

In the meantime seventeen rosy summers had flitted as some fairy dream over the head of Mildred, when her grandfather, no longer able to resist his desire of seeing her, urged her return to Jamaica.

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CHAPTER III.

To merry England our story now takes us, that we may trace a brief sketch of those scenes wherein the days of Mildred had glided so happily away.

Norcross Hall, the ancestral domain of the late Mrs. Dundass was situated in one of England's most charming nooks, about forty miles from the great metropolis. It was an ancient building, the main part of which was said to have been erected in the time of Elizabeth—but of this little of the original structure remained. Its present occupant, Sir Hugh Norcross, was the son of Mrs. Dundass's eldest brother, and to his guardianship the little Mildred had been consigned. In this charming family she was treated with the utmost tenderness, receiving the same education and sharing the same pursuits as her little cousins, between whom and herself a lively affection sprung up. Lady Norcross was a superior woman, both of mind and heart; and under her guidance and gentle teachings, which her every-day life so beautifully exemplified, what wonder that the little family growing up around her should prove all that was good and lovely. Helen Norcross was near the same age as Mildred, Rupert three years her senior. It was not until the latter had reached his fourteenth year that the three cousins were ever separated, even for a single day; but now, Rupert was sent to Eton, and the two girls were left to weep and mourn his absence, or to study a thousand delightful projects to welcome his return at the holydays.

What happy seasons those were when, released for a time from the thraldom of college pursuits, Rupert once more sprung in freedom through the haunts of his childhood; the old walls rung with cheerful voices, and every dell and dingle echoed to the merry music of their happy hearts. And then, as each holyday came round, what changes marked their progress. The two little girls had become graceful, lovely women, while Rupert from a school-boy had as suddenly shot up into a tall, elegant young man.

Sir Hugh and his lady saw with pleasure the attachment of the cousins; they already loved Mildred as their daughter, and it was the nearest wish of their hearts that in time the affection which now united them might assume a more enduring form. As the education of Mildred might now be considered completed, and the object for which she had been sent to them attained, they grew every day more and more fearful that Mrs. Donaldson would claim her long absent child. Mildred was too young when she left Jamaica to have other than a faint recollection of her mother; she could only remember the beautiful blue eyes which used to meet hers so fondly, and the long golden ringlets through which, as she nestled in mamma's lap, she had played bo-peep with an old gentleman in a high-backed elbow-chair. Then she was so happy at Norcross Hall that when her heart whispered to her, as it often did, of her other dear mother in a far-off land, she could not but reproach herself for not being more impatient for the moment to arrive when she might again embrace her. But now the time drew near when she must bid farewell to this cherished spot.

April had smiled farewell in tears, and May with her beauteous buds and blossoms danced over the green earth. The streams welcomed her presence with songs of glee, and the forests dressed in fresh beauty opened their arms to greet her presence. It was yet early morning, and to the uplifting of the rosy curtain draping the couch of the day-god the birds were singing a merry prelude, as two young men stole softly around an angle of the old building, and crept silently under the shadow of the wall, until they stood beneath the windows of an apartment whose inmates were probably buried in sleep, as through the half-closed shutter the curtains appeared still closely drawn.

"You see I have proved a true prophet, for the girls still sleep," cried the taller of the two, laughing. "Now fie upon their laziness this bright May morning—why we should have been off to the dell an hour since, to gather the flowers ere the sun kissed away their freshness."

"Now I will warrant you, Rupert," replied the other, "that while we stand here with 'dewy feet,' may be catching our deaths from this early exposure of our delicate frames, the little jades are quietly dreaming over the last new romance, or their first ball—come, let us arouse them with a song!" and dropping on one knee, the young man placed his hand upon his heart, and lifting his eyes to the window in the most languishing manner began:

"Come, come to me, love,
Come, love, arise—
And shame the bright stars
With the light of thine eyes,
Look out from thy lattice,
O lady—"

"Very well sung, most tender swain—what a pity Mildred and myself by our too early rising lost the melting expression of those upturned orbs!" cried Helen, issuing with her cousin from a thicket of rose-bushes. "So you thought us still sleeping, slanderers, when we have already brushed the dew from the lawn, and look here," (showering down a quantity of early violets,) "see what we stole from Flora while you two were sleeping."

A few moments were spent in playful badinage, and then the happy party strolled off in the direction of the dell. But, alas! like many of our brightest hopes this morn which dawned so blissfully was destined to end in sorrow! Upon the return of the party to the Hall, Sir Hugh with a sorrowful countenance placed in the hands of Mildred a package of letters. She grew pale as she read, and ere she had finished burst into tears, and handing the package to Sir Hugh fled to her chamber. Those letters contained the mandate for her return to Jamaica. That very week she must leave Norcross Hall, its beloved inmates, and all the delightful scenes of her childhood, and hasten to London, to join a family who were about returning to the island, and to whose charge her grandfather had consigned her.

The grief which filled all hearts at this dreaded separation may easily be imagined. Rupert was nearly crazy at the thought. He now felt how dear

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Mildred was to him, and that to part with her was like rending soul and body. But certain that his love would meet the sanction of his parents, knowing how tenderly they regarded her, he hastened to make known his feelings to them, and to entreat that he might accompany Mildred to Jamaica, and demand the consent of her friends to their union.

"No, my dear son," said Sir Hugh, "Mildred is yet very young—of the world she knows little, and it would be cruel to shackle her with ties which she may in time be brought to abhor, nor would it be doing justice to her friends to bind down her affections to us alone. Leave her free, Rupert; if she loves you, that love will not diminish by absence, and I promise you that in due time you shall be allowed to prosecute your suit in the presence of her mother, and should you be so fortunate as to win a bride so lovely, your parents' hearts will welcome her with joy."

How coldly his father reasoned thought the ardent young lover, but accustomed to yield all deference to his wishes, he consented that Mildred should depart without knowing how necessary her love was to his happiness.

Both Sir Hugh and Rupert accompanied her to London, and saw her safely on board her majesty's ship the Essex, bound for Jamaica.

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Mildred to pursue her voyage we will see what preparations were already making for her return by Mr. Donaldson.

This gentleman was by no means as rich as many supposed him to be. His plantations were valuable, and located advantageously, but whether from mismanagement, or from circumstances beyond his control, for several years his affairs had become greatly involved, and he had only been saved from absolute ruin through the scheming friendship of a Spaniard named Perozzi—a man whose cunning was as deep as his own, and who by advancing large sums from time to time, only sought to entangle his victim in such a snare as should secure him in the end his valuable possessions. Pride prevented Mr. Donaldson from applying to Mr. Dundass—every year matters grew worse, until finally he felt himself to be completely in the power of Perozzi, who had even begun to threaten loudly, and talk of distraining. It was at this critical juncture that Mr. Dundass declared his intention of sending for Mildred Ward. A project now suddenly suggested itself to Mr. Donaldson which promised to relieve him from his difficulties, and which he seized upon in his selfishness with as little conscience as the highwayman who robs you of life in order to obtain your purse.

Mounting his mule he one morning rode over to the "Pen" of Perozzi, some few miles farther down the valley. He was received rather coolly.

"Your timely visit has saved me a ride this morning, Donaldson," said the Spaniard. "I have an imperative necessity for my money, or at least for a part of it."

"My dear fellow, the very thing I have come to talk about!" said Donaldson.

"*Corambre—to talk about!* It must be something more than talk—words will not answer my purpose," replied Perozzi, his sharp black eye glittering with hate. "I tell you money I must have—money I will have, or—"

"Good God, Perozzi, don't drive me to desperation. You know I cannot pay you a single piastre! Only wait until I receive my return sales from England, and I swear to you you shall receive your last farthing!"

"Holy Mother Mary! your return sales from England!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of cutting sarcasm. "In what manner of vessel must those same returns be coming, for, if my memory serves me, Columbus discovered a new world in less time than this same richly-freighted *caravela* has been crossing the Atlantic—this has been your answer for twice a twelvemonth. And now," he continued, suddenly altering his tone, and striding to the side of his victim, "there must be an end of this—either pay me what you owe me, or give me a quit claim to the Cascade, for which you have already received from me more than its value."

"By heavens, Perozzi!" cried Mr. Donaldson, turning pale with anger and mortification, "this is more than I can bear even from you; but come," he added, suddenly forcing a laugh, "it was to see you upon a more pleasing errand I came here."

"*Corambre!*" whistled through the teeth of the Spaniard.

"Hark ye, Perozzi; what would you say if I could this moment promise to place you in possession of one hundred thousand dollars and—a wife?"

"Say! why that the Devil helped you to cajole, and then deserted you at the pinch, as he always does!" replied Perozzi.

"No cajolery about it, as you shall find," answered Mr. Donaldson. "But come, let us sit—by your leave I'll taste your wine; your health, signor, and" (turning out a second glass) "here is another to Madame Perozzi—ha-ha-ha!" There—now," said he, setting down his glass with a force which nearly shivered it, "listen to me. You know that Mrs. Donaldson, by her first husband, had one daughter, Mildred Ward, who is at this moment on her return from England, whither she was sent at an early age for her education. She is now, by the bye, seventeen, and, as report informs us, extremely beautiful and accomplished. Now what think you, Perozzi, of the charming Mildred for a wife?"

"I want money—no wife!" moodily replied Perozzi, drumming a third glass.

"Precisely—money," answered the other; "and that is what the fair hand of Mildred tenders you."

"One hundred thousand dollars, did you say, Donaldson?" said the Spaniard, with a searching gaze.

"I did. Fifty thousand with the wedding-ring, and the balance when the old man, her grandfather, dies."

Excellent, by the Virgin!—ha-ha-ha! No one can

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dispute your skill in diplomacy; but methinks it would be well to know by what method you propose to bring about a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," said Perozzi, with a sneer.

"Leave that to me; only act with me, and Mildred Ward becomes your wife just so certain as I now drink to you—your health, signor."

"And, pray, allow me to ask," said Perozzi, "what benefit you expect to reap from such unparalleled generosity—it cannot surely be out of pure love to me that you thus

"Buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen whether I will or no!"

"You are right," answered Mr. Donaldson, dropping the servile tone in which he had before spoken, "you are right—it is from no love to you; my object is this. You know as well as I do the utter impracticability of my refunding any part of the money I owe you at present. True, you may seize my estates, but this I think you will hardly do in preference to the plan I propose; it would be at best but a vexatious affair, while by accepting my proposition you secure not only an equivalent for your debt, but also the hand of a charming young girl."

"Well, well, to the point," interrupted the Spaniard, impatiently.

"It is simply this; give me your written promise to release me from all obligation, return me whatever notes you hold against me, and I on my part pledge to you the hand and fortune of my step-daughter."

Perozzi remained for some moments in deep revery, as if studying the feasibility of the proposed plan. "I have half a mind to try it," he mused; "it may do—the connection will be a good one. Old Dundass is as rich as a Jew, and a man of great influence; while on the other hand, should the project fail, I shall be no worse off than now, unless an earthquake should swallow up the estates from my grasp."

"There is one contingency which seems to have entirely escaped your forecast," he exclaimed aloud, turning to Mr. Donaldson, "the lady may not be of your way of thinking—she may prove refractory."

"Leave that to me," was the reply.

"I may not fancy her."

"Nor the money?" added Mr. Donaldson, with a meaning smile.

"Ah, there, I grant, you have me. Well, well, I am willing to talk the matter over with you a little more freely. Miss Ward is handsome, you say?"

"As a Houri."

"And young?"

"Scarce seventeen."

"Very well—now to business."

But we have already entered into sufficient detail of the conversation of these two men to show the reader in what peril poor Mildred stood from their machinations. It is enough to say that ere they parted, Perozzi pledged his word that, should their plot succeed, he would, on his marriage-day, place in the hands of Mr. Donaldson a quit claim to every demand he held against him.

CHAPTER V.

How beautiful was Mildred as she sprung to meet the embrace of her old grandfather; and how fondly did the old man gaze upon his recovered treasure, almost incredulous that this lovely girl could be the same little pet, whose infantine gambols and artless caresses time had not been able to efface from his mind.

The style of Mildred's beauty was, indeed, most captivating and piquant. To a form of perfect symmetry and airy grace was added a countenance beaming with intellect and vivacity. Her complexion was of the same dazzling fairness as her mother's, but her eyes were of a deep-gray, sparkling beneath the most delicately penciled brows, and her hair of that dark, glossy chestnut, flecked as it were with sunbeams, whose peculiar tint painters so much love to catch. A small, rosy mouth, and white, regular teeth, which in her innocent vivacity were often displayed, completes the picture of Mildred's charms.

After spending a few days at Mount Dundass she took leave of her grandfather, and under the escort of Mr. Donaldson, who had hastened thither for the purpose, departed for the Cascade, impatient to behold her mother, in whose love she trusted to find a recompense for the pain which parting with her dear friends at Norcross Hall had caused. And for a few weeks all went happily. The sight of her innocent, beautiful child banished for a time from the heart of Mrs. Donaldson that unnatural jealousy her husband had awakened. Mr. Donaldson, for his own selfish purposes, strove by every attention and kindness to win her esteem and confidence, while Mildred on her part delighted with and reciprocating her mother's affection, gratified by the interest her step-father expressed for her, and perfectly enchanted with the novel and beautiful scenery, threw off all her sadness—linking the past with the present, not regretful or sorrowful, but as one continued scene of love and happiness, for which her heart rose in gratitude to her Maker that he had conferred upon her so many rich blessings.

How often did she wish that Rupert and Helen could share with her this West India paradise. The climate so bland and delicious—soft, balmy airs by day, and nights of unclouded loveliness; the beautiful undulating scenery of hill and valley stretching far away into the dim haze of ocean—hills from whose summits towered the magnificent cabbage-palm, its immense plume-like leaves waving like the crest of some gigantic warrior above the band of palms crowding around, bending their graceful heads to this their chief; valleys of luxuriant beauty, studded with groves of the aromatic pimento, whose pure white blossoms seem like snow-flakes just fallen amid their dark, glossy foliage, while at intervals clumps of magnolia, resting on a carpet of bright verdure sprinkled with flowers, and their trunks garlanded with the gay passa-flora, arrested the eye. From those beautiful hill-sides silvery cascades came leaping and dancing down into the rich valleys, then twining their lovely arms through this charming

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landscape, as if they would fain bear off its beauties to the broad ocean, whither they are gliding.

In the meantime, you may be sure, Perozzi made his appearance at the Cascade, where, under some slight pretext, he soon became almost domesticated, merely riding over to the Pen at intervals of two or three days. To Mildred there was something extremely repulsive in his appearance, and she could not but feel amazed at the influence he seemed to exercise over her parents, and the deference with which they treated him. She little dreamed of the power he would soon exert against her happiness—just as over those luxuriant valleys, whose smiling beauty I have but imperfectly sketched, the whirlwind comes rushing in terrible might, scattering ruin and devastation around, did the tempest burst over the head of Mildred, changing all the brightness of her young life to darkness. Perozzi needed no other impetus than the sight of Mildred's beauty to render him as eager to push forward the plot in agitation as Mr. Donaldson, and in accordance his attentions to her assumed a direct and positive form. She, however, had not the most remote suspicion of his intentions. How great, then, was her surprise when one day Perozzi made her a formal offer of his hand, assuring her at the same time that he did so with the consent and approbation of her parents and her grandfather. Mildred could hardly credit her senses, that Perozzi, a man as old as her step-father, should think of a mere child like herself for a wife, seemed very strange, but that her friends should also approve of such a match, stranger still.

"My dearest Mildred, what have you done!" cried Mrs. Donaldson, meeting her daughter a few hours after. "Can it be possible you have refused Signor Perozzi?"

"Dear mamma, you surely do not think I could do otherwise than refuse him!" replied Mildred, surprised at her mother's manner.

"And why not, Mildred? Would it not be a most eligible match for you—why he is not only very rich, but will probably soon succeed to a title."

"Riches and titles can never make happiness, mamma."

"But they conduce greatly to its maintainance, Mildred."

"O, no, mamma, not if attached to such a disagreeable person as the signor."

"Disagreeable! Mildred, you surprise me—pray what can be your objections?"

"Indeed, they are so numerous, that the repetition would only be tiresome," replied Mildred, smiling. "But you are surely laughing at me; you did not really suppose, now did you, that I could love such a man?"

"I did suppose you had more sense, Mildred, than to refuse him," replied Mrs. Donaldson. "I can only say your decision has deeply grieved both Mr. Donaldson and myself; yet we regret it more for the disappointment it will cause your grandfather, for to see you the wife of Perozzi has long been his most cherished wish."

"Can it be!" cried Mildred. "Can it be that my grandfather, my kind grandfather, would have me marry Perozzi—is it so, mamma?"

"It is, Mildred."

"Now, indeed, am I most unhappy," cried Mildred, bursting into tears, "for it can never, never be!"

"My sweet child, I am sorry to see you so grieved!" said Mrs. Donaldson." "It must be painful, I know, for you to distress your excellent old grandfather, who loves you so truly, and has ever treated you with such generosity; but perhaps your decision has been too hasty—it is not too late; reconsider the subject, Mildred, and perhaps you will conclude differently."

"No, mamma, my resolution is unalterable!"

"Let me at least soften your refusal to poor Perozzi—indeed, he is quite overwhelmed with despair; let me bid him hope that in time you may be brought to listen more favorably to his suit."

"O, not for worlds, mamma—not for worlds!"

"Well, well, my dear, you are strangely agitated. There, go—retire to your chamber, and compose yourself, my love;" and affectionately kissing her daughter, Mrs. Donaldson repaired to the library, where her husband and Perozzi were awaiting the result of this interview.

Had Mrs. Donaldson forgotten her own youth?

From that day Mildred was the object of ceaseless persecution. Go where she would, there was Perozzi ever at her side, to annoy her with his odious attentions; walking or riding, he intruded himself upon her; no room in the house seemed sacred from his approach; and even when she retired to her own apartment, he either stationed himself beneath her window, or stood at her door, ready to greet her with his hateful smile as she issued forth. Constantly, too, was he urging his suit, while her repeated refusals, her cold words, and still colder looks, might as well have been spent upon a rock—for a rock could not be more impressionless to their meaning. The persecution she underwent from the odious Perozzi, had, perhaps, revealed to her the true nature of her regard for Rupert, and in so doing, brought also the pleasing consciousness that she was beloved even as she loved him. How aggravating, then, her situation. Daily her life grew more wretched, nor had she even the consolation of sympathy. With a yearning heart did she now recall the happy days at Norcross Hall, rendered by contrast still more dear. "O!" she cried, in her anguish, "could I but once more rest in their loving arms, what power could tear me thence! Dearest Helen! Dearest Rupert, come to me! O, hasten thither and rescue me from this horrible thraldom!"

But months passed in sorrow; there came no letters from England—nothing to cheer up her fainting heart, and finally, Mildred, the once gay, happy Mildred, sunk into a state of utter despondency.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Hist—hist*, Pedro!" and a tall, swarthy Creole, obeying the finger of Perozzi, glided stealthily behind a large tree, where stood the Spaniard, both screened

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from observation by the thick drapery of ferns and parasitic plants clinging around its trunk. Eyeing the man keenly, Perozzi said, in a low tone,

"Hark-ye, Pedro! I have a job for you; here are thirty pistoles as an earnest, and when it is finished, you shall receive thirty more."

"By St. Jago, signor! I am ready—what is it? *This?*" touching the handle of his knife.

"*Corambre*, knave! No. Listen to me. Do you see yonder mansion, with the green verandas stretching itself out on the hill-side like an anaconda at play?"

"The Scotchman's—Donaldson's?"

"The same. Now look, and tell me what you see at the open jalousie on the right, that is, if you can see through the heavy screen of jessamines which droop over it."

"Ho, ho! I have eyes at any time for a pretty girl, signor; she is an angel, that fair English girl!"

"Very well—you know her, then. Now do you remember the thick pimento walk between this and the hospital?"

"Si, signor."

"Now, Pedro, hasten thither, and conceal yourself. This fair Signora will soon pass that way. Now mind me, knave, when she reaches the middle of the grove, do you rush suddenly upon her—seize her in your arms, and—"

"Ho-ho! a pleasant job, signor!"

"Peace, knave! Seize her, I tell you, and draw your knife, as if about to plunge it in her white bosom. Now, mark me, at that moment I rush upon you and rescue the lady—do you understand?"

"Si, signor; but will your honor please to remember I am but flesh and blood—don't strike more than skin deep, signor."

"Tush, knave! and remember—no violence; by the Holy Mother! if you so much as breathe upon a hair of her head, you taste my dagger!"

"Ho-ho, signor! methinks to snatch a kiss from her sweet lips would be worth more than a thousand pistoles."

"Villain, to your work!"

"Ho-ho! a pleasant job, signor—a pleasant job!" And with a hideous leer, the lesser villain parted from the greater, and concealing himself within the deep shadows of the grove, awaited the coming of Mildred.

It was not long ere, little suspecting the terrible scene which she was to encounter, Mildred set forth *en route* to the hospital, to visit an old faithful female slave. This was a favorite walk, and soothed by the quiet of the scene, she lingered long in its delightful depths. As her foot pressed the summit of a gentle slope, enameled with many-colored flowers, and over which frown the blood-tinged foliage of a stately mahogany-tree, pendent garlands of the passion-flower, and delicate white jasmine swung in the soft breeze, she paused for a moment, as if to prolong this happy reprieve from the presence of the Spaniard.

Suddenly, the wretch, Pedro, sprung in her path, and while with one hand he seized the trembling girl, with the other he drew his stiletto, and muttering a horrible oath, raised it as if about to strike at her innocent bosom. Mildred did not scream, she did not faint, but her eyes closed, and all power of speech and motion seemed paralyzed. But the threatened blow was arrested; a violent struggle ensued, during which she was clasped still more tightly to the breast of the ruffian, who seemed to be defending himself from some superior arm. Oaths and curses mingled with the clash of weapons; she was dragged, as it were, several paces through the grove, and then, after another struggle, she felt the arm of the assassin relax its grasp—she was caught to the breast of her deliverer, and then placed gently on the soft turf.

"Mildred—my angel—my life—O, speak to me!"

That voice! Mildred knew its hateful tones; and a cold shudder crept through her frame, as if some venomous reptile had touched her, as she felt the villains lips press her brow. Recoiling, she slowly opened her eyes.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Perozzi, "you are restored to me. Holy Virgin! can it be—so near death, and yet living and unhurt, I now hold you in my arms! O, blessed moment, when love guided me hither!"

"I owe you my life, signor," said Mildred, freeing herself from his embrace, "but it is a thankless boon; methinks death would have been sweeter! Leave me—I am better—I am well—leave me, signor!"

"Sweet angel! leave thee—leave thee thus exposed to new dangers! No—lean on me, my beloved—let me guide your trembling steps!" and he passed his arm around her.

"Away!" cried Mildred, springing from him. "Away! touch me not! Monster—fiend! I hate you! Begone from my sight forever, or, in mercy, kill me!"

Perozzi became livid with rage, and his eye-balls gleamed like fire in the deepening shadows, as they rested on Mildred, never more beautiful than as she now stood before him in all the majesty of outraged purity. But masking the hell in his heart with a well-feigned air of desperation, he fell on his knees before her.

"Would that the assassin's knife had reached my heart!" he exclaimed. "Better for me to die than endure your scorn. Yes, *die!* By heavens! why not end this miserable existence—here—yes, here, at your feet, cruel Mildred! *It shall be done!*" and drawing a pistol from his breast, he placed the muzzle to his temple.

"Hold—hold—for God's sake, miserable man, hold!" shrieked Mildred, springing forward.

It was too late—the pistol exploded.

"Ha—ha—ha!" shouted Perozzi, wiping his blackened brows, "that was well done!" And raising the now senseless girl in his arms he bore her to the house.

When, after a long and death-like swoon, Mildred opened her eyes they rested upon the anxious countenances of her mother and Mr. Donaldson bending over her couch.

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"Where am I?" she cried, starting up wildly—"how came I here—what has happened? Ah, now I remember—or was it some dreadful dream?" She pressed her hand to her forehead—"no, no, it was no dream—tell me," she added, with a convulsive shudder, closing her eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision, "is he dead—is Perozzi dead?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Mildred," replied Mrs. Donaldson, "he lives—fortunately the ball but slightly grazed his temple—yet, my child, such is his despair—to such a state of frenzy has your cruelty brought him, that we dare not trust him alone even for a moment, lest he once more attempt to end his misery by self-destruction."

A heart-rending groan was the poor girl's only answer.

"Mildred, my daughter," said Mr. Donaldson, "I had decided to say no more to you upon a subject so painful, but duty to my friend compels me to make one more appeal to your compassion. Can I stand calmly by and witness the wreck which despair has wrought in that beloved friend—can I behold him resolutely rushing upon death to end his misery and not speak! O, Mildred," falling on his knees, "save him—for you can—Mildred, behold me thus imploring your pity for Perozzi!"

Mildred burst into tears, and placed her hand within that of Mr. Donaldson.

"You will relent, my sweet child, will you not?" said her mother, throwing her arms around her—"yes, you will, and make us all happy—see," she added, drawing a letter from her bosom, "here is a letter from my beloved father—let his words plead with ours—shall I read?" Mildred assented, and breaking the seal Mrs. Donaldson continued:

"MILDRED,—You have refused compliance with the fondest wish of my heart—you have obstinately cast from you the man of all others I wished to see your husband! Henceforth I renounce you. I loved you, my child, (as I now for the last time call you,) I have loved you from your infancy—to you I looked as my greatest earthly blessing—but it is all over—we never meet again! Yet, cruel, ungrateful girl, I will not doom you to a life of hardship and dependence. The fortune settled upon you is still yours. Take it, Mildred, and enjoy it if you can, knowing that you have broken the heart of your old doting grandfather, ARCHIBALD DUNDASS."

As Mrs. Donaldson concluded, Mildred sobbed aloud. These reproaches, mingled with so much kindness, almost broke her heart.

"Give me the letter," said she, extending her trembling hand, and once more she tearfully perused it, while a glance of triumph was exchanged between husband and wife. The look of agony which Mildred cast upon them as she finished reading would have melted a heart of stone. Mrs. Donaldson burst into tears, and even the lip of her husband quivered with agitation.

"My God, pity me!" cried Mildred, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven. Once more she turned them on her mother. "Mother, do not weep—*I—O God—I—consent!*" And as if with those dreadful words her pure spirit had fled, she fell back cold and rigid as marble upon the pillow.

CHAPTER VII.

Let the silence of despair rest upon the sufferings of the unhappy Mildred after those fatal words had passed her lips.

Among other artful devices agreed upon between Mr. Donaldson and Perozzi, previous to Mildred's return, was that of keeping her entirely secluded from society, lest some other suitor might wrest the hand of the doomed girl from him. But now that a consent to their infernal measures had been torn from her, it was resolved that a magnificent *fête* should mark the *début* of the affianced bride. The evening previous to the wedding was the time fixed upon for this important event, and accordingly invitations were immediately issued for a grand *bal masqué*, including the governor's family, together with all the *élite* of the island.

For weeks all was hurry and confusion at the Cascade—artisans of many trades were busily engaged pulling down and putting up—the drawing-rooms—the halls—verandas, all newly decorated—in fact, the whole establishment, through the purse of Perozzi and the good taste of Mrs. Donaldson, completely revolutionized. Mildred in the meanwhile remained in strict seclusion in her apartment, unless dragged thence by the importunities of the Spaniard, so sad, so perfectly overwhelmed with the wretchedness of her lot, that it seemed most probable death might claim the young bride ere the day of sacrifice came. In vain her mother strove to interest her in the gay proceedings—entreating she would at least choose a costume for her expected *début*.

"Do with me as you will, mother," Mildred would reply, with a faint smile.

In the sleeping-room of Mrs. Donaldson there hung a portrait of a beautiful Turkish maiden. This picture was a favorite with Mildred, and it occurred to Mrs. Donaldson that a similar costume would well become the style of her daughter's beauty. A careful examination of her own and Mildred's wardrobe convinced her the thing could be done, and she set herself diligently to prepare the dress—Mildred passively obeying her directions.

At length all was finished, and in its swift course Time brought round the appointed evening for the *début* of the wretched Mildred, so soon to become a more wretched wife. At an early hour those guests who resided at a distance began to arrive, and after partaking of the grateful refreshments provided for them were conducted to their dressing-rooms, to prepare for the festivities of the evening—all being expected to appear *en masque*.

Mrs. Donaldson, the still handsome mistress of the *fête*, wore a splendid dress of the tartan, in compliment to the Scottish tastes of her husband, who himself appeared in the costume of a Highland Chief, and had already entered the drawing-room, in readiness to welcome the gay throng. The victim, too, was ready. Passive as a lamb in the hands of the

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destroyer, she had suffered her mother and her maid to array her, and now sat like some marbled image, awaiting the coming of Perozzi to lead her forth.

How lovely she was, nor yet casting one look to the mirror wherein her exquisite form and beautiful face were reflected. The robe her mother had chosen was the same as the picture, of a pale rose color, floating like a summer cloud around her lovely person, and confined to her waist by a broad girdle of white satin, wrought with gold and clasped by a superb diamond. The sleeves of the same airy fabric as the caftan were long and loose, revealing in their transparency the fine contour of her snowy arm, and were ornamented upon the shoulders and around the graceful fold of the outer edge with rich embroidery seeded with pearls. The caftan was slightly open at the bust, displaying an under vest of thin white gauze gathered in maidenly modesty over her lovely bosom, and fastened by a magnificent cluster of diamonds and rubies. A *talpec*, or head-dress, of white velvet, around which were wound two rows of the finest pearls, was placed low on her pale brow, from which her beautiful hair fell in long natural ringlets, looped here and there with sprigs of the white jasmine and orange buds.

Gently the wind swayed the orange boughs, and creeping through the flowery links of the jessamine and passa-flora, kissed the pale cheek of Mildred as she sat there in her misery—twilight stole on with saddened step, and from out the cloudless heavens one by one the stars looked down upon her wretchedness. Then over the distant mountains rose up the full-orbed moon, bathing their summits with gladness and flooding the valleys with calm and holy light. On she came, majestic and serene, o'er her glorious path, and as her mild beams quivered through the thick clustering blossoms around the window they touched the heart of Mildred as the smile of angels. Throwing open the jalousie she stepped into the veranda, and leaning over the balustrade gazed upon the peaceful landscape stretching before her in all the chastened loveliness of the moonlight.

There was something in the scene which brought with it the "light of other days" to her sad heart. For a few brief moments she was happy—present sorrows lost themselves in past pleasures. Once more upon the ivy-clad battlements of Norcross Hall she was standing with Helen and Rupert, while the scene upon which the moon looked down identified itself with the woods and dells of that beloved spot. Her bright dream was brief—the voice of Perozzi in loud and angry altercation with some one awoke her too rudely to her misery.

"O, Rupert!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony as she turned to re-enter her chamber—"Rupert, farewell—farewell forever!"

"Dearest Mildred!" cried a voice whose tones leaped into her heart with a strange thrill of joy—"dearest Mildred!"

Did she still dream—or was it indeed Rupert to whose breast she was now folded with a bliss too great for words!

"Thank God, Rupert, you have come!" cried Mildred.

"Mildred," said Rupert, (for it was indeed Rupert,) "what mean these tears? Are you not happy—this marriage—"

"A-h!" shrieked Mildred, clinging to him as though the basilisk hand of Perozzi were already upon her, "*save me—save me*, Rupert!"

"*Save* you! dearest, beloved Mildred—tell me—tell me quick—this marriage—is it not your own choice?"

"O no, no, no!" sobbed Mildred.

"Then no power on earth shall compel you to it! You are mine—mine, dearest Mildred!" and clasping her once more in his arms, Rupert kissed the tears from her beautiful eyes, as full of hope and love they met his beaming gaze.

"But my grandfather!" she cried, starting up.

"He is here, dear girl."

"Here! then lead me to him quickly—let me implore him to have pity upon me!"

The arrival of Mr. Dundass upon the scene was wholly unlooked for by Mr. Donaldson—need we say as wholly unwelcome. Guilt and fear paled his cheek and almost palsied his tongue as his lips feigned a welcome—nor was Perozzi less moved. To define the feelings of Mrs. Donaldson would be difficult. Her love for her daughter had been held in complete subjugation to the will of her husband, and while she grieved deeply for the sorrows heaped upon her, her love and fear of Mr. Donaldson, and her knowledge of his pecuniary distress caused her at the same time to exert all her influence to rivet the chain around poor Mildred—so strange is human nature! What then was to be the result of her father's unexpected visit—was it freedom for Mildred—was it to heap disgrace upon her husband?

In the mean time Mr. Dundass had been shown to a private room in a remote wing of the building, while Mr. Donaldson and Perozzi were already planning new schemes. They resolved that Mildred should be kept in ignorance of her grandfather's arrival as long as possible—of Rupert's they themselves knew nothing—and that on no account should she be allowed to speak with him privately. The marriage should take place at an early hour the following morning—*that* consummated they would defy even the devil himself!

Mr. Dundass was sitting sad and sorrowful in the apartment to which he had been conducted, for this marriage filled him with grief, wondering that Mildred did not appear to welcome him, or that Rupert did not return, when the door suddenly opened and Mildred rushed in, and falling at his feet exclaimed:

"O dearest, dearest grandfather, pity me—O sacrifice me not to Perozzi!"

"Sacrifice you, my darling child! Come to my arms—what mean you—*sacrifice*—I thought it was your happiness I was securing by consenting to your union."

"*Happiness!* O grandfather—rather my misery!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Dundass. "There must be treachery somewhere! God knows

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how it has grieved my heart to think of your union with that man—I know him to be a villain, and when repeatedly urged to consent to the marriage, I as repeatedly refused, until your own letter—"

"*My* letter—good heavens!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Written in the most moving language, at length won my reluctant consent!"

All was now explained, and the villainy of Mr. Donaldson and his coadjutor made clear.

"Courage, courage, my darling," said Mr. Dundass, "come with me. Come, Rupert, I will 'beard the lion in his den,' and make known this infamous plot—come."

"My mother—spare *her*, dear grandfather—forgive them all—I am happy now—let us not mar the pleasure of the guests," interceded Mildred.

"You say right, my child—to-morrow will be soon enough. But come with me, children—let us join the gay assembly—nay, fear not, Mildred. Perozzi, the villain, he shall not dare even to look upon you!"

Now strains of delicious music filled the air—lights gleamed—jewels flashed—feathers waved, and on every side the merry laugh and gay badinage met the ear from prince and beggar—wild roving gipsy and sombre nun—knights in armor—minstrels—flower-girls—jugglers and staid Quakers, as in confused *mêlée* they swept through the rooms—yet all stood aside in silent admiration as the lovely Mildred Ward in her graceful Turkish costume, her face beaming with happiness, entered the saloon leaning on the arm of her gray-haired sire.

Muttering curses through his closed visor, Perozzi (who was dressed as a knight of Old Castile) hastily left the scene. He had sought Mildred in her chamber—she was not there, and well did his guilty fears surmise where she might be found. One glance at her speaking countenance was enough. He saw in a moment all was over—that the fiendish plot so near consummation was betrayed! With terrible oaths he mounted his mule, and plunging his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of the poor beast rushed armed as he was, like some terrible demon through the peaceful moon-lit vale until he reached the Pen—vowing that on the morrow he would seize at once with the grip of a harpy upon the estates of Mr. Donaldson.

But here, too, he was foiled! Mr. Donaldson, it is true, did not deserve so much mercy, but when, like a penitent, he came before Mr. Dundass and confessed his crime, the heart of the old man was moved to pity. He generously advanced the necessary funds, and wrenched the Cascade from the clutches of Perozzi. Touched by such unmerited goodness and generosity, Mr. Donaldson resolved to become a better man, and to repair by his future conduct the errors of the past.

At Mount Dundass, whither the whole family accompanied its venerable proprietor, Rupert received the hand of the happy Mildred, and after the death of Mr. Dundass, which took place only a few months later, took his beautiful young bride to England.

A LAY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE glorious queen of heaven who flings
Her royal radiance round me now,
As with clasped hands and upturned brow
I watch her pathway fair and free,
Is not so silvery with the light
She pours o'er darkened earth to-night,
As in the gentle thoughts she brings
Of thee, dear love, of thee!

The night-wind trembling round the rose—
The starlight floating on the river,
The fearful aspen's silvery shiver,
The dew-drop glistening on the lea,
Night's pure baptism to the flowers—
All, all bring back our dear, lost hours,
Till every heart-string thrills and glows
For thee, dear-love, for thee!

And when dawn wakes the Earth with song,
And Nature's heart, so hushed to-night,
Goes leaping in the morning light,—
While waves flash onward to the sea,
While perfumed dews to heaven arise—
While glory flushes o'er the skies—
Still through my soul shall sweet thoughts throng
Of thee, dear love, of thee!

Ah, thou beloved, whose heart hath thrilled
To blessed dreams and joys with mine,
What power shall change thy love divine,
Or shut its presence out from me!
Since all bright things, from flower to star,
Its types and sweet reminders are
To this fond heart, this soul so filled
With thee, dear love, with thee!

We part not, though we said adieu—
Since first thy thoughts chimed in with mine,
And from those glorious eyes of thine
A heaven of love looked down on me,
My very life round thine is poured—
Thy words within my soul I hoard—
Still true, in every heart-throb true
To thee, dear love, to thee!

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THE SAILOR'S LIFE-TALE.

A TRUE REMINISCENCE.

BY ETHEL SUTHERLAND.

(DEDICATED TO MY COUSIN MARY S——.)

"There 's many an 'o'er true' tale, coz,
That comes to the listening ear,
That makes the cheek turn pale, coz,
And brings the glistening tear."

DURING the last summer, Mary mine, I was one of a party of friends, who, tired of the bustle and confusion of the busy city, resolved to lay aside business and all other engagements, for the brief space of one day, which was to be devoted to a picknick in some retired country location. The destined spot for our intended *fête* was, after considerable consultation, at length decided upon, and we unanimously agreed to spend the day in a pleasant woods in the neighborhood of New Brighton.

It was upon a balmy June morning, when, with light hearts, but heavier baskets, laden with provisions, sun-bonnets, books, music, and sundry et cæteras indispensable upon such an occasion, we found ourselves snugly ensconced upon the deck of one of those spacious steamboats which hourly wend their way toward the sunny shores for which we were bound; and after an exhilarating sail of half an hour's duration, we landed at Snug Harbor, and proceeded toward our place of destination, which was situated about ten minutes' walk distant.

It was to the Sailor's woods that our steps were bent on the morning of our picknick. Sauntering slowly through a shady lane we first passed the great gate leading to the Sailor's Snug Harbor, an institution which, as you doubtless know, Cousin Mary, was, through the munificence of a certain private individual, erected some years since as a place of refuge and repose to the weary, wayworn seaman. Walking a short distance beyond these stately buildings, we found ourselves within "the deep solitudes of the leafy wood."

How shall I describe to you, gentle coz, that dear old woods, as on that eventful day its beauties and wonders first greeted my gaze? We had not advanced far within its recesses, when a welcome sound fell upon our ears, and in a moment more

"The flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play,"

came gladly upon our sight. A laughing little streamlet rose before us, its bright waters rippling and dancing, and here and there illuminated by a stray sunbeam that stole softly and faintly through the thick foliage of the sturdy old trees above. The brook was narrow, and one could have crossed it almost at a bound; but there was no necessity for the exertion, for glancing but a few yards ahead, we beheld a rustic bridge, which, on nearer approach, proved to be of cedar, and was ornamented with a sofa of the same material.

Upon this rude couch we rested awhile till our friend C——, whom we had elected master of ceremonies, went forward to take a more extended survey of the woods and its surroundings. In a few minutes we heard a loud and very expressive halloo from our absent companion, and looking about to find whence the sound proceeded, we beheld him standing upon a stone-fence at some distance, and beckoning us to hasten immediately to his side. The mandate was obeyed, and after a scramble over the stones, we succeeded in mounting the desired eminence, when a pleasant sight met our delighted visions. The waters of the brook were here so managed as to form two sylvan lakes, divided from each other by a bridge similar to the one previously mentioned. The borders of these lakes, through one of which glided two stately swans, were supplied with seats formed of cedar wood, and so arranged as to resemble lounges, *tête-à-têtes*, and arm-chairs, whose appearance seemed to invite repose. And here we would fain have lingered, but asserting that he had something to show us in another direction, C—— bade us follow him a few steps farther.

Descending from our elevation, and roaming through a shadowed path, we at last halted at the door of a diminutive and picturesque-looking cottage, within which, to our astonishment, was a table, round which were ranged seats more than sufficient for our number. In no measured terms did we now express our surprise and delight at thus finding in the very heart of the wilderness accommodations so necessary, wondering at the same time whether the fairies had not been there before us to provide every thing for our convenience.

Beside the door of this rustic dwelling an old man, evidently nearing the allotted "three score and ten," was seated upon a rude bench, busily engaged weaving a small and dainty-looking basket. He was dressed in a sailor's garb, but there was an indescribable something in his appearance, betraying that he did not belong to the lowest rank of seamen. There was a cloud of melancholy upon his countenance, and though the sounds of laughter and mirth were floating around him, he desisted not from his occupation, nor even once gazed into the bright faces

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by which he was surrounded. Absorbed in his own meditations, he seemed not to heed nor care for aught else; and it was some time ere any of us presumed to address him. But after awhile C——, who was on every occasion the most venturesome of our group, approached the old man, and endeavored to lead him into conversation. He did not resist the attempt, and we now learned that the various adornments of the woods were entirely the handiwork of an aged sailor, to whose taste and ingenuity many a previous picknick party had owed the greater portion of its pleasures. He showed us a spring near by, where we regaled ourselves with a libation of the purest and coldest water, and told us of a fitting place for a dance, an even, grass-grown spot in another part of the woods. He also described to us a moss-house, which he said was located just below the opposite hill, informing us at the same time that it belonged to the estate of Mr. G——, one of New York's mercha t-princes, who kindly and unselfishly left it free and open to the inspection of the curious, and wonder-loving community. And to this latter domain my friends now agreed to adjourn —but much to my regret, I was unable to accompany them. A severe headache, the usual result of excitement of any kind, was now exerting its influence over me; and I was confident, from experience, that my only way of soon getting rid of it would be by remaining where I was and keeping perfectly quiet. All of my friends expressed their sorrow at my sudden indisposition, and each one kindly offered to stay and bear me company; but unwilling to deprive them of any enjoyment, I declined their offers, alleging that I should not be altogether alone, as the old man whom we found there would doubtless continue where he was till their return. The sailor looked up as I spoke, and said that it was his intention to remain there for the rest of the morning, adding that he frequently passed the entire day in the woods. So, assured that I would not be actually solitary, they at last allowed themselves to be persuaded to go without me in search of the moss-house.

After watching their forms till they had quite receded from my view, I re-entered the arbor where the old sailor was still at work, and seated myself very comfortably in a rocking-chair. It was somewhat of an oddity, too, Mary—that rocking-chair; and though I had almost forgotten to mention the circumstance to you, the first discovery of such an article of furniture in the woods had been a source of infinite amusement to my companions and myself. It was built of cedar, to correspond with the other various decorations of the woods, and though hewn of the roughest material, for ease and grace of motion, I might confidently challenge the drawing-room of a fashionable lady to produce its equal. Again, I say, it was an oddity—that rocking-chair. But the powers of my simple pen being scarcely adequate to a description of it, this being, as I have styled it, a true reminiscence, I would advise and invite you, dear Mary, if you wish to behold the rocker, and judge of its *indescribable* merits, to accompany me on the first summer's day you may have to spare, to the pleasantest and most romantic spot in the immediate vicinity of New York—the Sailor's Woods at Snug Harbor.

But to go on with my record. After enjoying for a space the easy lulling motion of this inimitable chair; and after bathing my head repeatedly in water from the woodland-spring, I began to feel considerably revived, while the pure air, and the stillness that reigned around, were of especial benefit to my aching temples. The pain gradually grew less and less tormenting, till at length it was no longer felt, and again I found myself watching the old sailor, who sat at a few paces from me weaving his pretty, delicate basket. Gathering courage, I entered into conversation with him. He had stated previously that his abode was at "the Harbor," so I now made some inquiries concerning that institution, its regulations, &c., and he very readily gave me all the requisite information.

"They must be very happy, are they not?" I asked, referring to the members of the institution of which we were speaking; "very happy and very thankful, too, to have had so pleasant a home provided for them in their old age?"

"They are generally contented," was the reply, "but there are many among their number who, having no fears for their earthly future, allow their minds to dwell too earnestly upon the past—and woe be to them, if one voice from the memories of bygone days comes back with reproachful accents!" He sighed heavily—and for some moments there was a pause. At length, raising his eyes hastily to mine, he said,

"Young lady—do you think that *I* am happy?"

The question was altogether so abrupt and unexpected, that I scarcely knew what to answer; but, after some little hesitation, I replied, "I do not, sir. There is too much of sadness in your countenance to speak of a mind quite at ease. I should think that you had known many sorrows."

"You are right," he rejoined, in a voice of emotion, "I have, indeed, borne the burden of many griefs; but, alas! I do not mourn them so much as the errors of a heart but for whose weakness they had never oppressed me. I know not what it is, young lady, that prompts me to confide to you my history. But, perchance, it may serve you as a warning—it may impress more strongly upon your mind that divine law of forgiveness inculcated by Him who pardons *our* trespasses, 'as we forgive those who trespass against us.' There is a passage in the 'Book of Books' that never fails to convey to me a reproof, for I remembered not the lesson till it was too late to profit by it. 'Then came one of his disciples unto him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times; but until seventy times seven.'"

Though somewhat surprised at the turn matters were taking, yet, as the speaker had paused, and was now apparently awaiting some token on my part of interest in his proposed narration, I, of course,

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entreated him to proceed. Nor was he long in complying with my desire.

It was truly a touching story, dear Mary. I would, indeed, that I could "tell the tale as 't was told to me." And yet I would not, if I possessed the power, portray the mournful accents of that old man's voice, and the sorrowing expression of his countenance—for the picture would make you weep. I may not attempt to recall the sketch in the language of the aged sailor, for that it would be utterly impossible to do; but I will strive to repeat it to you after my own peculiar fashion, and to the best of my ability. Could I boast your incomparable grace of diction, Mary, I might do full justice to my subject. But I know that with your accustomed kindness you will overlook the faults which I humbly trust that time and practice may enable me to overcome. So, having thus worthily delivered my preface, let me hasten at once to my task.

Some sixty years since, there dwelt in the city of Boston, a merchant by the name of Sydney—a man justly beloved and respected for benevolence of character, integrity of purpose and of principle, and envied by the worldly for the enormous income which enabled him to surround his family with every luxury that money could procure. Early in life he had married a beautiful girl, to whom he was tenderly devoted. A son, whose name was Arthur, and who, to come at once to the point, was the original narrator of this story, was the sole offspring of this happy union, and, as may be supposed, the pride and idol of his parents. They watched over him with the most untiring affection, and endeavored to instil into his young mind those firm and honorable principles which rendered their own lives so lovely. But at the age of ten years the hand of death deprived Arthur Sydney of his gentle mother, and daily he missed her counsels and her embrace, and most bitterly did he mourn for the footstep that was to come no more.

The loss of his wife was a stunning blow to Mr. Sydney. He never married again, for he had loved the departed one too well to think for an instant of supplying her place; and so four more years elapsed, and his child continued to be the only object of his cares. But at the termination of that period this good and just man was called to a mansion beyond the skies, doubtless there to claim the crown of immortality. And then Arthur was left alone in the wide world—a young and almost broken-hearted orphan.

Upon searching into Mr. Sydney's affairs soon after his decease, to the surprise of every one, instead of leaving his son in the possession of an immense estate, there was not quite sufficient to meet the demands of creditors. When Arthur Sydney became older, he could not help suspecting that there was some mystery about this, for strictly honest as he had ever known his father to be, he could not believe that he would ever have swerved thus from the path of right. What was in reality the cause of this deficiency, whether it was owing, as his son afterward thought, to the craft and fraud of his executors, can only be answered from the curtain of futurity.

The mansion where Arthur's early years had passed so happily, was now sold, with all its effects, and the lonely orphan took up his abode beneath the roof of an uncle. But, alas! it was not like the home he had lost—the dear hearth of his sunny childhood. His relative, Mr. Lindsay, was a far different being from his deceased parent, and though, like the latter, he lived in splendor, he knew not how to enjoy it. Devoid of that generosity of spirit which Mr. Sydney had possessed, he was also of a morose, exacting, and passionate nature, and his family, instead of hailing his presence with delight, shrunk from him ever with indifference, and sometimes with trembling. Governed by the law of fear instead of that of love, it was scarcely to be wondered at that his children resorted to every petty means of covering their faults, and were often guilty of deception and falsehood. Arthur Sydney's education had been widely different, and he despised the meannesses which his cousins practiced; but when he expostulated with them, as he frequently did, his words invariably drew upon himself a torrent of invectives. They taunted him with his dependence upon their father's charity, and asked what right a beggar had to preach to *them*; and then the youth's proud heart would swell within him, and he would rush to his own little room, and there, unseen, give full vent to his wounded feelings.

His eldest cousin, Alfred Lindsay, who was always foremost in every plan of mischief, and the most perfect adept in concealing the part he had taken in it, was a twelvemonth Arthur's senior. From earliest childhood the two had evinced a dislike to each other's society, and as they grew up, the feeling did not diminish. At school they had been rivals, and Arthur had now far out-stripped Alfred in their course of study. In various other ways he had also quite unintentionally foiled his cousin's ambition; and he was convinced that at the first opportunity Alfred would have his revenge. Too soon was the foreboding realized.

Mr. Lindsay one afternoon entered the room where his children generally spent their leisure hours, and with threatening looks announced that he had lost a ten dollar bank note. He had missed it under such circumstances that he was sure it must have been purloined by one of the younger members of his family; and he now declared his intention of searching both their persons and their apartments, that he might, if possible, discover the guilty one. Very pale were the young faces that now gathered round him; and though Arthur's heart was free from reproach, he, too, trembled with fear for the criminal. I need not dwell upon the details of that search, but suffice it to say that the bank-note was found—found in *Arthur Sydney's* apartment, within a little box that always stood upon his dressing-table as the honored receptacle of his parents' miniatures. Vainly did he assert his ignorance as to how it came there—his uncle refused to listen to his words, and loaded with passionate reproaches, he was dismissed to his own room, there to remain till he received permission to leave it.

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It was a long while ere the boy became sufficiently calm to reflect upon what had occurred, for the thought that he was accused of theft came with such bitterness to his soul that for several hours he was almost frantic. But as he grew more composed he became confident that this was the work of Alfred, and he remembered the triumphant leer that stood upon his cousin's countenance when the hiding-place of the missing note was proclaimed.

Just at this moment his meditations were disturbed by the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching his door, and the next instant it was opened, and Alfred Lindsay stood upon the threshold, gazing exultingly upon Arthur's misery, while a malicious smile wreathed his lips as pointing his finger exultingly at him, the single word, "thief!" fell upon the ear of his victim. Oh! how that undeserved epithet stung the innocent and sensitive boy; and, almost maddened by the sense of his injuries, he rushed toward the offender, impelled by but one thought—the wish for revenge. But, coward-like, Alfred fled from his approach, and then closing the door, and locking it, Arthur threw himself upon his couch in tearless, voiceless agony. It was not until the shades of evening had closed in that he roused himself from the stupor into which he had been thrown by those overpowering emotions. And now came a determination that he would no longer remain in his uncle's house, where he knew that he must ever after be subjected to the sneers and gibes of his cousins. He resolved to quit Mr. Lindsay's dwelling, though he knew not of any other roof where he might find a shelter for his aching head.

That night, when the unbroken stillness that reigned around gave assurance that the family had all retired to rest, Arthur Sydney stole softly down the stairs, and taking with him nothing but a small bundle of clothing, and the few treasured memorials of other days that he could lawfully call his own, he left forever the mansion of his uncle. And as he looked his last upon the home of Alfred Lindsay, there rose in his heart a wild, dark resolve, that if he ever possessed the power, his cousin should one day reap the fruits of his evil deed.

For hours the youth wandered listlessly through the now deserted streets of the city, till at last overcome with fatigue, and completely unnerved as the full sense of his desolate situation burst upon him, he seated himself near the edge of one of the wharves, and wept long and bitterly. Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice whose tones though rough were yet full of sympathy, inquired the cause of his grief, and looking hastily up, he beheld a man apparently about fifty years of age, and habited in a seaman's garb. Touched with his kindness, in the first impulse of the moment, Arthur gave him a brief account of his misfortunes. When he had concluded, much to his surprise, his listener informed him that he had known his father, who had, years before, rendered him an important service, in return for which, he said that he would now willingly do all in his power to serve the child of one to whom he was so deeply indebted. He told Arthur that he was at present commander of a large vessel lying close at hand, and which was to sail the following day for South America, and asked if he would be willing to accompany him, and learn to be a sailor like himself. The idea was a novel one, and the boy seized upon it with avidity, as beside being his only available means of obtaining life's necessaries, he knew that by embracing it he should lose the chance of meeting those relatives whom he cared no more to behold. And when he at once expressed his readiness to go, his new friend patted his head in token of approval, prophesied that he would prove a brave mariner, and then taking his young companion by the hand, led him toward the ship which was henceforth to be his abiding-place. The next day Arthur bade adieu to his native city, and commenced his career as a seaman. But upon the events of that career I have not time to linger. For years Captain Carter, for such was his patron's name, continued to treat his *protegé* with unremitting favor, sharing with him all the nautical knowledge he had acquired, and using every endeavor for his advancement. At the age of eight-and-twenty, through this kind friend's interest, Arthur was himself raised to the post of captain, and took possession of a packet-ship sailing between the ports of New York and Southampton. He had now attained the summit of his hopes, for a way was opened before him of obtaining, what had long been his desire, a competence, which would enable him to resume that station in life which his father had occupied, and of supplying also to his parent's creditors the sum of which they had been so strangely defrauded. And at the close of five more years he had the satisfaction of knowing that this latter purpose was accomplished.

It was about this period that an incident occurred which had a material influence over the future destiny of Arthur Sydney. During one of his voyages, accident revealed to his notice the wreck of what had once apparently been a noble vessel. He immediately despatched a boat with a portion of his crew to survey the ruins, and ascertain if any of the passengers survived. They returned, bringing with them the inanimate form of a lovely girl, seemingly not more than eighteen years old. Every effort was used for her speedy restoration to consciousness, but it was nearly two hours ere she opened her eyes, and then she was so weak as to be quite unable to move or speak. Her delicate frame was evidently exhausted by long fasting, and the fearful scenes she must have witnessed; and for the whole of that day Sydney watched beside her with feelings of the strongest sympathy for her sufferings. The next morning she was much better, she could recline in an easy chair, and had acquired sufficient strength to relate her history. She was a native of Italy—the youngest daughter of an ancient and noble family, whose father having been undeservedly regarded by the government with suspicion, was threatened with imprisonment, and had barely time to escape with his household on board of a ship bound for America. That vessel was the one whose wreck Captain Sydney had espied, and of the large number of souls

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within it, who had departed but a few weeks before from Italia's sunny shores, but one remained—that gentle and helpless maiden. For three days she had continued upon the wreck without the slightest sustenance, haunted by the memories of the terrible past, and expecting that each instant would dash the frail fabric to pieces, and precipitate her also into the deep, dark sea, till at length consciousness forsook her, and in a death-like swoon she forgot the dangers by which she was surrounded.

With tears of anguish she now spoke of the dear ones lost to her forever on earth—the loved mother, the noble father, the darling sisters, and the cherished brother, over each one of whom she had beheld the wild waves close. Then she lamented her desolation, utterly destitute, and nearing the shores of a foreign land, where no familiar voice would accord her a welcome. There was a similarity in her situation to what had once been his own, and as Sydney listened, the story inspired him with an interest in that fair being such as he had never till then experienced for a fellow-creature. He used every effort to console her—gave her an account of his own early life, and bade her trust in the kind Providence who in the hour of need had given *him* a friend. He assured her also that he, at least, would not forsake her, but that he would endeavor to place her in some way of gaining her own livelihood till she could write to and hear from her friends in Italy; and begged that she would look upon him as a brother. She heard him with glistening eyes, and clasping his hand in hers, with child-like earnestness expressed her thanks for his kindness.

During the rest of that voyage Captain Sydney spent every leisure moment by the side of his beautiful charge. Returning health imparted a bloom to her cheek, and a lustre to her soft, dark eyes, and as Arthur gazed upon her, he often thought that earth had never owned a fairer flower. It was not long ere he became fully conscious that she daily grew dearer to him, and great was his joy as he marked the flush that invariably rose to her pure forehead when he approached. And when at length he poured his tale of love into the ear of the sweet Leonor, the reply that he sought was given with an impassioned fervor that sent a thrill of rapture to his soul.

They were united the day that they landed at New York, and renting a small but pretty cottage in the outskirts of the city, Captain Sydney installed his Leonor as the mistress of that pleasant domain. Here, amidst flowers and birds, and enlivened by the music of two loving hearts, the time glided tranquilly away till the hour of separation arrived—and, for the first time, Sydney quitted the land with regret, and embarked once more upon the deep blue ocean.

Eight years after his marriage, Captain Sydney was destined to weep over the cold corpse of his lovely wife. She had never enjoyed uninterrupted health since her residence beneath the variable clime of her adoption, and at last she fell a victim to consumption. Vainly did the anxious husband consult the most celebrated physicians—the disease was incurable, and ere the blossoms of spring again burst forth, Leonor slumbered beneath the sod. Wild, indeed, was the grief of the bereaved one at her loss—but he recovered the first effects of his sorrow, and leaving his only child, Harry, a brave boy just six years of age, under the guardianship of a friend who had loved the departed mother, Sydney resumed his former vocation.

Years again fled. Harry Sydney attained the age of manhood—and every one that knew him loved him, for he was a fine, manly fellow, honorable and generous in every impulse, with a heart susceptible of the warmest sympathies. He inherited his mother's ardent temperament, and was of a sensitive and impassioned nature. Captain Sydney had destined him for a merchant, and as such he had just commenced life with every prospect of success. Had he been allowed to take his own inclination as a guide, Harry would fain have followed the sea. But to this his father was averse, and early, at his command, he relinquished the desire.

Upon his son all the hopes of Captain Sydney were centered. It was his earnest wish to see him happily married, and determined to express the desire to Harry, he one day sought his side for that purpose. Both to his surprise and approval, the latter informed his father that he had already met one to whom his heart's warmest affections were given. He added that the young lady, though poor and dependent upon her own exertions for her support, and that of an invalid father, was the descendant of a family said to be highly respectable. "Her grandfather," he continued, "was Robert Lindsay, a well-known merchant of Boston; and though his son, Alfred, has dissipated the patrimony left him by his parent, and now relies solely for maintenance upon the proceeds of his daughter's needle, I am sure, my dear father, this praiseworthy effort, on the part of one so young and lovely as Ida, will but elevate her in your estimation?"

"Robert Lindsay! Alfred Lindsay!" were the exclamations of Captain Sydney, in a voice full of passion, as those well-remembered names fell upon his ear for the first time in many years; "boy—did you say that *Alfred Lindsay* was her parent? Then be assured that never, while life lasts, will I give my consent to your marriage with the daughter of him who was the enemy of my unprotected youth!"

"Father—what mean you?" asked Harry, in tones of amazement, for the tale whose memory had so sudden an effect upon his companion, had never been breathed to him. And suddenly recalled to a sense of his son's ignorance upon the subject, Captain Sydney now hurriedly sketched the history of the past.

"It is very strange," said Harry, musingly; "but they never mentioned that they were related to me. It is probable that Ida's father, if aware of the fact, concealed it from her knowledge."

"Or rather that he instigated her to keep it a secret, that in the end she might reap the benefit of his injured cousin's wealth," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, no, father!" replied the young man, warmly. "I could not wrong Ida by a suspicion of that kind. She is too good and pure-hearted to countenance

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deception, and," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I cannot give her up and wreck both her own happiness and mine, for the sake of her parent's faults."

These words aroused Captain Sydney's indignation. He accused his son of want of spirit in refusing to resent the occurrences that clouded his youth; and when Harry responded that he felt them deeply, but could not on their account brand himself with dishonor, by breaking the troth already plighted to Ida Lindsay, his father parted from him in anger, declaring that if his son married Ida, he might never expect his blessing.

The thought of uniting his son by indissoluble ties to the child of his early foe, was, indeed, repugnant to the heart of Captain Sydney; and while he remembered his resolve uttered on the night when he went forth from his uncle's roof a desolate, friendless and dishonored being—dishonored through the machinations of his cousin Alfred—he was determined that it should be fulfilled, even though in so doing he thwarted the earnest wishes of the one dearest to him.

A few days afterward Captain Sydney departed upon one of his accustomed voyages, and was absent several months. On his return he found his son just recovering from a lingering fever, brought on, as the physician averred, by distress of mind. He looked very pale and thin, and his father could scarcely help feeling a sensation akin to reproach, as he gazed upon that colorless cheek and wasted form. He knew that this indisposition was occasioned by the manner in which he had treated his son's engagement, for, through the medium of a friend, he had learned that Ida Lindsay had nobly refused longer to encourage attentions, which, as she learned from Harry, were tendered in opposition to his father's desires. Alfred Lindsay, too, had died a few weeks before, and the object of his resentment being no more, Captain Sydney began to feel less reluctant to the match which he had at first looked upon with such violent disapprobation. Conscience told him he had acted cruelly in thus casting a blight over his child's sweetest hopes, and he was determined that he would now do all in his power to further them. And when Harry grew strong enough to bear a conversation upon the subject, he communicated the change in his feelings. Both startled and appalled was he at his son's reply.

"My father, would you mock me with this show of kindness, when it is too late to profit by it? Know you not that *she* is now dying of consumption? I was sure that she was too delicate to endure the steady occupation necessary for her support—and my presentiment has been verified. Yes, Ida Lindsay is dying! I would have saved her—I would have borne her to a more genial clime, where she might, perhaps, have revived; but she refused to give me a right to be her guardian, for it was against the will of my parent, without whose sanction, she said, our union would never prosper."

He bowed his face, while for an instant his frame shook with emotion. Hastily his father drew nearer to him, but he turned shudderingly from those words of penitence and self-reproach, and dashing aside the extended hand, rushed from the apartment.

It was, indeed, too true—Ida Lindsay was dying! The constant confinement called for by her continued exertions to obtain a livelihood, had proved too much for a constitution by no means strong—and it was his anxiety for her failing health which had caused the illness of Harry Sydney. Oh! what would not the erring father have given for power to recall the past; but it was too late—too late! A few hours after the interview with his son the intelligence of Ida's death was received, and during the whole of the succeeding evening Captain Sydney could plainly distinguish the sound of Harry's footsteps as he wildly paced his chamber, and each echo sent a thrill of remorse to his soul. Little did the repentant and sorrowing parent then think it was the last time that footfall would ever resound in his dwelling—for that night Harry Sydney departed from his home, leaving no trace of his destination. Days, weeks, months passed on, and the heart of his father grew dark with the anguish of despair, for he felt most surely that he should behold his son no more. Whither the latter had gone was a mystery he tried in vain to solve, though sometimes he remembered Harry's predilection for a mariner's life, and blighted as he had been in his affections, might he not now have followed the yearnings of former times, as the only means of gaining oblivion of his sorrows? So, night after night, Captain Sydney sat alone at his deserted hearth—a father, and yet childless, with a host of dark recollections pressing heavily upon his spirit. And at last he sought forgetfulness of his errors in the sparkling wine-cup, whose draught he drained with an intense eagerness, for it enabled him to mock at his misery.

And so five more years passed on, during which period his mind was seldom free from the delirium produced by the practices to which he had resorted; and having, in utter recklessness of spirit dissipated his property, deprived, through his own weakness, of his rank as captain, he was at length forced to lower himself to the grade of a common sailor, for the purpose of obtaining the means of subsistence. Then a severe illness, caused by free indulgence in intoxicating liquors, overtook him—and with sickness came reflection, and he resolved to yield no longer to the voice of the tempter. He recovered from his dangerous indisposition, but remaining fearfully weak, the physician declared that his constitution was completely shattered, and that he was no longer fit for service. At first he insisted upon resuming his wonted occupation, for he had no other way of maintaining himself. The physician seemed to comprehend his reluctance to obey his command, and he now reminded his patient of an institution in the vicinity of New York, where the indigent mariner might find a home.

It was then that Captain Sydney—for so let me still continue to call him—sought the peaceful shades of "the Harbor," where for two years he had, indeed, found all the external comforts of a home, and

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but for the voices of the past he would have had no cause to repine.

About a twelvemonth after his arrival at "the Harbor," a new inmate was admitted there, in the person of an invalid sailor, who was said to be in a deep decline. He seldom left the apartment allotted to him, save now and then of a warm sunny day, when he would go forth, leaning upon the arm of an attendant, and seating himself upon a bench in the garden beneath the shade of a tree, remain there for hours, gazing silently upon the blue waters of the bay before him. Regarded by all as in a dying state, no one strove at these times to disturb his reverie. His situation had excited universal sympathy, and frequently the other sailors would steal to his side and softly deposit there a small basket of fruit, or some little delicacy which they knew would prove acceptable to him on whom it was bestowed.

Habitually reserved, and cultivating but little intercourse with those around him, it was scarcely a matter of surprise that for some weeks Captain Sydney took but little notice of the sailor of whom I have been speaking. But chance at length brought him more fully beneath the scope of his observation. While one day walking in the garden, buried in thought, almost unconsciously he neared the spot generally occupied by the invalid. But he heeded not the vicinity till startled by the sound of a hollow cough, and looking hastily up, he met the gaze of the feeble stranger. A half-suppressed cry burst from the latter, and springing quickly forward, Captain Sydney caught him in his arms, while the words, "Harry! my son—my son!" came in a tone of agony from his lips. But he heeded not the caresses—he answered not the words of mingled endearment and reproach which his parent murmured as he bent wildly over him; and when at length the stricken father became calm enough to summon assistance, they told him that the spirit of his child was at rest.

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Such, my dear cousin, was the old man's history; and as he ceased, his head leaned droopingly upon his hand, while his whole attitude betokened the most intense mental suffering. For some moments there was silence between us, for I felt that words were insufficient to console him. But suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of lively voices approaching, and I recognized the tones of my long-absent companions, and knew that they were close at hand. In a few seconds more, they appeared near the stone-fence, which I have once before alluded to. The old sailor evidently wished to avoid them, for their gayety was discordant to his feelings. Rising from his seat, he now drew closer to the spot where I was stationed.

"Farewell, young lady," were his parting words, as he clasped my extended hand, and for a moment that pale, sad face, looked so mournfully into mine, that tears of the deepest commisseration sprung involuntarily to my eyes, "we may never meet again, and I trust you will forgive me, if the repetition of my sorrows has cast a shadow upon your heart. Remember me in your prayers, if you will, and ask that I may soon be borne to my last repose in the little grave-yard yonder, where my son lies sleeping. Farewell."

An instant more and he was gone—and for some moments I remained seated where he had left me, patiently awaiting the approach of my friends, and meanwhile musing earnestly and sadly upon the Sailor's Life-Tale.

THE MOURNERS.

Where'er I wander forth I view the mournful ones of earth:
They tread no more, with buoyant feet, the radiant halls of mirth;
Around their trembling frames are drawn the weary weeds of wo;
Their sighs, like cold November rains, with saddened cadence flow;
From the dead hopes and faded joys of bright departed years,
They twine a garland for the brow, impearled with many tears;
Upon the graves of buried loves they sit awhile and sigh,
Then, mid the ruin-mantled waste of time, lie down to die.

They close their weary eyes upon God's calm and holy light;
They dwell girt round with misery as with a starless night;
They fold a thick and icy shroud their care-worn bosoms round,
And rest beneath the baleful charm like streams by winter bound;
They nurse their sorrow till of all their thoughts it grows a part,
And, like a cold and mighty snake, twines round the bleeding heart;
And then its hissing tones descend in drops of fiery rain,
And scathe, as lightning flashes blast, the weak and wandering brain.

The mourners chant, with voices low, a sweet and sighing strain,
That moans, as on a rocky shore, the solemn sounding main:
It breathes alike when summer fades and when the violets spring;
It mingles with the morning light and evening twilight dim.
This is the burden of that faint and melancholy lay:
"The cloud of wo hath hid the smiles and beauty of the day;
The glow of earth, the radiant gleam, the bliss of life is o'er;
The rose of human love may bloom for us no more—*no more.*"

Arise, be strong, O, mournful ones! The Future is your own;
There Love may weave her rosy nest, there Joy erect a throne.
Though youth's pale buds in early Spring were blighted and laid low,
Thine yet may be the peerless bloom of life's rich summer glow.
The blissful ones, the glorified, build up their own bright state.
Let but the slumbering spirit learn "to labor and to wait,"
Then, like a bird of tireless wing, 't will rise above the storm,
And bathe its flashing pinions in the glory of the morn!

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

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REFLECTIONS

ON SOME OF THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1848.

BY JOSEPH R CHANDLER.

Annus Mirabilis.

We are approaching the close of the year—a year marked by greater vicissitudes in the affairs of nations than any in which we have lived—any indeed of which we have read. History gives us accounts of the rapid march and equally rapid conquests by ambitious kings, who seemed only happy in the unhappiness of others, and only proud of destroying that which constituted the pride of others. From time to time ambitious men have exhibited themselves in the great theatre of the world, and their greatness has been measured by the extent of misery they have produced; and their claims to permanent fame have rested upon the rapidity that marked their destruction of cities, kingdoms and empires. While between the epochs which are distinguished by these promoters of extensive mischief, there have at all times been humble imitators of their crimes, whose limited power of doing confined their actions to provinces, and compelled them to be ministers of local vengeance, and the enjoyers of that petty infamy which results from numerable murders and calculable crime. It is but too evident that order has had its antagonists, at all times and in all degrees, and if history has been employed with the works of those whose extensive scale of action gives larger consequence to their movements, it cannot be doubted that society has been convulsed at its centre by the restless and the bad, who have been as efficient in their sphere of wrong doing as have been those who occupied a larger space. The latter struck the elevated, and disturbed public relations; the former sent home its weapon to the humble, and brought disturbance and misery into the more limited circle, reaching social life and stabbing even to the heart of domestic peace.

Such great events have marked epochs, or made them; and such small occurrences have been the characteristics of almost all times; so that the wars of the present century may be considered but as continuations of the belligerent movements of other times, modified indeed by the improvement of the present age, but still of the same spirit and from the same motives. But the events of the past year are of another kind. The disturbances that have distinguished the history of Europe in that time are not the result of the mad ambition of a conqueror to add to his possessions, and subjugate kings and kingdoms as a means of gratifying ambition; foreign conquest and invasion from abroad are not now the occurrences which European rulers fear or anticipate. The convulsions that distinguish every empire from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, has nothing to do with the ambition of other *rulers*, but are referable to the rising spirit of their own *people*. No longer do the States of Germany combine to repel the assaults of the ruler of France. Each member of the nominal confederacy is looking to itself as possessing the active means of revolution, and each leans toward a combination that shall sustain the rights of the people and put a specific limit to the power of princes.

No longer do men startle at the grasping avarice of the upper powers demanding new possessions and the recognition of enlarged prerogative; no longer is the peace of nations disturbed by the attempts of an ambitious ruler to extend his domains and enlarge his power. The convulsions that are everywhere in Europe felt, come from the up-heaving of the lower masses; deep down in the bosom of empires is heard the voice of multitudes crying out for newly understood rights. Up from that stratum comes a convulsive heave, that is toppling down the thrones that have rested upon the hearts of the people, and not outside the national limits, not at the terminal portions, not at the "outer walls" of the capital is the movement felt—but within, at the heart of the nation, within the shadow of the palace, along the quays where business is pursued, in the narrow walks of trade, over the bench of the artisan, or in the boudoir of beauty, is planned the movement that is subverting thrones and leveling up society. For nearly a century past have there been at work the elements of such convulsion. The struggle of the antagonistic powers has been such that results were postponed—only postponed—while the injurers lost power, and the injured gathered strength. Premonitory movements were observed, and in some instances seconded, as in France, in others allayed by power or concessions, as in Austria and Great Britain. But when the whole is only a right, the acquisition of a part is only a prelude to a struggle for more, and this has been seen in every nation where concession was made to the people, or wrung by force from the rulers.

But there was reserved for the present year the great assertion of human rights. The annunciation was first made in France, where tyranny galled the sensitive portions of the people, or where a taste of temporary freedom had created an appetite for constant enjoyment. The flight of Louis Philippe seemed sudden—startling—almost without a cause; and if nothing but the *emeute* in Paris is regarded, certainly the effect was entirely disproportioned to the cause. But the revolution of the 22d of February was a

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natural consequence of the pre-existing state of things. The fall of the leaf in autumn is not a more natural result of a waning season than was the fall of Louis Philippe a consequence of exhausted monarchy. The spirit of the people had come up to that point at which monarchy must either assume the form of absolutism, and rule by fear alone, or must yield to the upward pressure of the people, and its possessors seek to escape the opposing principle which they could not withstand. Louis Philippe tried the former—it was too late—the army, that last hope of tyrants, the sword and the bayonet *hired* to defend the throne became the people's support—failing in the effort to fix his power by blood, Louis Philippe fled to save his life; a common movement of French monarchs.

France may or may not establish republican institutions. Love of monarchy will not prevent the fulfillment of her people's hopes—difference of opinion as it regards degrees of freedom, and want of self sacrifice, we mean the sacrifice of personal views, (there will never be a want of self sacrifice of human life in France,) will do more to retard the establishment of republicanism in France than all the lingering attachments to monarchy that can be hunted up in the Faubourg de St. Germain, or in all the isolated châteux of the interior of the country. The habits, not the affections of the mass of the French people may also be regarded as one obstacle to true republicanism—a constantly diminishing obstacle, it is true, but still a formidable obstacle.

The revolution in France was the signal (not the *preconcerted* signal, as it should have been,) for a general insurrectionary movement, and no sooner had the press announced the departure of Louis Philippe, than forthwith Poland gave signs of life—Austria heaved with the workings of the under stratum—Hungary demanded independence—Prussia was in an insurrectionary state—a voice was heard from Russia—and Italy from the Alps to the Straights of Otranto began to try the strength of those fetters which indolence, ignorance and ease had allowed to be fastened upon her. The history of the revolutionary movements on this peninsula has yet to be written; it is full of interest, and if presented impartially, with a correct reference to causes, both of tyranny and insurrection, must prove deeply moving and instructive. We cannot do more than refer to the fact that Italy has been aroused; that tyranny has received a blow from which it can never wholly recover, and that there, as well as elsewhere, the rights of man have been proclaimed—proclaimed in part—proclaimed with doubts, with erroneous conceptions, with false views and an unchastened spirit, but still proclaimed, and what is more, openly admitted—admitted with purer views of property, more definite ideas of practicability, chastened wishes and paternal feelings. All is right in its tendencies. The false perceptions are owing to the suddenness of the light recently admitted. The inclusiveness of demands spring from a want of knowledge of the sacrifices which order requires from the friends of liberty—success will correct these views, and experience show the path which true patriotism opens.

Regarding, as we do, all movements as effects of Providential direction, we cannot forbear to consider the election of Pius IX. to the papal throne as an important part of that providence, in regard to the Peninsula of Italy in particular, and, perhaps, to the whole world. The correctness of the doctrine which makes that prelate a spiritual chief, or the propriety of uniting temporal with spiritual power, are questions to be settled elsewhere. Both exist, and both have an influence on the movements of nations; and the character of the new administrator of the Papal See, had at once an effect on his own subjects and upon all the people of Italy, and, through the people, upon the rulers. The new Pope seemed to have stepped forward a century from the line occupied by his predecessor, and to have stood in the front ranks of the reformers of the age. He was young, no old habits of yielding retarded his movements. He was young, none of the nervous tremulousness of age, that is shocked at the proposition of *change*, made him deaf to the demands of the time. He was young, and he had not yet been hardened into that unyieldingness of age that distinguishes the veteran churchman, who mingles the necessity of faith in *divine* doctrines with the necessity of non-resistance to human precepts. He knew and sympathized in the feelings which had animated the Italians: he was not ignorant that the prisons had been filled by men charged with crimes which the oppression of Austria provoked, and which the espionage of Austria detected and caused to be punished. He felt that his own temporal power was abused by the overawing influence of Austria, and he pardoned those who had offended only a foreign potentate, and were suffering under the condemnation of their own rulers. He would have led the movement to a peaceful and desirable result, but, alas! the oppression of centuries had made the many mad; and their limbs had been so galled with the manacles of political oppression that they became restive under the wholesome restraints that order and appropriate government demand; dragged forward by these eccentric bodies, and restrained by the timidity and prejudices of some of his legitimate advisers, Pius has felt that his triple crown was the means of triple sorrow; but he has also shown that he understood the maxim, that "he only is fitted to rule who knows how to sacrifice."

The arms of the Italian States and the influence of the Pope have been successful against Austria, and even though that overgrown and tumid empire should reconquer all her late possessions in Lombardy, and be as omnipotent in Venice as she is in Triest or Vienna, still the prestige of power is gone, and she can no longer extend an influence over the human mind that tends upward in its views. The *taste* of independence has been enjoyed—the tree of knowledge has yielded some of its fruits—and hereafter there can be no rest, no quiet, without something of liberty, much of science.

The question has been raised as to the existence of the power of the Pope deprived of his temporalities. That is, can the Pope yield up the government of the Papal States to a secular ruler, and maintain the full

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amount of spiritual power which he now exercises, and which he and those of his creed deem a necessary portion of his official life.

We are noways concerned in the settlement of that question, beyond its bearing upon the condition of Italy, and through her upon many other portions of the earth. We do not know that there is *now* any probability that the Papal States will pass under another ruler than the Pope; but we entertain no doubt that the Pope could exercise all the functions of Bishop of Rome, with all the supremacy which he claims for that office over other bishoprics, as well without the appanages of temporalities as with them. There is nothing in the office, or all that is claimed for it, that renders direct temporal power necessary. Bishops of Rome existed for centuries with all the spiritual supremacy now claimed, but as destitute of temporal power as the bishops of any other city. And the custom which rendered concurrent the temporal rule—or admitted of extraordinary pomp—has never been deemed more than a concurrence—never a necessity. And it is a fact that when the invasion of a foreign power has stripped the Pope of his territories, and made even Rome the home of invaders, attention has been at once turned to the separation of spiritualities from temporalities, and means adopted to drop the machinery of secular government, and keep active and useful that of the church alone.

It is, we believe, an admitted fact, that among the papers of the Cardinal Prime Minister of Pius VII., who was carried away and kept a prisoner in France by Napoleon, were found plans for carrying on the spiritual offices of the Pope without the least connection with temporal power; and Rome was to be to its bishop no more than Philadelphia to either of the bishops who reside therein, and administer the dioceses committed to their care.

We mention these things, and dwell upon them, because speculation is, and has been, active with regard to the effect of the revolution in Italy, some movements of which evidently looked to the transfer of all temporal power to laymen; and extraordinary effects were supposed to be the necessary results of such a change. The change seems to us very probable, and not very remote; but it does not appear to us that the spiritual functions (proper) of the Pope will be essentially disturbed by any such movement.

We dwell longer on Italy than its geographical dimensions would warrant, but that peninsula is deeply interesting to the world, not only on account of the religious relations to which we have referred, but from the fact that for centuries a foreign arm has held it down; and while half of the world beside was rising into consequence, by the science and scientific men that Italy sent forth, Italy alone of all the geographical divisions of the earth seemed to be without profit from her own great men. Because she *did* decay, men believed that the elements of her prosperity were exhausted; because she ceased to hold the preeminence which she once possessed, it was deemed that the seal of ruin was set upon her. These suppositions are wrong; and the new movements in that peninsula show that the spirit of man is yet active, and *now* active to man's great good. What Italy needed was concert. What other nations practiced were constant attempts to foment jealousies among her different States, and create a demand for foreign interference and the presence of foreign troops. At present a dream of the ancient republic is the animating cause (or rather perhaps a sense of the capabilities of Italy for the new republicanism of the time) with leaders; who appeal to the recollections of the past because a sense of the present is not to be depended on in the many; and the shout for the old federative republics of past centuries awakens the pride of those whose patriotism might not be strong enough to lead them to the sacrifices which the object demands.

There seems to be necessary to the Italian mind a hope of regaining something that has been *lost*, and if this is rightly used there can be no doubt that the people will attain to something they *need*. The republics of elder Italy are no more the proper object for Italian enterprise, than would be the old colonial dependencies for the efforts of Americans. But Italy must be aroused; she must be called up to some general object; her great men must be stimulated to useful efforts, and her humbler citizens must be enticed away from insurrectionary movements to revolutionary action, and that cry which the soonest rouses and unites them is the true watchword of independence. Some proper hand, some well endowed mind must lead them in the right path—must set their faces and direct their efforts toward the proper object. The alarm cry may be the same, though the object of rising be opposite to that announced. The same bells and the same peels would call up the citizens of Florence to withstand or divert an inundation of the Arno which would be used to arouse them to check the destructive progress of a conflagration.

Italy, however, must not be kept too long in chase of the past republics. She needs the confederation of modern democracy, and, when once aroused, must be early directed to the true object. The Italian who spends his power, his wealth and his influence in attempts to restore the ancient confederacy is like the man who starts westward at evening to overtake the departed sun. But the Italian who, roused to a proper sense of the capability of his country, determines to secure to her the best good that other nations now enjoy, is like the man who, starting at dawn, proceeds in an easterly course to meet the sun in his rising. There is a necessity laid upon both—failure is certain for the former, success inevitable to the latter.

We give more space to the changes and the condition of the Papal States than to the circumstances of other kingdoms of Europe, because the double power exercised there makes any change interesting, and the extended influence of the spiritual supremacy gives proportionate consequence to any movement or event that disturbs the dominancy of the Bishop of Rome. Indeed so deeply interesting is the whole state of Italy, taking its present movement in connection with its past history, that a whole article

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might be profitably devoted to a consideration of its past grandeur, its present distressed condition, and its means and hopes of future restoration. We may in some future number take up the subject.

The peninsula containing the kingdoms of Portugal and Spain has been in constant agitation for the past year—but so trifling are the relations of Portugal that very little interest is felt in her convulsions, and few pause to inquire which party or faction is uppermost at the latest dates. Spain has had her semi-revolutions, but as yet they have produced little good to the people beyond the weakening of the power or influence of the rulers; so that when the people shall really rise, they will have less weight to keep them down—less power to resist—less of obstruction to overcome. But the energies of Spain seem to be on a revival, and there are hopes, founded on existing recent improvement, that this abundant providence on behalf of that country will not be much longer neglected by the people, but that from one effort to another they will rise to that rank in the scale of nations to which the kingdom is entitled, and of which the attempt to go beyond deprived her.

Poor Portugal! She will linger yet, and perhaps be absorbed. Her independent existence is not of sufficient consequence to the world to induce an effort on her behalf; and England, now that France must relinquish her claims on Spain, can afford to withdraw her patronage from Portugal—if, indeed, we may not rather say that in the present disturbed and crumbling state of European monarchies, neither England nor any other kingdom will feel that she has much superflux of power to shake to any decaying state.

Portugal was once an integral portion of Spain, and she may again be in union with her sister. The mountains that interpose need no longer make enemies of these two small states, and the common wants and common weakness of both should and will induce them "like kindred drops to mingle into one." The language of Portugal differs from that of Spain considerably, but almost every Portuguese speaks Spanish, and the literature of Spain is in a great measure that of Portugal, as that of Great Britain is shared by the United States.

Portugal and Spain are both deriving the means of true strength by the diminution of their colonial possessions, and when they have recovered from the shock which the exercise of power over distant dependent states is almost sure to bring, they may, united, have an important rank with the European powers.

Terrible has been the oppression of rulers in some parts of Germany. That oppression has not trodden *out*, though it may have trodden *down*, the spirit of men. And even in Austria the awakening power has been felt within the present year—felt to the agitation of national councils—to the terror and flight of rulers. It is perhaps a subject for joy rather than regret, that the movements of the people have been less radical than in some other countries. This is, after all, the true way. Grasping at more than they can retain, a rising people lose what might have been of service. The lesson of France in her revolution in the last century was not lost on Germany, and the people demanded of their rulers that which might be granted without the disturbance of order; and then they were content with what they received, because it was at once a proof that asking they could receive, and receiving they could learn to enjoy.

The King of Prussia, in reply to the demands of the people, yielded some points, and then drew their attention to a long-cherished idea of a confederation of the German States, by which the differences of the several powers should be settled by an accredited tribunal, and a species of federal government be established to watch over those rights conceded by the individual states to the federal power.

It is to be regretted that the King of Prussia should have found occasion in these trying times to provoke war with Denmark, upon a claim by Schleswig for protection, and that claim rests upon the poor plea that—though really a *dependence* of Denmark—Schleswig is not of Scandinavian origin, like Denmark, and therefore is anxious to maintain her German relations. The Scandinavian blood runs through the veins of Sweden and Russia as well as those of Denmark, and "will protect itself," if not now, at least when a better opportunity occurs.

The union of the various *States* of Germany proposed by the King of Prussia has been formed, and Arch-Duke John has been elected "Vicar of the German Empire." He is a man of enlarged views, of liberal political principles. He is a relation (an uncle) of the Emperor of Austria. He was the representative of the emperor in the German Diet, and his substitute during his (the emperor's) absence from his capital.

This new organization of the German powers looks to the establishment of a common army, and the creation and maintenance of a common navy; and the attempt to produce these means and evidences of power *may* create new disturbances, as they are costly to support, and often dangerous to their supporters.

Austria, to which we have already alluded, felt the common *throe* and manifested the general alarm. The vigilance of a jealous government had spread over the whole empire an appearance of tranquillity, but the first symptom of popular movement abroad roused the Austrians to an annunciation of their own wrongs, (they did not comprehend their *rights*,) and as they felt most directly the arm of the Prince Metternich, the tyrannical and efficient minister of the emperor, they demanded his dismissal; they assaulted his castle of Johannisburg; they destroyed it and wasted the palatable contents of its cellars—stores of many years collection of the wine that bears the name of its place of deposit.

In the mean time the people of Hungary, and those of Bohemia, which had come to be dependencies upon the crown, demanded *their* rights as nations. It is remarkable of the movement in Hungary, that though the people of that government had enjoyed privileges unknown to any other subjects of the Austrian

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Emperor, yet they were the first to demand further concessions; a proof this that the great agitation in Europe is not the sudden action of an oppressed people. If it were, it would be greatest and most *exigeant* where the oppression was the most intolerable: but the earliest and the most thorough opposition, and the most effective insurrections have been where the hand of power was most lenient, and the civil privileges of the people were the greatest; a proof that the whole revolutionary movements in Europe have been caused by a prevailing sense of human rights, rather than a feeling of the people's wrongs; that the mind of man is rising to the assertion of its own dignity, and is hastening forward to the fulfillment of its own destiny; it is not content with toleration, it demands an acknowledgment of freedom; and whatever restrains beyond the necessity of government—of self-government—is regarded as an infringement of rights; and the more delicate the perception, the greater is the intolerance of the wrong.

Austria proper has made a strong and a long stride toward *freedom*. Comparatively she is yet in the dark, but her face is set toward the coming light, and year after year will show her progress toward it, and the effect of that light upon her institutions. It is now too late for tyrants to doubt that their true interests will be found in graceful, moderate concessions; to *give* a little, rather than to have much *taken*; and with all the restlessness of the people, they seem to be disposed to remain content with a moderate progress of improvement; but wo to those who would stay the motion of that to which the spirit of the age has imparted the means of progress.

The spirit of revolution has been rife along the shores of the Danube, and the numerous states, provinces, and dependencies, that lie toward the Black Sea, have formed alliances, and will assert their rights.

The city of Prague, famous in story and in song, has been laid in ashes, as a punishment for its oppugnation against the emperor; but the ashes of a favorite city may be as powerful a stimulant to the spirit of injured man as to the best portion of the vegetable world—and power may find itself injured by a conflagration as well as its dependence.

Russia, amidst all this confusion among the nations of the Continent, has been able to maintain her apparent quiet. But she has felt that the experience of Austria was soon to be understood by herself; and when light should have pierced into the almost impervious recesses of that kingdom, her subjects would be able to discover not only the chains upon their limbs, but those who placed them there. Her time is at hand. She may yield, but the empire is too large to be conciliated by concessions. Interest and feeling are opposite, and it is probable that the only point upon which the whole can agree will be that of immitigable hostility to the ruling powers. She will attempt to seize upon the revolted provinces of other powers, and jeopard her central position by the miserable attempt to keep truth and its enjoyment from the extremities.

Great Britain has had her share in the difficulties which have disturbed and convulsed her continental neighbors. She has had in her midst a party of ultras called Chartists, that look to the subversion of the present form of government. She has dealt with them steadily, eternly, and, for a time, effectually; but while there is oppression almost necessarily in a form of government, there will be a place for opposition to stand upon, and that opposition will assume any form which can promote its object.

England, of all nations of Europe, seems to have understood the advantage of concession. She has denied, postponed, hesitated, and then granted, so that the joy caused by the concession has for a time disarmed opposition, and given new strength, or at least additional *time* to the government. She has yielded slowly, but still yielding from time to time what has been asked of the government in behalf of the people, when the power of the government and the peace of the realm were not involved. And she has overwhelmed with power or ridicule all attempts at subverting the monarchy. The Radicals have been shot down as at Manchester; the Chartists ridiculed into silence; but Catholic emancipation has been allowed, and the corn-laws repealed.

But let no one suppose that the results of force, of ridicule, or concession are to be the yielding of the public; the same spirit which called into action all those opposing means, is as constantly at work now as it was ten years ago, and the demands will be as regular and as imperative as ever, until the last vestige of inequality shall have disappeared. Happy will it be for Great Britain if her ministry, practicing the wisdom of the past, allows concession to prevent revolution, and permits what of monarchy and aristocracy is left, to come easily to the ground rather than to be upturned by the violence of insurrection. England, for many years, has been as much in a state of revolution as has France. She has had fewer convulsions, but she has made a steady progress in her orbit, and those who live out the century, will see the end of one grand cycle.

Ireland has been made to occupy a large portion of the public eye this year. The death of O'Connell seemed to have left the "repeal party," (nearly the whole nation,) without a leader. Certainly without a sage adviser; and the great measures which that distinguished man had so long lead, was likely to be lost by the apathy of one section, or the rash zeal of the other. That Ireland has been badly ruled by England, ever since its conquest, is an historical fact; that the efforts toward redress have usually resulted in worse than failure, is known. But the prudence of O'Connell seemed to promise as favorable results to the *repeal* question, (reasonably considered,) as they had wrought in favor of emancipation. He had age, talents, learning, experience, prudence, foresight; he knew when to withdraw and when to press his claims; he could not, of course, please all who desired the same object with him, because all could not comprehend the powerful effect of prudent restraint, or, as a southern statesman says, of "masterly inactivity." And his death allowed those of more

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zeal but less discretion to obtain an influence which he once possessed; and Ireland is now plunged into the miseries of a *civil* war.

Whatever may be the power of private feelings, our intention is to refer to the insurrectionary movements in Ireland as to those of other countries, namely, as the consequence of the growing sense of human rights, and as that sense must increase, must constantly augment, it is impossible that Ireland can remain in the same situation in which she has been kept. It is known, however, that a galling sense of wrong stimulates the Irish; that it is not the ordinary effects of an oppressive government that produces rebellion, but injury that extends to the domestic hearth, injury that strikes at the rights of conscience, injury that makes even the wise man mad. The end is not yet.

All is quiet in Holland and Belgium; and all is awaiting the melioration which time and wisdom must bring.

This year has seen the close of the Mexican War, in which our army gained fame, and our nation gained territory. And now the great question is as to the uses of that territory, and the character of the institutions that are to be granted to these new acquisitions soon to become sovereignties. We do not mean to take any share in what may be considered the party politics of the country; but we may allude *historically* to measures as well as to events, and therefore we are at liberty to say, that the question now pressed upon the people of the United States by the acquisition of new territory, is that of the extension of the institution of slavery. Shall the new *territories* be allowed by Congress to authorize slavery within their borders? and on that question there is much feeling, and before it can be settled there must of necessity be more, inasmuch as it has now become one of the elements of party movements —not merely a question *in* the presidential canvass, but absolutely one on which a party stands, and on which it nominated a president, nominated not merely a nominal candidate, but one who, having held the office once, had acquired distinction, and having manifested interest in all public measures since, had maintained that distinction, and was a *real* candidate. The sooner this question is settled the *better;* and the better it is settled, the more for the peace and the dignity of the nation.

To this question, which has in some respect, also, assumed one of local distinction, we will not further refer; it is one that will agitate until settled, and being settled, will no more disturb.

It is not our intention to place before our readers an array of political facts, nor to make out a chronological table for the year now drawing to a close. It would be better at once to refer the reader to the easily accessible columns of the daily papers, which have really been crowded with statements of convulsed states, and revolutionized governments. It has not been a question with them as to commercial changes, the fluctuations of a market, or the variation of stocks; but they have had to record the fate of kingdoms, and the flight or concession of kings and emperors. And we write necessarily so much in advance of printing, that our quarter of the globe might change its rulers between our pen and the type of our compositor.

We have been content to notice some of the most exciting movements in Europe, without pretending to write their termination. We see in some kingdoms the freshness of new institutions, and in others the renewal of contests which had been deemed closed forever; where power has had its heels upon the neck of the people for centuries, there are tokens of *turning;* and from all this we learn that there is a spirit in the mind of man, and that, in spite of all attempts to crush that spirit, or to darken it, the inspiration of the Most High is giving it understanding, and it is asserting its high prerogative, doing justice to its lofty teachings.

How will all these things abroad affect us here? What will be the influence upon the United States of these revolutionary movements in Europe?

The effect is now being felt; it is only to calculate the increasing power to understand the augmentation of results. Rapidly and more rapidly will the number of inhabitants be increased; the amount of wealth will be more than proportionably great, because not only will not immigration be limited to the poor, but those of the rich who *cannot* come, will send hither their hoarded means, for safety; so that while the abundance of our fields shall make us "the exhaustless granary of the world," the permanence of our institutions shall make us the depository of European wealth.

It may be asked whether our own country may not be exposed to the very convulsions which make European nations so unstable. We answer, no; agitation may occur here, and momentary excitement lead to fear of local violence, but he who strikes here, strikes at himself. The very nature of our institutions are such as to make it the interest of all to sustain them, and the very causes which operate to the disturbance of society in other countries, can have no existence here, or if they exist, they have nothing to act upon, that evil effects may result.

In Europe, a majority of the people are deprived of their rights, are made to yield to the dictation of a small minority, and sustain others whom they do not like, with their own industry. They must submit to laws which they do not approve, or submit to the charge of treason for their attempts to resist, that they may change their laws. In this country, whenever a majority is satisfied that certain measures are inconsistent with their own good, they may instruct their law-makers to change the enactments, or they can change the law-makers. This is the *theory* and this the actual *practice* of our government.

The people of Europe find the means of living unequally divided. There is less of a surplus, as it regards the *whole*, than for a *part;* and while the few abound in all that is desirable, nay, with the superfluities of life, the many lack the necessaries of wholesome existence. And this is the result of their institutions—a result which no convulsion, no revolution can at once change—so many centuries

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have passed over the abuses, that not only are they prescriptive, but there does not seem in the people any knowledge to apply the power they may attain, to any *immediate* remedy of the evil.

With the United States there is no system to change —no institution to be remodeled; of course, every year works some change in the operation of the system, and makes more and more beneficial the institutions of the country. The new views of man's importance and of human rights, which work out revolutions in Europe, only make our citizens cling close and closer to the institutions of their own country. While blood is poured out like water in Paris to change the rulers of the people, the rulers of this country are changed with a quiet that would denote almost indifference. Men talk of an exciting *contest* for the presidential chair; but analyze that contest, and it is found to be only a newspaper discussion of the merits of certain existing or proposed acts of Congress, having nothing to do with the organic laws of the land, or with the form of government; the contest or discussion was closed on the 7th day of November last, and men scarcely remember the earnestness of the newspaper paragraphs, or the stump speeches.

Broad and expanded are the views of a true Republic; there can be no narrowness in the institution —it is for all men, and for all times; and never since the first gathering of people into a political body was there such a foundation for national greatness and diffused individual happiness, as is laid in this country. Wealth, true wealth, the means of general comfort, abounds. A variety of climate ensures the produce of almost every section of the world, and the right to cultivate a portion, gives to all the means of enjoyment; there can never be in this country (without a special visitation of Providence,) real want among any considerable number.

We have over twenty millions of inhabitants, and raise more than a thousand million bushels of grain, and one hundred million bushels of potatoes. With these means to be multiplied indefinitely, and a free mind, what has America to fear?

It is not our purpose to make a eulogy upon our country, or to anticipate the great results from the full operation of our system of government with the immense natural advantages which we possess. But we may remark, that with the progress of civil freedom in this country has been the diffusion of morals and piety; and with the enjoyment of political advantage, have been the enlargement of social delights, and the augmentation of domestic happiness. Woman has found her rank in the scale of existence, and enjoys that eminence in refined estimation which the delicacy of her feelings, the purity of her sentiment, and the intensity of her affections demand. And every where her influence is felt, in the melioration of the public mind, as in the limited circle at the home fire-side. Nay, it is *from* the fire-side that the circle of her influence expands, and she is respected abroad as she is loved at home. This is one of the results of the free institutions of this country; and while it is seen now as a result, it will be felt hereafter as one of the powerfully operating causes of constantly increasing human freedom and human happiness.

How beautiful the thought, that she who is the light of our hearts and our homes is becoming the blessing of our country; and that not less than domestic delight is political freedom to be derived from the sanctifying influences of woman's gentleness and woman's purity.

ANGELS ON EARTH.

BY BLANCHE BENAIRDE.

It sometimes chances, in this world of wo,
That lovely flowers in gloomy forests grow,
Which freely lend their sweetness to impart
A sense of pleasure to the stranger's heart.
They come to cheer and bless, like showers of rain
That fall in mercy on the parched plain,
And bloom in beauty, fair as though the light
That shines from heaven had never been from sight.
These flowers are emblems of the angels fair
That oft appear, man's lot to bless and share.
He dwells within a dreary forest wild,
No cheering sun has ever on him smiled,
His way is hedged with thorns, his soul is sad—
He spies an angel in love's vestment clad;
Kind words are spoken, and his grief has flown,
His heart is cheered—for he is not alone;
An angel ministers to him and points above,
Bidding him cast his care on endless love.
He lifts his eyes to heaven, and there behold,
The azure sky, touched with a tinge of gold,
Giving him promise of a brighter day,
A life more calm, more clear his onward way.
And angels, too, appear when Death comes nigh,
To wipe the bitter tear from Sorrow's eye—
They whisper of that bright and blessed shore
Where pain and suffering will be no more.
Oh, there are angels near us all the while,
That guard our homes and sweetly on us smile!
They minister to *all*—sometimes unseen—
And change life's desert to a living green.

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MRS. TIPTOP.

OR THE NEW MINISTER.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. JAMES iii. 8.

FEW villages in the Union could exceed Green Valley in local beauty and advantages; embosomed in hills, embellished with trees, and watered by a willow-shaded stream that meandered through its centre. Situated, too, within twenty miles of the great emporium, and skirted by a railway leading to it, the cultivators of a soil, that ever fulfilled more abundantly the hopes of the husbandman, could ask nothing more favorable to the ready disposal of their crops. The inhabitants of Green Valley were mostly farmers, who, besides "owing no man any thing," had each a comfortable dwelling and ample outhouses of his own, nothing better than his neighbors, but equaling theirs in the well-to-do look of the fences, the garden and door-yard. That the village was originally settled by Quakers, and half peopled by this drab-coated sect at the date of our story, no stranger needed to inquire, after passing through its straight-cut roads, or breathing its air of purity and quietude. Long had its simple-minded, true-hearted people lived in the daily enjoyment of mutual kindness and love; till contentment seemed written not only on the broad brims of the farmers, but on the bridles of their docile beasts, and on their very implements of husbandry. In the course of time, other religious denominations were established in Green Valley; but as the descendants of Penn continued to "work in quietness and eat their own bread," strangers intermeddled not with them; while the savor of their peaceful spirits seemed so diffused among other sects, that all "agreed to disagree" with one another, and for years unbroken harmony was the result. But we have only to do with the Congregational church of Green Valley, and will forthwith introduce the reader to the shepherd of this little flock. Mr. Worthiman was a plain man of God—middle-aged, of respectable scholastic attainments, and one who, for his sound judgment and exemplary "walk and conversation," had ever a "good report of them that were without." The law of kindness dwelt in his heart and on his lips, and in all the offices of exemplar, teacher and comforter of his charge none was more worthy than he. The church at its earliest organization, without a dissenting voice, invited Mr. Worthiman to become its pastor—his prayer dedicated the house of worship, and each succeeding Sabbath for a series of years found him at his post, breaking the Bread of Life to a grateful, confiding people. Nor were his pastoral duties less regularly fulfilled: One afternoon of every week was devoted by himself and his wife (whose living example was "such as becometh woman possessing godliness,") to visiting in rotation the families of his congregation; and so well timed was this custom, that the farmers' wives could calculate each her honored turn to a day; so that the substantial hospitalities of a generous board were added to the warm welcomes of heart and hand.

Besides the neat parsonage reared for the minister and his increasing family, he was, through the generosity of his parishioners, the owner of an old-fashioned chaise, and a horse gentle and well-ordered as his master. These were always in requisition on visiting afternoons; and a right comfortable sight it was to see the minister and his wife jogging along over the smooth roads, blessing all they passed with the smile of true benignity, and receiving the heart's blessing of all in return; while the good dame to whose dwelling their course was directed, having all things in readiness for the pastoral visitation, stationed one of her cleanly-attired children at the window, to watch for the first appearance of the reverend chaise wending up the lane to the farm-house, at which signal, with beaming eyes, the child hastened to open the gate, dreaming in the simplicity of her rosyhood, of no greater honor than to usher in the respected pair. On these occasions the farmer usually left the field, and donned his Sunday suit, the good wife appeared in her best cap and snowy kerchief, and the maid came from the dairy, with tidy apron, to claim her seat in the snug parlor, that alike they might sit under the lips that dropped wisdom for all. Then, when they gathered around the lengthened table, the pastor's blessing was music in their ears, and supper being over, his elongated prayer, comprehending the wants of each, and all, closed the privileges of the pastor's visit. Mr Worthiman was equally satisfactory in his visits at the bedside of the sick—in his consolations to the dying, and his sympathy in the house of mourning. The aged leaned on him for support—the middle-aged walked hand in hand with his counsels, and the young looked up to him for guidance; while no austerity on his part forbade the merriment of their sports: so far from this, it was his custom at weddings, after a salutation to the bride, and a commendation of the bride's loaf, to take early leave, lest his presence should restrain the music and dancing that usually sum up a country bridal entertainment.

Such *was* the pastoral position of Mr. Worthiman,

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and such the unmolested happiness of Green Valley! But, alas! the serpent that looked with envious eyes on the paradise of our first parents, was about to creep stealthily among the vine-clad cottages of the peaceful villagers. And as in Eden his poison first insinuated itself through the mind of woman, so from woman was it to be communicated to these homes of contentment and love.

Among the few merchants of all-wares that had come in to supply the growing population of Green Valley, was a young man of more amiability than vigor of mind, who, having lived a single but quiet and peaceable life some years in the village, brought unexpectedly, from a town near-by, a wife to divide or double his blessedness. Kate Tiptop was cousin to the young man, and did not change her name in marrying him. She was the only daughter of parents who lived just long enough to spoil by indulgence a child whose native faculties of mind were more than ordinarily vigorous and acute; such as, under a disciplinary course of education, united with healthful moral training, would have ripened her into the noblest development of woman; but her first idea took the form of self, instead of truth, and growing perception brought only increasing self-consciousness. In short, she had early imbibed the belief that the world in which she moved was made for her accommodation; and her inherent passion—love of power—became more and more apparent as she increased in years. Had she been beautiful in person, this might have shown itself in more vain, but less injurous forms; as it was, she desired to sway hearts, not to receive their flattering unction in return, but to strengthen and confirm her own sense of ability to do it. Love of *action* alone induced her to engage in the practical duties of domestic life, and she married more for the sake of being the head of a family, than from any motives of affection. To accomplish this desire, she well knew that her husband must be her inferior in mental strength; while the additional inducement that fixed her choice on her cousin was, that in uniting herself with him, she would not even have to yield her name. Mrs. Tiptop soon became a pattern-card to all housewives—always having her work *done*, and *well* done; and never lacking time nor tongue to entertain visiters, nor health, leisure, or purpose to visit among the neighbors herself. She was one of those women whose husbands are supernumeraries at home, while their wives are mouthpieces for them abroad.

Her go-*aheaditiveness* was a new revelation to the plodding villagers; it not only made her household cares a mere song, but enabled her to preside over her husband's business affairs with a dexterity of calculation that soon rendered his own position but a sinecure. In short, Mrs. Tiptop was a trump-card at home, and every where, always winning the game of domestic differences, and turning the chances of all neighborly or church variances, which began to spring up simultaneously with her introduction there.

In person Mrs. Tiptop was tall, of slender frame, and thin, almost to emaciation, giving no indications of physical or mental strength, save that it was "all in the *eye*"—black, penetrating, "wise as the serpent," and possessing the optical versatility of seeing all sides in a twinkling; yet when its latent forces were single-eyed to a purpose, that end was achieved as unquestionably as when acknowledged by many witnesses.

No sooner did that eye peer through the bridal veil at Mr. Worthiman, on Mrs. Tiptop's introduction to the village church, than her purpose was formed and executed as truly as when carried out through all the intricate passages leading to its accomplishment.

She had determined to be *felt* in the village, and Mr. Worthiman's godly power over his unsophisticated people was then and there destined to totter from its long settled foundations. Before the next communion season Mrs. Tiptop had sent in her certificate, and was placed on the list of church-members. Here was a footing on which she could stand to use the instruments that would be needed in the premeditated revolution. The initiation of a communicant into a country church is generally succeeded by a call from its officers on the new member. Nothing could be more gracious than Mrs. Tiptop's reception of this church police, who paid her the complimentary visit during the week subsequent to her admission; but in this instance, on Deacon Heedful alone fell the *charm* of her serpentine eye. Quick as thought in discernment, she penetrated at once through the deacon's tractable physiognomy to his more flexible mind; and while the good man was inwardly congratulating his church on the acquisition of so worthy a member, she was fastening around him the toils in which he was hereafter to do her bidding, as willingly as the dray-horse works in the harness. Deacon Heedful belonged to that small minority of human beings who know nothing of double-meanings or double-dealings; pure in himself, he was the embodiment of that "charity that thinketh no evil" of others; but, unfortunately, of stronger heart than head. Perhaps an innate sense of this *crowning* weakness made him lend a more ready ear to the suggestions of other minds; at any rate, Mrs. Tiptop soon had him under her easy control, through that psychological law by which superior intellect ever governs its inferior. This accomplished, it were unnecessary to carry the reader through the winding ways which led her, with the deacon, to that point where she could spread out before him the spiritual position of Mr. Worthiman and his church, and convince him that they were "far behind the times." Now this was "a secret" that she had not even communicated to her husband, but in which she could not be mistaken, having come from a town where all was "stirring" in the cause of religion—where the preachers were "wide awake," and dead-level homilies, like Mr. Worthiman's, were not tolerated; for her part, she should soon languish under such enervating sermons as his; and here her fears being profusely watered by tears, began to take root in the heart of Deacon Heedful, who gave her a sympathetic squeeze of the hand on parting with her

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one evening, and turned, poor man! to the sleepless pillow where she had planted a thorn. He, however, determined to deliberate some days before communicating his fears, even to his brother officers in the church, and never to do it, unless reflection sanctioned Mrs. Tiptop's hints.

But seeds of discontent sown in one mind, are by some Mesmeric sympathy conveyed into another, and *another*, till a rapid, wide-spread growth is the unlooked for consequence; yet Mrs. Tiptop waited for another visit from the deacon, before breaking the subject to any one else, even to "dear Mr. Tiptop;" so *she* was not to blame for the disaffection that was springing up around her. Deacon Heedful arrived even sooner than she had anticipated—and most *unexpected* to her was his account of the spreading influence that had so *mysteriously* come to light. The deacon's doubts were now matured into a strong sense of duty, and, to the complete satisfaction of Mrs. Tiptop, he had decided to take a *stand* in the matter.

The only proposition she made was that the leading clergyman of her native town should be invited to exchange one Sabbath with Mr. Worthiman. This he promised should be effected, and took his leave for the purpose. As the parsonage was in his way home, he called to pay his respects to his minister, whom he found confined to the house by an indisposition that would prevent his preaching the following Sabbath; so he requested the deacon to read a sermon, as usual under such circumstances. This was opportune for proposing to call in the aid of a neighboring minister, which Mr. Worthiman acceding to, the matter was soon arranged, and word given out through the village that Mr. Newlight would fill the pulpit the coming Sabbath.

Providence, or *some* invisible agent, seemed on the side of Mrs. Tiptop, under the inspiration of which she went from house to house, promising the parishioners a treat new to them from Mr. Worthiman's pulpit.

The Sabbath was an anxious one to her, and an eventful one in the Congregational church of Green Valley; the spirit-stirring tones of Mr. Newlight's voice—his forceful manner, and novel forms of presenting old truths, had such an electric effect upon his audience that Mrs. Tiptop's eyes drank their fill of satisfaction, and gratified ambition began to revel in her brain. Nothing was talked of the succeeding day but Mr. Newlight's great sermon; and wishes were openly expressed, mostly by the younger members of the congregation, that Mr. Worthiman was more like him. Dissatisfaction spread like an infectious disease, and before the year expired, a meeting had been called to confer on the subject—the church was divided against itself, and the iron had entered the soul of poor Mr. Worthiman. But the oldest and best of his people, those who had been the pillars of the church, were not to be so easily moved out of place, and the result was, that the disaffected members—including at least one half—immigrated in a body, under the lead of Deacon Heedful and Mrs. Tiptop; were formed into another church, built a modern house of worship, and called a new-school minister to fill its pulpit.

Mr. Lion was a man of strong sense, strong principle, and strong will. His wife was an English lady of family and attainments, who, under the influence of a fervid attachment, had left a high-born circle of friends in her native land, to share the lot of an humble American clergyman, when too young to have attained that maturity of good-breeding which accommodates itself, without apparent effort, to the accidents and diversities of society. Having few attributes of mind, and no tastes in common with the secluded inhabitants of Green Valley, but possessing a kind heart and an amiable temper, she endeavored to conform, so far as native refinement would permit, to the habits and wishes of her husband's pastoral charge.

For the first six months succeeding Mr. Lion's installation the triumph of the immigrants seemed complete. Deacon Heedful was reappointed to the office he held under Mr. Worthiman's ministration, and Mrs. Tiptop assumed her undisputed place of honor next to the minister's wife—introduced a maternal association, and a female prayer-meeting among the women of the congregation, in the exercises of which she invariably took the lead, and made herself so *prominently* useful, that Deacon Heedful often prayed that she might live to be "a mother in Israel." Even the spirit of discord for a time appeared to be exorcised from their midst, while admiration of the new minister and his lovely wife was the absorbing passion of the day.

But the evil spirit that had built the church was not long to be denied his right to a place in it, and before many months began to show himself in various forms and guises. First, there arose an indistinct murmur that Mr. Lion did not visit his people familiarly and often enough; nor did he make pastoral tea-visits with his wife, as was Mr. Worthiman's custom. Then a whisper was heard that Mrs. Lion seemed to consider herself of "better flesh and blood" than others; that even Mrs. Tiptop was n't a confidential friend of hers; but they guessed her piety was no better than theirs, by the fashionable way in which she dressed. Then, the new minister and his wife cared more for each other than they did for their parishioners, as they frequently walked out together without stopping to call on any of them. Thus, in various quarters, discontent began to show itself, and somehow or other could always be traced back to Mrs. Tiptop, who evidently felt chagrined at not being invited to share the secrets of Mrs. Lion's household.

But now an unlooked for arrival at the new minister's gave fresh impulse and direction to the evil genius of Green Valley. The new-comer was a sister of Mrs. Lion's, just from England, who, it was understood, would be a future inmate of the family. Miss May proved to have the *disadvantages*, in the eyes of the village belles, of beauty, accomplishments, and independence of mind and purse. Brought up, and having just completed her education in the city of London, she was now a bird

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let loose in the free air of the country, whither she had been drawn by affection for her sister, and a desire, not unmingled with romance, to see the land of liberty, and exult in the freedom of its rural scenes. And exult she *did*—now in the woods and fields gathering wild-flowers, and now, mounted on her English pony, galloping over the hills and away—the villagers said, "none knew where"—the stared-at of all starers, if not "the admired of all admirers." Though Miss May was sweet enough to savor all the village with amiability, and musical enough to harmonize the whole, the venom of the serpent made her sweetness gall to the senses of her brother's envious flock, and her music was discord in their ears.

One morning, as Miss May was riding rapidly over a bridge, her poney stumbled on a loose plank and threw her over his head so violently, that she was taken up senseless by a miller who lived on the stream, and conveyed into his humble abode, where the good man committed her to the care of his wife, while he went for the doctor. Now the village physician, who was a middle-aged, married man, had a bachelor brother connected with him, who was the envy of the village beaux for his gentlemanly air and good looks, *he* it was who, in this instance, hastened to answer the urgent call of the miller. Dr. Mannerly, on his arrival, found Miss May recovering from her unconsciousness, and quite alarmed at seeing herself in such strange circumstances; but his gentleness, joined with the homely manifestations of kindness and concern on the part of the miller and his wife, soon composed her mind, and after the doctor had taken some blood from her beautiful arm, she was enabled to rise and receive his assurance that she had sustained no very serious injury by the fall. Being, however, too much bruised to mount her poney again, she accepted the doctor's polite offer to take her home in his buggy.

Before night Miss May's adventure was the gossip of the village; especially her ride homeward with the doctor, who was observed to look uncommonly interested, and to be engaged in earnest conversation with his fair companion; nor did it escape the vigilant eye of Mrs. Tiptop that the doctor's buggy stood at the minister's gate every day for a week thereafter, and longer each successive time than *she* thought necessary for a professional call. And then, when Miss May appeared again on her pony, Dr. Mannerly was by her side, on his own high-mettled horse, (the doctor never rode a *tame* animal, nor perpetrated a tame remark;) this happened, too, again and again, so that it was soon a settled matter that Miss May and the doctor would be a match.

In the course of a few months, an unusual stir was apparent at the new minister's; the blinds were thrown open in the east parlor, and people were seen bustling through the hall as if in preparation for some important event. As Mr. Lion never received "donation visits," as the custom is with village-ministers, the bustle meant nothing less than Miss May's wedding—and for once, the gossip had some foundation in truth.

Late in the afternoon a handsome carriage drove up to the house, from which alighted a foreign-looking gentleman, of some twenty-five years, who was pronounced to be an English acquaintance of Mrs. Lion's who had been invited to the wedding. And a wedding, true enough, it was, for Dr. Mannerly came hurrying along toward the minister's about dark, equipped from top to toe, and wearing the white vest that decided him to be the happy man. And now the uninvited multitude envied the very lights that made brilliant "the east room," and no language could express their mortification, when the honest chaise of Mr. Worthiman dropped himself and wife at the new minister's door.

But a greater surprise awaited them the following morning, when the carriage that brought the Englishman to the village, was seen rolling rapidly away, and in it, seated by the stranger, was the heroine of all their surmises.

The doctor visited his patients as usual on that day, and the village newspaper announced the marriage, at Green Valley, of Sir Edward Sterling, of London, England, to Miss Rosina May, of the same metropolis.

Mrs. Tiptop and her followers were dumbfounded! But the evil genius, paralyzed for the time, revived ere long again with fresh vigor, and became so vexatious to Mr. and Mrs. Lion, that a dismissal was asked for and obtained from the Second Congregational Church of Green Valley, which, at the last accounts, was about calling a NEW MINISTER.

THE GARDENER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

From dewy day-dawn to its dewy close,
Between the lark's song and the whippo-will's,
With life as fresh and musical as fills
Their varied round, in quiet joyance goes
The faithful gardener, spying out the foes
Of queenly Beauty, whom, for all the ills
They wrought her reign, his hand in pity kills,
That pure-eyed Peace may in her realm repose.
He bears cool water to the drooping flowers,
And gently crops o'erflushed exuberance;
Trains the young vines to crown imperial bowers,
And guardeth well fair buds from foul mischance;
Let others find what prize befits their powers,
His deeds put smiles on Nature's countenance.

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ONE OF THE "SOUTHERN TIER OF COUNTIES."

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A REALM of forest, hill and lake I sing,
Nestling in wild and unknown loveliness
Beneath the "Empire State's" protecting wing;
But be not too inquisitive and press
Its name—my motto must be, reader! "Stat
Nominis umbra"—I 'll not tell that 's flat.

But this much I will say; it bears the name
Of a brave warrior, who, in times of old,
Burst through the forests like a flood of flame,
And on the savage foe deep vengeance told.
And well that warrior kept unstained the wreath
Reaped by his sword in fields of blood and death.

And to be more explicit—on the west
The Chilohocki* laves its mountain sides;
East the grim Shawangunk uprears its crest,
And monarch-like this forest-land divides
From that whose name superfluous 't were to utter
If mention 's made of golden "Goshen butter."

Within this realm Dame Nature's mantle wide
Has scarcely yet been rent by human toil;
Here tower the hill-tops in their forest pride,
There smile the sylvan valleys, though the soil
Is such, in truth, no wonder people chose
To leave Dame Nature to her wild repose.

Yet pleasant are the sights and sounds when Summer
Wakens the forest depths to light and life;
The woodpecker, a red-plumed, noisy drummer,
Times to the thrasher's clearly flourished fife;
The partridge strikes its buss upon its log,
And with his deep bassoon chimes in the frog.

The stream reflects the leaf, the trunk, the root,
The sunlight drops its gold upon the moss,
Whose delicate fringes sink beneath the foot
Of the quick squirrel as it glides across;
And, glancing like a vision to the eye,
Through the tall trees the deer shoots, dream-like, by.

Fancy your wearied foot has clambered now
The Delaware's steep hill, and then glance back.
The splendid sight will put you in a glow!
There winds the river in its snake-like track,
Whilst rural beauty laughs upon your view—
Meadows of green, and fields of golden hue,

And then White Lake, expanding far away!
Oh, its pure waters gleam before me now!
It sheds upon my world-worn heart a ray
Bright as the crystal beauty of its brow.
Loveliest of lakes! this pulse must cease to beat
Ere I forget thee, beautiful and sweet!

M., too, (the village,) is a lovely place,
Clustered midst grain-fields rich and orchards green,
With the grand woods around—in blended grace
Nature and Art at every point are seen.
Brimmed is it with good fellows, and those pearls
Of man's prosaic being—witching girls.

Yet there are places in this rising county
Where Nature seems determined not to grow;
Where travelers merit an especial bounty
For perseverance, where the starving crow
Would pass, disdaining to arrest his flight;
(But these things in strict confidence I write.)

The earth is sprinkled with a scanty growth
Of ragged, scrubby pine, and here and there
A lofty hemlock, looking as if loath
To show its surly head—while grim and bare
The ghosts of former trees their mossy locks
Shake, but all else is one great bed of rocks.

Yet there is beauty even there when green
And sunbright—there the ground-pine twines its fringe,
And the low whortleberries give the scene
(So thick their downy gems) a purple tinge,
And mossy paths are branching all about,
But if you meet a rattlesnake, look out!

Hour after hour, the stranger passing through
This member of the "southern tier" will see
Naught but the stretching forests, grand, 't is true,
But then life 's naught without variety,
Though if he seeks with care to find that charm,
He 'chance may stumble on some stumpy farm,

And then the road called "Turnpike," "verbum sap!"
Now climbing o'er some mountain's rugged brow,
Now plunging headlong in some hollow's lap,
Still, "vice versa," laboring on you go,
How high soe'er the hill, it has its brother,
You 're scarce down one before you go up t' other.

The people, too, who live—I mean, who stay
In their green Alpine homes, (I like a touch
Of the sublime,) presents a queer array
Of three most interesting species—Dutch,
Yankee and mongrel—and this triple mixture
Form when they meet a very curious picture.

They call one "smart" who 's keen at overreaching,
"Tonguey" the babbler of the loudest din,
They 'll travel miles on Sunday to a "preaching,"
And seek next day to "take their neighbor in,"
And the word "deacon," in this charming region,
Covers, like charity, of sins a legion.

And there 's another race, "half flesh, half fish,"
That live where rolls the Delaware its flood,
Ready to fight or drink as others wish,
Not as they care; whose speech is loud and rude,
Half oath half boast, and think that all things slumber
When "Philadelfy" markets fall in "lumber."

Their toil is pastime when the river leaps
On, like a war-horse foaming in his wrath,
With thundering hoof and flashing mane, and sweeps
The forest fragments on its roaring path,
What time the Spring-rains its mild current thresh,
And make what vulgarly is called a "fresh."

Then from deep eddy and from winding creek
His mammoth platform the bold raftsman steers,
And, as his giant oar he pushes quick,
With song and jest his wearying labor cheers,
Whilst confident in skill he fearless drifts
By swamping islands and o'er staving cliffs.

From rafts we glance to saw-mills—oft you meet
Their pine-slab roofs and board-piles by some brook,
And, with the splashing wheel and watery sheet
Flinging its curtain o'er the dam, they look,
(When tired of gazing at the endless woods,)
Though saw-mills, pleasant in their solitudes.

* The Indian (Delaware) name for the Delaware River.

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THE EXHAUSTED TOPIC.

BY CAROLINE C——.

WHAT shall I write about? A sensible question enough for me to address to you, good reader, were I a worn-out school-girl, with a mind quite like an "exhausted receiver" on the one subject, frightful, dismal, and hated at all times to *her*. But, thanks be to Time, I am *no* school-girl—and it is rather a foolish question, this same one I have proposed, considering that for sixty long seconds my mind has been fully determined as to *what* I will write about this morning.

I have been looking over a file of old magazines, which are now scattered about me in most beautiful confusion, for the sole purpose of discovering in the steps of *how many* "illustrious predecessors" I am to follow, when I expatiate on that, which, by the last tale in the last new magazine, seems to be still a marvelous object in creation, namely, "*The Coquette.*"

And oh the poems, and tales, and essays, by the Mrs.'s and Misses—the Mr.'s and Esqr.'s, let alone the Dr.'s and Rev.'s, who have not disdained to pour forth their thoughts like water on this exhausted (?) topic! I will spare you, through mere Christian charity, dear reader, from listening to their enumeration.

By this time, if you are any thing of a magazine or newspaper reader, you must *necessarily* have arrived at some conclusion as to this tribe of humans. Well, what do you think of coquettes *in general*, my friend—what do you think of those with whom you have had to do with *in particular?* According to Johnson, a coquette is "a gay, airy girl, who by various *arts* endeavors to gain admirers." Natural enough, all that, *I* should say.

When women are blessed (?) by a kind Providence with beauty, does it not follow rapidly on the heels of the truth, that they are meant and made to be admired, and loved, and wooed by the gender masculine? And when the admiration and homage of men's hearts are offered at the shrine of beauty—and the favored fair one tastes the cup of adulation man *forces* to her lips, say, ye wise ones! is there any thing so very *unnatural* in the fact that her human heart cries "more?" Why, even that poor, miserable daughter of the horse-leech was not content with saying "give!" once, it must needs be "give—*give!*"

Now, in all fairness, I put the question to you—what warrior after a brilliant achievement in *one* battle—after one glorious conquest over his foes, was content ever after to dwell in a quiet obscurity, and suffer his name to be at last almost forgotten by men, because of his very inaction? Tell me, was that shining light so often lit and re-lit on the Mountain of Warning for the benefit of the sojourners in the vallies of the world—I mean Napoleon Bonaparte? Was Cortes? Was Alexander?

What *author*, after writing *one* book that took the reading world by storm, ever after that blessed day laid down his pen and said, "I have done." Did any of those glorious beings who, with their death-stiffened fingers *can* write for us no more? Are the writers of *our* day satisfied with *one* brilliant and successful effort in the field of literary labor? Bear witness, oh, Bulwer, and Dickens, and Cooper, and James, to the absurdity of *such* an idea! Wait—I would be truthful—even as I write there comes before me a bright remembrance of *one* glorious bard, living, voiceless *now*—our own well-beloved Halleck; but even *he* may awake, and speak yet—and so make way with *the* exception to my rule.

And what does the warrior battle for? Tell it not in this wise, wide-awake century it is all *for country and the good of man!* We are a wise people, WE! Such humbugging is too ancient. Say out plainly it is for glory, for distinction, for place in the higher room, and we will honor your for you honest words! And what does the author labor and strive for, through dreary days and sleepless nights? Is it for the enlightenment of mankind—the improvement of his fellows? Who will say that *this* is not oftenest, when indeed it is thought of at all, the *secondary* consideration? Ay, yes! there are such things as poor misguided scribblers dipping their pens in their life-blood, wherewith to leave a mark on the pages of time, "to be seen of men!" There *is* such a thing as a "lord of creation," *pining* for distinction, and braving every distress, and even death, for—Fame! Yes, we have records of sons of Genius who have *died* because men recognized not the light *they* set before them. I mind me, and I "weep for Adonais! he is dead."

I tell you, among men it is rare to find one who, after he has tasted the honey of applause and world-admiration, but will taste, and continue to taste, until he has cloyed himself, and almost (I do not *say* quite) sickened the patient bystanders.

Is there, then, any thing wonderful in the fact that woman loves admiration? With such noble examples before her, why should she not? I know it has been hinted broadly that it is heartless, and selfish, and sinful, in a woman, merely for her personal gratification, to make wrecks of the hearts of men (!!) and that coquetting is set down among masculines in the catalogue of sins as one of the blackest dye. But, if man, in his wonderful wisdom, can suffer himself to be so fooled, pray whose fault or sin is it? If he rests his happiness on the smiles of *one* woman, which is a rarer thing than ye think, oh, maidens! whom shall he blame, if the smile does not always

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await him? Whose fault is it if he does not *continue* to please, when the eyes of the fair one are awakened to his numberless "short comings?" And some day when a more favored one of nature draws near with his homage, why should the old lover listen in amaze to cold words and colder sentiments? Trust me, if men would only apply to this subject of our consideration one iota of the coolness and calmness of unprejudiced thought which distinguishes many of their other musings, they might some day come to a just conclusion.

But enough of this; I have given a *preface*—and I know a case in point—more satisfactory than all *my* arguments I think it will prove; and I imagine it will clear me from all suspicion, or charge, if you should prefer it against me, of entertaining wrong opinions on this important subject.

From a far longer time since than I can well remember, till within two years past, the Cleveland family were our next door neighbors. Florence, the eldest daughter, was a very dear friend of mine, and I would not make her the heroine of this story to day, were it not for the following fact. Two years ago the whole family emigrated to Wisconsin; and now that they are gone so very far "out of the world," I think no blame should be attached to me for giving her "experience" to the good public. Sure am I, that buried as she is in the backwoods, she will never know that *I* have seized upon her as a "subject" whereabout to expatiate. But if you should chance to meet Florence in your wanderings, reader, do not, I pray you, wound her feelings, by touching on this topic.

Every body said Flory was a coquette—and adopting as a settled point the sentiment that "what every body says *must* be true," I suppose she was; that *is*, she was "a gay, airy girl, who was fond of admiration;" and I will not deny that she may have exerted herself the least bit in the world to obtain it. But I do repel most indignantly the idea that *she* was artful and designing, or that she ever regularly *set a trap* to ensnare any human heart.

Florence, when she parted from us, was of middle height, very fair, and her cheeks wore the bloom of early roses; her hair was of a light, glossy brown—and, oh, those beautiful ringlets! I can vouch for the truth of it, *they* never emerged from curl-papers—(and by the way, how refreshing and pleasant now-a-days it is to see any thing *natural*, even a paltry curl!) Then her eyes, "deeply, divinely blue," sometimes filled with a sober, tranquil, *holy* light, and again dancing, beaming, and running over with joy and happiness.

Though Flory was the admiration of all eyes, and "the beaux" seemed really to have no appreciation of the presence of we poor insignificants when she was by, yet to not many of *us* did the "green-eyed monster" ever whisper one bad, ungracious thought of her.

We all loved her—and a sadder set never waited in our depôt the arrival of the eastern train, than gathered there the day Mr. Cleveland and family were to leave for a home in the "far West."

There were some, indeed, who invariably honored Florence with the title of "coquette!" and pursed up their lips very sanctimoniously whenever they heard of her new conquests; particularly may this remark apply to old Widow Forbes, who rejoiced in the possession of four grown-up daughters—"fixtures" most decidedly they were in her household—for these four above-mentioned, were not in any way remarkable for their personal attractions; and two of them had well-nigh passed the third stage of woman's unmarried life! But by far the greater part of the villagers rejoiced in the presence of Florence Cleveland as they would in a sunbeam on a dull day; she was always so cheerful, so generous and obliging.

None of those sunny curls of hers were visible the day Florence set out on her journey; perhaps you think that was because ladies do not usually travel with such appendages in view, and that they were snugly packed away in the back part of her traveling hat. But had Flory's head been uncovered then, I fear me it would have borne terrible witness of the desecrating hands which had been busy about it; for the fairy-like ringlets which had so long adorned the beautiful head, full beautiful enough without *them*, were slumbering on the hearts of us, her miserable, weeping cronies; and I know not how many gentlemen's purses were freighted with like treasure.

What a silent, stupid company we were gathered there that day. It was a bright morning—there was not a cloud to be seen in all the sky; and Susy, the old fortune-teller, said it was a day that augured well for their future prosperity; but that did not help *us* any. Every body seemed to think we were to lose one of the choicest lights of our village—and so, indeed, we were.

At last the odious depôt-bell rung—soon after the "fire-demon" heaved in sight, followed by its long train of crowded cars. In ten minutes the leave-taking was all over, our friends were seated—their "worldly goods" were stowed away—another ring of the bell, that never sounded half so remorselessly before, and away they went, over the road—across the bridge—past the burial-ground—and on—on—on!

To my bosom I pressed a package Florence had given to me that morning of her departure, which she bade me not open till she was fairly gone. I need not tell you how I hastened home when I had seen her depart—how, with just one look at their old garden, which ran back of my father's house, through whose paths we had wandered so often together—how with one thought of how lonely I was and always should be, now that *she* was gone, I hied away to my room, that I might be alone with my sorrow. But every thing seemed determined to speak out to me of *her*; there, by the window, was *her* "old arm-chair;" she had given it to me as a keepsake; and many, many a time had the broad, leather-covered seat supported us both—so, of course, the very sight of that gave me such a blue-fit that I threw myself into its open "arms," and indulged in the most luxurious fit of weeping, the length whereof might be counted by hours, not by minutes. But

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when I had fairly "cried it out," (you know all things must have an end,) I went to bed with the most dreadful headache conceivable, and opened with more of regret than curiosity, the last "testament" of dear Flory.

It was in the shape of a long, long letter, filling many pages of paper; but I shall not indulge you, reader, with a glance even, at all the contents—satisfy yourself with these few extracts, and oblige yours, &c.

"Writing is not my *forte*, Carry, you know that very well," the epistle began, "but I had for a long time determined to explain myself to you; and when father finally succeeded in convincing mother that the West is *such* a wonderful country, and that it is the best and only place for them to safely settle *our* troop of boys, then I made up my mind to *write* you what I had intended to speak. Don't think me vain, but I'm going to be my own heroine in these pages; I'm going to give you the key wherewith to unfold parts of my life, which you, with others, may now think quite unexplainable.

"When I am gone, and the partial regret some will feel at first, is worn away, and they begin with all earnestness to give me what *they* think *my* 'due,' and honor me once more with the flattering titles they have given me before this, then do you, my friend, take up the gauntlet in my defence. If I should happen to die of those horrible 'fevers,' into whose hands we are about to commit ourselves, 'Aunt Sally,' *may* say it is a just 'dispensation of Providence' that has removed me; and that old Juliet Baker *might* take it into her head to write my veritable history, under the title of 'The Coquette,' and so be published in one of the magazines as a warning for all who shall come after me—an immortality to which I assure you I do not aspire. Or Tom Harding might be tempted to discourse more eloquently than ever on my respective demerits—drawing some of his sage conclusions therefrom. So, dear, if such things *should* happen, remember to stand up valiantly for 'woman's rights,' and *me!* As I have mentioned Tom Harding's name, I may as well, in these 'confessions,' have done with him as speedily as possible. I know very well what all the gossips said when it was rumored that I had 'cut him dead,' after encouraging the poor fellow, who was really 'too good for me!' But, as it happened in *this* case, they were all wrong—as doth unfortunately sometimes happen even with gossipers. Tom, since time immemorial, (you will bear me out in the truth of this statement,) has been one of the most *active beaux* in our village; attaching himself, with all his *canine* characteristics, to every lady who was favored with the least pretensions to beauty, and making himself vastly useful in the way of getting up all sorts of 'parties of pleasure' in summer, and in the winter also. It was very needful, was it not, that we should be always on good terms with *him*, which, as a body, we managed very well to do. As he had been *in love with*, and offered himself to at least a dozen girls of our acquaintance, I don't yet know why he should have thought that *I* would take up with him at last. Now was it not presumption, Carry? To be sure, he came to our house night after night, and sat often with us in church on Sundays—and it *was* rumored we were engaged; but that, I fancy, did not make the case a clear one.

Ladies may be attentive and agreeable, even over the verge of intimacy with one another, and yet not be suspected of *designs matrimonial;* but boys and girls, who have from early childhood grown up with the most fraternal feelings, as soon as childhood has passed, must be expected to give up what was a very delightful kind of friendship, indeed; is that wise?

"The fact is, I never for a moment thought of marrying Tom Harding; but I *did* think him a great deal better youth than he proved to be. When he foolishly proposed *the* subject to me, I dismissed it again quietly as might be, convincing him, as I hope, that the thing was forever impossible. And I kept his secret well. No one till to-day can say that I was ever guilty of parading this offer, and its refusal, before my friends; and I scarcely think *you* will consider me as parading it *now;* or, indeed, of entering on this recital merely to gratify a foolish personal vanity. Tom, himself, by his ungentlemanly conduct, exposed all that ever was exposed; and his impudent, silly behavior toward me has had the final result of making me heartily despise him; and I sincerely hope no damsel that *I* love will ever accept offers, which some dozens may yet have the honor, or—which is it? be *doomed* to hear!

"Harry Kirkland was, indeed, a fine fellow—at least I thought so once, for I was engaged to him within a time I well remember. Talented, too—was he not? But, oh, what an unreasonable mortal he was.

"When I engaged myself to Harry, I did love him truly, or what I *thought* was him, but you will not wonder that my love cooled before such evidences of tyranny, *incipient* it could hardly be called, as be exhibited, truly in a petty manner, but giving me good, overpowering evidence of what I might expect when the *chains* of Hymen should be flung around us.

He went to his Club, and the Lyceum, and became a member of the Odd Fellows Society, so soon as there was one organized in the village—indeed, on all points acted his own pleasure, even as to the number of cigars he would smoke per day. And I, like a reasonable woman, thinking all this part and parcel of his own business, never for a moment *thought* of interfering. But no sooner had I, in a kind of dumb way, (foolishly enough, I confess *now,*) answered his pathetic appeals, by acknowledging that I loved him, than *he* at once, without questioning his right and title, proceeded to take the reins of government into his own hands. And then it was incessantly, 'Florence, why do you allow that coxcomb to visit you?' or, 'why did you go to the party last night when I was away?' or, 'how *can* you endure that conceited fool?' or, 'do, dear, arrange your hair in some other style—curls are so common!' or, at another time, when I had adorned myself with special thoughts of him, and his particular taste, the

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ungracious salutation would be, 'It is *so* strange you will wear flounces—*I* cannot endure them, and they are so unbecoming for you!'

"Well, I *did* give James Thompson, 'the coxcomb,' as Harry called him, leave to understand I was not 'at home' to him; and I stayed away from all places of amusement to which Harry *would not*, or could not go, (which former I came at last to know was most frequently the case.) And I did treat Charles Wood more coolly than my conscience approved, for nature gave to him a good, kind heart, if she did not make him a genius. And I left off flounces, which my tasty little 'dress-maker' thought '*such* a pity;' and I braided my hair, which all the time cried out against the stiff bands I put on the curly locks; in short, for six months I made a fool of myself, by giving way to all my exacting lover's whims. It makes me shudder when I think of what had been my fate had I married him—I should have died a very martyr long before this day.

"I knew that on most subjects Harry's opinion was worth having—his judgment sound; so I resolved to try what might be done on *this* point, which certainly concerned our happiness so much. By degrees I went back to my old habits, saying never a word to him of the test I was intending to put to him. Perhaps *you* would have proceeded differently—you might have reasoned with him, and urged him not to distress himself about affairs far too trifling for him to interfere with—about which no woman likes the interference, even of a favored lover.

"But such a course was not the one for me—and in the end, a person pursuing a far different method of reasoning might, probably would, have arrived at the same climax that I did. Wherever among my old friends I chose to go, I went without consulting the pleasure of his highness, who had led me about as a child in leading-strings quite long enough. What books I liked, I read; concerning my judgment on this point, perhaps, (not altogether unwarrantably either,) quite as good as his own. I dressed in what fashion I pleased—and wore my hair in the style nature intended. At one determined stroke I broke the thread-like chains which, from their very fineness, had been more galling to me than links of iron. I could read by Harry's look of astonishment what his thoughts were, as he saw these changes in me—and it was with some anxiety, I do confess, that I awaited the result; for all this time I loved him well, though my attachment was *not* so selfish in its nature as was his love toward me.

One day I sent Harry a note, with a purse which I had knitted for him, and requested that he would accompany me in the evening, when there was to be a horseback-party on the lake-shore. In about half an hour much was I astonished by the return of the messenger, with an answer to my note, and my *rejected gift*. He declined the ride also, saying that he had a severe headache—(well might his head ache when it contained a brain capable of suggesting *such* a note.) After some few preliminaries, Harry proceeded to tell me that my gifts were altogether unacceptable so long as my heart continued not right toward him; that I had grieved him beyond all power of expression by the heartlessness I had exhibited *in my disregard of all his wishes and opinions*; this strange note ended by begging that I would not join the riding-party that night; that he would visit me in the evening, and receive from me then any explanations I might be ready to make.

"In ten minutes more the messenger was on his way back to Harry Kirkland's office, with a neat package, which contained the young man's notes, miniature, gifts, &c., with an assurance, which I wrote with a most steady hand, that my evening ride would, doubtless, prove more agreeable than a *tête-à-tête* with him, and that, as I had no explanations or apologies to offer, he need not be under the inconvenience of seeking me again at home, or elsewhere. I will not speak of the manner in which I passed that afternoon, after I had returned Harry's *second* note, *un*answered, and *un*opened; nor what thoughts were busy in my mind, nor what feelings were busy in my heart. But I will tell you this, at tea-time, when father came home, *he* did not reject his daughter's kiss, or the purse either; and now it is snugly resting in the bottom of his pocket, well-filled, as I hope it ever will be.

"That moonlight ride—you remember it; perhaps you remember, also, that there was no gayer mortal among you than a certain Florence Cleveland. She might not have slept *quite* soundly that night, when she was alone in her little chamber, but it was not *very* long that Harry Kirkland's image disturbed her dreams. Harry was proud as I; doubtless he thought himself the abused one, (and *that*, you know, is wonderfully efficacious in curing heart-wounds,) and I can readily believe that many times since he has blessed the day that saved him from *coquetting* Florence Cleveland. But—you know already how suddenly Harry moved to New York that autumn, and also how you wondered we did not correspond.

"And what of George Stephenson? Ha! ha! I always laugh when I think of him—*do you*, dear? What did *we* think of him, *mon ami*, till we discovered one day, much to our amaze, that he was engaged to us both.

"Never shall I forget that tableau we presented—being our own spectators—when, with your head resting on my knee in the old summer-house, you, with trembling lips, told me of that delightful youth! and of your future prospects; and how, when you approached the interesting climax, I joined in with you and told *my* story, too; and how, instead of our becoming sworn foes from that hour, two more loving and light-hearted beings seldom took pen in hand, than we, when we wrote that joint letter, and saved George from the fate of bigamists! Well, there was *never* a more captivating youth than he—at least we must *say* so, to save ourselves from the obloquy of falling in love with such a *scamp!* Who'd have thought it? those very stories of his early life, and sorrows which drew such earnest tears from *my* eyes. I suppose you, too, have wept upon his shoulder as he told them. Ah, me!

"Then there was the poet, Earnest Ward. I

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tolerated *him* because his father was a college friend of my paternal, who wished us always to show him kindness, and make the orphan feel himself not quite so friendless. But you cannot believe that *I* loved *him*. Poor fellow! he is dead now. He never seemed destined to a long life to me; the fact is, he did not possess *energy* enough to keep him alive. And he was eternally railing against Fate and his poverty, which no man who wishes to gain favor in *my* eyes must indulge in. His talents *were not* of that order which commands the ear of the public—and yet he seemed to think so, and in that thought centered all his hope. There was nothing practical about Ernest. He belonged to that miserable class of beings, (how many of them we see about us,) who are aptly described as having lost *their way* in the great roads of life, having early groped blindly past the stations they were designed to fill. Ernest had a good deal of fancy and ingenuity—more than should have been lavished on newspaper enigmas, and verses descriptive of the color of my hair and eyes; he might have made a capital manufacturer, or designer of toys. He was made, I am convinced, for some such purpose, and might have excelled in some such *art*; but least of all, you will acknowledge, was Ernest Ward fitted to be *my* husband. And well for us was it, that if he did not know it, *I did*.

"And, last of all of whom I will speak, there was Edward Graham; and thus I fancy I hear him described by some (whom I *will* say I am not sorry to have left behind me,) 'a fine fellow! but driven to desperation and to sea by that worthless flirt, Florence Cleveland!' Now I will give you an opportunity, *ma chere*, to laugh in your sleeve, if you will, for beyond the shadow of a doubt, I am engaged to this same Edward Graham, who departed in such desperation; and what's more, I mean to marry him, too.

"And how shall I explain conduct that will appear so strange as this to you? You know Ned Graham *almost* as well as I do; and as we both have known him from childhood, it would be idle in me to speak of his fine, noble, generous character, and of his *sensibleness*, by far a rarer component of the human character than many people seem to imagine. Our engagement was, I confess, an altogether unanticipated thing to me, though there was always a lingering thought in my mind that Ned approached a *little* nearer my standard of manly perfection than any suitor I ever had. You and I have often together admired the outward man, so I will not now speak of those great black eyes of his, which seem to pierce you through and through, as though they *would* know your secret thoughts, (which, as far as they regarded him, *could* be only thoughts of admiration and respect.) And that manly form, so sweet and noble, that was never yet bent by the weight of a mean or sordid thought—that *could not* stoop to any thing low or ignoble. Now, when I tell you that Ned has hired himself to a sea-captain, whom his father has known from boyhood, for three years, that his wages (excepting only a moiety) have been paid at Ned's request into his father's hands to aid the old man, who is now in difficulties, when I tell you this, you will concur with me in thinking *my* Edward Graham the most noble and generous youth in the world.

"Only a week before his departure *we* made our arrangements; for before that time Ned had never spoken to me of love—and I never heard of his broaching the subject to any one else, did you? In three years he is coming back again. By that time *we* shall have become settled, and have learned to love our new home. What farmers we shall be! Then Ned will join us in Wisconsin—and who says we shall not be a happy family there? And that Flory Cleveland will not prove herself quite tractable and human, although people have dared and presumed to call her a 'desperate flirt?'

"So, my dearest, I have given you a true history of my *coquetting* (?) life, with the exception of three tragedies you are acquainted with already. Frank Blake died, it is true, but never for a moment have I reproached myself with *his* death. He was 'found drowned,' so the verdict of the coroner's jury ran; but have none others been ever 'found drowned,' than men who were in love? I am not jesting, or speaking lightly now. Heaven knows the subject is far too fearful to jest about! Could they who have seemed to delight in calling me little better than a murderess, but know what bitter, bitter hours I have passed writhing under their 'scorpion tongues,' they would, I think, be satisfied. I tell you again, my friend, Frank never treated me more kindly, or considerately, or *justly* than he did that day when I told him I *could not* love him as he deserved to be loved, though I must ever bear toward him the utmost respect and the kindliest feelings. And when Tom Harding made that incident a theme for newspaper gossip, I wonder Heaven had not blasted the right hand that dared to write such things!

"You know how afterward I went to Frank's home—to his widowed mother. She, too, turned in horror from me when I told her who I was, and why I had come so far from my home in search of her. Go to her *now*, my friend, and she will tell you that she attaches to me *no* blame. Even the agonized, heart-broken mother believed me, when I told her all that had transpired between her son and me. She *knows*, as *you* know, and as *I* know, that I never won the affections of her son intentionally, for the purpose of adding one more name to my list of conquests.

"And of that other, whose name I will not write—he who died in the convict's cell—my friend, *had I* aught to do with that man's crimes? The brutish madness with which he heard my refusal of his suit—his dreadful downward course afterward; oh, can unreturned *love* be the instigator of such crimes? Had he not been a reckless youth ever; disliked of all the village boys, whose friendship, even his wealth and good family could not buy for him? If I would not wed a villain such as he, where rests the blame? Oh, surely *not with me!* I did not make that festering, sinful heart of his, nor did I lure him on to hope that I would *ever* wed him. If love is *heaven*, what were life with him!

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"I cannot write more—*non sum qualis eram!* yet the sun shines brightly on me still as in my childhood, and the future is *full* of hope. If I have cleared myself of the imputation of the folly and heartlessness some have laid to my charge, it is well; *I* cannot think that my proceedings have been *very* dreadful, or sinful; they did not frighten honest-hearted, noble Ned Graham.

"And after this, when you see a woman whose conduct to you is quite unexplainable, and full of mystery, listen, dear friend, and bid those around you listen a little more earnestly, to the voice of *human love and Christian charity;* and trust *me*, the number of women *who have the power* to act *long* in direct opposition to all the better impulses of woman's nature, is *surprisingly small.*

"If your trust continues in me still unshaken, as in the days gone by, come ere long to Wisconsin, and I will insure you a husband of the 'free soil,' who shall bear as little resemblance to *our* faithless George, as my Ned does—and a home in the wilderness, this glorious wilderness.

"God bless you, love—good bye! ——."

I have not yet obeyed the call of my friend to the "far west," *now* her happy home. Do you think it advisable that I should place myself in the hands of such a—; but first let me ask you,

Do you think Florence Cleveland was a coquette? And—*is* this *once* prolific topic *yet* exhausted?

I cannot conclude this discourse, "my hearers," without repeating to you a song, which appeared some years ago in "Graham." It is by Miss Barrett. Has it ever yet been "set to music?" if not, I would advise some composer to neglect no longer so beautiful an effusion. And when the *deed is done*, let every lady learn the song, and every gentleman stand by and listen to it humbly. Here it is.

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say;
Colors seen by candlelight,
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their beat,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus the sin is on us both;
Was the dance a time to woo?
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely, as in fronting death,
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore,
And her "yes" once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

THE RECORD OF DECEMBER.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Write—with the finger of the angel-born,
Upon the tablet of the human soul,
That old December, wearied and outworn,
Drags on his failing footsteps to the goal.
Write—that the Christmas bells ring on till morn
Peace and eternal pardon to the whole,
And I, before I drop my farewell tear,
Must lay December's closing record here.

Write—for I weary; Age with failing thought
Forgets the triumph of his younger days—
Forgets the changes that himself has wrought—
Forgets the lip that tuned to woman's praise—
Forgets in summer how his fingers brought
Fresh flowers in olden time for manhood's ways,
Forgets all pleasure save an old man's word,
To think of bygone sorrows and record.

Write—ere he passes—even now they come
With writhing harps and wreaths of withered flowers,
To bind his brows and bear him to his home
Amid the multitude of buried hours—
A moment's respite ere his senses numb
And the death throe seals up his mental powers;
He shall not die, e'en in his age and dearth,
Without a legacy of good to earth.

His course has been with manhood, and his name
Has changed with human years—we yet recall
How bounding onward at the first he came,
And trembled wearily unto his fall—
How in his noon of life his strength was flame,
Spurning the very hand that gave him all,
How day by day and month by month he changed,
Till Time on old December is avenged.

The air he breathes is but ingratitude
From each unto the other—from the air
Unto the Giver of Eternal Good,
And from man to the years unceasing care.
Spirit to spirit on the moving flood,
And demon unto demon in his lair,
Jarring with discord, scarcely yet set free
From the kind measure of God's harmony.

And so he gave unto the sons of men
Last winter, snow, and ice, and driving sleet,
And the cold wind-, each from his northern den,
Strewed wrecks of forest branches at our feet.
Old trees all naked shivered in the glen,
And houseless wretches shivered in the street—
It was the time when poor and cold mankind
Should know the welcome of a generous mind.

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Few read the lesson—there was passing by
  Of squalid poverty by gilded pride,
Wealth from the needy turned away his eye,
  Rich doors to richer guests were opened wide—
Pity sought out a fancy scene to sigh
  And gave not burial to the poor who died—
Beside the gourmand with his food oppress,
Mothers hugged starving infants to the breast.

Oh, not for this came winter, not for this
  Rolled out the storm clouds from the northern zone,
There was a hope that gay luxurious bliss
  Would not be happy in itself alone:
There was a hope that wealth might stoop to kiss
  Lips paler with cold sorrow than its own—
There was a hope that severed things might blend,
And man, the selfish, soften to the friend.

The old man was but young, but thankless hearts
  They say are "sharper than the adder's tooth,"
And ere the Spring came, by inhuman arts
  The marble forehead was no longer smooth;
Cold blasts of scorn repaid him his deserts,
  Bitter forebodings grew too often sooth,
At twenty years, they say, who knew him then,
He had grown sadder than old withered men.

Spring lay upon the garden—from his hand
  Showered the blossoms and the springing buds,
The songsters sang tales of a summer land,
  And a new music lived upon the floods:
And o'er the scene there waved a magic wand,
  And watched the spirit of the fields and woods,
Laying in golden promise on the earth
Beauties that mocked him in their very birth.

The buds of spring grew withered in his grasp,
  The thorns lay hid beneath the rose's leaf,
Leaving a poison deeper than the asp,
  Long as the memory of corroding grief.
Rude hands tore off the petals, to unclasp
  Too soon the fullness of a lot so brief—
There was ingratitude in bud and flower,
And rude unkindness in man's thankless power.

And all the summer long the rays he gave,
  To cheer the weary sons of sweat and toil,
Flashed back with blistering brightness from the wave,
  And burned like molten lava from the soil.
And vainly oft the giver came to crave
  A shelter from the burning heat the while,
Beneath the bending vines the welcome fled,
And yellow harvest seldom crowned his head.

They knew not, as he pressed the table seat,
  That he alone had spread the groaning board,
They cared not that the master came to eat
  Where one small blessing glittered from his hoard;
They knew not, cared not, how the angel's feet
  Have trodden in the steps of good restored—
The furrows deepened on the old man's brow,
And sadly humankind had aped the plough.

Autumn grew brown upon the teeming zone,
  Lo! here at last he should forget his pain
Amid the mellow fruits around them thrown,
  With garners brimful of the golden grain,
Men should look smiling to the giver's throne,
  And gentle peace sit on the loaded wain—
There was a discord when the year began,
That jarred the wider as the circle ran.

The wheat-sheaf grew into the curse of life,
  And from the stalk the burning pain distilled—
The orchard mast with the dark bane was rife,
  Pouring out poison as the master willed.
The purple wine-grape reddened into strife,
  And in its shadow man by man was killed—
Poison, dark poison, rankled in the cup,
Pressed to his lips foredoomed to drink it up.

So should the blessing of the fields and woods
  Be moulded into curses? think it not!
Cold and unfeeling man's ingratitude,
  Who to the season gave back such a lot,
To drink the cup genuined with a poison flood,
  And bitter with the felon's loathsome blot;
Oh deeply on our bosoms rests the stain
That never years shall wash away again.

The wail of autumn winds was on the air,
  That played with forest trunks as little things;
The demons of the storm, each from his lair,
  Shot forth and hissed upon the tempest wings;
Rent from the old man's head the scanty hair,
  Sung on the north wind as the cordage sings:
Little they spared him in their giant course,
The whirling winds that owed him all their force.

Again 't is winter, to the sons of men
  Come forth the snow and wind and driving sleet—
Again the storm-cloud lowers o'er the glen,
  Again the branches shiver at our feet.
Faint and uncovered, over moor and fen,
  The weary man has come his doom to meet,
The storms of winter beat upon his head,
The record of his failing time is read.

Chill to his heart strikes in the northern blast,
  Ending the season as the year began;
December hastens to his final rest,
  Friendless by the dark cruelty of man.
E'en now, while to his death-couch he is prest,
  A wail rings round his head so pale and wan,
And withered flowers are ready for his bier,
That mock the dying with his past career.

His course has been with manhood, and his end
  Is fitting for a type of humankind,
Around whose heavy head the laggard friend
  The veil of useless pity comes to bind.
The dirge of his departure shall ascend
  From those who scarce recalled his life to mind,
The tide of life above his grave rolls on,
And few remember he is dead and gone.

December passes, in the opening sky
  Of the new year's first morning breaks a star,
The record he has left us here shall lie
  Beside us when his form is borne afar.
Bending above his last farewell, I sigh
  That he has left us, ingrate as we are,
And turning to the New Year, I behold
A new-born spirit throned upon the old.

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OVERBOARD IN THE GULF.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," ETC., ETC.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"A MAN overboard!"

I heard the cry distinctly as the dark waters whirled me astern.

"Who?—where?"

"Heave over a coop!"

"Can you see him?"

"Clear away the quarter-boat!"

These were the cries that followed each other in rapid succession, accompanied with the hurried tread of feet, which rose even over the sounds of the whistling hurricane and of the roaring water in which I was immersed.

We had been out from from Marseilles about three days, and were now well up with the Straits. A gale which had begun just after dawn had increased with such violence that before the afternoon set in we were lying-to under a storm stay-sail. Noticing that the heel of the boom was chafing loose, I had gone aloft to repair it, when a sudden lurch tore the spar from its fastenings, and flung me into the air like a ball shot from a twenty-four.

At first I sunk plumb, as if tied to a shot; but in a few seconds began to ascend. When I reached the surface, however, it was to find myself whirling from the vessel's side, with a confused noise of the howling tempest and the bubbling waters in my ears: yet over all rose the shouts of my messmates.

I was so blinded by the water that I could not immediately see. I spun around and around as in a whirlpool, for I had been caught in the eddies under the stern. I looked to windward, too, for the ship; forgetting that a heavy vessel would make more leeway than my light person. Just as I sunk in the trough of the sea, however, I caught sight of the tall spars pitching a short distance to leeward; and when I rose on the next wave I took care to have my eyes fixed in that direction. I could now behold the men in the rigging on the look-out, and hear again distinctly their eager and excited cries. They were all gazing to leeward, and consequently could not see me.

"Whereaway is he?"

"I can't see him—can you?"

"There—he has just sunk in the trough—no! it was not he."

"Hillo!"

"Hil-hil-loa!"

While these cries were following each other, the skipper himself came on deck, and springing on the taffrel cast a rapid glance around the horizon. I thought his eye had lighted on me, for, unlike the rest, he turned to windward; but, after a hasty glance in the right direction, he, too, looked off to leeward. How my heart sunk within me! Was I to perish, and within hearing too, in consequence of this mistake of my messmates? I raised my voice and shouted. I could still hear the answers.

"Ahoy!—aho-o-y!"

"There—that was his voice certainly—can't you see him yet?"

"Ahoy!—ahoy!—aho-o-y!" I repeated, straining my lungs to the utmost.

"Hillo!" replied the stentorian voice of the skipper, the words struggling faintly against the wind.

The ship was rapidly drifting down to leeward, and I knew that if not soon discovered I was lost, so I shouted again.

"Aho-o-y!—A-hoy!—A-hoy!—Aho-o-y!"

The last word was frantically prolonged, and I watched its effect for a full minute with intense anxiety. It was evident from the manner in which my comrades on board glanced anew around the horizon, as also from the shouts which they uttered in reply, that my cry had reached them. I could not indeed hear their hail, but saw their hands to their mouths as when persons shout loudly. Alas! the same fatal error of still looking in the wrong direction prevailed among them: not an eye was turned to windward. My heart died within me.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "they do not hear me, and I am lost. My mother—my poor, poor mother."

I forgot to mention that, on my falling overboard, the cook, who had been cleaning knives in the galley, had mechanically flung the board he was using into the sea. Luckily it floated near me, and catching it, I placed it, end up, under my chin, and thus supported my head above the water without difficulty. But for this, perhaps, I should have been wearied out already by the surges which would have broke over me continually, but which I now generally rode. I also had on my oilskin cap and coat: an equally fortunate circumstance.

After giving way, therefore, for a few minutes to despondency, as I saw the ship drifting off, I rallied myself, and, reflecting that hope never dies while there is life, began to consider my situation more calmly. The comparative buoyancy of my dress, added to the board I had so fortunately obtained, would enable me to keep afloat for an hour, or perhaps for even a longer period, and in that time what chances might not turn up! I knew the Gulf was crowded with vessels. I had observed a French frigate, lying-to, to windward, just before I fell overboard. The direction in which I was drifting would

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carry me near her, when I might be more fortunate in attracting attention. I cheered my heart with this reflection, and began to look out for the man-of-war.

My first object, in this new frame of mind, was to get rid of my boots, which were by this time full of water, and began sensibly to drag me down. With great difficulty I succeeded in pulling them off; for I had to retain hold of my board with one hand while I worked at the boot with the other. At last I was rid of those dangerous encumbrances, and, floating more lightly, had a better opportunity to look around. Of course my vision of distant objects was cut off every moment by my being carried down into the trough of the sea. No one, who has not been in a similar situation, can appreciate the awfulness with which I gazed on the dark, glistening sides of the immense billows, as I saw myself sinking away from them, as if to the very bottom of the ocean. With what horrid mockery the glassy waters seemed to rise mountain high all around me. Suddenly, when I was at the lowest, I would begin to ascend, as if by magic, from that gloomy gulf, my velocity increasing every instant, until at last I would shoot upward above the crest of the wave, like an arrow propelled from the abyss. A toss of the head, to shake off the water, a long drawn breath, to recover myself, a hasty glance around, and then I was whirled downward again, half smothered in the wild abyss.

I had been overboard half an hour before I caught sight of the French frigate. When at last I beheld her, I could scarcely restrain a cry of joy. She was drifting rapidly toward me, and would pass within hail. How beautiful she looked! Her symmetrical hull, that floated buoyantly as some wild-fowl: her tall spars, unrelieved by a single bit of canvas, except the close-reefed maintop-sail under which she was lying-to: these, penciled against the horizon, formed together a picture of grace and beauty unsurpassed. Now she would pitch head-foremost into the sea; now slowly rise dripping from the deluge. Here and there a look-out was visible dotting her rigging. As she swung, pendulum-like, the wild and whirling clouds that rapidly traversed the distant sky seemed one moment to stand still, and then to speed past her with accelerated velocity. In the midst of peril as I was I still felt all the charm of this picture.

Suddenly I reflected—what if I should miss the frigate? There were other vessels in sight, but none in my track, for by this time I could calculate, with some approach to accuracy, the direction of my drift. Again the thought of my mother came up to me. I was her only son—her almost sole hope—the comfort and darling of her old age. Perhaps even now she was thinking of me. I seemed to see her silver hair, and hear her mild voice once more. Then the vision of that gray head bowed in grief arose. I beheld her in the weeds of deep mourning, bent in body and prostrated in mind. They had told her that her child had been lost overboard months ago, and was now a thousand fathom in the sea. I groaned audibly. God knows, even in that awful hour, it was less of myself than of my mother I thought!

I was now rapidly approaching the frigate.

"Hillo!—hil-lo!" I cried, waving my arm above my head, as I rose on the crest of a wave.

I had but an instant to watch the effect of my cry, before I was submerged again. But there was time enough to assure me that I had not been heard.

I noticed, with terrible misgivings, that my voice was much weaker than it had been half an hour before. Was I so soon becoming exhausted? At this rate, an hour more would probably extinguish life.

This idea filled me with alarm, and as I gained the crest of the next billow, I made a desperate exertion to shout both louder and quicker.

"Hillo!—hillo!—hillo-o-o!" I frantically cried.

I was still prolonging the sound when the comb of a wave went over me, and half blinded as well as smothered, I was tumbled headlong down into the trough of the sea, which I reached more dead than alive. I was still so exhausted when I rose on the next billow that I could not speak.

With agony inexpressible I now saw myself nearly abreast of the frigate. Another descent, another mad whirl upward, and I found her shooting from me. I was now almost delirious with despair,

"Hillo!—ahoy!" I cried. "Oh! for the love of God, hear me!"

I fancied I saw a look-out turn toward me. I knew he must have heard me. If I could have remained on the top of that surge an instant longer his eye would have fallen on me; but the insatiate gulf demanded me, and seized in the embraces of the pitiless waters, I was hurried downward to darkness and death.

When I next rose to the light of day, the man-of-war was fast receding. I was so utterly drenched, so breathless from being nearly smothered, that I could not raise my voice above that of a child, and hence failed to attract the attention of the look-out whom I still saw gazing in search of me. May Heaven grant that none who read these words may ever experience feelings similar to mine at that moment! In another instant I had recovered my voice, but the frigate was now out of hearing.

Suddenly, just as I was giving way to despair, I saw in the distance a large ship driving before the gale, under a reefed maintop-sail and storm stay-sail. She was heading directly toward me. This afforded a new gleam of hope. If I could but arrest her attention, I thought I should be rescued. I forgot that it would be first necessary to throw her into the wind, and that the risk of her broaching-to in this manœuvre would probably prevent her paying any attention to my cries.

On she came, racing like some mad courser, yet riding the gigantic billows buoyantly as a bird. Now half enveloped in the driving foam—now rolling her vast yard-arms almost to the water—now showing her keel as far back as the dripping fore-chains, she presented a spectacle of the most terrible sublimity. The scene around, too, added to the awful majesty of the picture. Just as she rose on a colossal wave, in the trough of which I was buried an immense distance beneath her, a flash of lightning blazed across her track, while, at the same instant, the clouds

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rolled away behind her, as if lifted like a curtain, and the sun burst forth in all his glory. Never shall I forget the sight! The after part of the gallant ship was buried in the crest of the wave, which, beating over her quarter, flew into the maintop itself. Her fore part had outrun the billow, and hung for a second suspended over the abyss. Then, like a falcon stooping from its height, she swooped down into the gulf, the wild waters roaring after her, like wolves in pursuit of their prey.

She was somewhat to leeward of me, but nevertheless I shouted with all my might, again and again.

It was in vain. Her crew clinging to the rigging, were all engaged each in his own preservation, and no more noticed the half-buried figure calling to them, than they observed the sea-bird that, like an *avant courier*, swept the billow before them. I shouted, I shrieked, I waved my arm frantically over my head. But all to no purpose. I heard the fierce bubbling of the waters as the mighty ship tore through them close at hand; I caught a glimpse of the pale and terrified faces of her crew, gleaming out in the angry light of the setting sun: and then the vision passed, a Titanic wave upheaved between us, and I was alone.

Alone on the illimitable ocean! Alone while night was drawing on! Alone with no chance of escape remaining! Far, far to leeward, just visible occasionally over the distant surges, I saw my own vessel; but, except this, the horizon was now without a speck.

I burst into tears. The tension of my nerves had been unnatural; they now gave way: and, as I saw nothing but death before me, I wept like a child. Yet still it was the thought of my mother that affected me, not any consideration of self. My whole past life rushed in review before me. I saw myself at my mother's knee looking and wondering as she taught me to pray. I was a boy going to school, now chasing a butterfly, now watching the angler from the village bridge, but ever loitering on my way. I saw my little sister die, and after her, one by one, in that season of terrible epidemic, my four brothers. I followed my father to the grave, the last victim of that pestilence: I wept with my surviving parent: I promised always to stay by her: I was her all in all. And then, with the flight of years, came other pictures. I was older and more adventurous, but, I fear, not wiser nor better. A strange longing for the sea had seized me. I had secretly joined a ship sailing to the Mediterranean, and was now on my return. But, alas! I was never to see that happy home again. The avenging bolt of God had overtaken me. No mother would ever weep above my ashes, no kind hand would deck the sod with flowers. My doom was to be tossed to and fro, midway down the depths of ocean, until the trumpet of the archangel should sound.

The night began to close in. Darker and darker the shades of evening fell around the waste of waters, and the wind, as it went by, seemed moaning my requiem. Occasionally the lightning threw a ghastly radiance across the water. I was cold, weary, and half stupefied. My senses began to desert me. No longer able to buffet against fate as I had done, I took in each moment larger draughts of the briny element. In fact I was drowning. Things actual and things visionary—the present and the past—began to commingle in my brain in a wild phantasmagoria. Faces of childhood, the sweet faces of my dead brothers and sisters, looked at me from the sky above; while hideous ones, the countenances seen in fever-dreams, grinned out from the spray around. Confused noises, too, were in my ears. There was music as if from celestial spheres; then notes as if demons laughed in the gale. Gradually all things, seen or heard, became more and more indistinct; a dead blank swum before me, leaving only the sensation of blackness: and then followed utter forgetfulness, the stupor of the dead—or rather that trance between life and death, when the body is exhausted but the vital spark not yet fled—that one dread pause between this world and the next.

I have no recollection of any thing further, until I was partially roused from my insensibility by a hand being laid on me. The next instant I was dragged violently through the water, and thrown on my chest across some sharp substance, which I concluded was the gunwale of a boat. I fell with such force as to eject from me, as from a force-pump, the water I had swallowed. The excessive pain roused me to more complete consciousness. I languidly opened my eyes. I thought I recognized familiar faces: the doubt was settled immediately by a well known voice.

"Easy there, Jack—poor fellow! he is almost gone—now, my hearties!"

The words were spoken in the kind tone of the mate. I knew now that I had been picked up by our ship's boat. She was lying head-on to the waves, to prevent her being swamped while she took me up. Obeying the directions of the mate, the men with a second effort lifted me completely out of the water, and laid me in the stern-sheets of the boat.

"How do you feel?" asked the mate. "God help us, we were looking for you in the wrong direction, till, all at once, I remembered you ought to be to windward, and so at last made you out, a mere speck on the horizon. We had a hard pull to reach you too! At first I thought we should be swamped. But here you are safe. And now, lads, give way lustily."

The crew, at these words, put double strength into their oars, and away we sped toward the ship. What a sensation of comfort and security came over me as I felt the planks under me, and heard the waters, which, cheated of their prey, followed roaring in our wake.

I looked up toward the mate, who, steering with one hand, was covering me with his jacket with the other. He was doing it, too, as tenderly as a mother wraps her babe. Oh! how full my heart was. I tried to raise myself on my elbow and speak.

"Nay! shipmate," he said, placing his hand on my shoulder gently, as if to press me down, "not a word. You need rest: you were three hours in the water."

In truth, this little exertion had made me dizzy. I heard his words as in a dream, and sunk back, while

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all things seemed to whirl around me. I closed my eyes, and presently, in a whisper, the mate said—

"He sleeps. I don't think he could have stood it five minutes longer. Who would have told his mother?"

From this time until I woke in my berth, I lay in a state of profound insensibility. They have since told me that on reaching the ship they thought me gone; but that by chafing my limbs, and employing stringent restoratives they recovered me. I soon after sunk into a refreshing sleep, and when I woke in the morning was perfectly well, though weak.

It was quite dark, it appears, when we reached the ship, so that if my discovery had come a few minutes later, it is exceedingly doubtful whether or not I could have been saved.

Years have passed since then, and I have rehearsed my deliverance a hundred times, yet I always shudder to recall those terrible hours when OVERBOARD IN THE GULF.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

BY MRS. MARY O. HORSFORD.

My native isle! my native isle!
Forever round thy sunny steep
The low waves curl with sparkling foam
And solemn murmurs deep;
While o'er the surging waters blue
The ceaseless breezes throng,
And in the grand old woods awake
An everlasting song.

The sordid strife and petty cares
That crowd the city's street,
The rush, the race, the storm of Life
Upon thee never meet;
But quiet and contented hearts
Their daily tasks fulfill,
And meet with simple hope and trust
The coming good or ill.

The spireless church stands plain and brown
The winding road beside;
The green graves rise in silence near,
With moss-grown tablets wide;
And early on the Sabbath morn,
Along the flowery sod,
Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
Go up to worship God.

And dearer far than sculptured fane
Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree;
And often when my heart is raised,
By sermon and by song,
Her friendly smile appears to me
From the seraphic throng.

The sunset glow, the moon-lit stream
Part of my being are;
The fairy flowers that bloom and die,
The skies so clear and far.
The stars that circle Night's dark brow,
The winds and waters free,
Each with a lesson all its own
Are monitors to me.

The systems in their endless march
Eternal truth proclaim;
The flowers God's love from day to day
In gentlest accents name;
The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of Faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the heaven
Without a blue spot there?

My native isle! my native isle!
In sunnier climes I've strayed,
But better love thy pebbled beach
And lonely forest glade,
Where low winds stir with fragrant breath
The purple violet's head,
And the star-grass in the early spring
Peeps from the sear leaf's bed.

I would no more of tears and strife
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart has ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters lave, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE GREAT MOVEMENTS IN EUROPE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To marshal you, oh army of the Poor!
The spirits of the Past have back returned—
They who once toiled for you, though crushed and spurned;
Toiled, that while Truth and Freedom evermore
Might guard the olive of the lowliest door:
He, the Great human Type, for whom men yearned,
And longed in prophecy, for you, who mourned:
And they, the martyrs, red at every pore:
The blood-sown Truth of all these mighty dead
Ye have ingathered, and the fruit appears
Nursed unto giant growth to the full days—
Now, Lebanon is shaken—Isles outspread
Amid the seas are stirred—they who sowed in tears
In gladness now the harvest pæan raise.

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ROCHESTER'S RETURN.

OR THE KING OUTWITTED.

BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

CHAPTER I.

"We shall see," gentlemen, said King Charles, as he strode with a hasty step across the apartment, "whether my lord of Rochester's presence is as essential to the court and to the amusement of the king, as his vanity induces him to suppose."

"The expression was a thoughtless one," observed the young Count de Grammont, who was present, "and doubtless not intended for your majesty's ears."

"Yet it was made, De Grammont," replied the king, "and, by the soul of St. Paul! he shall be responsible for it. Rochester presumes too much on our clemency, which he has so often experienced, but which he shall have no reason to slight again."

"Be merciful, my liege, for the sake of his wit," said the Duke of Buckingham, with an ill-concealed smile at the king's petulance.

"Better he had none, George," replied the king, "for he knows not how to use it. Odds-fish! he as essential to Charles as Charles to him! We have more wits at court, my lords, than Rochester. There 's yourself, Buckingham, and De Grammont, there, and Killegrew, Sedly, and a dozen others who can make a pigmy of this Goliah!"

"But your majesty will limit the period of his disgrace?" asked De Grammont, who was sincerely friendly toward the obnoxious earl.

"We will put this limit to it, and none other," replied Charles. "When Rochester's wit is seductive enough to induce his king, personally, to wait upon him three several times, or to command his presence at court, then he may return, and not before; but come, gentleman, we have other things to attend to this morning without wasting time upon an ingrate."

CHAPTER II.

The wittiest man at the wittiest court in Europe—that of Charles the Second of England—was undoubtedly John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; and innumerable are the anecdotes that have been related of him in connection with his friend and sovereign, Charles. Rochester's wit, however, sometimes resulted in inconvenience to himself, and was occasionally the means of having him banished from the court. This circumstance generally occurred at least once a year, and sometimes oftener, as in seeking amusement for himself and friends, he held nothing sacred. Persons and things alike shared his satire and his wit, and even majesty was not always exempt from the shafts he lavished so freely on all sides.

The dialogue detailed in the last chapter was the result of one of those indiscretions. He had presented Charles to the court in so very ridiculous a light, that the monarch became highly incensed, and banished him from his presence. Rochester, at the time, happened to be engaged in an intrigue with one of the maids of honor to the Duchess of York, which made this interruption to his avocations the more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been. He bore it, however, with his usual humor, and left the court, declaring that his disgrace could not be of long duration, as he was quite as indispensable to Charles as Charles was necessary to him, and that within two months he would be recalled.

This inconsiderate boast had, as we have seen, been as inconsiderately repeated to the king, and resulted in the monarch's declaration that Rochester should not return to court until his wit had induced him, Charles, either to wait upon him three several times, or to command his presence.

The Count de Grammont took an early opportunity of communicating this resolution to his friend, and though he was himself sanguine in his hopes, and fertile in his invention, he was not a little surprised at the indifferent, not to say facetious, manner of its reception by Rochester.

"I accept his majesty's challenge," exclaimed the wit, laughing; "and by Miss Hobart's wrinkles, and the fair Temple's smiles, I swear, I am now disposed to say that within a single moon our sacred, sapient king shall command the presence of his most melancholy subject; ay, and wait upon him, too."

"Be not too confident, *mon chere ami*," said De Grammont, "for this time, for a wonder, our Charles is serious, and he must work deeply and sharply who outwits him."

"But he shall be outwitted, O, most unbelieving of infidels!" cried Rochester, "if thou wilt only prove true to me."

"Thou hast me as sure as thy blade," replied the count.

"Then within a month," said the earl, "the smiles of Rochester shall once more illuminate the court; and those who sigh in sadness now shall confess that the sun shone not during his absence. Do you but second my projects, and obey my behests, and Charles shall admit that he is no match for Rochester."

"But whither go you now to banishment?" asked De Grammont, as Rochester rose to leave him.

"You shall hear from me anon," replied the earl; "I go to make an actress of my lady's maid, and to study snares for the king."

CHAPTER III.

Rochester left London for a day or two to conceal the traces of his whereabouts; but disguising himself

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completely, and assuming the habit of a simple citizen, he soon returned, and selected an ostensible residence, where he intended, for the time, to appear in the character he had adopted.

Chance, in this vagary, had given to Rochester, as a host, a gentleman and a soldier, who had once been an equal and a companion.

A cavalier officer, and one of the most devoted to his king, Colonel Boynton, had fought in almost every battle against the troops of the parliament, and distinguished himself sufficiently in several to attract the royal notice, and to elicit the commendation of his king. With the loss of the royal cause, Colonel Boynton retired, wounded both in person and in fortune, to private life, where, in the society of his wife and infant daughter, he strove to forget the downfall of the unfortunate though guilty Charles, and the ruin of his family.

The triumph of the parliamentary cause still further affected Boynton's fortunes; yet, when some years after he knew that the sons of his royal master were fugitives in a foreign land, and in pecuniary distress, he did not hesitate to impoverish himself in order to minister to their necessities; trusting to Providence and his own exertions for his immediate wants, and to the re-establishment of the monarchy and the royal gratitude for his future fortune.

Colonel Boynton had lived to see the son of the First Charles ascend the throne; but his just expectations, with regard to his own fortune, had not been realized. Too proud to present himself to the royal notice to claim the reward of his services, and the return of his advances, when he thought that gratitude required he should be sought out, he languished, with his daughter, who had now grown up to be a beautiful maiden, neglected and unnoticed in a condition not many degrees removed from absolute want; struggling for the means of existence, and cherishing each hour increased feelings of bitterness against the king and the court.

It was with Colonel Boynton that Rochester now took up his abode, nor was it long before he recognized the heroic soldier of former times; and wild, reckless and dissipated as Rochester was, he could not help deeply sympathizing with the condition of Boynton, and determining to assist in having justice done to him. But from the Colonel himself he met with an impediment he had not expected; for when, in his assumed character, (Rochester did not disclose himself,) he suggested the king's ignorance of his existence and urged him to present himself to the monarch's notice, the old soldier unhesitatingly and indignantly refused, alleging proudly, that it was not for him personally to quicken the king's memory, adding, that if his services could be so easily forgotten, he was satisfied they should forever remain in oblivion.

Notwithstanding this unexpected obstinacy the earl resolved to serve the veteran and his motherless child, and he conceived a plot at the same time, by which he purposed making the colonel's history subservient to his design of outwitting the Merry Monarch.

CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight had hardly elapsed since the retirement of Rochester from court, when the reputation of a German doctor—said to be a wonderful astrologist—began to be generally noised about. He had located himself, on his arrival, in an obscure corner of the city of London, and his practice was at first confined to valets, waiting-maids, and such like persons; but so astounding and veracious had been his disclosures to these, that his fame rapidly reached the upper circles, and aroused the curiosity of the lords and ladies of the court. No sooner had he obtained this run of custom than he became a made man, with every prospect of a speedy fortune before him; for the displays of his art, with which he had petrified his more humble patrons, carried no less astonishment amongst the more fashionable ones, who at first affected to disbelieve in it, and who originally sought only to while away the tedium of an idle hour by laughing at the grossness of his impositions. But he had overwhelmed them with consternation by his knowledge, and his information of the intrigues with which they were all more or less connected; he covered them with confusion for themselves, at the same time that they could not withhold their admiration of his skill. He was quickly esteemed a wonderful man, to whom all hidden things were open, and who could decipher the pages of the past and future as readily as he could read the events which were transpiring around him.

Now to pretend that any supernatural powers had been displayed by the learned astrologer, Doctor Herman Von Lieber, (for that was the name under which this tenth wonder suffered himself to be known,) would, perhaps, be going too far; though it was certain that he possessed a knowledge of persons, and of the history of individuals who sought him, that was really startling; and if we consider that the development of personal matters of scandal, which we thought confined to our own breasts, is more apt to astound us than effects which are positively inexplicable and beyond the reach of human ken, we will not be surprised at the celebrity which our astrologer suddenly acquired.

All the court was in commotion at his disclosures, and the royal curiosity had been excited.

Late one afternoon the Chevalier de Grammont proposed to the king the idea of disguising themselves and paying a visit to the astrologer, who had created so great a sensation; and the monarch, who was anxious that the time until evening—when he, with the chevalier, had a new adventure to inspire them—should pass rapidly away, consented readily to the suggestion.

At the residence of the astrologer they found all the arrangements of the most singular character. They were met at the door by a couple of Ethiopeans, fantastically dressed, who conducted them, without question, through a suit of dim-looking apartments to one which would have been quite dark, had its gloom not been relieved by a few small antique lamps, whose light barely sufficed to disclose the necromantic arrangements of

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the room and the untranslatable hieroglyphics around.

After bidding them be seated, one of the blacks approached a strange-looking table, and rang a small silver bell, then lighting another lamp, which in burning dispersed an aroma through the room, he, with his companion, left our adventurers to themselves.

"Odds-fish, De Grammont," exclaimed the king, as the door closed, "the sorcerer knows enough of human nature to commence his tricks by astonishing the outward senses, thereby rendering the conquest of the intellectual man the more simple."

"This looks necromancy, certainly;" replied De Grammont, "but let us see further before we confess ourselves bewitched, even by so great an adept."

At this moment a door at the further end of the apartment opened, and a tall, stately, venerable looking man entered. His dress was almost grotesque, but there was a certain dignity about it which redeemed it from being entirely so. It was surmounted by a magnificent robe trimmed with sables and decorated with a variety of unknown orders. Upon his head he wore a richly wrought velvet cap, from beneath which his long silvery hair escaped and reached quite down to his shoulders.

"Men seek me," said the astrologer, (for it was him) "but for two purposes: either to have the past rehearsed to them, or to lift the veil of time and unravel the mysteries of the future. For which of these do you come?"

"Most learned doctor," said Charles, smiling at his companion, "we come for both purposes; but more especially are we here to test that wisdom, the reputation of which has reached the four corners of the earth and filled the most profound with wonder."

"You sneer, my son," observed the doctor, gravely, "but nevertheless your wishes shall be gratified, for even a skeptic may be made a believer. Shall I expound the past to you?"

"First enlighten my incredulous companion as to his fate," replied Charles, "and then I will judge how far you can speak of mine."

"Give me the hour of your birth," said the doctor, turning to De Grammont, "and I will consult the stars in reference to your fortune."

De Grammont did as he was desired, and the astrologer left the apartment. In a few moments he returned.

"You are not what you seem!" he said, seating himself, and addressing De Grammont.

"Pray heaven you prove me no worse," replied De Grammont, laughing; "I am a thriving merchant, though I would fain be a lord or a duke."

"The merchandise you deal in," said the astrologer, "is to be found in the mart of fashion, where frailty, unrebuked, boldly lifts its head by the side of innocence, making the latter undistinguishable. Thou hast naught to do with those wares that make a nation's commerce."

De Grammont laughed as he asked him of his parentage and past fortune.

"You are nobly derived," replied the astrologer: "you have been the companion of kings."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Charles, "thy art discloses naught. Thou wilt surely make me an emperor if my friend is already the companion of kings."

After a few more questions, which were as shrewdly answered by the adept, it became the disguised monarch's turn to learn his fate

"Yours has been a checkered life," the doctor said, when he had, as before, consulted the stars. "The planets show that you have been beset by as many and as great vicissitudes even as the monarch now seated upon England's throne, and that thou hast profited as little by them."

Charles exchanged a smile with De Grammont, as he said—

"I thought you had a throne reserved for me, though I fear me 'tis in the moon it must be fixed. Prove but your words, however, and thou shalt be my chief favorite."

"That," replied the astrologer, "is too precarious a place for me. They say that Rochester is banished from King Charles's court, and what hope could I have of pleasing if he could be dispensed with? Nevertheless, I'll prove my words."

"Tell me, then, of the present," said Charles.

"I'll tell you of a war, and a concluded treaty of peace, that the world knows not yet of."

"With what nation, most sapient sir?" asked the monarch, laughing.

"With a woman!" replied the doctor. "There is one, who this morning was styled a countess, and, as such, waged war against you; the preliminaries of peace have been signed, and she is now the Duchess of Cleveland, for which concession she has consented to abjure the society of St. Albans' nephew, Jermyn, and to meddle no more with his Majesty's passion for the pretty Stewart!"

"Thou dealest with the devil!" exclaimed the monarch, startled into an awkward admission.

"*I deal with the stars*," replied the doctor, gravely, "*and they are unerring guides.*"

"Let them speak of the future, then, and perchance I may think so."

"There is a bird a monarch seeks to cage, though the trembler knows him not. This night he flies to her bower in a strange habit, and hopes to win her thence; but let him take heed that more eyes look not on him than the young bird's; she may escape, and he be unmasked."

"Odds my life! my friend, I think thou knowest me," cried Charles, laughing, as he drew a purse from his belt.

"The stars proclaim thee England's king," replied the astrologer, as he bent his knee to the monarch.

Charles satisfied himself by asking a few more questions, then threw the doctor his purse, and, bidding him come to the palace to receive another, he departed.

The doctor reseated himself, and taking off his cap and venerable wig he disclosed the now easily recognized features of the Earl of Rochester.

Rochester indulged in a hearty fit of laughter, as he

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muttered to himself,—"Already you have been outwitted once, friend Charles, thanks to De Grammont's aid, and shall be thrice, or Rochester will confess himself a fool, and unworthy to be recalled."

CHAPTER V.

When Rochester casually stopped, an hour after the king's visit, at the humble residence of Colonel Boynton, he was surprised to find much confusion there. Two rough-looking strangers seemed to have taken possession of the apartment usually occupied by the veteran. The unfortunate old man stood passive, cold, and immovenble, while his pretty daughter Margaret hung round his neck, weeping bitterly, and pleading alternately with him and with the strangers, who—the instruments of a flinty-hearted creditor—seemed quite unmoved by her touching sorrow.

"What is this, my good friend?" asked Rochester, taking the colonel by the hand.

"'Tis nothing," he replied, with a quivering lip, as he turned his gaze upon his daughter; "I have been deficient in punctuality to an impatient creditor, and he thinks the discipline of a prison may quicken my memory and resources."

"Out upon him, the hard-hearted knave!" exclaimed Rochester, "he should have his ears slit to teach him better manners."

"Oh, sir, speak to them!" cried Margaret, pointing to the officers; "they refuse to let me bear my poor father company."

Rochester took the commitment from one of the men, and glancing at the amount of the debt, proceeded at once to liquidate it from the king's purse.

"Hold, sir!" said Boynton, interposing. "I thank you from my soul for your intentions, but I cannot consent to receive charity from mortal man."

"I had no thought of charity, my excellent friend," said Rochester; "'tis only to exchange places with your creditor that I intend, and shall, at your earliest convenience, expect payment at your hands.—Think," he added in a lower tone, "of this fair girl, and leave not her youth and inexperience exposed to the temptations and corruptions by which she would be surrounded in your absence."

This argument was too powerful to be resisted. The gallant old colonel shook his friend's offered hand, as he suffered him to pay the debt, and dismiss the myrmidons of the law.

"I say it is no obligation," Rochester observed, in reply to the veteran's reiterated acknowledgments; "fortune has smiles in store for you yet, nor will they be withheld much longer. I must leave you now, though," he said, smiling at a passing idea, "for I have this night to superintend the planetary influences, in order to prevent the prognostications of the stars from failing."

The colonel looked after him as he departed, but without comprehending a word of his astrological remarks.

CHAPTER VI.

In a house remote from the one in which King Charles experienced his last adventure with the pretended astrologer, he sat again, disguised in the undress uniform of a naval officer, with his arm encircling the neat waist of a remarkably pretty girl.

She affected to allow this liberty reluctantly, yet there was that in her large black eyes and mischief-loving countenance which contradicted the attempted coyness she at first evinced.

"So, they call thee Margaret?" said the king, as he leaned his face against her curls.

"Yes, Master Stuart."

"And thou art poor, Margaret?"

"Alas! yes," she replied, "my father was once a royalist officer, and rich; but the civil wars and his sacrifices for his king left him penniless and friendless."

"It has been the fate of many besides him," the monarch observed. "Those same wars were, at one time, the ruin of my own family. But thou, Margaret, shalt be poor no longer. Thou shalt leave this home of penury with me, and I will make thee rich."

"Nay, sir," she said, as he attempted to kiss her, "be not so tender with your kindness. I fear already thy sympathy and its motive."

"Fear nothing from me, pretty one," said Charles, clasping her closely to him.

"Why are we here alone?" she asked, seeming to realize, and be startled at the idea, for the first time; "where is the friend who introduced you—where is Master Granby?"

"He will be here anon, pretty Margaret," replied the king, "his own affairs have called him hence for a time. Heed him not, though, my sweet trembler, my Peri of perfection, my Houri of Paradise! thou art safe with me, and with me thou shalt hie away to regions where love will smile upon thee, and gold will pour in perpetual showers in thy lap."

The monarch became so inexpressibly tender that the maiden, in her own defence, was compelled to scream. After a moment's lapse an approaching step upon the stairs warned the precipitate lover to defer the prosecution of his suit to a more auspicious occasion. He hastened to the door, but, to his astonishment, found it fastened, and on trying the window, that, too, had been externally cared for.

"De Grammont has betrayed me!" he exclaimed, as he drew a concealed pistol from his belt and prepared to confront the coming danger.

His apprehensions, were, however, groundless, for the only person who entered the room was a tall, athletic looking old woman, in her night dress, wearing a remarkably heavy pair of shoes. She placed her candle upon the table and walked deliberately up to where the young girl was sitting. Seeing her she started back in astonishment.

"Are you here, Margaret?" she exclaimed; "beshrew me, I thought thee asleep two good hours ago, instead of throwing thy company away upon a young man, and a stranger. Away with you, mistress, to

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your bed! You are unworthy to be called your father's daughter."

"Nay, good dame, be not so hard with pretty Margaret," said Charles, as he saw the young girl leaving the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Out upon thee, sirrah, for a knave!" retorted the old woman; "I'll see directly who thou art, sir jack-a-napes. To thy chamber, Miss, and thank Heaven for thy father's misfortune, which prevented his being here this night."

When the girl had gone, she took up the light, and approaching the king, scrutinized him closely from head to foot.

"Well, mother," he said, as he suffered her to proceed with the examination, "find you aught here to fear?"

She was gazing at the moment at his face, and she started back as she spoke.

"Much, much to fear!" she replied, "for I see here the features of a king! When we find the wolf in the sheepfold we may slay him, but who dare approach the 'lion!'

The king was filled with amazement at being recognised; but without suffering his surprise to be evident, he endeavored to ridicule the assertion.

"True, dame," he remarked, "they call me the king of good fellows; but as for a lion, the comparison is somewhat strained; it would be more apt with a longer-eared animal, for suffering myself to be trapped thus sillily."

The old woman seized his hand, and after pointing to the royal signet, dropped it.

"Charles Stuart, King of England, thou canst not deceive me!"

"Faith," said the king, laughing, "methinks this is another astrologer in petticoats!"

"And is it to his king," exclaimed the old woman, reproachfully, "that the unfortunate Colonel Boynton is indebted for a base attempt upon his daughter's honor, at the very moment when he himself is the tenant of a prison for having, by his loyalty, impoverished himself! Is this the reward for the blood he has shed, and the honorable wounds he has received in fighting your battles, and for hastening to offer you his last penny in a foreign land, even when his own family was persecuted and destitute at home!"

"Colonel Boynton!" cried Charles, as the old woman concluded; "surely not the brave Boynton who served so nobly at Edge Hill, Naseby, and Worcester, and who came to relieve his royal master's wants when he was a wanderer and an outcast among strangers? This cannot be his child, nor can he be living. They told me years since, when I caused inquiry to be made for him, that he was dead."

"He knew not that his king had ever sought for him," the old woman said; "he thought his services and his sacrifices in the past had been willfully forgotten, and his proud spirit scorned to thrust unpleasant recollections upon you."

"Poor Boynton! poor Boynton!" exclaimed Charles, "this has, indeed, been ingratitude to one of the most deserving and faithful of my subjects. Said you, my good woman, that he is now in a prison, and for debt?"

"Ay, my good lord."

"There, there!" said Charles, hastily handing her a weighty purse, "see that he is relieved at once—this night, if it be possible—and bid him in the morning wait upon his king, whose greatest regret is that he has not met with him sooner."

"Will your majesty *write* your request for him to come to the palace? he may be somewhat skeptical of your royal solicitude."

"Assuredly," replied the king, as he took up a pen from the table and drew a sheet of paper toward him; "and do you also bear him company."

"Add, then, if your majesty pleases, that you desire the *bearer* also to appear."

The king looked at her an instant, then did as she suggested.

"And now, dame," said he, "relieve me from my durance, and allow me to depart."

She hastily unfastened the door, and the king passed out. "Be sure," said he, as he lingered a moment at the threshold, "that you bring my pretty Margaret with you; her fortunes, too, must be advanced at court."

The old woman, after carefully fastening the door, threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to a hearty burst of laughter.

"There, Nancy, you can come down," exclaimed the familiar voice of Rochester, as the figure of the quondam Margaret appeared again upon the stairs. "Thou art a good girl, and I will make thee a capital actress yet. Old Rowley has again been outwitted!"

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning three strangers—two old men and a young girl—were admitted to the palace of Whitehall, on showing the king's order to that effect, but only one of the men was immediately conducted to the king's presence.

The Count de Grammont, (who had made his peace for his seeming desertion of the previous evening,) Lord Arlington, and Sir Charles Sedly, were with the king when Colonel Boynton was announced.

The old man knelt at the monarch's feet, and taking his hand, kissed it fervently.

"Rise, my gallant old friend, rise!" said Charles, assisting him as he spoke; "it gives us joy to see one so faithful, and so long neglected, once more near our person. Our greatest grief is that so tried a servant, and so brave an officer as Colonel Boynton should have been in adversity and we not know even of his existence; but you shall be cared for, my old friend, and the future shall prove to you that Charles knows how to be grateful to those who have served him when he most needed services."

"Your majesty is over bountiful to one who wronged you by supposing you capable of injustice. For this I crave your royal pardon, and also for another and more heinous offence."

"Thou hast it," replied the king, "even if the offence be treason against ourself."

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"It is the offence of having imposed upon my sovereign," exclaimed a voice that made the king start, while Rochester, ridding himself of his disguise, knelt before him.

"By my life, it is Rochester!" cried the king, starting back from the prostrate earl, while every one present, except De Grammont, was filled with amazement at the sudden transformation of Colonel Boynton.

Charles was at first disposed to laugh, but recollecting his outraged dignity, he restrained himself, and addressed his banished courtier in terms of considerable severity.

"This presumption, my Lord Rochester," said he, "ill becomes you; nor can the insult to your king be easily atoned for."

"Pardon me, my liege—" Rochester commenced.

"By what authority," said the king, interrupting him, "have you ventured to intrude yourself upon our presence, contrary to our express commands?"

"Simply by this, my gracious liege," replied the earl, handing the paper he had received the previous evening, and pointing to the word *bearer*.

"That, sir, was given to another, and a worthier person than the Earl of Rochester."

"I might, your majesty," said Rochester, lowering his voice, and approaching nearer to the king, "defend myself from the insinuation, but I am prevented by a powerful reason, for, when we find the wolf in the sheepfold, we may slay him, but who dare approach the lion."

Charles was astonished at hearing the old woman's words repeated, but the fear of his own exposure somewhat mollified his anger.

"So, then, thou wert thyself in masquerade?" he said; "and with whom hast thou dealt to put this cheat upon me."

"I deal with the stars," replied the earl, assuming as nearly as possible the tone of the astrologer, "and they are unerring guides."

"Odd-fish, my lord," exclaimed Charles, now laughing heartily, "and were you the necromancer, too?"

"And Colonel Boynton, too, my liege; and all for the purpose of inducing your majesty to keep your royal word, which said, 'When Rochester's wit is seductive enough to induce his king, personally, to wait upon him three several times, or to command his presence at court, then he may return.'"

"I think, my lords, I have been fairly caught," said the king, smiling, and speaking to those around him, "and to keep my word inviolate, must permit Rochester's return."

"To prove that I am not ungrateful for your majesty's goodness," observed the earl, "I am prepared to produce the objects of your solicitude—Colonel Boynton and his fair daughter—they wait your royal pleasure."

On the introduction of the venerable colonel and the pretty Margaret, the king whispered to Rochester, "Surely, my lord, this is not the girl I saw last night?"

"No, your majesty," replied the earl, "she was a pupil of my own."

Charles, in a few words, satisfied Colonel Boynton that the neglect of his faithful services had been owing entirely to misapprehension. He gave him at once a position which secured him against future reverses; nor was it long before his interesting daughter found a husband worthy of her choice.

Rochester's Protean exploits afforded amusement to the court for some time. Charles bore the raillery he heard around him philosophically, and good humoredly admitted that he had been completely outwitted.

LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly;
Gaze into her eyes, and see there—
All that thou couldst hope to be there—
Warmest love for thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently;
By thy couch she kneeleth nightly,
And, with hands enclasped tightly,
Prayeth, love, for thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently!

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee!
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly!

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THE EARLY CALLED.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. M. BROTHERSON.

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part;
But, oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony
Thou—only thou shouldst speak. MRS. HEMANS.

As their hearts—their way was one,
And cannot be divided. JOANNA BAILLIE.

A CHILD of seven summers reclined upon a couch. Suffering and disease had so enfeebled his naturally fragile frame, that his thin hand could scarcely sustain a bunch of roses, which his young sister Lillias had culled for him, from his own rose-tree; the tree that it had been his joy and pride to attend to, when in health. He hard marked, delighted, the first green leaf that in the spring-time burst from its wintry repose, and very joyously he clapped his little hands when a streak of crimson peered out from the first bud. He dreamed not, amid his happiness, that the Angel of Death should steal around him before its bright hue faded, nor that others should bud and blossom—to wither upon his grave. Even thus it was.

Willie M—— was a child of unusual feeling and sensibility, his young face often shadowing forth strange, sad feelings—feelings that seldom exist, save in the heart of maturer years. I have seen him gaze upward to the bright blue sky with delight, as though his childish ken could pierce the clouds, and commune with the intelligences of Heaven; and a flower—a murmuring rill—a boundless flow of water—silvery stars—and gentle winds—failed not to arouse enthusiastic emotions in his young heart, at which many marveled. "None knew him but to love him," and in his walks with "dear papa, sweet mamma, and darling Lillias," many an eye followed him with blessings. "Ah," said an aged one, whom he had cheered with sunny smiles and artless conversation, "few will be the years of Willie M——; he is one of God's angels lent to earth!" and her tears fell at the prophetic thought that even she would live to see his winsome wee face hid beneath the coffin's lid.

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A group of young children stood around his bed, gazing with fearful wonder on the change that had been wrought in their loved playmate. He had begged of his mamma to send for them, that he might see them once more; and his large, spiritual eye had looked its welcome on each of that little band. Once he had hunted with them the early violet in the glade and dingle; once the echoes of his voice rang merrily out as they bounded over the greensward in chase of the bright, illusive butterfly—and his heart grew sad as he felt that he should be with them no more. A little hand was laid caressingly upon his head—it was Cary Lincoln, and as he turned around to look upon her he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Why do you cry, Cary?" said he. "Because mamma says that you are going away to Heaven," she replied, "and I cannot bear to think of it—don't go, Willie, don't go!" and the tears streamed down her young face like rain. It was her first sorrow.

Willie spoke not, but a grieved, yet tender expression rested on his countenance, and his mamma, taking a hand of each within her own, told her that if she were good, if they all were good children, they should go to Willie—although he might not stay with them. She told them of the glorious home to which he was hastening—how happy he would be—never to suffer more—of the white robe—the starry crown and the tiny golden harp that should be his—and how he would be their guardian angel, through day and hush of night, and how joyfully he would welcome each one to his happy home.

That mother's heart was bursting, and yet her absorbing love for her child nerved her to this, and as she told of that clime where "the soul wears its mantle of glory," the little sufferer's eye grew so intensely bright that it seemed unearthly. Visions of Heaven seemed opened to his view, and with a face radiant with delight he clasped his hands, and said, "Dear mamma, let me go now." "We must wait, my child, till God sends his angels for you." "Yes," he murmured, "till the angels come," and sunk exhausted into a slumber. Slowly and quietly the children departed—and when next they looked upon him he was shrouded for the grave. In a few moments he awoke, and as he missed the little faces that had been around him, a sad look rested for a moment upon his face—but in an instant, as his eye rested on his young sister, he smiled feebly, and exclaimed—"*They* are all gone—yet my sweet Lillias is with me still."

That night the angels kept vigil around his couch, and ere morn arose upon the earth the unsullied spirit was wafted to its native Heaven. Never—never can *that* night of Death be effaced from the tablets of memory—marked as it was by such holy,

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heavenly heroism on the part of that fond and devoted mother. Burning tears were on the father's cheek, and the young Lillias had sobbed herself into a feverish slumber, but until life was over *the mother* sat by the side of her child, breathing sweet, low whispers of the Better Land, so soon to be his home. She faltered not, and although her heart seemed consuming itself, she would still trace, with an eye of faith, new rays of comfort for the dying one. She could not bear to think that his childish heart should shrink from the grave—nor think of it—invested as it is so often—with dread and gloom. Thus she sustained him to the very portals of Heaven, until he needed earthly consolation no more, until the sheltering arms of Him received him, who hath said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." As peacefully as a child sinks to rest on a mother's bosom, sunk he into Death's embrace.

The agony of the hour, when it is said of a beloved one, "he is dead," has never—nor can it be justly portrayed. Then it is that Hope plumes her wing and soars afar—then it is the even, the clear eye of Faith seems dimmed. When the truth burst upon the mother's heart that her child was no more—when she felt that her grief had now no power to afflict the childish heart that had idolized her—then did the pent up torrents of agony rush forth, crushing every barrier, and threatening to overwhelm her soul in their mighty depth. Yet was she comforted—the glorious imaginings that she had so faithfully and forcibly portrayed to the dying one had fastened upon her soul—and when the first wild burst of grief was over, she turned from the coffined face to the upper world, as though she would say, "not here—but there."

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Once more a childish group gathered around Willie M——. His eye smiled no welcome, his hand returned no pressure, but as he lay enshrouded in the garments of the grave, methought he was even more lovely than when his face was glowing with life. A smile still wreathed the parted lips, as though the happy spirit had returned to the tenement of clay, breathing of the blessedness of its glorious home. Each imprinted a kiss on the placid brow, and as the icy chill of death met their lips, so full of life and warmth, the reality of their loss was felt by all. Cary Lincoln lingered until she placed within those little hands a cluster of white rose-buds—"Flowers, pale flowers"—they were love's last gift.

Now came the hopeless anguish of the last look—the suspension of almost life, as the dear remains are lowered to their resting-place—and, worse than all, the hollow, maddening sound of the falling earth upon the coffin, sealing the doom of the bereaved, making complete their misery. They laid him to rest amid the bloom and shade of Mount Auburn, and his grave is a shrine around which those who loved him come, bringing ever with them the offering of gentle thoughts and pleasant memories of him who sleeps below. Little hands deck it with garlands, and sweet Cary Lincoln has placed a tuft of early violets above the sacred spot—for, said she, "Willie loved violets so well."

For months after his death, during the "long bright summer hours," a child was seen almost daily to visit his grave, lingering when all had gone. It was Lillias—and I thought if the departed spirit were hovering near, how often it would echo those words, "*They* are all gone, yet *thou*, my sweet Lillias, art with me still."

One year had elapsed, and a funeral train wound again through Mount Auburn, pausing at the grave of Willie. Lillias was no more. She ceased not to mourn for her brother, and during her last illness she spoke of little, save that she should find him in heaven. Once more that angel-mother sat by a dying child, breathing words of holy hope and trust, and her eye grew bright, and her heart was warm, as she spoke of a joyful reunion in heaven.

"Mamma," said the child, "we will keep a place for you and dear papa, and will you come soon?"

Years have since passed, but often at the holy twilight hour those gentle children are with me still; and when my rapt soul pierces the azure vault, I seem to see Willie in angel robes, and listen, entranced, to the tones of spirit-melody from his tiny golden harp—a form as radiant as his own is ever near him, and I fancy, as I mark the delighted look that ever greets a seraph strain from the beloved lips, that I hear in sweet tones, "*thou, my sweet Lillias, art with me still.*"

THE CHRISTIAN HERO'S EPITAPH.

Say, doth the sculptor's ready tool engrave
A *mournful* stanza o'er a *conqueror's* grave?
Or bid the willow bend, or cypress twine?
Or doleful tokens to his fame combine?

Then trace no saddening sentence o'er the place
Where rests the victor in a heavenward race;
Meeter the laurel and the trumpet-strain
For one who fought a fadeless crown to gain!

Bring the memorials of a warrior true,
The "sword," the "helmet," and the "breast-plate" too;
Write on the marble that by *these* he won,
And bid the gazer do as he hath done!

Write of his faith; how humble, yet how bright,
Diffusing round a clear and heavenly light;
Write of his zeal; how quenchlessly it burned,
How many a wanderer to the skies it turned!

And, mourner, when thou comest with a tear,
Love's costless tribute to remembrance dear,
Bend there thy trembling knee upon the sod,
And lift thy homage to the conqueror's God!

B.

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THE LADY OF FERNHEATH.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

CHAPTER I.

ISOLETH.

How shall I describe her? Who ever described the sun, or one of the glorious stars, or the white, witching moon; or who, even the least and simplest of the exquisitely, perfectly fashioned wild-flowers, that grow upon the humblest road-side? If these are indescribable, how much more so, in its highest perfection, is the most beautiful, most perfect of all God's beautiful, perfect creations—woman? Who ever depicted her one half as lovely and loving as she is? Who ever, amid all the wild, rapturous praise that has been so profusely lavished upon her, said one half that is her due for her truth and gentleness and beauty, her untiring devotion, her unwearying patience, her ever unselfish forgetfulness of self, her—, but what has been so many times vainly attempted, *I* cannot accomplish. How, then, shall I describe thee, beautiful Isoleth? Loveliest, lovingest, glowing, glorious Lady Isoleth! Bright Lady Isoleth!—wild as a hawk, and beautiful as Love. Thy every motion was grace, thine every look was truth. Bewitching little Isoleth! Her form was as lithe and flexible as a willow bough, and light and graceful as a young fawn's. Her queenly little head sat most proudly upon the daintiest, softest, whitest neck and bosom you ever saw. Two deep wells of light and love were her eyes, revealing every feeling of her beautiful soul. When she was sad, they looked out, half shut, through their long shining lashes, dewy, dark and tender; and when her mood grew merry, they danced in very joy. None yet agreed on their color. One would have sworn they were the softest, warmest brown—he saw them only when they were looking love, and he was—but of him anon. Another would have told you they were pure, clear blue—but he was the Lady Isoleth's confessor, with her when her thoughts dwelt upon things holy. By turns were they violet and gray, and all imaginable colors, in fact, except, indeed, green, or any other such unrighteous shade that eyes sometimes take upon themselves. Then her little, ripe, tempting mouth—ah! was it not just the mouth one loves to kiss? small, dimpled, with soft, rose-red lips; and tremulous ever—trembling with the love and gladness that filled her young heart. Most beautiful was the Lady Isoleth of Fernheath.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

"My lady!" exclaimed a bustling, good-natured little old body, entering the room, which Wilhelm Gottfried, Baron of Arnhiem—the Lady Isoleth's uncle and guardian—ever pleased himself with calling the Lady Isoleth's menagerie, because, forsooth, the little lady delighted herself with feeding and taming countless birds that had been brought from all the known quarters of the globe. "My lady," spoke she, "do you know that this is your ladyship's birth-day, that you this day have arrived at an age which behooves you to put away childish things, and take upon yourself the cares that belong—"

"You wise, dear little nurse! don't put on so much of the awful; don't talk of care, you make me shiver at the bare idea.

> "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I:
> In the cowslip's bell I lie,
> There I couch when owls do cry,
> On the bat's back do I fly,
> After summer merrily,
> Merrily, merrily!"

And thus merrily sung the little airy Ariel, dancing around the room, scarce touching the floor as she sung.

"Bless her light, little, happy heart! What a sin that love must come, and with love, the self-loving, proud husband, that will bend that bright will to his own; and then old age, and care, sure enough, and wrinkles—and then that light, fairy-bounding step will be slow and leaden, and that—alas! alas! that such perfect beauty—!"

"What is that you are muttering about, nursey dear? You must not let me see one sad look to-day, for am I not this day sixteen—bright, merry sixteen!"

"Yes, my dear lady, sixteen to-day—sixteen to-day;" and the little dame, recovered from her momentary sadness, gave her lady a mysterious, quizzical look, as she once more repeated, "sixteen to-day!"

"Well, dear nurse, what would you have me do, or what shall I leave off from doing, now that I have grown so exceedingly old?" asked Isoleth, smiling that precious smile of hers—ten thousand dimples danced around it—ten thousand loves nestled in each dimple.

"Sixteen to-day!" replied the queer little old body, with what she meant for a very significant look. "Your guardian, the noble Baron of Arnhiem, comes this day—"

"As he does every year to see me, dear nurse, staying several weeks, sometimes months, with me."

"He comes not alone this year, my sweet lady," added the little woman, looking still more significantly.

"I suppose we shall have my dear prim old maiden aunt of Hansfeldt, with her snuff and lap-dogs, or is it my dear, sweet, beautiful cousins Blumine and Alida? Tell me, nursey, if they are coming. You shake your head. I guess, then, my proud uncle and aunt of Allwrath, and my aristocratic cousins, their haughty sons and daughters?"

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"None of them, sweet lady—that is, just yet."

"My beautiful, loving cousin, Alice of Bernstorf, who has been living these six years alone and lonely in her castle with only her younger son and daughters. Is she or any of hers coming here again? And when will my cousins of Bernstorf return from those hideous wars? I have not seen them for so many years I should not know them."

"Now, dear lady, you are approaching nearer the fire, as the children say in the play."

"You dear, queer little old nurse, don't look so mystical and mystified, my circle of acquaintance, by reason of my father's will, is not so very extensive but that the roll might soon be gone through with. Come, unfold thy important, mysterious budget—who is it?"

"Who should it be, dear lady, but your noble cousin, Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorf! My lady, there is a clause in your father's will, that you were not to know until your sixteenth birth-day, revealing a compact between your noble father and your Cousin Ferdinand, the reigning Duke of Bernstorf, that gave you as bride to your cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Bernstorf. There, now, my lady, 't is out. The secret has half-choked me these twelve years."

"Very kind and considerate in my father; but his child does not choose to become the bride of any one just yet, least of all of one old enough to be her grandfather."

"Old!" exclaimed the dame, throwing back her hands in amazement, "Old! why, my dear lady, he is a mere boy; he will be but twenty-eight—"

"Twenty-eight! and I sixteen! why they would have me marry my grandfather." And the little lady threw back her head, and with it its world of soft brown curls, and laughed in very glee.

"He will be but twenty-eight, two—no, three days after this coming Christmas. But, dear lady, do leave these screaming, noisy jack-daws and mack-daws, and come and let me dress you in the beautiful new court-dress your guardian sent you this morning."

"You naughty nurse! to abuse my beautiful birds. I have only one jack-daw, and these are my pretty West Indian macaws, *not* mackdaws, wise nursey. And those are my bright-eyed canaries, and that is—but you will not remember their names, although I have told them to you so often."

"I see some are blue, and some bright red, and I know that little Jenny, who helps you take care of them, loves them as well as you do. But will you not come now and try on your splendid dress? I would have you look your best and prettiest when your cousin comes."

"I know I shall not like him, and if I do not, my guardian will not force me to marry him."

"But your father's will—"

"I will not think of that now, nor will I dress, dear nursey. I will go ride my pony, and gather some of those wild-flowers my guardian loves so well." And away flew the bright, happy little maiden; she herself, of all the glad, sweet wild-flowers that grew among the shades of Fernheath, the gladdest, sweetest, merriest and wildest; and the one of all the rest her guardian uncle loved the best.

Little Dame Hildreth, while she flew about preparing for the reception of Baron Arnhiem and the prince, could not help sadly bemoaning the strange perversity of her young lady, in preferring birds and wild-flowers and ponies to court-dresses and husbands.

The Lady Isoleth soon forgot that she had arrived at the advanced age of sixteen, and that she had to put away childish things, and all about her father's will, and the awful prince. She rode her pony through the wood down to the sea; then ran a race with him upon the beach—the pony playfully allowing his mistress to win. She climbed the highest rocks in search of wild-flowers, and wove the sweet flowers into garlands; at length, recollecting how long she had been gone from home, she mounted her pony and galloped on toward the castle, her head wreathed with holly, and her arms full of flowers. As she entered the avenue there stood her impatient nurse awaiting her.

"My dear, darling young lady, what an age you have been away. We have all been watching—"

"Has he come?"

"Who, the prince?"

"My dear uncle—has he come?"

"Yes, my dearest lady. They both came, Prince Ferdinand and your guardian, soon after you left, and have been here for three long mortal hours waiting for you very anxiously. The prince looks very noble and handsome, and is dressed most magnificently. You must not be disappointed though, dearest lady, for he is somewhat changed."

"Changed! How changed, dear nurse? I have not seen him these six or seven years, ever since, you remember the time, he and my cousin duke, his father, with so many others, went to fight those horrid Turks."

"He looks older, much older than he did—that, though, must be—yes, it must be on account—"

"Older! why you simple, queer little nurse, he *is* older. Why should he not look—I expect to see him look half as old as Methuselah at least. How shockingly old one must feel if they live to be twenty-eight."

"Yes, he *does* seem older than I expected to see him—though, to be sure, he has been, for the last seven years engaged in the wars; yes, that must be it. Nothing makes one grow old so fast as fighting. But, dear lady, come, now, and dress, there 's a darling. You will have just about time enough before dinner. But where is your bonnet?"

"Up in the branch of a tree, nursey dear. It will make some bird a delightful nest next spring. I lost it getting this curious white flower. Look at it. It grew in an almost inaccessible spot upon the cliff by the sea.

"You are a dear little kid clambering among those ugly rocks. Let me take some of your flowers, your bundle is nearly as big as yourself. The saints preserve us! if there are not your uncle guardian

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and the prince! And you in such a tattered plight. For the love of Heaven, dear lady, come in here among these bushes until—"

But the little dame had to finish her speech to the winds, for the impulsive Isoleth had sprung from her pony, and was clasped in her guardian uncle's embrace before her nurse was half through beseeching her to hide.

"Why, my dear child, have you turned gipsy? You are as ragged as one, and are as brown as a berry. But I can see through your long, thick curls that the last year has improved you most wonderfully. Let me introduce you to your cousin, Ferdinand of Bernstorf."

Isoleth looked up and beheld—gracious me! He was every day as old as her guardian, and positively had gray hairs. She was sure she saw white hairs among his black curls. She could give him only one glance, for his dark, handsome eyes were fastened searchingly upon her. Her eyes fell beneath his admiring gaze, and fell upon her torn muslin dress—the rocks and briars had paid no respect to it—rather *had* paid their best respects to it; and, without vouchsafing a word in reply to her uncle or handsome cousin, she sprung, light as a fawn, into her saddle, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

"What say you, Cousin of Bernstorf, to such a bride as that for the proposed alliance—a wild one, is it not?"

"I like her exceedingly. By the holy mass! but she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw. We will take her to court, she will bewitch us all, old and young. By my faith, but she is—"

"Yes, yes, she *is*," replied the baron, smiling at Ferdinand's earnestness. I thought she would surprise you. I cannot conceive of any thing one-half so beautiful as she."

"Beautiful! you surprise me! Bless my soul! she is radiant with beauty, and she is the greatest surprise I ever had in my life. We will electrify the whole court with surprise and delight at her wondrous grace and beauty, and—"

"All in good time, noble cousin. You recollect her father's will—that she should remain at Fernheath, neither going from here, nor receiving much company, save her own kinsfolk, until after her marriage with your noble—"

"Yes, yes, I have not forgotten the will. 'So was it nominated in the bond.' It delights me most exceedingly that she is so marvelously beautiful. St. Jerome! but I feel already that I love her as dearly as though she were my own—"

"Good gracious, cousin! You always had a spice of enthusiasm that is delightful and refreshing to me." And the baron laughed right heartily because he was delighted—and the laugh seemed to refresh him. "After all," continued he, as soon as the corners of his mouth had come within speaking distance of each other, "after all, she is but an untrained country-girl; she—"

"Nature, and her own beautiful soul, have given her all the training she needs. Her wild, unconstrained life, has developed her as no court or city life could. That I can see, seeing her as little as I have."

"You think just as I do, dear cousin. My brother's will was a wise one, that kept her thus from the deadening conventionalities of a court life."

"By my soul! how exceedingly lovely she is. She surpasses all my expectations. I recollect her as a little fairy thing of eight or ten. I have not seen her until now—"

"Since just before this last war, full seven years ago."

If Ferdinand of Bernstorf thought the little tattered gypsey Isoleth so inconceivably lovely, his eyes were half blinded with the radiant beauty of the young Countess of Fernheath, as she entered the dining-hall, clad in the shining court-robe her guardian had sent her. Her cousin's dark eyes were fastened upon her with a look of passionate admiration, that caused the bright blood to burn on her face and bosom. Nor did those handsome black eyes scarce leave her during the whole long dinner. As soon as she could release herself she hastened to her only confidante, Dame Hildreth.

She found the little dame kneeling upon the floor, busily engaged in unpacking boxes, while the floor was literally alive with silks, and satins, and laces, and woman's finery.

"See here, my lady—and here—and there! Look what your uncle guardian of Arnheim has provided for your approaching nuptials! And, dear lady, do but look here;" and the eager, proud little dame opened a casket of beautiful pearls—necklace, girdle, coronet, brooch and armlets. This noble present comes from the father of your betrothed. It is to be followed by a still more beautiful set of diamonds."

"These pearls may deck my burial instead of my bridal, for I never will live to wed with *him* below."

"Why, my sweetest lady!" exclaimed nurse Hildreth, glancing up in surprise at her young mistress's flushed and excited face. "For the love of Heaven, do not talk in that way! What objection can you possibly have to such a noble, handsome, princely prince? He is the oldest son and heir to—"

"Oldest, indeed! He is old enough to be my father's father."

"Mercy on us! Lady Isoleth, you talk wild. I will wager my life he is only twenty-eight, three days after this coming Christmas. He has been in the wars, you know—and war is no gentle nurse. Exposure in the wars has caused him to appear somewhat older than he is. You know, dearest lady, that war—"

"But he is gray—"

"Exposure in the wars—"

"And wrinkled—"

"Exposure in the wars—"

"But there is that about him I never could love, were he as young as—I never can love him—I hate him, and I will not wed him."

"But, my dear, dear, dearest young lady, what *will* you do?" The thought never entering her head that the Lady Isoleth could do any thing but submit

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to the will of others; for women in those times was sought and given in marriage without often consulting her own inclination.

What will I do, dear nurse? Why I will fall on my knees at the feet of my beloved guardian and plead with him. He never refused me any thing; and I know he will grant—"

"But your father's will, dearest lady—"

"Shall be put aside, where his daughter's happiness is at stake."

"Would it may be as you wish, sweetest lady. But I fear. Still he is a right noble prince, and will make a right noble husband."

"*Not* for me."

CHAPTER III.

THE SURPRISE.

In the saddest of sad moods the Lady Isoleth betook herself to her favorite retreat among the rocks, and there within her own little vine-covered bower, was—not a bird, nor a squirrel, nor her tame deer—but a man! young and wondrously handsome; with a broad, pale, noble brow, and a host of jet-black curls shading it. There was something in his clear, dark eye, so still and serene as it gazed beyond this world, and something in the expression of his fine, manly face, so tender, so almost sad, that made her forget to be afraid of him. She approached him gently, and asked him in a soft voice,

"What are thy meditations, beautiful stranger?"

"I was dreaming of thee!" uttered he, awaking from his reverie, and fixing his dark, earnest eyes full upon the glowing form before him. His glance, so full of passion, so full of tenderness, so fervent, went to her heart and woke it up—that precious little heart that had been sleeping for sixteen long years.

"Of me! How can that be?" asked Isoleth, with a deep blush. "Dost thou know me? Dost thou—"

"One like thee, most beautiful being!"

"One like me—just like me? How strange! What is her name?"

"Whatever is thy name, loveliest, most lovely lady, is hers."

"My name is Isoleth," replied she, with a low voice, and a deep blush.

"Art thou the Lady Isoleth of Fernheath? *Art* thou? Stupid! that I did not see sooner that thou art! Yes, thou art! And I am happy, most happy, most inconceivably happy that thou art! Ah!" continued he, in a tone of the most rapturous delight, "that my dream and my bride should prove to be one and the same. I am most inexpressibly joyful!"—and the large tears fell from his eyes like summer rain—"most unutterably—and thou, wilt thou love me, and be mine, my glorious, sweetest, loveliest cousin—my most, most beautiful bride!"

"Thy cousin! thy bride! Alas! alas! thy cousin I may be, but thy bride—! They are going to marry me up there at the castle to an old, ugly, cross prince; he is there now, and you cannot know how much I hate him. I will die—"

"The devil they are! Forgive me, sweetest, most beautiful cousin, it is a foolish way we learn of speaking in camps. But, loveliest, do not talk of dying, let the old and the ugly die, but thou—First tell me who this ugly, old, cross prince is, they shall not marry you to any such."

"Why he is not so very ugly—and I do not exactly know that he is cross; but then he is old, very old—yes, very old and very disagreeable—and I never can love him."

"Nor shalt thou—his name, most beautiful?"

"Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorf."

"Ferdinand, prince of ten thousand devils! I beseech of thee to forgive me once again, sweetest cousin; but thou dost petrify me. Ferdinand, Prince of —— Ah! it must be—yes, yes, it must be so."

"What must be? Thou speakest in riddles, stranger cousin."

"And thou lovest him not, nor dost thou wish to wed him?" asked the stranger, an almost provoking smile just curling his handsome mouth.

"No, no, never—never!"

"Nor shalt thou ever!" exclaimed he, his manner changing to one of serious earnestness. Nor shalt thou ever, dearest, most beautiful—for *I* will prevent it, I—"

"Thou? Alas! alas! I have been betrothed to him ever since I was an infant. How could my dear father—"

"Dearest cousin, trust to me—wilt thou not? And, dearest, sweetest cousin, love me, and be my beautiful wife. Nay, shake not thy loveliest head. Have I been too hasty in urging my love? I have known thee, and loved thee, for so many years; thou hast, thy beautiful spirit has ever, night and day, been near me, the light of my life; but I have frightened thee by my impetuosity—and thou canst never love me? But, no, thy beautiful eyes look tenderly upon me; and thou wouldst not let me hold this little soft, warm hand, and imprison it within mine, if thou didst hate me. I do not lightly ask that precious boon, thy love. Believe me, it is as I say," continued he, earnestly bending upon her his deep, dark, eloquent eyes—eyes that made her little heart thrill to its very core. "It is as I tell thee, thou hast been my dream by day and by night. See here," and he drew from his bosom a small miniature, and handed it to her—the exact image of—herself. "And now I will tell thee what I never before told mortal being. Just three years ago, after a fatiguing day's fight, I lay in my tent, awake; and thou didst come to me, just as thou now dost appear—a vision of light and purity and glorious loveliness. Whether it was a dream or not, or a trance, I know not; but never since has that radiant vision left me. Thou didst lay thy little soft, white hand upon my fevered brow, and I heard most distinctly, as thy sweet face bent over me, these words: 'Do not love other than me, for I alone, on earth, am destined for thee.' From my earliest boyhood have I loved to use the pencil; and on the next morning I tried, and succeeded in conveying to this bit of ivory the image of that most, most beautiful vision; and I have worn it upon my heart ever since, where I would the

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loved, deeply, dearly loved and beautiful original might ever be. From then till now have I worn next to my heart that semblance of my nightly, daily dream; but never until now have I been blessed in seeing my dream, living, breathing before me."

How that young heart throbbed and bounded, almost suffocating its loving, lovely owner with the intensity of its joyous emotion, as the earnest tones of that low, passionate voice fell, word by word, into its inmost centre, as the glance of those deeply, deeply loving eyes awoke it to life and love. Her hand lay within his, and by little he drew her more and more closely and warmly to his heart, and by little her head gradually sunk upon his manly breast, her eyes looked up tenderly and trustingly into his and drank in his passionate gaze, as though it were her life. Time flew by them unheeded, each pouring out joy and life into the heart of the other. Their very being melting and mingling each into the other, until each felt that their two lives were one. Nor did he sully those pure, exquisite lips, with one earthly kiss. His soul kissed hers, and her own vibrated to his in trembling unison.

Such moments of intense soul-rapture do not often occur to many of us on earth, for perfect love seeks perfect fulfillment; and in the perfect fulfillment of love is too often the satiety that deadens its finest, most spiritual impulses.

The castle gong sounded, booming heavily through the trees. Isoleth started to her feet like a frightened doe.

"I must go," exclaimed she, "my guardian—"

"Stay one moment, sweetest, I have something to tell thee, that thou must hear."

"I have staid too long already," interrupted she, hastily, "my guardian will be sending out for me—it is already growing dark. Fare thee well;" and she gave him a farewell with her soft, brown eyes that never left his heart—so full of unconscious love was it.

"You will meet me here again to-morrow morning? Promise me at least so much, dearest beloved."

"Yes, yes," and with another glance from her soft, bright eyes, she glided out of his sight.

CHAPTER IV.

SUSPENSE.

"I am glad to see thee safely at home, my dear child. Where hast thou been? Thou knowest I hate to have thee rambling about the castle-grounds after night-fall. I have already sent out to seek thee, and was on the point of going in search of thee myself. But, dear child, if walking at any time will bring thee home with such a radiant, glowing color, I shall not quarrel with the cause or hour. Thou art looking as bright and as happy and beautiful as I hope always to see thee look."

"I was afraid, dear uncle," replied Isoleth, blushing still more deeply, and casting her conscious, lovefull eyes to the ground, "I was afraid thou wouldst begin to be uneasy about me, and I hastened—I have no one, dearest uncle, when thou art away, to take such good care of me. I go wandering about among my favorite haunts at my own good will and pleasure, night or day, as it happens."

"The time is coming, eh! sweet Isoleth, when thou will have to consult another will save thine own," said the baron, patting her fondly on her soft, white neck.

Ferdinand laughed, and looked very impressed and impressive, and gazed her out of countenance with assured, admiring eyes, as he answered for her,

"Yes, yes, we are waiting only for the goodly company that are to witness the approaching nuptials. Is it not so, fairest lady?"

"The hideous being!" thought Isoleth, without vouchsafing an audible reply. "Is this the one with whom I am to spend my days—but no, it shall not be."

She did the honors of the supper-table with a suffocating throat, with a proud rebellious heart, full of love for one she felt she ought not to love, and full of hate for another that she knew she ought to love. She was absent in spite of herself, and did all manner of queer things that people do, who, for a time, take leave of absence of themselves—answering yes, for no—and no, for yes—attempting to bite a piece out of her little porcelain cup-plate, instead of the cook's snowy cake; pouring her guardian's cup up with cream instead of coffee, and sweetening it with salt instead of sugar. Many other little pleasantries of like nature did she perform, very much to the amusement of her guardian and the hated Ferdinand. The latter made himself exceeding merry at her expense, at the same time showing her every attention and gallantry that he, finished courtier, could devise. Isoleth felt at length completely worried and tired to death, as though she could not for one moment longer, endure the torture of her heart's conflicting emotion.

"You look pale and tired, my beloved child," said her guardian, tenderly taking her little cold, white hand within his. All your beautiful color is gone. I fear that after all your walk, or the excitement, has been too much for you. You had best retire for the night. Shall I ring for Dame Hildreth, or some of your maidens?"

"No, dear uncle, with your permission, I will seek those I wish," answered Isoleth, only too glad to escape from the hated presence into the calm stillness of her own room.

She found the good little dame awaiting her; and to her compassionate ear she poured forth the sorrow and joy of her young heart. The kind-hearted little woman sympathized cordially with her precious foster-child, wishing over and over again that some benevolent fairy would change the beautiful stranger cousin with the hateful old Prince Ferdinand—she had to acknowledge that he did *look* old—until after the happy wedding was over. "And then how blank and black the prince would look, and how astonished we all would be to find you had married the handsome young man instead of the grumpy old one."

"Now leave me, good nurse, I would be alone. I will entreat my dear uncle on the morrow to

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release me from this dreaded alliance. He never yet refused a request of mine."

Isoleth quieted herself in the belief that her beloved guardian would certainly grant her petition as soon as she made it known to him. In child-like confidence, therefore, she sunk to her happy sleep, with a pair of dark, loving eyes hovering over her and mingling with her dreams. And never eyes gazed on more gentle sleep or lovely sleeper.

CHAPTER V.

THE APPEAL.

With a buoyant step and a sparkling eye the Lady Isoleth sought her guardian early the next morning. He was deeply immersed in papers and parchments, while huge, formidable-looking books were piled high around him. He nevertheless welcomed his sweet niece with a sudden clearing off of his thought-lined brow, and a fond, affectionate smile.

"Forgive me, dearest uncle, if I have disturbed thy studies; but I would see thee alone, and I feared this might be the only opportunity, as the carriages containing our kinsfolk are even now expected; so nurse Hildreth informed me."

"What would my pet bird have that she seeks her uncle thus early?"

"A boon that you must grant, dearest uncle, for upon it depends my heart's happiness now and forever."

"Name it, my darling Isy—what wouldst thou have, little enthusiast?"

"Release from one I never can love. Oh! my dearest uncle," continued she, fondly twining her soft, white arms around his neck, and lovingly kissing his time-worn brow, "do, for Heaven's sweet love, tell me at once that I need not wed him, for I never can love him—never, never!"

"Bless her little heart, what is the child raving about? Whom dost thou mean, dear baby, by *him*?"

"Who should I mean, dearest uncle, but my cousin, this Prince Ferdinand. I *need* not be his wife. I—"

"Thy cousin, Prince Ferdinand!"

"I hate him—I abhor him—I utterly detest him! I never can love him! I never will be his wife! I never—"

"Hold, hold! not so fast; why thou romantic little recluse! thou hast lived alone too much by half. Thy little head is brim full of fancies. Thy tongue is running wild. Thou *hatest* him! Why what wouldst thou have better? Is he not all a woman could desire? Is he not young and—"

"Young!"

"And handsome, and—"

"Handsome!"

"And is he not a prince? And is he not heir to a powerful, wealthy ducal throne? And will he not take thee to court—the gay, beautiful court; and wilt thou not reign there a queen—a queen of beauty and joy and light—and ere long queen of the throne?"

"All that does not dazzle me, dearest uncle—for what are thrones and splendor where love is not? Oh! dear, dearest uncle, do not press this hated match upon me. Do not doom me to eternal sorrow. Do not—"

"Hoity, toity! Why thou dost talk just as they do in those silly romances. I wager thy head is full of them. Thou hast had bad teachers, child, to permit thee to fill thy poor little brain with such trash instead of useful knowledge. Or is it," said he, fixing his gray eyes searchingly upon her, "or is it that thou hast met some sighing Adonis in the woods? Ha! thou dost blush—have a care, child. There, thou needest not tremble, I will not seek to know thy secret, if secret thou hast. This much, however, know for a certainty, that Prince Ferdinand is destined to be thy—"

"Dearest uncle!" exclaimed the little lady, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, "thou shalt know all—all I have to tell, if thou wilt but deliver me from this—"

"Have done with this folly, Lady Isoleth," and his cold gray eyes sternly regarded her. "It was thy dead father's will that thou shouldst marry thy cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Bernstorf; and thy father's will must and shall be obeyed."

"'Folly!' 'Lady Isoleth!' 'must and shall!' He never before now spoke one unkind word to me." And the weeping Isoleth went with a breaking heart and shut herself in her own room, alone, and locking herself in, she gave unrestrained vent to her passionate grief.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST APPEAL.

"I will seek *him*—yes, *he* will not refuse my prayer. I will tell him I hate him. He will be only too glad to release me when he knows the depth of hatred I bear him. I will go this moment, for soon will all my gay cousins be here, and then will be the horrid betrothal ceremony—but I will not think of that—"

"Ha! my shy, beautiful cousin, Lady Isoleth!" Ferdinand was in the library, amusing himself with books and prints. "See here, beautiful cousin, I have found a book of rare merit, and beautifully illuminated. I suppose, though," continued he with a quizzical look, "that all the books here and their manifold contents are familiar to thy bright eyes—is it not so?"

"Not exactly *all*," replied Isoleth, smiling in spite of her sorrow, as she glanced at the endless rows of huge leather-bound tomes, that had not even had the cobwebs dusted from them for a century at least.

"Wilt thou not deign to look over this precious book with me, most beauteous lady? Thy sharp wit may help my slow faculties to comprehend its quaint poetry, and thy glorious eyes will love its finely executed prints."

"I came not to disturb thy meditations," replied she, shrinking from his approaching steps. "I came to crave a boon from thee."

"It is granted thee, fairest lady, even before thou dost utter it. But what is it, the most beautiful, most

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lovely of her beautiful, lovely sex would ask? Be it even unto the half of my kingdom—"

"It is not the half of thy kingdom, but the whole of it, together with thy kingdom's lord, that I would be freed from."

"Thou art pleased to be facetious, most charming Lady Isoleth. Pray explain thyself, that my dull understanding may comprehend thy meaning."

"Ferdinand, Prince of Bernstorf—"

"Yes—"

"Is one that I never, never can love—one that I had rather should see me in the grave ere he shall call me wife."

"Ha! well, loveliest cousin, that is plain, and easy to be understood even by the slowest comprehension. Thou hatest him, dost thou?"

"Most cordially."

"My son thanks thee, fair cousin—and I also, in his name."

"Thy son!"

"Ay, and here he is to thank thee himself. How now, scapegrace! Thou art tardy in paying thy respects to this beautiful, noble lady. Thou shouldst have been here days ago. Even now thy fair cousin was on the point of refusing thee. I tell thee, lad, thou 'lt never find a fairer. Courting was not done in this slipshod way when I was a boy."

All this while Isoleth was gazing in mute astonishment upon—yes, she was not mistaken—he was the very one—the very most beautiful being to whom she had given, only the night before, her precious little heart. And those dark, earnest eyes were passionately regarding her, drinking in rapturously her glowing beauty, until her eyes, abashed, sought the floor, unable to bear the light of those intensely loving ones.

"Then thou 'rt the *Duke* of Bernstorf, my father's cousin?" suddenly asked she, of Ferdinand the elder.

"Who else, fairest cousin? Ha! thou didst then think—" a sudden light seemed to break through the chambers of his brain. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he, "Thou thoughtest that *I* was the one. I could not wish a fairer, more beautiful bride than thou; but—ha! ha! ha! I have one goodly wife already, who is to be here this very day; and, between you and I, one is more than I can manage, although she is one of the best of her perfect, bewitching sex. Still—So, that was the reason thou wert so shy of me, sweet flower." And the father, Ferdinand, threw himself back in his chair, and gave way to the most uncontrollable bursts of laughter; while Ferdinand, the son, had taken the soft, lily-white hand of his lovely betrothed, and was talking to her in words from his heart's heart.

"I should have told thee all this last evening if thou couldst have waited but one instant longer. I was to have accompanied my father and thy guardian here; but I dreaded so much to see my affianced bride—not dreaming until last evening that my beloved and betrothed were one and the same—that my beautiful dream was a more beautiful reality. If I had come and found the young Countess of Fernheath one that I could not have loved, I should certainly have moved earth and heaven but that I would have had the contract, made by our goodly sires, annulled—or I would have drowned or shot myself. Don't shudder, sweetest, I shall do neither now, unless I am shot by the lightning of your bright eyes, and drowned in the bliss—but, dearest, I love you too dearly to speak nonsense to thee—even love nonsense. Strange, was it not, darling, that I should not have recognized you? It has been many a long year since I saw you a little rosy, romping, fairy thing of only a few bright summers. We have had troublous times since then; war and bloodshed that would—"

"Pardon me, most beautiful cousin, my long laughter hath been rude; but, indeed, thy mistake was most droll. There, sweet cousin, I have done! Thy blushes, however, are exceedingly becoming thy fair face. So thou and my goodly son hast met before—is it not so? And he is not the laggard in love I unjustly deemed him. And now I suppose the best thing for me to do is to take myself off to another world, and resign my kingdom and crown in this for one in the—however, we will arrange all that after the wedding. Let us, meantime, enjoy the present. Ah! here comes thy good uncle with a cloudy brow; something has gone wrong with him—we must have no gloom to-day. And here also comes thundering down the avenue all the goodly old carriages containing our expected kinsfolk."

And here also comes,

CHAPTER THE LAST,

Which I know will delight you, dearest reader, as it contaimeth the wedding; but most especially will it delight you because it *is* the last. The wedding was of course a splendid one, and better still, a joyous one. Little Dame Hildreth would let no one but herself fasten so much as a bridal ornament on her beautiful young foster-child. It would be hard saying which moved fastest on the important day, her hands or her tongue.

"Just to think!" exclaimed she, as she clasped those same pearls, that had once been cast aside in scorn, upon her darling—and pure and lovely they shone among her soft, brown curls, and on her snow-white arms and neck, and around her lithe and slender waist—"to think that I could have mistaken Ferdinand, the reigning Duke of Bernstorf, for Ferdinand, the Prince. Really, though, my lady, to look at them, one does not see much difference in their appearance—they are both so handsome and grand-looking. Oh, yes! *you* see a vast odds in their looks—that 's natural! These old eyes, I suppose, are growing dim—but they are bright enough to see that thou art the dearest, loveliest, most beautiful bride that ever the sun shone upon."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

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THE CITY OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN WHILE THE WAR WAS PENDING.

BY M. E. THROPP.

Pride of the South, thy glittering spires
Point to the arching sky,
While tower and palace proudly rear
Their stately forms on high;
Thy spacious squares spread far and wide
Along the valley green,
And bright above thy hundred fanes
An hundred crosses gleam.

Bland, spring-like breezes, brilliant skies,
Birds of gay song and plume,
Cool sparkling founts, wide shaded walks,
Trees, of eternal bloom,
Bright glowing flowers, as fresh and pure
As infant's rosy mouth,
Rare, tempting fruits—all—all are thine,
Sweet City of the South.

Around thee lime and citron bowers
In peaceful beauty rest,
While orange groves stretch far away
To blue Tezcuco's breast;
Beyond thee giant bulwarks stand,
Cordillera's mountain line,
And lift along thine azure sky
Their silver crests sublime.

Ah! thou hast beauty, Southern Queen,
And thou hadst wealth and power;
But wealth and beauty proved to thee
"A darkly glorious dower."
Iberia on her rocky heights
Beheld thee from afar,
And rolled o'er all thy subject clime
The lurid tide of war.

On thee the mighty torrent burst,
And with resistless sway
Bore from thy desperate, struggling sons
Their gods, their kings away.
Then followed weary, weary years,
Such as the conquered know,
When brave hearts bleed and faint ones break
Beneath their weight of wo.

Iberia's brood with iron sway
Kept down thy fallen ones,
And bonds and stripes were freely doled
To thy degraded sons;
Then spear and lance were left to rust
Along thy bannered walls,
Thine eagle drooped and strangers dwelt
In "Montezuma's halls."

Oppression's long dark night of pain
At length wore slowly on,
And, radiant 'mid receding gloom,
Hope heralded the dawn.

Day broke, and Freedom's glorious sun
Uprose o'er thine and thee,
While thy clear bells with silvery chime
Proclaimed a country free.

And mingling with their heavenly tones
Glad triumphs swelled the breeze,
For that bright sun dispelled the gloom
Of rolling centuries.
A flood of golden light streamed down
O'er valley mount and plain,
Thy joyous eagle plumed his wing
And soared aloft again.

Thy sons rejoiced o'er rights restored,
The joy of other years,
And gentler woman's truthful heart
Wept silent grateful tears;
And thou—bathed in thy new-born light—
Thou ancient island-gem,
Ah! to thy proud fond children's hearts
Thou wert an Eden then.

But thy stern oracles the while
Spoke ever deep and slow—
"Dark hours are yet reserved for thee,
Ill-fated Mexico!"
And after years proved all too soon,
Proved to thy bitter pain,
Thy soil's vast wealth, thy sons' best blood,
Had flowed, and flowed in vain.

How hast thou mourned the civil broils
That shook thy peaceful homes!
How hast thou mourned the broken faith
Of thy degenerate sons!
The faith thrice broken that incurred
Columbia's vengeful sword,
Till red o'er many a battle-plain
Thy blood like water poured.

Again the stranger's echoing tread
Sounds from thy ancient halls—
Again the flag of other lands
Waves o'er thy captured walls.
Thy peerless beauty, storied lore,
Thy buried heroes' fame,
Wealth, power—ah, what are they to thee
With thy dishonored name!

The foe that first beheld thy towers
Beyond the lake's green shore,
And they who fondly reared thee up,
The lordly ones of yore—
They did not dream a change like this
Could on thy pride be hurled,
Who erst amid thy mountains reigned
Queen of the new-found world.

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GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. XI.



THE RUFFED GROUSE OR PHEASANT.

In the Eastern States the true partridge is known by the name of quail, the appellation of partridge being there given to what in Pennsylvania is called the pheasant, and which in the Ornithologies bears the name of the Ruffed Grouse, (*Tetrao Umbellus*, Wilson.) It inhabits a very extensive range of country, being found at Hudson's Bay, in Kentucky and Indiana, Oregon and the Floridas. Its favorite places of resort are high mountains covered with the balsam, pine, hemlock and other evergreens, and as we descend from such heights to the lower country they become more rare; and in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida they are very scarce. The manners of the pheasant are solitary, they are seldom found in coveys of more than four or five together, and more usually in pairs, or singly. They are often shot in the mornings in the roads over the mountains bounding the Susquehanna; where they come for gravel. On foggy mornings very considerable numbers may be seen in these situations, moving along with great stateliness, their broad fan-like tail expanded to its fullest extent. The *drumming* of the pheasant, a sound compared by Wilson to that produced by striking two full blown ox bladders together, but much louder; the strokes at first slow and distinct, but gradually increasing in rapidity till they run into each other, resembling the rumbling sound of very distant thunder dying away gradually on the ear. This drumming is the call of the male bird to his mate, and may be heard in a calm day nearly half a mile. Wilson thus describes the manner in which this singular noise is produced. The bird, standing on an old prostrate log, generally in a retired and sheltered situation, lowers his wings, erects his expanded tail, contracts his throat, elevates two tufts of feathers on the neck, and inflates his whole body something in the manner of the turkey-cock, strutting and wheeling about with great stateliness. After a few manœuvres of this kind he begins to strike with his stiffened wings in short and quick strokes, which become more and more rapid until they run into each other, as has been already described. This is most common in the morning and evening, though Wilson states that he has heard them drumming at all hours

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of the day. By means of this the pheasant leads the gunner to the place of his retreat, though to those unacquainted with the sound there is great deception in the supposed distance, it generally appearing to be much nearer than it really is. Audubon mentions having often called them within shot by imitating the sound. This he accomplished by beating a large inflated bullock's bladder with a stick, keeping up as much as possible the same time as that in which the bird beats. At the sound produced by the bladder and the stick, the male grouse, inflamed with jealousy, has flown directly toward him, when, being prepared beforehand, he has easily shot it. When flushed, the pheasant flies with great vigor through the woods, beyond the reach of view, springing up at first within a few yards, with a loud whirring noise. Noticing this peculiarity of flight, Mr. Audubon states that when this bird rises from the ground at a time when pursued by an enemy, or tracked by a dog, it produces a loud whirring sound resembling that of the whole tribe, excepting the black-cock of Europe, which has less of it than any other species. The whirring sound is never heard when the grouse rises of its own accord, for the purpose of removing from one place to another; nor, in similar circumstances, is it commonly produced by our little partridge. "In fact," he continues, "I do not believe that it is emitted by any species of grouse, unless when surprised and forced to rise. I have often been lying on the ground in the woods or the fields, for hours at a time, for the express purpose of observing the movements and habits of different birds, and have frequently seen a partridge or a grouse rise on wing within a few yards of the spot where I lay, unobserved by them, as gently and softly as any other bird, and without producing any whirring sound. Nor even when the grouse ascends to the top of a tree does it make any greater noise than other birds of the same size would do."

With a good dog, pheasants are easily found, and what is singular, they will look down upon him from the branches of a tree, where they sit, apparently stupefied, not attempting to fly, but allowing themselves to be shot one by one until all are killed. Should one of those on the higher branches, however, be shot first, the sight of his fall will cause an immediate flight. A figure 4 trap is used with success in taking them, especially when deep snow lies on the ground. They were formerly numerous in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, but the advances of the agriculturist have led them to retreat to the interior, and but a very few can be now found within several miles. The pheasant is in the best order in September and October, but in mid-winter those who shoot them should be careful to draw them as soon as possible, as the buds of laurel on which at that season they sometimes feed, if left in the stomach of the dead bird, diffuse their poisonous qualities over its whole body, and render it dangerous food.



AMERICAN PARTRIDGE, OR QUAIL. (*Perdrix Virginianus.* WILSON.)

This well known bird, though not very migratory in its habits, has extended its colonies from New England to Mexico. The spot where they have been raised, if they can at all support life, is their home; and there they will remain until the whole flock is destroyed by sportsmen. This fact sufficiently disproves the asserted identity of our partridge with the quail of the European continent, which is a bird of passage, leaving Europe for Asia at the approach of winter, and returning in very great numbers in the spring. Partridges assemble in small families, varying according to circumstances from three to thirty; and, except in the breeding season, they all live together in a happy and mutual alliance. The quails on the other hand are pugnacious to a proverb—"as quarrelsome as quails in a cage."

The partridges are nearly full grown by the beginning of September, and associated in the usual coveys of from twenty to thirty afford considerable sport to the gunner. The notes of the males at this time are frequent, clear and loud, and they may by skillful imitation of the call be deceived and induced to

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approach. Their food consists of grain seed, insects and berries of various kinds. The buckwheat fields suffer severely from their depredations in September and October, affording them at that time abundant food and secure shelter. At night they roost in the middle of a field, on high ground, sitting round in a circle with their heads outward. In this position they place themselves at the commencement of a fall of snow, when their mutual warmth is the better able to resist the effects of frost, and each forms a guard for the whole against the approach of danger. They are not afraid of snow, for they sometimes fly to a drift for safety; it being only when a coating of frozen sleet resists their efforts to leave it that they experience bad effects from it. The loud whirring sound of their flight when flushed is well known. Its steady, horizontal flight renders it an easy prey to the sportsman, especially when he is assisted by a sagacious dog. The flesh of the partridge is peculiarly white, tender and delicate, in this respect unequaled by any other American game.



THE AMERICAN ROBIN. (*Turdus Migratorius.*)

This well known bird, and universal favorite, can require but a very few words at our hands. His unassuming familiarity of manners has caused him to be immortalized in the Songs for the Nursery, and others of Mother Goose's collections for the little ones. His nest is preserved from the rude hands of boyhood by a sort of instinctive veneration for his well known and long established character, and his cheerful, zealous singing not unfrequently causes the older sportsman to take down the armed gun from his shoulder, and suffer the assiduous songster to enjoy his liberty and life.

The robin is particularly fond of gum-berries, and it is only necessary for the sportsman to take his stand near one of these trees when it is covered with fruit, and load and fire his gun. One flock after another will come to it without intermission during the whole day.

TO A ROSE-BUD.

Thy leaves are not unfolded yet to the sweet light of love,
Thy bosom now is blushing like the sunset clouds above;
Thy bounteous form is perfect, thy hopes are fair and bright,
Thy dreams are sweet while sleeping in the gentle breeze of night;
And though I know a dew-drop tear hath in thy bosom been,
'T was only sent to nourish thee, and make thee pure within:
No canker-worm corrodes thy rest, and life is life to thee,
And as the past has ever been so may the future be.
May all thy dreams be realized, thy hopes be not in vain,
Thy life pass calm and sweetly on without a sigh of pain:
And when thy leaves shall droop and fall, as droop and fall they must,
Thy lovely form will then lie low, to mingle with the dust;
And to thy long last resting-place soft winds shall be thy bier,
While the fragrance of thy loving heart will ever linger near;
To me thy memory will come back when I am lone and sad,
And thoughts of thy pure, gentle life shall make my spirit glad.
Ah! lovely rose-bud, well I know that both of us must die,
And when death comes, may I, like you, leave earth without a sigh;
May I, like you, when youth shall fade, still yield the sweet perfume,
The incense of a worthy heart, which age can not consume:
Farewell, farewell, sweet rose-bud, were I but as pure as thee,
My soul would be contented, my spirit would be free,
Each wish would then be gratified, each longing have a home,
And joy and peace would fill my heart wherever I might roam.

T. S.

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ERIN WAKING.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSMER.

Light streams through a rift in the cloud
That hangs over green Innisfail—
While voices of millions are shouting aloud
The satraps of Tyranny quail:
The collar of Shame hath been worn
Through ages of folly and woe—
Too long hath thy neck, O Hibernia! borne
The yoke of a merciless foe,
Whose creatures, while Perfidy sharpened the dart,
Like vultures have crimsoned their beaks in thy heart.

Hot winds from the waste of Despair
On thy blood-hedewed shamrock have breathed,
But the leaves, growing verdant in Liberty's air,
Again round her brow shall be wreathed:
And chisel of Art on the stone
Shall name of that martyr engrave
Who prayed for a sepulchre, noteless and lone,
While foot of one heart-broken slave
Polluted the green of that beautiful shore,
By steel-harnessed champions trodden of yore.

Gone forth hath the gathering word,
And under Hesperian skies
Fond exiles the evil of their mother have heard,
And homeward are turning their eyes:
They send o'er the murmuring brine
In answer a shout of applause,
And drops, that give warmth to their bosoms, like wine,
Are ready to shed in a cause
That cannot march on with a faltering stride
While Truth wears a buckler, and God is a guide.

Land of the valiant! at last
The brow of thy future is bright;
In return for a shadowed and comfortless past
Is dawning an era of light:
The Lion of Britain in vain
Is baring his teeth for the fray—
Thy children have sworn that dishonoring stain
Shall be wiped from thy forehead away:
The bones of thy martyrs have stirred in the tomb,
And glimmers the starlight of Hope through the gloom.

Invaders thy valor have rued—
To deeds that will aye be admired
Bear witness, Clontarf! where the Dane was subdued,
And Bryan, the dauntless, expired:
Thy sons on the scaffold have died,
The block hath been soaked with their gore,
And long ago banished thy splendor and pride;
But idle it seems to deplore—
Unbending resolve to blot out thy disgrace,
In hearts of the brave, to regret should give place.

The Genius of Erin from earth,
Uprising, hath broken the bowl,
Whose tide to a black-crested viper gave birth,
That long dimmed the light of her soul;
And millions of high-hearted men
Who thus can wild passion restrain,
Though driven for refuge to cavern and den,
Will arm for the conflict again—
And, venturing all on the hazardous cast,
Prove victors, though worn and outnumbered, at last.

Thou isle, on the breast of the sea
Like an emerald gracefully set,
Though feet shod with iron have trampled on thee,
A brightness belongs to thee yet:
In bondage thy magical lyre
Hath thrilled a wide world with its strains,
And thine eloquent sons have awakened a fire
That fast is dissolving thy chains:—
The Saxon is watching the issue in fear—
He knows that thy day of redemption draws near.

LINES

TO A SKETCH OF J. BAYARD TAYLOR, IN HIS ALPINE COSTUME.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The inspiration of thy smile,
Thou minstrel of the wayside song,
Yet lingers on thy face the while
I see thee climb the Alps along;
As if thy harp's unwearied lay
Sustained thee on thy rugged way.

There dwells within thy poet-eyes
The spirit of the ancient bards—
A soul in which no shadow lies—
A glance forever heavenwards;
As though the thoughts thy dreams unfurled
Hung, star-like, o'er a watching world.

Methinks the bard who saw at night,
Amid the glacier's snow and ice,
A youth ascend the spectral height,
Unfurling there "the strange device,"
Did, with a prophet's pen, foreshow
Thy form upon those mounts of snow.

And when the mists have valeward rolled,
Below thy pathway, hard and long,
Stern Death shall find thee, pale and cold,
Upon the highest peak of Song—
Still grasping, with a frozen hand,
The banner of that ALPINE LAND!

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GAUTAMA'S SONG OF REST.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

[The Hindoo philosopher Gautama, now worshiped under the name of Buddha, lived in the fifth century before Christ. He taught the unity of God and Nature, or rather, that the physical and spiritual worlds are merely different conditions of an eternal Being. In the spiritual state, this Being exists in perfect and blissful rest, whose emanations and overflowings enter the visible world, first in the lowest forms of nature, but rising through gradual and progressive changes till they reach man, who returns after death to the original rest and beatitude.]

How long, oh! all-pervading Soul of Earth,
Ere Thy last toils on this worn being close,
And trembling with its sudden glory-birth,
Its wings are folded in the lost repose!

Thy doom, resistless, on its travel lies
Through weary wastes of labor and of pain,
Where the soul falters, as its Paradise
In far-off mirage fades and flies again.

From that pure realm of silence and of joy,
The quickening glories of Thy slumber shine,
Kindling to birth the lifeless world's alloy,
Till its dead bosom bears a seed divine.

Through meaner forms the spirit slowly rose,
Which now to meet its near elysium burns;
Through toilsome ages, circling towards repose,
The sphere of Being on its axle turns!

Filled with the conscious essence that shall grow,
Through many-changed existence, up to Man,
The sighing airs of scented Ceylon blow,
And desert whirlwinds whelm the caravan.

On the hide bosom of th' eternal deep
It moves forever in the heaving tide;
And, throned on giant Himalaya's steep,
It hurls the crashing avalanche down his side!

The wing of fire strives upward to the air,
Bursting in thunder rock-bound hills apart,
And the deep globe itself complains to bear
The earthquake heavings of its mighty heart!

Even when the waves are wearied out with toil,
And in their caverns swoon the winds away,
A thousand germs break through the yielding soil,
And bees and blossoms charm the drowsy day.

In stillest calms, when Nature's self doth seem
Sick for the far-off rest, the work goes on
In deep old forests, like a silent dream,
And sparry caves, that never knew the dawn.

From step to step, through long and weary time,
The struggling storms rise in Nature's plan,
Till dust instinctive reaches mind sublime—
Till lowliest being finds its bloom in Man!

Here, on the borders of that Realm of Peace,
The gathered burdens of existence rest,
And like a sea whose surges never cease,
Heaves with its care the weary human breast.

Oh! bright effulgence of th' Eternal Power,
Break the worn bond, and wide thy portals roll!
With silent glory flood the solemn hour
When star-eyed slumber welcomes back the soul!

Then shall the spirit sink in rapture down,
Like some rich blossom drunk with noontide's beam.
Or the wild bliss of music, sent to crown
The wakening moment of a midnight dream.

Through all the luminous seas of ether there,
Stirs not a trembling wave, to break the rest;
But fragrance, and the silent sense of prayer,
Charm the eternal slumber of the Blest!

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY A. D. ANDERSON.

It is a sweet and shady spot
Beneath the aged trees.
Where perfumed wild flowers lowly bend
Into the passing breeze;
And joyous song-birds warble there
Rich music to the sunny air,
And many a golden-tinted beam
Falls on the spot like childhood's dream.

The moss-clad church is standing there,
The stream goes laughing by,
Sending its gurgling music out
Along a summer sky;
The rose has found a dwelling here
Beside the coffin and the bier;
And here the lily rears its head,
Within this *Eden* of the dead.

The sunlight glances on the scene
With many a sombre hue,
Caught from the cypress near the stream,
Or from the funeral yew;
And, spirit-like, above each stone
Is heard the night-wind's whispered tone,
As if the spirit lingered there,
Enchanted with a scene so fair.

The wild bee revels 'mid the flowers
That climb the ruined wall,
And, gently drooping, shroud the tomb
With Nature's fairest pall;
And dirge-like sings the trickling rill,
At evening's hour when all is still;
Whilst echo answers back again
In mimic notes the plaintive strain.

But moonlight gilds the scene anew,
Now all is hushed and calm;
The very winds seem sunk to rest,
O'erladen with their balm;
The stars, pale watchers of the night,
Look brightly out on such a sight;
Whilst from the hill the bird's low wail
Is wafted on the evening gale.

Be mine the lot, when life's dull day
Has drawn unto a close,
And dreams of Love, and hopes of Fame,
Have sunk to calm repose,
By all forgot, to rest my head
Unmarked beside the silent dead;
Hushed by the murmurs of the wave
That moans around my FATHER'S GRAVE.

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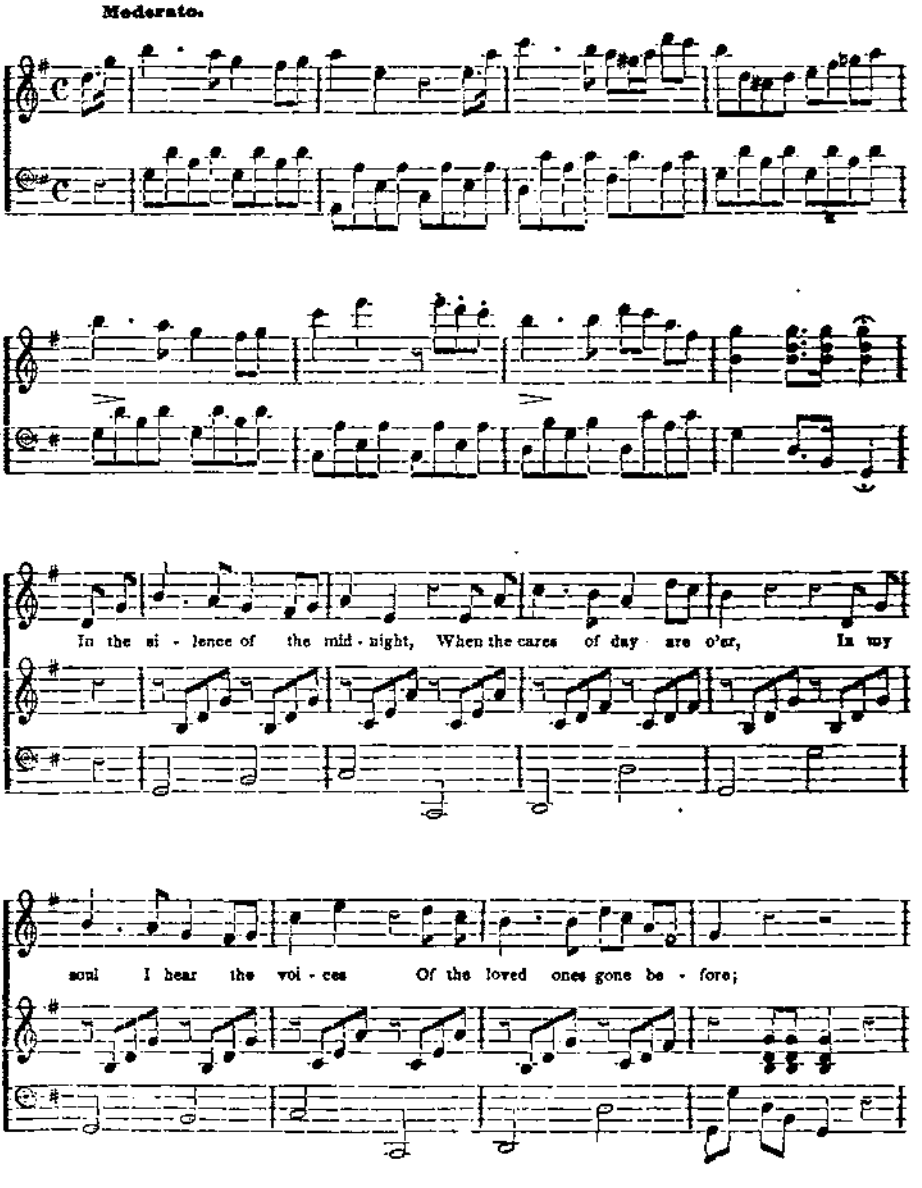
VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

WORDS BY JOHN S. ADAMS.
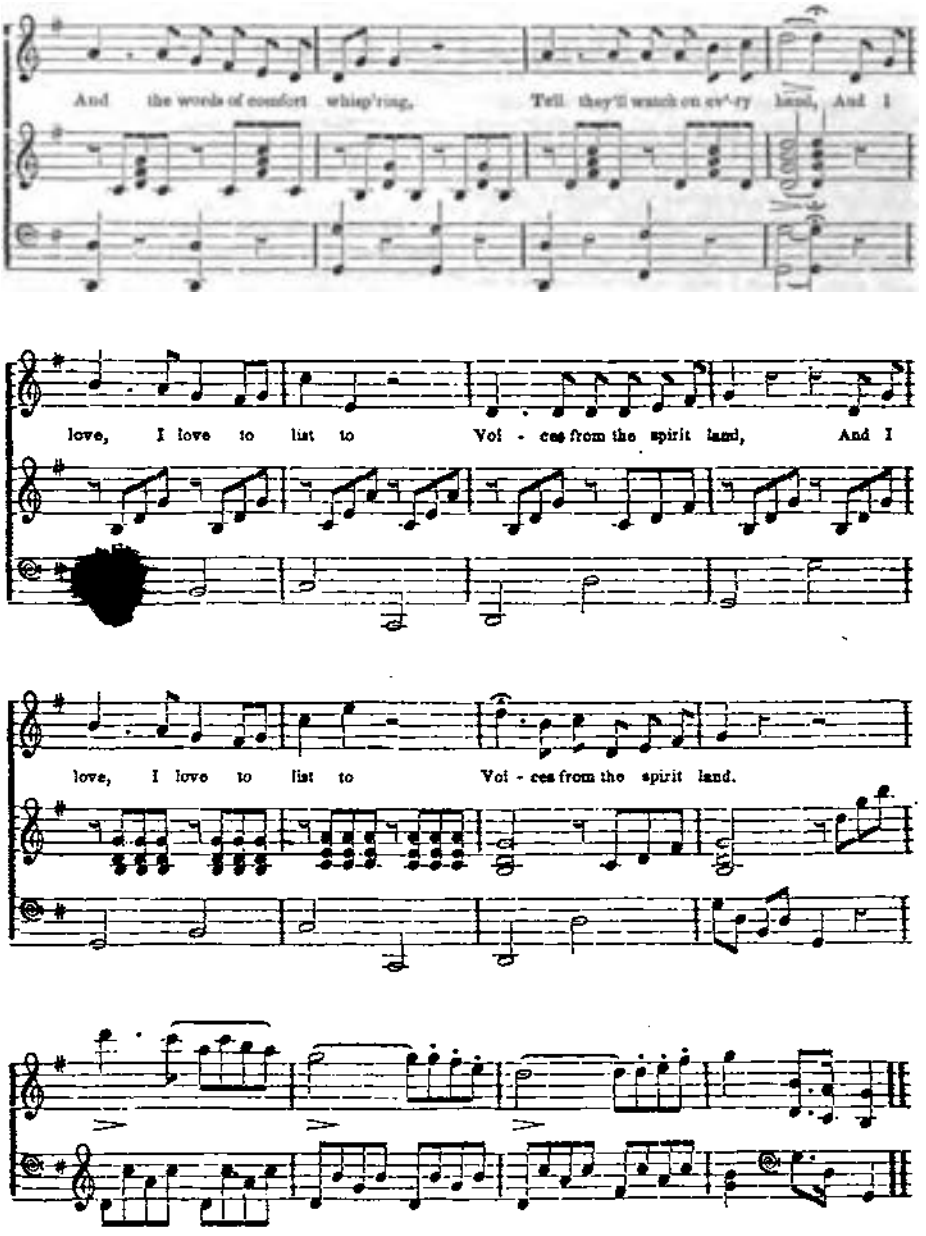
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2.

In my wanderings, oft there cometh
Sudden stillness to my soul;
When around, above, within it
Rapturous joys unnumber'd roll;
Though around me all is tumult,
Noise and strife on every hand,
Yet within my soul I list to
Voices from the spirit land.

3.

Loved ones that have gone before me
Whisper words of peace and joy;
Those that long since have departed,
Tell me their divine employ
Is to watch and guard my footsteps:
Oh, it is an angel band!
And my soul is cheered in hearing
Voices from the spirit land.

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GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF KATE WALSINGHAM.

Oh, there is many a spot in this every-day world of ours as bright and beautiful as those of which we dream, or go miles away to visit and admire; but we must seek for them in the right spirit, ere the dimness will pass away from eyes blinded by the love of foreign novelties. Our own land, ay, even our own city—the crowded mart of commerce, and the vast haunt of poverty and crime, is rich in many a quiet nook, which, although it might arrest the attention if depicted on the gemmed page of the picturesque annual by some summer tourist, it is considered plebeian to notice as we pass them in our daily walks.

We have sat beneath the vines and blue skies of Italy, and heard from her moonlight balconies such strains as made us hold our breath to listen that we might not lose a note ere the perfumed breeze bore it lingeringly away: and in after years, in those English balconies we have described, wept, beneath the same moon, tears that had more of joy than grief in them, at some rude and simple strain which, sung by loved lips, made the charm of our careless and happy childhood. We have stood awe-stricken before the walls of the Colosseum, at Rome, and dreamt of it for evermore! But we have likewise paused opposite the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, investing it in the dim twilight with a thousand beauties that made it an object of interest. We can well remember lingering in the neighborhood, before the mimic church, or convent, as we had been taught to call it, of St. Catharine, with the moonshine gleaming through its arches, and the flickering lights appearing here and there in the diamond-paned windows, watching eagerly for the appearance of those white-robed nuns with which our childish fancy had peopled that quiet place—wondering that they never came. And amid all the architectural glory of foreign churches and cathedrals, since visited, have failed again to realize that simple love of, and faith in the beautiful, which then invested every scene with its peculiar charm. Where the mind makes its own picturesque, it never yet failed to find materials, and is often gifted with a strange power to charm others into seeing with its own loving eyes! So the poet immortalizes the humble home of his boyhood, and in after years men make pilgrimages to the time-worn stile, the

> Rustic bridge—the willow tree;
> Bathing its tresses in the quiet brook;

which his genius has redeemed from obscurity, and rendered hallowed spots for evermore.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
  Of glory's deathless name;
The bosom love leaves desolate
  Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—
  Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
  Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,
  The altar may be cold,
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—
  The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
  To seek ambition's goal;
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
  May charm his weary soul;—
But woman knows one only dream—
  That broken—all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
  Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

How strange it is to those who are in some sense new to the world, to see the way in which time plasters over wounds which we should have imagined that nothing could have healed: wounds which we should have expected to see bleed afresh at the sight of the inflictor, as it was said of old that those of the murdered did at the approach of the murderer. Sometimes we almost feel as if nothing was real in that singular existence called *the world*. Like the performers, who laugh and talk behind the scenes after the close of some dreadful tragedy; we see around us men who have ruined the fortunes and destroyed the happiness of others, women who have betrayed and been betrayed, whose existence has been perhaps devoted to misery and to infamy by the first step they have taken in the path of guilt, and whose hearts, if they did not break grew hard; we see the victims and the destroyers, those who have loved and those who have hated, those who have injured and those who have been injured, mix together in the common thoroughfares of life, meet even in social intimacy, with offered hands and ready smiles; not because "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" not because "To those who forgive, shall much be forgiven;" but because what is genuine and true, what is deep and what is strong, takes no root in that worn-out soil on which we tread, thrives not in that withering air which we breathe in that fictitious region which we live in, and which we so emphatically and so presumptuously call *the world*.

BY MRS. LUELLA J. CASE.

CHARITY.

Speak kindly, oh! speak soothingly,
  To him whose hopes are crossed,
Whose blessed trust in human love,
  Was early, sadly lost;
For wearily—how wearily!
  Drags life, if love depart;
Oh! let the balm of gentle words
  Fall on the smitten heart.

Go gladly, with true sympathy,
  Where want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
  Along their pathway shine.
Oh, heavily doth poverty
  Man's nobler instincts bind;
Yet never not that chain, to cast
  A sadder on the mind.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

He was a fool, and not a philosopher, who said that uncertainty was the just condition of man's mind. In trust, in confidence, in firm conviction, and in faith, is only to be found repose and peace. Assurance is what man's heart and understanding both require, and the very fact of the mind not being capable of obtaining certainty upon many points, is a proof of weakness, not of strength.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—The year is closing on us—and the change suggests reflections, which, if rather melancholy, may nevertheless be profitable. We acknowledge that the divisions of time are rather arbitrary—and therefore may vary, as they do vary, in different parts of the world. But whenever we arrive at one of these important epochs, whatever that may be, and wherever it constitutes a point in the popular calendar, we have passed one period of our life, and have so much the less to spend.

If we *feel* the rapidity of time's march in our ordinary festivity, and regret the approaching dissolution of the pleasant assembly, by how much the more do we feel if we pause to think that we are approaching the time when all our associations in life must cease, and we be remembered—not known—and that remembrance day by day growing less and less distinct, as new objects occupy the public eye, or new associations are taken up by those we leave. Nor would we "jump the life to come," by neglecting to make our approximation to that an occasion for such a solicitude as would lead to a preparation.

But we would not have all these reflections gloomy. We would not cloud the close of the year, nor the evening of life with moroseness, as if all were vanity that we had enjoyed, and all were vexation of spirit that was left. Such a use of the season would be a poor return for all the good things which Providence has wrought in our behalf. We know at this season of the year that the mountain summits are covered with snow, and in some places the drooping sides are whitened with the treasures of the clouds, but even these things, chilling as they may appear, are good in their season, and the beauteous covering of the hill-tops may glisten with the reflected rays of the sun, and seem to enjoy the visiter that has descended upon them. All the trees that yield their leaves to the season have for weeks been bare, ready to receive the weight of snow which might fall upon them, and teaching man that preparation is necessary to meet the evils of life and sustain its burthens. Here and there a few evergreens retain their foliage, and appear doubly beautiful amid the waste that is around them.

But it is not alone for their beauty that these objects are worthy of consideration—they teach also. They are full of instruction. Every leaf that glistens with winter's frost, or is crushed dry and rustling beneath our feet, has its lesson—it is well that all do not retain their position—they would be less monitory, less worthy our thought. Nature, in her use of foliage, acts upon the plan which the sybil of old adopted—she writes her lessons upon the leaves—and yet so arranges the truths they should convey, that they become more and more apparent, more and more valuable, as the hand of destructive time diminishes their number.

Elsewhere we have given reflections upon those events by which kingdoms and empires have been shaken in the year now coming to a close. Let us come nearer the heart, and speak of some of those changes by which human affections and individual attachments have been disturbed. Not, however, to quote the instance exactly—that would be to drag up into life the hidden sorrow, and expose to observation the grief which is sanctified for the recesses of the heart, whither in moments of leisure the wounded retire and sit and brood in profitable reflection over the affliction which Providence has allowed. We dare not drag up to day and its exposure each grief that lies buried deep in the grave of the mourner's heart. How truly beautiful, however, is the reflection that the stone of the sepulchre may be rolled away, and that in appropriate seasons the afflicted one makes a retreat from the business and the pleasures of life, and "goeth unto the grave to weep there." Sanctified—as beautiful—be the sorrow that hath not its exponent in the public assembly, that hath no signal by which its existence is to be denoted—no condition of countenance by which its extent is to be measured. Perhaps the *sufferer* had not yet obtained permission to call the object here—and thus is deprived of the privilege of admitted mourning—how deep is *that* grief—it has known only the hope of life which takes with it all of the sunlight that *makes* the rainbow; without one drop of the storm from which that bow is reflected. Perhaps the young WIFE sits solitary in the chamber which affection has blessed, and pines amid the thousand emblems of the taste or customs of the dead—perhaps her grief is her inspiration, and she gives to story or to song the promptings of her sorrow, which the world supposes is the gift of joyous inspiration.

Perhaps the *mother* is pausing in the midst of renewed anguish for the departure of her gifted, her only child, and sits enumerating all his perfections, the greatest of which, and that which sanctified all other virtues, and hid the very shadowings of error, was his deep, constant love for her. Oh, how the maternal heart, smitten by the heaviest of griefs, bathes itself in the fountain of filial love; and when, at last, the over-wrought frame yields to the undermining sorrow, the mourner comforts herself with the reflection of the afflicted monarch of Israel, "I shall go unto him, he shall not come again unto me." These reflections, with all of blighted hopes which parent, lover, friend and patriot have indulged, the falling leaves of autumn suggest; but the evergreen tells us of the survival of affections, of friends, of beauty, and, perhaps, of attainments, and teaches us that while we bend, and may bend in bitter anguish—anguish long indulged beneath the rod of affliction—it is good for us also to kiss the rod—for it has the power of budding anew in the hand of Him who wields it; and the same might which made it the instrument of His afflictive dealings can make it also the means of after joy and peace.

Perhaps, upon the leaves that we examine, the sybil, with rearward glance, has recorded some event for joyous reflection. Have we not been made participants of high gratifications—domestic, social, public associations of instructive and pleasant operation? Have not new affections warmed the heart, or old ones sent out new tendrils to cling with a stronger hold upon us? Perhaps we have had the acquisition of wealth without the augmentation of desires, so that we can make ourselves happy by judicious distribution. Perhaps, above all, and over all, we are better, by the passage of the year, better by newly acquired, and especially newly exercised virtues—virtues that bless others, and, through them, bless ourselves. If so, surely we have grounds for pleasant reflections on the close of the year, and may hope that we have not lived in vain.

The virtues of the human heart are like the water-springs of the earth, their worth is measured by what overflows; nay, as an accumulation even of the purest water must become stagnant, profitless and offensive without an outlet, so what we call the virtues of man become useless and even injurious, unless they extend to others, by overflowing the fountain breast. Virtue is communicable; and those who associate with the good, find an influx of affection and piety, as the woman of faith was cured by touching the hems of the garment, that covered the source and example

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of all health and goodness. If we have sought to acquire good for ourselves, and to do good to others during the present year, reflections upon its approaching close need not be painful; it should be to us a source of high gratification, that, enjoying as we have enjoyed, and mourning as we have mourned, we are nearer the union of the good who have gone before us, and further from the ills that follow upon our footsteps; and as we close our year, or close our life, may we throw back from joyous, grateful hearts, a smile of virtuous pleasure, which shall enrich the stern clouds that have passed us with the bow of promise of pleasures that are to come. C.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR 1849.—The new volume of Graham's Magazine, to be commenced with the January number, will, beyond all doubt, be the most elegant volume that has ever been issued of this most popular of all the American monthlies. The ample experience and liberal expenditure of money by the publishers, the ability of its host of contributors, the editorial tact which will be brought into service, and the genius and skill of the artists engaged to embellish it, must more than sustain the high position it has heretofore held in public estimation. The magazine literature of this country is destined to a warmer appreciation in the public regard, as it becomes purged from the sickly sentimentality which degrades public taste, and when the first minds in the nation are found devoting solid thought to adorn and elevate it. A few years since, the highest aim of cotemporary competition seemed to be to fill a given number of pages with the silly effusions of a class of writers whose feeble powers and false taste were gradually undermining public regard, and bringing this branch of national literature into contempt and disgrace, but the higher aims of the publishers of the now leading periodicals, evinced in the engagement of the brightest intellect of the country, have raised American periodicals to a scale second to none in the world.

Blackwood and Frazer, in England, and The Knickerbocker and "Graham's Magazine," in America, now stand side by side, and by paying liberally for talent, command the very highest. It may be doubted, however, whether in this country the *force* of periodical writing has not been in some degree impaired, by a diversion of the public eye and taste in the smaller class of magazines with feeble aims, to engravings and pictures, many of which are but the refuse of the English Annuals, and the efforts of second rate artists in this country; and also how far those magazines which are marked by ability, and which, as magazines of ART as well as of LITERATURE, embracing in their object and scope, the improvement of a very laudable branch of art—that of engraving—as well as the adornment of the work, should be drawn aside into a competition in the *number* of their engravings, instead of the *worth* which should mark each one of them. It appears to us that this degrading of magazines into picture-books for children, by impoverishing the literary department to swell the number of wretched engravings in a department of art, so called, must impair the value and shorten the existence of any periodical thus conducted.

For ourselves, we have marked out a course in regard to the mere illustrations of this periodical, from which we shall not be diverted. We shall continue to furnish to our readers the most finished and elegant specimens of the American engraver's skill, keeping at the same time in view the *value* aside from the mere *ornament* of the engraving, thus catching the public desire in the portrait of a person who may have some claim upon posterity, even though the face may not be the most beautiful; and in sketches of such scenes as deserve to live in the pages of this magazine, either from their own great beauty, from their grandeur, or from association which gives them value to the American eye and mind.

THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.—Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have presented to the public a delightful volume prepared by Caroline May. It embraces biographical sketches, and extracts from the productions of many of our own native female writers, and serves to render us familiar with those whose sweet strains have often charmed our hearts. The style of execution of the volume in question, corresponds with the excellent character of its contents, and the authoress, publishers and printers have executed their respective parts with great skill and effect.

BURNS, AS A POET AND AS A MAN.—The admirers of the gifted Scottish bard, will find an interesting and well executed review of his character as a Poet and a Man, in a volume, prepared by S. Tyler, Esq., of the Maryland bar, and just issued by Baker and Schriver, of New York. We are indebted for a copy to Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city, who are ever skillful in catering for the intellectual taste of their literary friends.

☞ We lay our present number before our readers with feelings of pride and pleasure, confident of the admission, on their part, that a richer or more varied treat has never been presented in the pages of any magazine. Our contributors have supplied us with admirable articles—our artists have acquitted themselves with great ability—our printers have acted well their part—and now, we trust, our patrons will complete our gratification, by being as much pleased with the number before them as we are in making the offering.

☞ We thank our editorial brethren throughout the country for the favorable manner in which they continue to notice our Magazine. They do us but justice when they say that all our efforts will be put in exercise to keep our Magazine in the enviable position we have so long occupied. Always in advance of every contemporary, we shall show in the new volume upon which we are entering, what enterprise, zeal and energy can accomplish in the elevation of the standard of literature and the arts.

KATE WALSINGHAM.—This is another of Miss Pickering's delightful novels, just issued from the press of T. B PETERSON. The story is an interesting one, and the book abounds with brilliant and sparkling beauties.

LAYS AND BALLADS, *by T. B. Read.*—A volume from the pen of Mr. Read, one of the most accomplished of our contributors, has just been published by Mr. Appleton. The lateness of the hour at which a copy reached us prevents us from noticing it at present as we desire to do. We shall therefore make it the subject of a paragraph in a future number.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq.—A life-like portrait of our friend and co-laborer, J. B. TAYLOR, graces this number of the Magazine. We know our readers—our fair ones especially—will admire him; and we would remark, *en passant*, for their information, that well-looking as he unquestionably is, his merits in this particular are fully equaled by his good qualities of head and heart.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy. By John Stuart Mill. Boston: Little & Brown. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Mill is almost the model man of science of his age. To habits of deep and thorough investigation, and rigid, penetrating, exhaustive thought—pursuing a principle through all the details of its application, and never stopping halfway to pause or digress—he adds a calm but strong sympathy with the philanthropic movements of the age; and the tendency of all his writings is to advance the cause of truth, justice and benevolence. But he is a reformer in a peculiar sense, not practically understood by many who bear the name. A comprehensive and patient thinker, and discussing every question bearing on the interest, happiness and elevation of mankind with a conscientious as well as rigid logic, he indulges in no vituperation, uses none of the weapons of passion and malice, and irresistibly conveys the impression to the most prejudiced mind that it is truth he is seeking, not the gratification of vanity or antipathy. The consequence is that he is the only radical thinker in England who is read by all parties, and who influences all parties. With more industry, mental vigor and scientific precision than Mackintosh, he has a great deal of that beneficence of spirit, that judicial comprehension, and that strict impartiality of understanding, which enabled Mackintosh to reach minds separated from his by the walls of sect and faction. Mill is one of those rare men who make no distinction between moral and logical honesty; who would as much disdain to utter a sophism as to tell a lie; and who can discuss questions which array the passions of a nation on different sides, without adopting any of the opposite bigotries with which they are usually connected. As a matter of course the prejudiced and the bigoted themselves, in those hours of calmness when they really desire to know the truth and reason of the things they are quarreling about, go to a man like him with perfect confidence. Thus Mill, a philosophical English radical, is ever treated with that respect which clings to a profound and conscientious thinker, even by the most violent of his Tory opponents. One of the late numbers of Blackwood's Magazine—a periodical accustomed to blackguard the men it cannot answer, and in which Mackintosh himself was ever treated with coarse invective or affected contempt—has a long article on Mill's present work on political economy, admitting its claim to be considered one of the greatest works of the century, even though it takes strong ground against many of the cherished absurdities of the Tory political creed.

The reputation of Mr. Mill was sufficiently established before his political economy was published. As the writer, over the signature of A., of several articles in the Westminster Review, such as those on Coleridge, Bentham, and the Privileged Classes, and the author of the profoundest and most complete treatise on Logic ever written, he needed no introduction to the public. "The Principles of Political Economy" is a book bearing on every page the decisive marks of his strong and accurate mind. It is a work after the model of Smith's Wealth of Nations, in which principles are always associated with their applications, and economical questions considered in their relations to social philosophy, and the general well-being of man. As, since the time of Adam Smith, political economy and social philosophy have both made a perceptible advance, Mr. Mill's work purports to supply the deficiency of a complete system of political economy, including all the latest discoveries, and combining a strict scientific exposition of the abstract principles of the subject with their practical applications. The result is that he has produced the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind at present in existence, and, on the whole, the most important contribution to political economy since the time of Adam Smith.

We, of course, have no space to refer at any length to his treatment of the different branches of his subject; but the book has one characteristic which we hope will have the effect to make it generally read. The style is so clear, vigorous, simple and lucid, and the illustrations so apt and copious, that the work can be readily understood by those readers who are commonly repelled by the dry and abstract character of other treatises on the science. The author intended that his book should be popular as well as profound, and has exerted his full strength of mind in simplifying the more abstruse principles of his subject; and we trust that his labor will not have been spent in vain. Every legislator, merchant, manufacturer, and agriculturist, every man who is in any way connected with the creation or distribution of wealth, should read this book.

An Oration Delivered Before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, August 24, 1848. By Horace Bushnell. Cambridge: George Nichols.

Dr. Bushnell has within a year or two taken a prominent position among New England divines, and promises to rank high among the influencing minds of the day. To deep and scholarly culture, he unites a strong, independent, and singularly keen and ingenious intellect, and a beautiful and bountiful spirit of cheerfulness and charity. The present oration is a fine poem, expressing rather a mood of mind than a system of philosophy, but grouping together with fine art many facts of consciousness, and applying them to the phenomena of life. Every thing, in fact, is surveyed in the light of two ideas, Work and Play, and though the application is sometimes more fanciful than reasonable, the result is a series of beautiful representations, original in conception and finely felicitous in expression. There is room for considerable difference of opinion in the oration, but none will be inclined to doubt the author's ability or keenness. As a specimen of the style we extract a passage relating to war, which he calls an imposing and plausible counterfeit of play, or inspiration.

"Since," he says, "we cannot stay content in the dull uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he is to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of the steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot—under these the living nerve of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to

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battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans—what of these? —nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes."

Three Sisters and Three Fortunes; or Rose, Blanche and Violet. By G. H. Lewes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Lewes is an author very little known in this country. This is the first work of his which has been reprinted. But in England he has considerable reputation among the higher class of readers and men of taste for his brilliant powers of mind and extensive acquirements. His Biographical History of Philosophy we have never seen, but we have observed allusions to it in other publications, exalting it to a very high rank among thoughtful books. For some time, if we are not mistaken, he was the chief literary critic of the Westminster Review, and many of his articles were marked by strong and deep thinking, a little injured by vagaries of expression. In a novel by such a writer we should naturally expect more than a mere love story, more than a narrative of incidents and representation of passions; and he has not disappointed expectation. Indeed one can easily see that the book is based on a philosophical system, and that more is meant than directly meets the eye. The characters and events all illustrate some problems in metaphysics and ethics, and refer more to the understanding than the imagination. The story does not lack interest, nor the personages character, but both are overinformed with meditation. Fine as the novel undoubtedly is, the author has not given it the requisite artistical finish to produce an harmonious impression. Speculations on matters connected with literature, art and politics, essays on the passions and the will, appear in their naked character amid romantic incidents and imaginative representation. The author, in short, ought to have made his book altogether didactic or altogether dramatic, to fulfil the requisitions of either department. Had he fused all his abstract thought and practical speculation in the alembic of the imagination, and accordingly represented all in the concrete form of character and events, the result would have been a much better novel.

Euthanasy; or Happy Talk Toward the End of Life. By William Mountford, Author of Martyria, &c., &c. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume is one of the most profoundly meditative writers living. We are not aware that his productions have had an extended circulation out of New England, where they are very popular, and if they have not, we hardly know of a better service we could do our readers than to advise them to seek his companionship. Martyria and the present work are two books which no one can read without being benefitted—without having a deeper sense of the "dread soul within him," and without feeling a warmer love of his race. "Euthanasy" is one of those volumes which win their way into the heart with a soft unconscious persuasiveness, and abide there when they have once found an entrance. The author's spirit is rich, sweet, thoughtful, tender—seeking the beautiful and the good by a spontaneous instinct, and discerning them often, with the subtilty of purity in things which seem valueless to the common eye—and while it soars into the highest regions of spiritual contemplation, can still survey practical life with a wisdom and sagacity which almost seem incompatible with its loftiness. The truth is that the author possesses one of the rarest things ever seen in this world—a truly spiritual mind, in which there is established no divorce between the practical and the spiritual, the common and the ideal. Spirituality with him is a life—no hearsay or imagination, but an experience. He consequently spiritualizes the human and humanizes the spiritual.

The work, in addition to its own stores of original thought, has many a golden sentence and rhyme from the meditative poets of Germany and England, which lend it increased richness and beauty.

Ellen Middleton; a Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Author of Grantly Manor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Grantly Manor is a novel of high and peculiar excellence, and has had a great run. Its readers threw themselves upon the present work as soon as it was published, their expectations whetted by the memory of the last. The result has been comparative disappointment. The truth is Ellen Middleton preceded Grantly Manor, and is altogether a less pleasing production. Considered, however, as the first work of the author, it is rich in promise and by no means insignificant in performance. The characters are strongly drawn and well discriminated, and the passions with which it deals are of that potent kind which test a novelist's strength and daring. The difficulty with the book is not its lack of power, but its lack of homely interest. The characters and incidents are too much made up in the author's mind—enclosed, as it were, in a peculiar domain, and colored by one peculiar experience of life—to give that satisfaction which results from a delineation of actual life, or from vivid and beautiful ideal creations. There is too much agony, and anguish, and hyperbolical emotion, and splitting of the heart, and such like noting in spiritual misery and ruin. The elegance, eloquence and sweetness of the author's style, and the high moral and religious character of her mind, appear, however, in Ellen Middleton as in Grantly Manor, and with the advantage of as good a story would produce as agreeable an impression.

History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbot. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is one of a series of popular histories which Mr. Abbott is preparing for his countrymen. The tone and object will considerably differ from the common historical works in circulation. Mr. Abbott considers that the situation and principles of American readers require views of historical events different from those they would obtain from foreigners. The present work is devoted to one of the most romantic and thrilling stories in historical literature—the Life of Mary Queen of Scots. It is elegantly and truthfully written, and the mechanical execution of the volume is exceedingly beautiful.

Macaulay's History of England.

The Harpers have received from the author, in sheets, the first and second volumes of "The History of England, from the Accession of James II., by T. B. Macaulay." For these they pay one hundred guineas a volume. The work itself will doubtless create as great a stir as any book published within the last twenty years. Every body is curious especially to discover the style which Macaulay has adopted—that of his Essays being too brisk, brilliant and epigrammatic for an historian. It will probably be something like that of the Preface to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or that of his latest article on Lord Chatham.

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